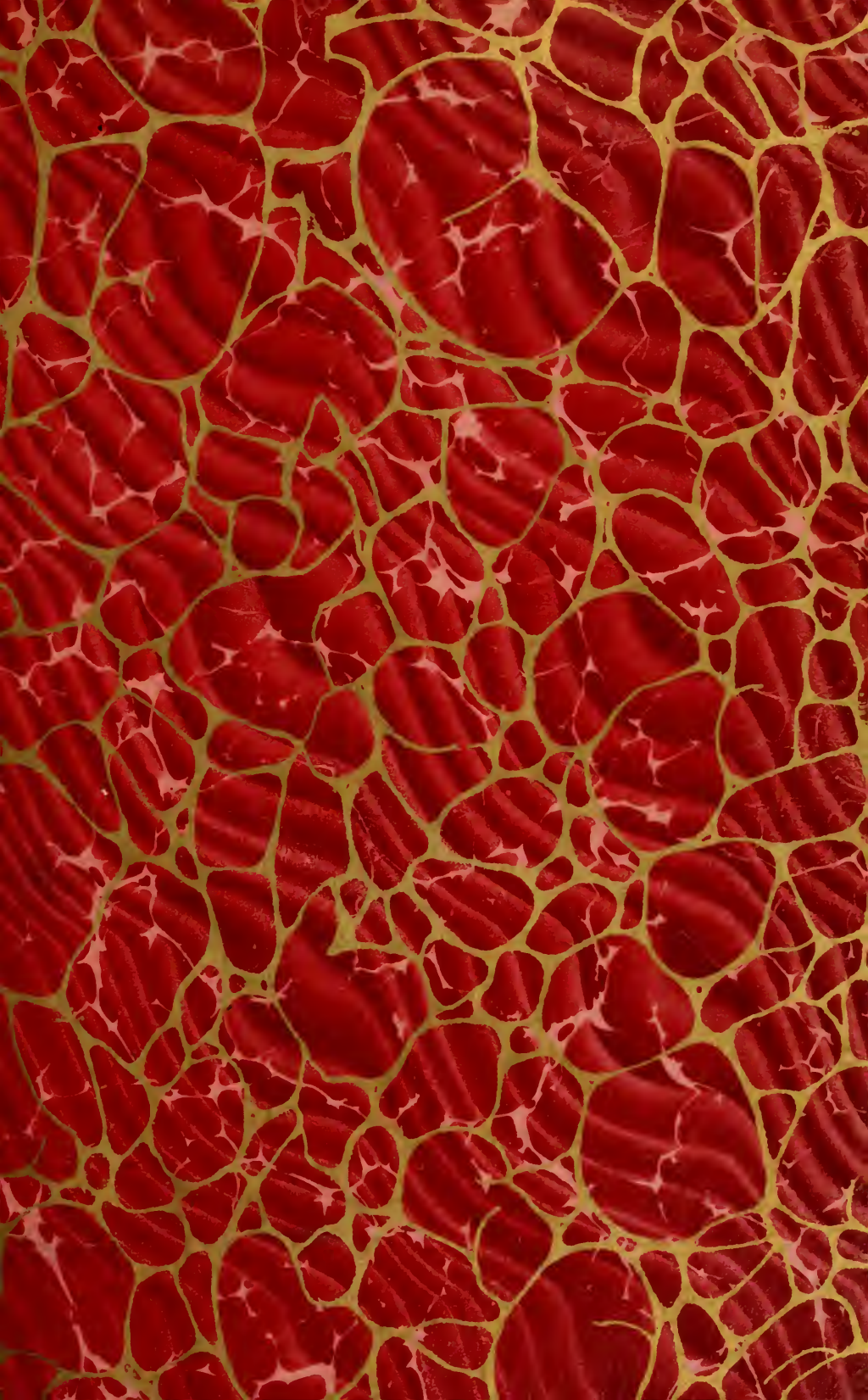




LIBRARY  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
SANTA BARBARA

PRESENTED BY  
MRS. DONALD KELLOGG







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

WITH BIBLIOGRAPHIC ESSAYS

BY

RICHARD GARNETT  
(EDITOR-IN-CHIEF)

LEON VALLÉE  
(FRENCH LITERATURE)

ALOIS BRANDL  
(GERMAN LITERATURE)

AND

PAUL BOURGET  
(French Critical Essays)

EMILE ZOLA  
(French Naturalistic Literature)

EDWARD DOWDEN  
(Elizabethan Literature)

DEAN FARRAR  
(Literature of Religious Criticism)

E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ  
(Russian Literature)

DONALD G. MITCHELL  
(Collected Literature)

F. BRUNETIERE  
(Modern French Poetry)

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS  
(Scientific Literature)

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD  
(American Literature)

ANDREW LANG  
(Nineteenth Century Literature)

HENRY JAMES  
(The Novel)

MAURICE MAETERLINCK  
(The Modern Drama)

PASQUALE VILLARI  
(The Italian Renaissance)

BRET HARTE  
(Short Stories)

ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES  
(Decadent Literature)

EDMUND GOSSE  
(Poetry)

J. P. MAHAFFY  
(Historical Literature)

WALTER BESANT  
(Historical Novels)

*The Mouseion Edition, in English, of The Universal  
Anthology is limited to one thousand complete sets, of  
which this copy is number.....313.....*





θάται· οὐδ' οἶοι παύσει ἠχρῶ μύθοι  
σύμμοι μιστ' ἴσομ τούοι το ἀμμά  
τοῦσδ' ἰσοχρῶσ ἱεραι τοῦ μτῶ· καὶ  
ἀπαπείσ' αἰ ἄφρομῶν ἑνὸς αὐτο  
τήν· σὺ μ' ἄσ' οἱ μοίοι αἰμῶν ἄφρομ  
τῶ· ἀσπῶ αἰ πομ ἑλέσοσ ἀλλῶ μ  
μύθοι· πασι μ' τοῦσδ' αἰ τὴ δδύσα μ  
τας οἱ αἰ σοι κ' ἀκίωμ ται· τῆσδ' ἄγο  
μασ ἄφρομ τῶ· ἕμ δ' ἄσ' ἄφρομ το  
ἦ ἀφδρόσδ' αἰσὶ μῶ αἰοι· προήχθη·  
τῶσὶ ἠσπῶσ καὶ ῥωι· θυμῶσ· ἀφθ  
οὐδ' ἄσ' ἰσομ τῶ· ἀφρομ τῶ· ἀφθ  
γματο ταῦτα μ' ἄσ' οἱσθ· ἀμμά μ  
δ'ρομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' πομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' βωί  
σὶδ' αἰσπῶσ ἄμδ'ρομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἰσπῶ  
σοι· καὶ τοῦτο ἀσπῶσ κ' μῶ ἕμ μ' ἰσ  
τομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἄφθ· ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
οἱομῶ δ' ἕμ μ' τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
καὶ χρε μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
καὶ τῆσπ' ἰσομ τῶσδ' οἱσθ· ἀφθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
προσπῶσ κ' ἀφθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
φρε μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
φ' μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τοι οὐτῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
α τούτωι κ' ἀκίωμ ται·



**ἸΚΑΤΑ ΤΙ ΜΟΙΣ ΕΡΑΤΟΥΣ  
ΠΑΡΑΝΟΜΩΝ :**

οὐ μὲν ἀπὸ μὲν οὐδ' ἀφδρόσδ' αἰσὶ μῶ  
τοῦσπ' ἰσομ τῶσ· οὐδ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
μῶ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
οἱσθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τοῦσπ' αἰσπῶσ· ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τοῦσπ' αἰσπῶσ· ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
καὶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
μοσ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τοῦσπ' ἰσομ τῶσ· μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
οἱσθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
ἀφδρόσδ' αἰσὶ μῶ αἰοι· οὐδ' τὰ μὲν ἕμ μ'  
οἱσπ' αἰ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
ταῦτο μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
σῶσ· ταχῶσ δ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
μοῦ οἱσθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
δο μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τομ προσπ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τερόμῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
φρομ ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
τομ φρομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
δδ'ροσδ' αἰσὶ μῶ αἰοι· οἱσθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
οὐχ ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
φρομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
καὶ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
δδ'ροσδ' αἰσὶ μῶ αἰοι· οἱσθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
οὐχ ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
φρομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
καὶ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
δδ'ροσδ' αἰσὶ μῶ αἰοι· οἱσθ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
οὐχ ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'  
φρομ τῶ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ' ἕμ μ'

**ἸΚΑΤΑ ΤΟΝ ΑΝΔΡΟΤΙΩΝΟΣ  
ΠΑΡΑΝΟΜΩΝ ··  
ΠΗ Η Η ΚΑ Α Δ Δ**

VIII

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Facsimile from a MS. of Demosthenes

(Tenth Century, A.D. Codex e.)

Paris National Library (Greek MSS. No. 2934)



MOUSEION EDITION

# THE UNIVERSAL ANTHOLOGY

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,  
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1895

LEON VALLÉE

LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

ALOIS BRANDL

PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE IN THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN

---

Volume Twelve

---

PUBLISHED BY

THE CLARKE COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON  
MERRILL & BAKER, NEW YORK      EMILE TERQUEM, PARIS  
BIBLIOTHEK VERLAG, BERLIN

Entered at Stationers' Hall  
London, 1899

Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservés  
Paris, 1899

Alle Rechte, insbesondere das der Übersetzung, vorbehalten  
Berlin, 1899

Proprietà Letteraria, Riservatè tutti i diritti  
Rome, 1899

Copyright 1899  
by  
Richard Garnett

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## VOLUME XII.

	PAGE
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu . . . . .	13
Charles the Fifth . . . . .	26
Overthrow of Charles V. by Maurice . . . . .	35
Amadis and Oriana . . . . .	49
Berni's Description of Himself . . . . .	64
The Love-Story of Luigi Tansillo . . . . .	69
A Lover of Lies . . . . .	73
Stories from the "Heptameron". . . . .	77
A Trio of French Renaissance Poets . . . . .	90
Jacques Tahureau . . . . .	90
Joachim du Bellay . . . . .	91
Rémy Belleau . . . . .	91
Lazarillo de Tormes and the Miser . . . . .	94
Elizabeth and Amy Robsart . . . . .	104
Poems . . . . .	116
To his Young Mistress . . . . .	116
The Rose . . . . .	117
Welcome to Spring . . . . .	117
Of his Lady's Old Age . . . . .	118
The Duke of Guise and Henry II. . . . .	119
Mary Queen of Scots . . . . .	134
Her Youth and Marriage . . . . .	134
Her Departure from France . . . . .	137
The Chastelard Affair . . . . .	138
Mary's Escape Foiled . . . . .	141
The Battle of Moncontour . . . . .	154
The Relief of Leyden . . . . .	155
The Araucana . . . . .	165
The Conspiracy against the Portuguese . . . . .	173
Sonnets of Camocens . . . . .	179
The Golden Age . . . . .	183
Venice . . . . .	185
The Medici . . . . .	186
The Bringing up of Youth . . . . .	189
The Ladies of England . . . . .	202
Essays . . . . .	209
Virtues of the Lower Animals . . . . .	209
Not to Counterfeit Being Sick . . . . .	215
Against Idleness . . . . .	217

	PAGE
My Mind to me a Kingdom is . . . . .	<i>Sir Edward Dyer</i> . . . . . 221
Apelles' Song . . . . .	<i>John Lyly</i> . . . . . 222
The Armada : Results of its Defeat . . . . .	<i>Leopold von Ranke</i> . . . . . 223
True Liberty . . . . .	<i>Dirk Coornhert</i> . . . . . 234
The Defeat of the Armada . . . . .	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> . . . . . 235
A Farewell to Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake . . . . .	<i>George Peele</i> . . . . . 252
The Fight at the Azores . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> . . . . . 254
The "Revenge" : A Ballad of the Fleet . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> . . . . . 263
The Lie . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> . . . . . 267
The Battle of Ivry . . . . .	<i>Lord Macaulay</i> . . . . . 269
An Epistle . . . . .	<i>Martin Marprelate</i> . . . . . 271
Richard Hooker's Early Years . . . . .	<i>Izaak Walton</i> . . . . . 280
The Unpopularity of Conservatism . . . . .	<i>Richard Hooker</i> . . . . . 284
The Free-Will of Man . . . . .	<i>Richard Hooker</i> . . . . . 286
Verses from "Astrophel and Stella" . . . . .	<i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> . . . . . 289
Apologie for Poetrie . . . . .	<i>Sir Philip Sidney</i> . . . . . 292
Sonnet prefixed to the Foregoing . . . . .	<i>Henry Constable</i> . . . . . 299
Una and the Lion . . . . .	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> . . . . . 299
Sonnet on the "Fairly Queen" . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i> . . . . . 309
Three Phases of English History . . . . .	<i>J. R. Green</i> . . . . . 310
The Primitive Teutons . . . . .	. . . . . 310
John and the Great Charter . . . . .	. . . . . 314
The England of Shakespeare . . . . .	. . . . . 326
Theater and Playwrights in Shake- speare's Time . . . . .	. . . . . 327
Dr. Faustus and Mephistopheles . . . . .	<i>Old Romance</i> . . . . . 331
Faustus . . . . .	<i>Christopher Marlowe</i> . . . . . 341
A Maltese Millionaire . . . . .	<i>Christopher Marlowe</i> . . . . . 351
Pierce Penilesse, His Supplication to the Divell . . . . .	<i>Thomas Nashe</i> . . . . . 355
The Groatworth of Wit . . . . .	<i>Robert Greene</i> . . . . . 365
Poems . . . . .	<i>John Donne</i> . . . . . 371
Valediction, Forbidding Mourning . . . . .	. . . . . 371
The Undertaking . . . . .	. . . . . 372
To Sir Henry Wootton . . . . .	. . . . . 373
His Will . . . . .	. . . . . 373
Antonio and Shylock : The Trial . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 375
In the Forest of Arden . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 384
Hamlet in the Churchyard . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 388
The Death of King Lear . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 393
Caliban and the Sailors . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 396
Prospero's Farewell . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> . . . . . 400
To the Memory of Shakespeare . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 401
On Shakespeare and Bacon . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 403
To Celia . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 404



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

### VOLUME XII.

FACSIMILE FROM A MS. OF DEMOSTHENES . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
IN THE TIME OF THE MEDICIS . . . . .	PAGE 186
SHYLOCK AFTER THE TRIAL. . . . .	374
LEAR IN THE STORM . . . . .	392
SHAKESPEARE'S EPITAPH . . . . .	400



## FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Lady of the Lake.")

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

HE COUCHED him in a thicket hoar,  
And thought his toils and perils o'er:  
"Of all my rash adventures past,  
This frantic feat must prove the last! . . .  
If farther through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe;  
I'll couch me here till evening gray,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

The shades of eve come slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,

The fox is heard upon the fell ;  
 Enough remains of glimmering light  
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,  
 Yet not enough from far to show  
 His figure to the watchful foe.  
 With cautious step, and ear awake,  
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;  
 And not the summer solstice there  
 Tempered the midnight mountain air,  
 But every breeze that swept the wold  
 Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.  
 In dread, in danger, and alone,  
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,  
 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ;  
 Till, as the rock's huge point he turned,  
 A watch fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
 Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;  
 And up he sprung with sword in hand, —  
 "Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand !" —  
 "A stranger." — "What dost thou require ?" —  
 "Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
 My life's beset, my path is lost,  
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost." —  
 "Art thou a friend to Roderick ?" — "No." —  
 "Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe ?" —  
 "I dare ! to him and all his band  
 He brings to aid his murderous hand." —  
 "Bold words ! — but, though the beast of game  
 The privilege of chase may claim,  
 Though space and law the stag we lend,  
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
 Who ever recked, where, how, or when,  
 The prowling fox was trapped or slain ?  
 Thus treacherous scouts — yet sure they lie,  
 Who say thou cam'st a secret spy !" —  
 "They do, by heaven ! — Come Roderick Dhu,  
 And of his clan the boldest two,  
 And let me but till morning rest,  
 I write the falsehood on their crest." —  
 "If by the blaze I mark aright,  
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."  
 "Then by these tokens mayst thou know  
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —

“Enough, enough ; sit down and share  
A soldier’s couch, a soldier’s fare.”

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The hardened flesh of mountain deer ;  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his further speech addressed : —  
“Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman born, a kinsman true ;  
Each word against his honor spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke ;  
Yet more, — upon thy fate, ’tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid.  
It rests with me to wind my horn, —  
Thou art with numbers overborne ;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :  
But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,  
Will I depart from honor’s laws ;  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name ;  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.  
Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle’s ford ;  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.” —  
“I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,  
As freely as ’tis nobly given !” —  
“Well, rest thee ; for the bittern’s cry  
Sings us the lake’s wild lullaby.”  
With that he shook the gathered heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purged the mountain and the stream.

## THE COMBAT.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
 When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,  
 It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
 And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
 And lights the fearful path on mountain side ; —  
 Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
 Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
 Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
 Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
 Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
 When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
 The warriors left their lowly bed,  
 Looked out upon the dappled sky,  
 Muttered their soldier matins by,  
 And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
 As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
 That o'er, the Gael around him threw  
 His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
 And, true to promise, led the way,  
 By thicket green and mountain gray.  
 A wildering path ! — they wined now  
 Along the precipice's brow,  
 Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
 The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
 And all the vales between that lie,  
 Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;  
 Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
 Gained not the length of horseman's lance.  
 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
 Assistance from the hand to gain ;  
 So tangled oft that, bursting through,  
 Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —  
 That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
 It rivals all but Beauty's tear.

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
 The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
 Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
 There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
 Ever the hollow path twined on,

Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;  
 An hundred men might hold the post  
 With hardihood against a host.  
 The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
 Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,  
 With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
 And patches bright of bracken green,  
 And heather black, that waved so high,  
 It held the copse in rivalry.  
 But where the lake slept, deep and still,  
 Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;  
 And oft both path and hill were torn,  
 Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
 And heaped upon the cumbered land  
 Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.  
 So toilsome was the road to trace,  
 The guide, abating of his pace,  
 Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
 And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause  
 He sought these wilds, traversed by few,  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

“ Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,  
 Hangs in my belt, and by my side;  
 Yet, sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,  
 “ I dreamt not now to claim its aid.  
 When here, but three days since, I came,  
 Bewildered in pursuit of game,  
 All seemed as peaceful and as still,  
 As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
 Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,  
 Nor soon expected back from war.  
 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,  
 Though deep, perchance, the villain lied.”  
 “ Yet why a second venture try ? ”  
 “ A warrior thou, and ask me why ! —  
 Moves our free course by such fixed cause  
 As gives the poor mechanic laws ?  
 Enough, I sought to drive away  
 The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
 Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
 A Knight's free footsteps far and wide —  
 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,  
 The merry glance of mountain maid :

Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —  
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,  
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"  
— "No, by my word; — of bands prepared  
To guard King James's sports I heard;  
Nor doubt I aught, but when they hear  
This muster of the mountaineer,  
Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung." —  
"Free be they flung! for we were loath  
Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave  
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,  
Bewildered in the mountain game,  
Whence the bold boast by which you show  
Vieh-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?" —  
"Warrior, but yestermorn, I knew  
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
Save as an outlawed desperate man,  
The chief of a rebellious clan,  
Who in the Regent's court and sight,  
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;  
Yet this alone might from his part  
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,  
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.  
A space he paused, then sternly said,  
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?  
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow  
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?  
What recked the Chieftain if he stood  
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of heaven." —  
"Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,  
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;  
While Albany, with feeble hand,  
Held borrowed truncheon of command,  
The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,



Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain  
 His herds and harvest reared in vain, —  
 Methinks a soul like thine should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him, grim the while,  
 And answered with disdainful smile, —  
 "Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
 I marked thee send delighted eye  
 Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves between: —  
 These fertile plains, that softened vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael;  
 The stranger came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the land.  
 Where dwell we now? See rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fattened steer or household bread,  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
 And well the mountain might reply, —  
 'To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore!  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest.'  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,  
 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
 To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
 And from the robber rend the prey?  
 Ay, by my soul! — While on yon plain  
 The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
 While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
 But one along yon river's maze, —  
 The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
 Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.  
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
 That plundering Lowland field and fold  
 Is aught but retribution true?  
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." —

Answered Fitz-James, — “ And, if I sought,  
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?  
 My life given o'er to ambuscade ? ” —  
 “ As of a meed to rashness due :  
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —  
 I seek my hound, or falcion strayed,  
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —  
 Free hadst thou been to come and go,  
 But secret path marks secret foe.  
 Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,  
 Save to fulfill an augury.” —  
 “ Well, let it pass ; nor will I now  
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
 Enough, I am by promise tied  
 To match me with this man of pride :  
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
 In peace ; but when I come again,  
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
 For lovelorn swain, in lady's bower,  
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
 As I, until before me stand  
 This rebel Chieftain and his band ! ”

“ Have, then, thy wish ! ” — he whistled shrill,  
 And he was answered from the hill ;  
 Wild as the scream of the eurlaw,  
 From crag to crag the signal flew.  
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows :  
 On right, on left, above, below,  
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;  
 From shingles gray their lances start,  
 The bracken brush sends forth the dart,  
 The rushes and the willow wand  
 Are bristling into ax and brand,  
 And every tuft of broom gives life  
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
 That whistle garrisoned the glen  
 At once with full five hundred men,  
 As if the yawning hill to heaven  
 A subterranean host had given.

Watching their leader's beck and will,  
 All silent there they stood, and still.  
 Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
 As if an infant's touch could urge  
 Their headlong passage down the verge,  
 With step and weapon forward flung,  
 Upon the mountain side they hung.  
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
 Along Benledi's living side,  
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
 Full on Fitz-James — "How say'st thou now?  
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart  
 The lifeblood thrilled with sudden start,  
 He manned himself with dauntless air,  
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,  
 His back against a rock he bore,  
 And firmly placed his foot before: —  
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
 From its firm base as soon as I."  
 Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes  
 Respect was mingled with surprise,  
 And the stern joy which warriors feel  
 In foemen worthy of their steel.  
 Short space he stood — then waved his hand;  
 Down sunk the disappearing band;  
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;  
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
 In osiers pale and copses low;  
 It seemed as if their mother Earth  
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.  
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air,  
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —  
 The next but swept a lone hillside,  
 Where heath and fern were waving wide;  
 The sun's last glance was glinted back  
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —  
 The next, all unreflected, shone  
 On bracken green and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round — yet scarce **believed**  
 The witness that his sight received ;  
 Such apparition well might seem  
 Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
 And to his look the Chief replied :  
 “ Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —  
 But — doubt not aught from mine array.  
 Thou art my guest ; — I pledged my word  
 As far as Coilantogle ford :  
 Nor would I call a clansman’s brand  
 For aid against one valiant hand,  
 Though on our strife lay every vale  
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
 So move we on ; — I only meant  
 To show the reed on which you leant,  
 Deeming this path you might pursue  
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”  
 They moved : — I said Fitz-James was **brave**,  
 As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
 As, following Roderick’s stride, he drew  
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
 Which yet, by fearful proof was rife  
 With lances, that, to take his life,  
 Waited but signal from a guide,  
 So late dishonored and defied.  
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
 The vanished guardians of the ground,  
 And still, from copse and heather deep,  
 Faney saw spear and broadsword peep,  
 And in the plover’s shrilly strain,  
 The signal whistle heard again.  
 Nor breathed he free till far behind  
 The pass was left ; for then they wind  
 Along a wide and level green,  
 Where neither tree nor turf was seen,  
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
 To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
 And reached that torrent’s sounding shore,  
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,

Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
 On Bochastle the moldering lines,  
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.  
 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,  
 Threw down his target and his plaid,  
 And to the Lowland warrior said:—  
 “Bold Saxon! to his promise just,  
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
 This head of a rebellious clan,  
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
 Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.  
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
 A Chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.  
 See, here all vantageless I stand,  
 Armed like thyself, with single brand;  
 For this is Coilantogle ford,  
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The Saxon paused: “I ne’er delayed,  
 When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;  
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved;  
 Can naught but blood our feud atone?  
 Are there no means?”—“No, Stranger, none!  
 And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead:  
 ‘Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,  
 His party conquers in the strife.’”—  
 “Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,  
 “The riddle is already read.  
 See yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy;  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
 Or if the King shall not agree  
 To grant thee grace and favor free,

I plight mine honor, oath, and word,  
 That to thy native strengths restored,  
 With each advantage thou shalt stand,  
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:  
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
 Homage to name of Roderick Dhu?  
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate; —  
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
 Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change  
 My thought, and hold thy valor light  
 As that of some vain carpet knight,  
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
 And whose best boast is but to wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair." —  
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
 For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! —  
 Yet think not that by thee alone,  
 Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;  
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."  
 Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
 As what they ne'er might see again;  
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw,  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dashed aside;  
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

He practiced every pass and ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintained unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle roof,  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And backward borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"  
 "Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."  
 — Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
 Received, but recked not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round. —  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel! —  
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
 His knee was planted on his breast;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright! —  
 But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game:

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.



## CHARLES THE FIFTH.

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, American historian, was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 15, 1814; graduated at Harvard in 1831, and attended Göttingen and Berlin. He was admitted to the bar in 1836, but practiced little; wrote the novels "Morton's Hope" (1839) and "Merry Mount" (1849); was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg in 1840; 1851-1856 he spent in Europe gathering material for the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which was translated into Dutch, German, and French; from 1858 to 1867 was in Europe again; in 1860 published vols. 1 and 2 of the "History of the United Netherlands," 3 and 4 being issued in 1868; 1861-1867 was United States minister to Austria, resigning in the latter year; 1869-1870 was minister to England; published "John of Barneveld" in 1874. He died May 28, 1877.]

WHAT was the Emperor Charles to the inhabitants of the Netherlands that they should weep for him? His conduct towards them during his whole career had been one of unmitigated oppression. What to them were all these forty voyages by sea and land, these journeyings back and forth from Friesland to Tunis, from Madrid to Vienna? What was it to them that the imperial shuttle was thus industriously flying to and fro? The fabric wrought was but the daily growing grandeur and splendor of his imperial house; the looms were kept moving at the expense of their hardly earned treasure, and the woof was often dyed red in the blood of his bravest subjects. The interests of the Netherlands had never been even a secondary consideration with their master. He had fulfilled no duty towards them, he had committed the gravest crimes against them. He had regarded them merely as a treasury upon which to draw; while the sums which he extorted were spent upon ceaseless and senseless wars, which were of no more interest to



them than if they had been waged in another planet. Of five millions of gold annually, which he derived from all his realms, two millions came from these industrious and opulent provinces, while but a half million came from Spain and another half from the Indies. The mines of wealth which had been opened by the hand of industry in that slender territory of ancient morass and thicket, contributed four times as much income to the imperial exchequer as all the boasted wealth of Mexico and Peru. Yet the artisans, the farmers, and the merchants by whom these riches were produced, were consulted about as much in the expenditure of the imposts upon their industry as were the savages of America as to the distribution of the mineral treasures of their soil.

The rivalry of the houses of Habsburg and Valois—this was the absorbing theme during the greater part of the reign which had just been so dramatically terminated. To gain the empire over Francis, to leave to Don Philip a richer heritage than the Dauphin could expect, were the great motives of the unparalleled energy displayed by Charles during the longer and the more successful portion of his career. To crush the Reformation throughout his dominions was his occupation afterward, till he abandoned the field in despair. It was certainly not desirable for the Netherlanders that they should be thus controlled by a man who forced them to contribute so largely to the success of schemes, some of which were at best indifferent, and others entirely odious to them. They paid 1,200,000 crowns a year regularly; they paid in five years an extraordinary subsidy of eight millions of ducats, and the States were roundly rebuked by the courtly representatives of their despot, if they presumed to inquire into the objects of the appropriations, or to express an interest in their judicious administration. Yet it may be supposed to have been a matter of indifference to them whether Francis or Charles had won the day at Pavia, and it certainly was not a cause of triumph to the daily increasing thousands of religious reformers in Holland and Flanders that their brethren had been crushed by the Emperor at Mühlberg.

But it was not alone that he drained their treasure and hampered their industry. He was in constant conflict with their ancient and dearly bought political liberties. Like his ancestor Charles the Bold, he was desirous of constructing a kingdom out of the provinces. He was disposed to place all their sep-

arate and individual charters on a procrustean bed, and shape them all into uniformity simply by reducing the whole to a nullity. The difficulties in the way—the stout opposition offered by burghers, whose fathers had gained these charters with their blood, and his want of leisure during the vast labors which devolved upon him as the autocrat of so large a portion of the world, caused him to defer indefinitely the execution of his plan. He found time only to crush some of the foremost of the liberal institutions of the provinces, in detail. . . . Many other instances might be adduced, if it were not a superfluous task, to prove that Charles was not only a political despot, but most arbitrary and cruel in the exercise of his despotism.

But if his sins against the Netherlands had been only those of financial and political oppression, it would be at least conceivable, although certainly not commendable, that the inhabitants should have regretted his departure. But there are far darker crimes for which he stands arraigned at the bar of history, and it is indeed strange that the man who had committed them should have been permitted to speak his farewell amid blended plaudits and tears. His hand planted the inquisition in the Netherlands. Before his day it is idle to say that the diabolical institution ever had a place there. The isolated cases in which inquisitors had exercised functions proved the absence and not the presence of the system, and will be discussed in a later chapter. Charles introduced and organized a papal inquisition, side by side with those terrible “placards” of his invention, which constituted a masked inquisition even more cruel than that of Spain. The execution of the system was never permitted to languish. The number of Netherlanders who were burned, strangled, beheaded, or buried alive, in obedience to his edicts, and for the offenses of reading the Scriptures, of looking askance at a graven image, or of ridiculing the actual presence of the body and blood of Christ in a wafer, have been placed as high as one hundred thousand by distinguished authorities, and have never been put at a lower mark than fifty thousand. The Venetian envoy Navigero placed the number of victims in the provinces of Holland and Friesland alone at thirty thousand, and this in 1546, ten years before the abdication, and five before the promulgation of the hideous edict of 1550!

The edicts and the inquisition were the gift of Charles to the Netherlands, in return for their wasted treasure and their constant obedience. For this, his name deserves to be handed

down to eternal infamy, not only throughout the Netherlands, but in every land where a single heart beats for political or religious freedom. To eradicate these institutions after they had been watered and watched by the care of his successor, was the work of an eighty years' war, in the course of which millions of lives were sacrificed. Yet the abdicating Emperor had summoned his faithful estates around him, and stood up before them in his imperial robes for the last time, to tell them of the affectionate regard which he had always borne them, and to mingle his tears with theirs.

Could a single phantom have risen from one of the many thousand graves where human beings had been thrust alive by his decree, perhaps there might have been an answer to the question propounded by the Emperor amid all that piteous weeping. Perhaps it might have told the man who asked his hearers to be forgiven if he had ever unwittingly offended them, that there was a world where it was deemed an offense to torture, strangle, burn, and drown one's innocent fellow-creatures. The usual but trifling excuse for such enormities cannot be pleaded for the Emperor. Charles was no fanatic. The man whose armies sacked Rome, who laid his sacrilegious hands on Christ's vicegerent, and kept the infallible head of the Church a prisoner to serve his own political ends, was *then* no bigot. He believed in nothing, save that when the course of his imperial will was impeded, and the interests of his imperial house in jeopardy, pontiffs were to succumb as well as anabaptists. It was the political heresy which lurked in the restiveness of the religious reformers under dogma, tradition, and supernatural sanction to temporal power, which he was disposed to combat to the death. He was too shrewd a politician not to recognize the connection between aspirations for religious and for political freedom. His hand was ever ready to crush both heresies in one. Had he been a true son of the Church, a faithful champion of her infallibility, he would not have submitted to the peace of Passau, so long as he could bring a soldier to the field. Yet he acquiesced in the Reformation for Germany, while the fires for burning the reformers were ever blazing in the Netherlands, where it was death even to allude to the existence of the peace of Passau. Nor did he acquiesce only from compulsion; for long before his memorable defeat by Maurice, he had permitted the German troops, with whose services he could not dispense, regularly to attend Protestant worship performed by their own

Protestant chaplains. Lutheran preachers marched from city to city of the Netherlands under the imperial banner, while the subjects of those patrimonial provinces were daily suffering on the scaffold for their nonconformity. The influence of this garrison preaching upon the progress of the Reformation in the Netherlands is well known. Charles hated Lutherans, but he required soldiers, and he thus helped by his own policy to disseminate what, had he been the fanatic which he perhaps became in retirement, he would have sacrificed his life to crush. It is quite true that the growing Calvinism of the provinces was more dangerous both religiously and politically, than the Protestantism of the German princes, which had not yet been formally pronounced heresy, but it is thus the more evident that it was political rather than religious heterodoxy which the despot wished to suppress.

No man, however, could have been more observant of religious rites. He heard mass daily. He listened to a sermon every Sunday and holiday. He confessed and received the sacrament four times a year. He was sometimes to be seen in his tent at midnight, on his knees before a crucifix with eyes and hands uplifted. He ate no meat in Lent, and used extraordinary diligence to discover and to punish any man, whether courtier or plebeian, who failed to fast during the whole forty days. He was too good a politician not to know the value of broad phylacteries and long prayers. He was too nice an observer of human nature not to know how easily mint and cummin could still outweigh the "weightier matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith"; as if the founder of the religion which he professed, and to maintain which he had established the inquisition and the edicts, had never cried woe upon the Pharisees. Yet there is no doubt that the Emperor was at times almost popular in the Netherlands, and that he was never as odious as his successor. There were some deep reasons for this, and some superficial ones; among others, a singularly fortunate manner. He spoke German, Spanish, Italian, French, and Flemish, and could assume the characteristics of each country as easily as he could use its language. He could be stately with Spaniards, familiar with Flemings, witty with Italians. He could strike down a bull in the ring like a matador at Madrid, or win the prize in the tourney like a knight of old; he could ride at the ring with the Flemish nobles, hit the popinjay with his crossbow among Antwerp artisans, or drink beer and

exchange rude jests with the boors of Brabant. For virtues such as these, his grave crimes against God and man, against religion and chartered and solemnly sworn rights, have been palliated, as if oppression became more tolerable because the oppressor was an accomplished linguist and a good marksman.

But the great reason for his popularity no doubt lay in his military genius. Charles was inferior to no general of his age. "When he was born into the world," said Alva, "he was born a soldier." and the Emperor confirmed the statement and reciprocated the compliment, when he declared that "the three first captains of the age were himself first, and then the Duke of Alva and Constable Montmorency." It is quite true that all his officers were not of the same opinion, and many were too apt to complain that his constant presence in the field did more harm than good, and "that his Majesty would do much better to stay at home." There is, however, no doubt that he was both a good soldier and a good general. He was constitutionally fearless, and he possessed great energy and endurance. He was ever the first to arm when a battle was to be fought, and the last to take off his harness. He commanded in person and in chief, even when surrounded by veterans and crippled by the gout. He was calm in great reverses. It was said that he was never known to change color except upon two occasions: after the fatal destruction of his fleet at Algiers, and in the memorable flight from Innspruck. He was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease; a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It was said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court. Such a temperament was invaluable in the stormy career to which he had devoted his life. He was essentially a man of action, a military chieftain. "Pray only for my health and my life," he was accustomed to say to the young officers who came to him from every part of his dominions to serve under his banners, "for so long as I have these I will never leave you idle; at least in France. I love peace no better than the rest of you. I was born and bred to arms, and must of necessity keep on my harness till I can bear it no longer." The restless energy and the magnificent tranquillity of his character made him a hero among princes, an idol with his officers, a popular favorite everywhere. The promptness with which, at much personal hazard, he descended like a

thunderbolt in the midst of the Ghent insurrection; the juvenile ardor with which the almost bedridden man arose from his sick bed to smite the Protestants at Mühlberg; the grim stoicism with which he saw sixty thousand of his own soldiers perish in the wintry siege of Metz; all insured him a large measure of that applause which ever follows military distinction, especially when the man who achieves it happens to wear a crown. He combined the personal prowess of a knight of old with the more modern accomplishments of a scientific tactician. He could charge the enemy in person like the most brilliant cavalry officer, and he thoroughly understood the arrangements of a campaign, the marshaling and victualing of troops, and the whole art of setting and maintaining an army in the field.

Yet, though brave and warlike as the most chivalrous of his ancestors, Gothic, Burgundian, or Suabian, he was entirely without chivalry. Fanaticism for the faith, protection for the oppressed, fidelity to friend and foe, knightly loyalty to a cause deemed sacred, the sacrifice of personal interests to great ideas, generosity of hand and heart; all those qualities which unite with courage and constancy to make up the ideal chevalier, Charles not only lacked but despised. He trampled on the weak antagonist, whether burgher or petty potentate. He was false as water. He inveigled his foes who trusted to imperial promises, by arts unworthy an emperor or a gentleman. He led about the unfortunate John Frederic of Saxony, in his own language, "like a bear in a chain," ready to be slipped upon Maurice should "the boy" prove ungrateful. He connived at the famous forgery of the prelate of Arras, to which the Landgrave Philip owed his long imprisonment; a villainy worse than many for which humbler rogues have suffered by thousands upon the gallows. The contemporary world knew well the history of his frauds, on scale both colossal and minute, and called him familiarly "Charles qui triche."

The absolute master of realms on which the sun perpetually shone, he was not only greedy for additional dominion, but he was avaricious in small matters, and hated to part with a hundred dollars. To the soldier who brought him the sword and gauntlets of Francis the First, he gave a hundred crowns, when ten thousand would have been less than the customary present; so that the man left his presence full of desperation. The three soldiers who swam the Elbe, with their swords in their mouths, to bring him the boats with which he passed to the victory of

Mühlberg, received from his imperial bounty a doublet, a pair of stockings, and four crowns apiece. His courtiers and ministers complained bitterly of his habitual niggardliness, and were fain to eke out their slender salaries by accepting bribes from every hand rich enough to bestow them. In truth Charles was more than anything else a politician, notwithstanding his signal abilities as a soldier. If to have founded institutions which could last, be the test of statesmanship, he was even a statesman; for many of his institutions have resisted the pressure of three centuries. But those of Charlemagne fell as soon as his hand was cold, while the works of many ordinary legislators have attained to a perpetuity denied to the statutes of Solon or Lyeurgus. Durability is not the test of merit in human institutions. Tried by the only touchstone applicable to governments, their capacity to insure the highest welfare of the governed, we shall not find his polity deserving of much admiration. It is not merely that he was a despot by birth and inclination, nor that he naturally substituted as far as was practicable, the despotic for the republican element, wherever his hand can be traced. There may be possible good in despotisms as there is often much tyranny in democracy. Tried, however, according to the standard by which all governments may be measured, those laws of truth and divine justice which all Christian nations recognize, and which are perpetual, whether recognized or not, we shall find little to venerate in the life work of the Emperor. The interests of his family, the security of his dynasty, these were his end and aim. The happiness or the progress of his people never furnished even the indirect motives of his conduct, and the result was a baffled policy and a crippled and bankrupt empire at last.

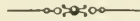
He knew men, especially he knew their weaknesses, and he knew how to turn them to account. He knew how much they would bear, and that little grievances would sometimes inflame more than vast and deliberate injustice. Therefore he employed natives mainly in the subordinate offices of his various states, and he repeatedly warned his successor that the haughtiness of Spaniards and the incompatibility of their character with the Flemish would be productive of great difficulties and dangers. It was his opinion that men might be tyrannized more intelligently by their own kindred, and in this perhaps he was right. He was indefatigable in the discharge of business, and if it were possible that half a world could be adminis-

tered as if it were the private property of an individual, the task would have been perhaps as well accomplished by Charles as by any man. He had not the absurdity of supposing it possible for him to attend to the details of every individual affair in every one of his realms; and he therefore intrusted the stewardship of all specialities to his various ministers and agents. It was his business to know men and to deal with affairs on a large scale, and in this he certainly was superior to his successor. His correspondence was mainly in the hands of Granvelle the elder, who analyzed letters received, and frequently wrote all but the signatures of the answers. The same minister usually possessed the imperial ear, and farmed it out for his own benefit. In all this there was of course room for vast deception, but the Emperor was quite aware of what was going on, and took a philosophic view of the matter as an inevitable part of his system. Granvelle grew enormously rich under his eye by trading on the imperial favor and sparing his majesty much trouble. Charles saw it all, ridiculed his speculations, but called him his "bed of down." His knowledge of human nature was, however, derived from a contemplation mainly of its weaknesses, and was therefore one-sided. He was often deceived, and made many a fatal blunder, shrewd politician though he was. He involved himself often in enterprises which could not be honorable or profitable, and which inflicted damage on his greatest interests. He often offended men who might have been useful friends, and converted allies into enemies. "His Majesty," said a keen observer who knew him well, "has not in his career shown the prudence which was necessary to him. He has often offended those whose love he might have conciliated, converted friends into enemies, and let those perish who were his most faithful partisans." Thus it must be acknowledged that even his boasted knowledge of human nature and his power of dealing with men was rather superficial and empirical than the real gift of genius.

His personal habits during the greater part of his life were those of an indefatigable soldier. He could remain in the saddle day and night, and endure every hardship but hunger. He was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence. He was an enormous eater. He breakfasted at five, on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After this he went to sleep again. He dined at twelve, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice; at first, soon after ves-



pers, and the second time at midnight or one o'clock, which meal was, perhaps, the most solid of the four. After meat he ate a great quantity of pastry and sweetmeats, and he irrigated every repast by vast draughts of beer and wine. His stomach, originally a wonderful one, succumbed after forty years of such labor. His taste, but not his appetite, began to fail, and he complained to his major-domo that all his food was insipid. The reply is perhaps among the most celebrated of facetiæ. The cook could do nothing more unless he served his Majesty a pasty of watches. The allusion to the Emperor's passion for horology was received with great applause. Charles "laughed longer than he was ever known to laugh before, and all the courtiers (of course) laughed as long as his Majesty."



## OVERTHROW OF CHARLES V. BY MAURICE.

By WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., Scotch historian, was born at Borthwick in 1721; studied theology at Edinburgh University and acquired rapid distinction as a pulpit orator. His "History of Scotland" (1759) at once gave him a place among the leading historians of the country, especially for its lucid and pleasing style, and gained him the positions of principal of Edinburgh University and historiographer royal of Scotland. He died in 1793. His other chief works are the "History of Charles V." and "History of America."]

[MAURICE OF SAXONY, born 1521, succeeded at twenty to the headship of the younger branch of the Saxon house; gained Charles's favor first by assisting him against the Turks, and then far more by helping him crush in 1546 the Smalkaldic League of Protestant princes, (though himself a Protestant,) and claimed the electorate of Saxony, the spoil of the elder branch, for his reward. He used this to do the very work which the League was too anarchic to accomplish, and forced Charles to make the Peace of Passau, which secured the Protestants' position till the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War.]

By AN artful dissimulation of his own sentiments; by address in paying court to the Emperor; and by the seeming zeal with which he forwarded all his ambitious schemes, Maurice had raised himself to the electoral dignity; and having added the dominions of the elder branch of the Saxon family to his own, he was become the most powerful prince in Germany. But his long and intimate union with the Emperor had afforded him many opportunities of observing narrowly the dangerous tendency of that monarch's schemes. He saw the yoke that

was preparing for his country; and from the rapid as well as formidable progress of the Imperial power, was convinced that but a few steps more remained to be taken, in order to render Charles as absolute a monarch in Germany as he had become in Spain. The more eminent the condition was to which he himself had been exalted, the more solicitous did Maurice naturally become to maintain all its rights and privileges, and the more did he dread the thoughts of descending from the rank of a prince almost independent, to that of a vassal subject to the commands of a master. At the same time, he perceived that Charles was bent on exacting a rigid conformity to the doctrines and rites of the Romish church, instead of allowing liberty of conscience, the promise of which had allured several Protestant princes to assist him in the war against the confederates of Smalkalde. As he himself, notwithstanding all the compliances which he had made from motives of interest, or an excess of confidence in the Emperor, was sincerely attached to the Lutheran tenets, he determined not to be a tame spectator of the overthrow of a system which he believed to be founded in truth.

This resolution, flowing from the love of liberty, or zeal for religion, was strengthened by political and interested considerations. In that elevated station in which Maurice was now placed, new and more extensive prospects opened to his view. His rank and power entitled him to be the head of the Protestants in the empire. His predecessor, the degraded Elector, with inferior abilities, and territories less considerable, had acquired such an ascendant over the councils of the party; and Maurice neither wanted discernment to see the advantage of this preëminence, nor ambition to aim at attaining it. But he found himself in a situation which rendered the attempt no less difficult than the object of it was important. On the one hand, the connection which he had formed with the Emperor was so intimate, that he could scarcely hope to take any step which tended to dissolve it, without alarming his jealousy and drawing on himself the whole weight of that power which had crushed the greatest confederacy ever formed in Germany. On the other hand, the calamities which he had brought on the Protestant party were so recent as well as great, that it seemed almost impossible to regain their confidence, or to rally and reanimate a body, after he himself had been the chief instrument in breaking its union and vigor. These considerations

were sufficient to have discouraged any person of a spirit less adventurous than Maurice's. But to him the grandeur and difficulty of the enterprise were allurements; and he boldly resolved on measures, the idea of which a genius of an inferior order could not have conceived, or would have trembled at the thoughts of the danger that attended the execution of them. . . .

The utmost caution as well as the most delicate address were requisite in taking every step towards this end; as he had to guard, on the one hand, against giving a premature alarm to the Emperor; while, on the other, something considerable and explicit was necessary to be done, in order to regain the confidence of the Protestant party. Maurice had accordingly applied all his powers of art and dissimulation to attain both these points. As he knew Charles to be inflexible with regard to the submission which he required to the Interim, he did not hesitate one moment whether he should establish that form of doctrine and worship in his dominions: but being sensible how odious it was to his subjects, instead of violently imposing it on them by the mere terror of authority, as had been done in other parts of Germany, he endeavored to render their obedience a voluntary deed of their own.

[He called an assembly of the Protestant clergy of Saxony at Leipsic, and hence subject to state authority, induced the bulk of them, including Melancthon, to class several doctrines which Luther held vital errors as "matters indifferent," and urge obedience to the Interim.]

By this dexterous conduct, the introduction of the Interim excited none of those violent convulsions in Saxony which it occasioned in other provinces. But though the Saxons submitted, the more zealous Lutherans exclaimed against Melancthon and his associates, as false brethren, who were either so wicked as to apostatize from the truth altogether; or so crafty as to betray it by subtle distinctions; or so feeble-spirited as to give it up from pusillanimity and criminal complaisance to a prince capable of sacrificing to his political interest that which he himself regarded as most sacred. Maurice, being conscious what a color of probability his past conduct gave to those accusations, as well as afraid of losing entirely the confidence of the Protestants, issued a declaration containing professions of his zealous attachment to the Reformed religion and of his resolution to guard against all the errors or encroachments of the Papal See.

Having gone so far in order to remove the fears and jealousies of the Protestants, he found it necessary to efface the impression which such a declaration might make upon the Emperor. For that purpose, he not only renewed his professions of an inviolable adherence to his alliance with him, but as the city of Magdeburg still persisted in rejecting the Interim, he undertook to reduce it to obedience, and instantly set about levying troops to be employed in that service. This damped all the hopes which the Protestants began to conceive of Maurice, in consequence of his declaration, and left them more than ever at a loss to guess at his real intentions. Their former suspicion and distrust of him revived, and the divines of Magdeburg filled Germany with writings in which they represented him as the most formidable enemy of the Protestant religion, who treacherously assumed an appearance of zeal for its interest, that he might more effectually execute his schemes for its destruction.

This charge, supported by the evidence of recent facts, as well as by his present dubious conduct, gained such universal credit that Maurice was obliged to take a vigorous step in his own vindication. As soon as the reassembling of the Council of Trent was proposed in the Diet, his ambassadors protested that their master would not acknowledge its authority, unless all the points which had been already decided there were reviewed, and considered as still undetermined; unless the Protestant divines had a full hearing granted them, and were allowed a decisive voice in the council; and unless the Pope renounced his pretensions to preside in the council, engaged to submit to its decrees, and to absolve the bishops from their oath of obedience, that they might deliver their sentiments with greater freedom. These demands, which were higher than any that the Reformers had ventured to make, even when the zeal of their party was warmest, or their affairs most prosperous, counterbalanced in some degree the impression which Maurice's preparations against Magdeburg had made upon the minds of the Protestants, and kept them in suspense with regard to his designs. At the same time, he had dexterity enough to represent this part of his conduct in such a light to the Emperor, that it gave him no offense, and occasioned no interruption of the strict confidence which subsisted between them. What the pretexts were which he employed, in order to give such a bold declaration an innocent appearance, the contemporary historians

have not explained; that they imposed upon Charles is certain, for he still continued not only to prosecute his plan, as well concerning the Interim as the council, with the same ardor, but to place the same confidence in Maurice, with regard to the execution of both.

The Pope's resolution concerning the council not being yet known at Augsburg, the chief business of the Diet was to enforce the observation of the Interim. As the senate of Magdeburg, notwithstanding various endeavors to frighten or to soothe them into compliance, not only persevered obstinately in their opposition to the Interim, but began to strengthen the fortifications of their city, and to levy troops in their own defense, Charles required the Diet to assist him in quelling this audacious rebellion against a decree of the empire. . . . A resolution was taken to raise troops in order to besiege the city in form; and persons were named to fix the contingent in men or money to be furnished by each state. At the same time, the Diet petitioned that Maurice might be intrusted with the command of that army; to which Charles gave his consent with great alacrity, and with high encomiums upon the wisdom of the choice which they had made. As Maurice conducted all his schemes with profound and impenetrable secrecy, it is probable that he took no step avowedly in order to obtain this charge. The recommendation of his countrymen was either purely accidental, or flowed from the opinion generally entertained of his great abilities; and neither the Diet had any foresight, nor the Emperor any dread, of the consequences which followed upon this nomination. Maurice accepted, without hesitation, the command to which he was recommended, instantly discerning the important advantages which he might derive from having it committed to him. . . .

By this time Maurice, having almost finished his intrigues and preparations, was on the point of declaring his intentions openly, and of taking the field against the Emperor. His first care, after he came to this resolution, was to disclaim that narrow and bigoted maxim of the confederates of Smalkalde, which had led them to shun all connection with foreigners. He had observed how fatal this had been to their cause; and, instructed by their error, he was as eager to court the protection of Henry II. as they had been solicitous to prevent the interposition of Francis I. Happily for him, he found Henry in a disposition to listen to the first overture on his part, and

in a situation which enabled him to bring the whole force of the French monarchy into action. Henry had long observed the progress of the Emperor's arms with jealousy, and wished to distinguish himself by entering the lists against the same enemy whom it had been the glory of his father's reign to oppose.

John de Fienne, Bishop of Bayonne, whom Henry had sent into Germany, under pretense of hiring troops to be employed in Italy, was empowered to conclude a treaty in form with Maurice and his associates. As it would have been very indecent in a King of France to have undertaken the defense of the Protestant church, the interests of religion, how much soever they might be affected by the treaty, were not once mentioned in any of the articles. Religious concerns they pretended to commit entirely to the disposition of Divine Providence; the only motives assigned for their present confederacy against Charles were, to procure the Landgrave liberty, and to prevent the subversion of the ancient constitution and laws of the German empire. In order to accomplish these ends, it was agreed that all the contracting parties should at the same time declare war against the Emperor; that neither peace nor truce should be made but by common consent, nor without including each of the confederates; that in order to guard against the inconveniences of anarchy, or of pretensions to joint command, Maurice should be acknowledged as head of the German confederates, with absolute authority in all military affairs; that Maurice and his associates should bring into the field seven thousand horse, with a proportional number of infantry; that towards the subsistence of this army, during the first three months of the war, Henry should contribute two hundred and forty thousand crowns, and afterwards sixty thousand crowns a month, as long as they continued in arms; that Henry should attack the Emperor on the side of Lorraine with a powerful army; that if it were found requisite to elect a new Emperor, such a person shall be nominated as shall be agreeable to the King of France. This treaty was concluded on the fifth of October, some time before Magdeburg surrendered; and the preparatory negotiations were conducted with such profound secrecy, that of all the princes who afterwards acceded to it, Maurice communicated what he was carrying on to two only, John Albert, the reigning Duke of Meeklenburg, and William of Hesse, the Landgrave's eldest son. The league itself was

no less anxiously concealed, and with such fortunate care, that no rumor concerning it reached the ears of the Emperor or his ministers; nor do they seem to have conceived the most distant suspicion of such a transaction.

At the same time, with a solicitude which was careful to draw some accession of strength from every quarter, Maurice applied to Edward VI. of England, and requested a subsidy of four hundred thousand crowns for the support of a confederacy formed in defense of the Protestant religion. But the factions which prevailed in the English court during the minority of that Prince, and which deprived both the councils and arms of the nation of their wonted vigor, left the English ministers neither time nor inclination to attend to foreign affairs, and prevented Maurice's obtaining that aid which their zeal for the Reformation would have prompted them to grant him. . . .

Maurice employed artifices still more refined to conceal his machinations, to amuse the Emperor, and to gain time. He affected to be more solicitous than ever to find out some expedient for removing the difficulties with regard to the safe-conduct for the Protestant divines appointed to attend the council, so that they might repair thither without any apprehension of danger. His ambassadors at Trent had frequent conferences concerning this matter with the Imperial ambassadors in that city, and laid open their sentiments to them with the appearance of the most unreserved confidence. He was willing, at last, to have it believed, that he thought all differences with respect to this preliminary article were on the point of being adjusted; and in order to give credit to this opinion, he commanded Melancthon, together with his brethren, to set out on their journey to Trent. At the same time, he held a close correspondence with the Imperial court at Inspruck, and renewed on every occasion his professions not only of fidelity, but of attachment to the Emperor. He talked continually of his intention of going to Inspruck in person; he gave orders to hire a house for him in that city, and to fit it up with the greatest dispatch for his reception.

But, profoundly skilled as Maurice was in the arts of deceit, and impenetrable as he thought the veil to be, under which he concealed his designs, there were several things in his conduct which alarmed the Emperor amidst his security, and tempted him frequently to suspect that he was meditating something extraordinary. As these suspicions took their rise from

circumstances inconsiderable in themselves, or of an ambiguous as well as uncertain nature, they were more than counterbalanced by Maurice's address; and the Emperor would not lightly give up his confidence in a man whom he had once trusted and loaded with favors. One particular alone seemed to be of such consequence, that he thought it necessary to demand an explanation with regard to it. The troops which George of Mecklenburg had taken into pay after the capitulation of Magdeburg, having fixed their quarters in Thuringia, lived at discretion on the lands of the rich ecclesiastics in their neighborhood. Their license and rapaciousness were intolerable. Such as felt or dreaded their exactions complained loudly to the Emperor, and represented them as a body of men kept in readiness for some desperate enterprise. But Maurice, partly by extenuating the enormities of which they had been guilty, partly by representing the impossibility of disbanding these troops, or of keeping them to regular discipline, unless the arrears still due to them by the Emperor were paid, either removed the apprehensions which this had occasioned, or, as Charles was not in a condition to satisfy the demands of these soldiers, obliged him to be silent with regard to the matter.

The time of action was now approaching. Maurice had privately dispatched Albert of Brandenburg to Paris, in order to confirm his league with Henry, and to hasten the march of the French army. He had taken measures to bring his own subjects together on the first summons; he had provided for the security of Saxony, while he should be absent with the army; and he held the troops in Thuringia, on which he chiefly depended, ready to advance on a moment's warning. All these complicated operations were carried on without being discovered by the court at Inspruck; and the Emperor remained there in perfect tranquillity, busied entirely in counteracting the intrigues of the Pope's legate at Trent, and in settling the conditions on which the Protestant divines should be admitted into the council, as if there had not been any transaction of greater moment in agitation.

This credulous security in a prince who, by his sagacity in observing the conduct of all around him, was commonly led to an excess of distrust, may seem unaccountable, and has been imputed to infatuation. But besides the exquisite address with which Maurice concealed his intentions, two circumstances contributed to the delusion. The gout had returned upon



Charles soon after his arrival at Inspruck, with an increase of violence; and his constitution being broken by such frequent attacks, he was seldom able to exert his natural vigor of mind, or to consider affairs with his usual vigilance and penetration: and Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, his prime minister, though one of the most subtle statesmen of that or perhaps of any age, was on this occasion the dupe of his own craft. He entertained such an high opinion of his own abilities, and held the political talents of the Germans in such contempt, that he despised all the intimations given him concerning Maurice's secret machinations, or the dangerous designs which he was carrying on. When the Duke of Alva, whose dark suspicious mind harbored many doubts concerning the Elector's sincerity, proposed calling him immediately to court to answer for his conduct, Granvelle replied with great scorn that these apprehensions were groundless, and that a drunken German head was too gross to form any scheme which he could not easily penetrate and baffle.

Nor did he assume this peremptory tone merely from confidence in his own discernment; he had bribed two of Maurice's ministers, and received from them frequent and minute information concerning all their master's motions. But through this very channel, by which he expected to gain access to all Maurice's counsels, and even to his thoughts, such intelligence was conveyed to him as completed his deception. Maurice fortunately discovered the correspondence of the two traitors with Granvelle; but instead of punishing them for their crime, he dexterously availed himself of their fraud, and turned his own arts against the bishop. He affected to treat these ministers with greater confidence than ever; he admitted them to his consultations; he seemed to lay open his heart to them; and taking care all the while to let them be acquainted with nothing but what it was his interest should be known, they transmitted to Inspruck such accounts as possessed Granvelle with a firm belief of his sincerity as well as good intentions. The Emperor himself, in the fullness of security, was so little moved by a memorial, in the name of the ecclesiastical electors, admonishing him to be on his guard against Maurice, that he made light of this intelligence; and his answer to them abounds with declarations of his entire and confident reliance on the fidelity as well as attachment of that prince.

At last Maurice's preparations were completed, and he had the satisfaction to find that his intrigues and designs were still

unknown. But though now ready to take the field, he did not lay aside the arts which he had hitherto employed; and by one piece of craft more he deceived his enemies a few days longer. He gave out that he was about to begin that journey to Inspruck of which he had so often talked, and he took one of the ministers whom Granvelle had bribed, to attend him thither. After travelling post a few stages, he pretended to be indisposed by the fatigue of the journey, and dispatching the suspected minister to make his apology to the Emperor for this delay, and to assure him that he would be at Inspruck within a few days, he mounted on horseback as soon as this spy on his actions was gone, rode full speed towards Thuringia, joined his army, which amounted to twenty thousand foot and five thousand horse, and put it immediately in motion.

At the same time he published a manifesto, containing his reasons for taking arms. These were three in number: That he might secure the Protestant religion, which was threatened with immediate destruction; that he might maintain the constitution and laws of the empire, and save Germany from being subjected to the dominion of an absolute monarch; that he might deliver the Landgrave of Hesse from the miseries of a long and unjust imprisonment. By the first, he roused all the favorers of a Reformation, a party formidable by their zeal as well as numbers, and rendered desperate by oppression. By the second, he interested all the friends of liberty, Catholics no less than Protestants, and made it their interest to unite with him in asserting the rights and privileges common to both. The third, besides the glory which he acquired by his zeal to fulfill his engagements to the unhappy prisoner, was become a cause of general concern, not only from the compassion which the Landgrave's sufferings excited, but from indignation at the injustice and rigor of the Emperor's proceedings against him. Together with Maurice's manifesto, another appeared in the name of Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg Culmbach, who had joined him with a body of adventurers whom he had drawn together. The king of France added to these a manifesto in his own name, in which, after taking notice of the ancient alliance between the French and German nations, both descended from the same ancestors, and after mentioning the applications, which, in consequence of this, some of the most illustrious among the German princes had made to him for his protection, he declared, that he now took arms to reëstablish the ancient con-

stitution of the empire, to deliver some of its princes from captivity, and to secure the privileges and independence of all the members of the Germanic body.

Maurice had now to act a part entirely new, but his flexible genius was capable of accommodating itself to every situation. The moment he took arms, he was as bold and enterprising in the field as he had been cautious and crafty in the cabinet. He advanced by rapid marches towards the Upper Germany. All the towns in his way opened their gates to him. He reinstated the magistrates whom the Emperor had deposed, and gave possession of the churches to the Protestant ministers whom he had ejected. He directed his march to Augsburg; and as the Imperial garrison, which was too inconsiderable to think of defending it, retired immediately, he took possession of that great city, and made the same changes there as in the towns through which he had passed.

No words can express the Emperor's astonishment and consternation at events so unexpected. He saw a great number of the German princes in arms against him, and the rest either ready to join them, or wishing success to their enterprise. He beheld a powerful monarch united with them in close league, seconding their operations in person at the head of a formidable army, while he, through negligence and credulity, which exposed him no less to scorn than to danger, had neither made, nor was in condition to make, any effectual provision, either for crushing his rebellious subjects or resisting the invasion of the foreign enemy. Part of his Spanish troops had been ordered into Hungary against the Turks; the rest had marched back to Italy upon occasion of the war in the duchy of Parma. The bands of veteran Germans had been dismissed, because he was not able to pay them, or had entered into Maurice's service after the siege of Magdeburg; and he remained at Inspruck with a body of soldiers hardly strong enough to guard his own person. His treasury was as much exhausted as his army was reduced. He had received no remittances for some time from the new world. He had forfeited all credit with the merchants of Genoa and Venice, who refused to lend him money, though tempted by the offer of exorbitant interest. Thus Charles, though undoubtedly the most considerable potentate in Christendom, and capable of exerting the greatest strength, — his power, notwithstanding the violent attack made upon it, being still unimpaired, — found himself in a situation which rendered

him unable to make such a sudden and vigorous effort as the juncture required, and was necessary to have saved him from the present danger.

In this situation, the Emperor placed all his hopes on negotiating, the only resource of such as are conscious of their own weakness. But thinking it inconsistent with his dignity to make the first advances to subjects who were in arms against him, he avoided that indecorum by employing the mediation of his brother Ferdinand. Maurice, confiding in his own talents to conduct any negotiation in such a manner as to derive advantage from it, and hoping that, by the appearance of facility in hearkening to the first overture of accommodation, he might amuse the Emperor, and tempt him to slacken the activity with which he was now preparing to defend himself, readily agreed to an interview with Ferdinand in the town of Lintz in Austria; and having left his army to proceed on its march under the command of the Duke of Mecklenburg, he repaired thither.

The conference at Lintz did not produce any accommodation. Maurice, when he consented to it, seems to have had nothing in view but to amuse the Emperor; for he made such demands, both in behalf of his confederates and their ally the French king, as he knew would not be accepted by a prince too haughty to submit at once to conditions dictated by an enemy. But, however firmly Maurice adhered during the negotiation to the interests of his associates, or how steadily soever he kept in view the objects which had induced him to take arms, he often professed a strong inclination to terminate the differences with the Emperor in an amicable manner. Encouraged by this appearance of a pacific disposition, Ferdinand proposed a second interview at Passau on the twenty-sixth of May, and that a truce should commence on that day, and continue to the tenth of June, in order to give them leisure for adjusting all the points in dispute.

Upon this Maurice rejoined his army on the ninth of May, which had now advanced to Gundelfingen. He put his troops in motion next morning; and as sixteen days yet remained for action before the commencement of the truce, he resolved during that period to venture upon an enterprise, the success of which would be so decisive as to render the negotiations at Passau extremely short, and entitle him to treat upon his own terms. He foresaw that the prospect of a cessation of arms,

which was to take place so soon, together with the opinion of his earnestness to reëstablish peace, with which he had artfully amused Ferdinand, could hardly fail of inspiring the Emperor with such false hopes that he would naturally become remiss, and relapse into some degree of that security which had already been so fatal to him. Relying on this conjecture, he marched directly at the head of his army towards Inspruck, and advanced with the most rapid motion that could be given to so great a body of troops. On the eighteenth he arrived at Fiessen, a post of great consequence, at the entrance into the Tyrolese. There he found a body of eight hundred men, whom the Emperor had assembled, strongly intrenched, in order to oppose his progress. He attacked them instantly with such violence and impetuosity that they abandoned their lines precipitately, and falling back on a second body posted near Ruten, communicated the panic terror with which they themselves had been seized to those troops, so that they likewise took to flight after a feeble resistance.

Elated with this success, which exceeded his most sanguine hopes, Maurice pressed forward to Ehrenberg, a castle situated on an high and steep precipice, which commanded the only pass through the mountains. As this fort had been surrendered to the Protestants at the beginning of the Smalkaldic war, because the garrison was then too weak to defend it, the Emperor, sensible of its importance, had taken care at this juncture to throw into it a body of troops sufficient to maintain it against the greatest army. But a shepherd, in pursuing a goat which had strayed from his flock, having discovered an unknown path by which it was possible to ascend to the top of the rock, came with this seasonable piece of intelligence to Maurice. A small band of chosen soldiers, under the command of George of Mecklenburg, was instantly ordered to follow this guide. They set out in the evening, and clambering up the rugged track with infinite fatigue as well as danger, they reached the summit unperceived; and at an hour which had been agreed on, when Maurice began the assault on the one side of the castle, they appeared on the other, ready to scale the walls, which were feeble in that place, because it had been hitherto deemed inaccessible. The garrison, struck with terror at the sight of an enemy on a quarter where they had thought themselves perfectly secure, immediately threw down their arms. Maurice, almost without bloodshed, and, which was of greater consequence to him, without loss of time, took possession of a place

the reduction of which might have retarded him long, and have required the utmost efforts of his valor and skill.

Maurice was now only two days' march from Inspruck, and without losing a moment he ordered his infantry to advance thither, having left his cavalry, which was unserviceable in that mountainous country, at Fiessen, to guard the mouth of the pass. He proposed to advance with such rapidity as to anticipate any accounts of the loss of Ehrenberg, and to surprise the Emperor, together with his attendants, in an open town incapable of defense. But just as his troops began to move, a battalion of mercenaries mutinied, declaring that they would not stir until they had received the gratuity which, according to the custom of that age, they claimed as the recompense due to them for having taken a place by assault. It was with great difficulty, as well as danger, and not without some considerable loss of time, that Maurice quieted this insurrection, and prevailed on the soldiers to follow him to a place where he promised them such rich booty as would be an ample reward for all their services.

To the delay occasioned by this unforeseen accident the Emperor owed his safety. He was informed of the approaching danger late in the evening, and knowing that nothing could save him but a speedy flight, he instantly left Inspruck, without regarding the darkness of the night or the violence of the rain which happened to fall at that time; and notwithstanding the debility occasioned by the gout, which rendered him unable to bear any motion but that of a litter, he traveled by the light of torches, taking his way over the Alps by roads almost impassable. His courtiers and attendants followed him with equal precipitation, some of them on such horses as they could hastily procure, many of them on foot, and all in the utmost confusion. In this miserable plight, very unlike the pomp with which Charles had appeared during the five preceding years as the conqueror of Germany, he arrived at length with his dejected train, at Villach in Carinthia, and scarcely thought himself secure even in that remote, inaccessible corner.

Maurice entered Inspruck a few hours after the Emperor and his attendants had left it: and, enraged that the prey should escape out of his hands when he was just ready to seize it, he pursued them some miles; but finding it impossible to overtake persons to whom their fear gave speed, he returned to the town, and abandoned all the Emperor's baggage, together with that of his ministers, to be plundered by the soldiers.

## AMADIS AND ORIANA.

(From "Amadis de Gaul," translated by Robert Southey.)

["Amadis de Gaul" was the best and most famous of the romances of chivalry which turned Don Quixote's head, and Cervantes exempts it from the holocaust which overtook the remainder of the knight's library. Its fame and influence date from a French version in the middle of the sixteenth century; but it is believed to have been originally written in Portuguese in the fourteenth, perhaps by Vasco de Lobeira, an eminent captain of that age.]

## AMADIS' PARENTAGE.

NOT many years after the passion of our Redeemer, there was a Christian king in the lesser Britain, by name Garinter, who being in the law of truth, was of much devotion and good ways. This king had two daughters by a noble lady, his wife. The eldest was married to Languines, King of Scotland; she was called the Lady of the Garland, because her husband, taking great pleasure to behold her beautiful tresses, would have them covered only with a chaplet of flowers. Agraves and Mabilia were their children, a knight and damsel of whom in this history much mention is made. Elisena, the other daughter, was far more beautiful, and although she had been demanded in marriage by many great princes, yet she would wed with none, but for her solitary and holy life was commonly called the Lost Devotee, because it was considered that for one of such rank, gifted with such beauty and sought in marriage by so many chiefs, this way of life was not fitting.

King Garinter, who was somewhat stricken in years, took delight in hunting. It happened one day, that having gone from his town of Alima to the chase, and being separated from his people, as he went along the forest saying his prayers, he saw to the left a brave battle of one knight against two. Soon had he knowledge of the twain, and that they were his own vassals, who being proud men and of powerful lineage, had often by their evil customs offended him. Who the third was he knew not, but not relying so much in the worth of the one as he feared the two, he drew aside and waited the event, which sorted to such effect, as by the hand of that one the others were both slain. This done the stranger came towards the king, and seeing him alone, said, Gentle sir, what country is this wherein knights errant are thus assailed? The king replied, Marvel

not at this, knight, for our country yields as others do, both good and bad : as for these men, they have often offended, even against their lord and king, who could do no justice upon them because of their kindred, and also because they harbored in this covered mountain. This king you speak of, replied the stranger, I come to seek him from a far land, and bring him tidings from a dear friend. If you know where he may be found, I pray you tell me. The king answered, Befall what may, I shall not fail to speak what is true. I am the king. The knight then loosing his shield and helmet, gave them to his squire, and went to embrace Garinter, saying that he was King Perion of Gaul, who had long desired to know him. Greatly were these kings contented that their meeting was in such a manner, and conferring together they took their way through the wood towards the city, when suddenly a hart ran before them which had escaped the toils. They followed at full speed, thinking to kill it, but a lion, springing from a thicket before them, seized the hart, and having torn it open with his mighty claws, stood fiercely looking at the kings. Fierce as you are, said King Perion, you shall leave us a part of the game ! and he took his arms and alighted from his horse, who being affrighted at the wild beast, would not go near him, and placing his shield before him, went towards the lion sword in hand. The lion left his prey and came against him ; they closed, and Perion, at the moment when he was under the beast and in most danger, thrust his sword into his belly. When Garinter saw him fall, he said within himself, Not without cause is that knight famed to be the best in the world. Meanwhile their train came up, and then was their prey and venison laid on two horses and carried to the city.

The queen being advised of her guest, they found the palace richly adorned, and the tables covered. At the highest the kings seated themselves : at the other sate the queen with Elisena, her daughter, and there were they served, as in the house of such a man beseemed. Then being in that solace, as that princess was so beautiful and King Perion on his part equal, in that hour and point they so regarded each other, that her great modesty and holy life could not now avail, but that she was taken with great and incurable love ; and the king in like manner, though till then his heart had been free, so that during the meal both the one and the other appeared absent in thought. When the tables were removed, the queen would



depart to her chamber ; Elisena rising dropt a ring from her lap, which she had taken off when she washed her hands, and in her confusion of mind forgotten. She stooped for it, and Perion who was near her stooped down also, so that their hands met, and he taking her hand prest it. She colored deeply and thanked the king for his service. "Ah, lady," said he, "it shall not be the last, for all my life shall be spent in your service."

She followed her mother ; but, so disturbed that her sight was dizzy, and now not able to endure her feelings, she went and discovered them to the damsel Darioleta in whom she confided, and with tears from her eyes and from her heart, besought her to find out if King Perion loved any other woman. Darioleta, surprised at this alteration, pitied and comforted her mistress, and went to King Perion's chamber. She found his squire at the door with the king's garments, which he was about to give him ; Friend, said she, go you about your other affairs, for I must wait upon your master. The squire, thinking it was the custom of the country, gave her the garments and went away. She then entered the chamber where the king was in bed. He, who had seen her converse with Elisena confident[ial]ly, now hoped that she might bring some remedy to his passion, and said to her all in trembling, Fair friend, what demand ye? I bring ye wherewith to clothe yourself, she replied. That should be for my heart, said Perion, which is now stript and naked of all my joy. As how? said the damsel. Thus, quoth he: coming into this land with entire liberty, and apprehending nothing but the chance of arms, here in this house I have been wounded by a mortal wound, for which if you, fair damsel, can procure me remedy, you shall be well recompensed. He then charged her not to discover him but where it was requisite, and told her his love for Elisena. Then said Darioleta, My lord, promise me on the faith of a king and a knight, that you will take to wife my Lady Elisena, when time shall serve, and right soon will I bring ye where not only your heart shall be satisfied, but hers also, who, it may be, is in as much or more thought and dolor than you, with the same wound. But without this promise you shall never win her. The king, whose will was already disposed by God that that which ensued might come to pass, took his sword which was by him, and laying his right hand upon the cross of its hilt, pronounced these words : I swear by this cross, and this sword

wherewith I received the order of knighthood, to perform whatever you shall require for the Lady Elisena. Be you then of good cheer, said she, for I also will effect my promise.

Darioleta returned to the princess and informed her how she had sped: You know, said she, that in the chamber where King Perion lodgeth there is a door opening to the garden, whence your father used to go out, and which at this present is covered with hangings; but I have the key thereof, and we can go in at night, when all in the palace are at rest. When Elisena heard this she was highly contented, but recollecting herself, she replied, How shall this be brought to pass, seeing that my father will lodge in the chamber with King Perion? Leave that to me, said the damsel, and with that they parted.

When it was night Darioleta drew aside the squire of Perion, and asked him if he was of gentle birth. Aye, said he, the son of a knight! but why ask ye? For the desire I have, quoth she, to know one thing, which I beseech you by the faith you owe to God and to the king, your master, not to hide from me. Who is the lady whom your master loveth best? My master, replied the squire, loves all in general, and none as you mean. While they thus talked Garinter came nigh, who seeing Darioleta in conference with Perion's squire, called her and asked what he had to say to her. In sooth, my lord, quoth she, he tells me that his master is wont to be alone, and certainly I think he will feel himself embarrassed by your company. Garinter hearing that went to King Perion and said, My lord, I have many affairs to settle and must rise at the hour of matins; and that you may not be disturbed, you had better be alone in your chamber. King Perion replied, Do as shall seem best to your liking. Then Garinter understood that Darioleta had told him rightly of his guest's inclination, and ordered his bed to be removed from Perion's apartment. These tidings Darioleta carried to her mistress, and they waited the hour when all should retire to sleep.

At night when all was husht, Darioleta rose and threw a mantle over her mistress, and they went into the garden. When Elisena came to the chamber door her whole body trembled, and her voice that she could not speak. King Perion had fallen asleep; he dreamt that some one he knew not who entered his chamber by a secret door, who thrusting a hand between his ribs, took out his heart and threw it into the river. He asked why this cruelty was committed, and was answered, It is

nothing! there is another heart left there which I must take from you, though against my will. Then the king suddenly awoke in great fear, and blessed himself. At this moment the two damsels had opened the door, and were entering; he heard them, and being full of his dream suspected treason, when he saw a door open behind the hangings, of which he had not known, and leaping from the bed he caught up his sword and shield. What is this? cried Darioleta. The king then knew her, and saw Elisena his beloved; he dropt his shield and sword, and throwing a mantle about him which was ready by the bed, he went and embraced her whom he loved. Darioleta then took up the sword in token of his promise and oath, and went into the garden, and Perion remained alone with Elisena, in whom as he beheld her by the light of the three torches, he thought all the beauty of the world was centered.

When it was time that they should part, Darioleta returned to the chamber. I know, lady, said she, that heretofore you have been better pleased with me than you are now, but we must go, for time calleth us. Elisena rose. I beseech you, said Perion, do not forget the place! and she departed with the damsel. He remained in his room, and recollecting his dream, which still affrighted him, a wish to know its significance made him desirous to return to his own country, where many wise men were skillful in the solution of such things.

Ten days King Perion sojourned at Alima, and every night his beloved mistress visited him. Then it was necessary that he should depart, despite of his own inclination, and the tears of Elisena. He took leave of Garinter and the queen, and having armed himself, when he looked for his sword to gird it on, he missed it; though the loss grieved him, for it was a tried and goodly weapon, he durst not inquire for it, but, making his squire procure him another, he departed for his own kingdom. Albeit, before his departure, Darioleta came and told him of the great affliction and distress in which his lady was left. I commend her to you, my friend, said he, as mine own proper heart; then taking from his finger a ring of two which he wore, each resembling the other, he bade her carry it to his love.

[Amadis is born of this union — Darioleta managing to conceal Elisena's condition and confinement — and committed to the sea with Perion's ring and sword and a written statement by Darioleta. Rescued, he is dubbed the "Child of the Sea." Perion later marries Elisena, who never tells him of the baby.]

## "RECOGNITION BY HIS PARENTS."

It so happened, that as he was one day walking in the hall with the damsel, young Melicia, King Perion's daughter, passed by him weeping. He asked her why she wept, and she told him for a ring, which her father had given her to keep while he slept, and which she had lost. I will give you another as good, said the Child, and he gave her one from his finger. She looked at it, and cried, This is the one I lost. Not so, said he. — Then it is the one in the world most like it. So much the better; you may give it for the other. And leaving her, he went with the damsel to his chamber, and laid upon his bed, and she upon another that was there.

The king awoke, and asked his daughter for the ring; then she gave him the same she had of the prince, which he put on, thinking it was his own; but presently he saw his own lying where Melicia had dropt it, and taking it up he compared it with the other, which he saw was the one which he had given to Elisena, and which she told him, when he had inquired for it, had been lost. He demanded of the little girl how she came by that ring; and she, who was much afraid of him, told him what had happened. Immediately he began to suspect the queen, that she had fallen into some dishonest liking of the young knight for his great worth and exceeding beauty; and he took his sword, and went into the queen's chamber, and fastened the door. Madam, said he, you always denied to me the ring which I gave you, and the Child of the Sea has now given it to Melicia. How came he by it? if you tell me a lie, your head shall pay for it. Ah God, mercy! quoth Elisena, and fell at his feet. I will tell you what I have hitherto concealed, but now you suspect me! And then she told him how she had exposed the infant, with whom the ring and the sword were placed; and then she lamented, and beat her face. Holy Mary! crieth the king, I believe that this is our child! The queen stretched out her hands, — May it please God! With that they went into his chamber, whom they found sleeping; but Elisena wept bitterly because of her husband's suspicion. The king took the Child's sword which was at the bed's-head, and looking at it he knew it well, as one wherewith he had given many and hard blows; and he said to Elisena, By my God, I know the sword! Then Elisena took the Child by the arm, and wakened him, who awoke in wonder, and asked

why she wept. Ah ! said she, whose son art thou ?--- So help me God I know not, for by great hap I was found in the sea ! The queen fell at his feet, hearing him, and he cried, My God, what is all this ? My son, quoth she, you see your parents !

When the first joy had a little subsided he remembered the writing, and took it from his bosom. Elisena saw it was what Darioleta had written. Ah, my son, quoth she, when last I saw this writing I was in all trouble and anguish, and now am I in all happiness, — blessed be God !

#### ADVENTURE AND LADY-LOVE.

While Amadis remained with his comrades at the court of Sobradisa, his thoughts were perpetually fixed upon his lady Oriana ; and so thoughtful was he, and so often, both sleeping and waking, was he in tears, that all saw how he was troubled, yet knew they not the cause, for he kept his love silent, as a man who had all virtues in his heart. At length, not being able to support a longer absence, he asked permission of the fair young queen to depart, which she, not without reluctance, having granted, loving him better than herself, he and his brethren and his cousin Agrayes took the road towards the King Lisuarte. Some days had they traveled when they came to a little church, and entering there to say their prayers they saw a fair damsel, accompanied by two others and by four squires who guarded her, coming from the door. She asked them whither they went. Amadis answered, Damsel, we go to the court of King Lisuarte, where, if it please you to go, we will accompany you. Thank you, quoth the damsel, but I am faring elsewhere. I waited because I saw you were armed like errant knights, to know if any of you would go and see the wonders of the Firm Island, for I am the governor's daughter and am returning there. Holy Mary ! cried Amadis, I have often heard of the wonders of that island, and should account myself happy if I might prove them, yet till now I never prepared to go ! Good sir, quoth she, do not repent of your delay ; many have gone there with the same wish, and returned not so joyfully as they went. So I have heard, said Amadis : tell me, would it be far out of our road if we went there ? — Two days' journey. — Is the Firm Island, then, in this part of the sea, where is the enchanted arch of true lovers, under which neither man nor woman can pass that hath been false to their

first love? The damsel answered, It is a certain truth, and many other wonders are there. Then Agrayes said to his companions, I know not what you will do, but I will go with this damsel, and see these wonderful things. If you are so true a lover, said she, as to pass the enchanted arch, you will see the likenesses of Apolidon and Grimanesa, and behold your own name written upon a stone, where you will find only two names written besides, though the spell hath been made an hundred years.—In God's name, let us go, and I will try whether I can be a third. With that, Amadis, who in his heart had no less desire and faith to prove this adventure, said to his brethren, We are not enamored, but we should keep our cousin company who is, and whose heart is so bold. Thereto they all consented, and set forth with the damsel. What is this island? said Florestan to Amadis; tell me, sir, for you seem to know. A young knight whom I greatly esteem, replied Amadis, told me all I know—King Arban of North Wales; he was there four days, but could accomplish none of the adventures, and so departed with shame. The damsel then related the history of the enchantments, which greatly incited Galaor and Florestan to the proof.

So they rode on till sunset, and then entering a valley they saw many tents pitched in a meadow, and people sporting about them, and one knight, richly appareled, who seemed to be the chief. Sirs, quoth the damsel, that is my father: I will go advertise him of your coming, that he may do you honor. When he heard of their desire to try the enchantment, he went on foot with all his company to welcome them, and they were honorably feasted and lodged that night. At morning they accompanied the governor to his castle, which commanded the whole island, for at the entrance there was a neck of land, only a bowshot over, connected with the mainland, all the rest was surrounded by the sea; seven leagues in length it was, and five broad, and because it was all surrounded by sea, except where that neck of land connected it with the continent, it was called the Firm Island. Having entered, they saw a great palace, the gates whereof were open, and many shields hung upon the wall; about an hundred were in one row, and above them were ten, and above the ten were two, but one of them was in a higher niche than the other. Then Amadis asked why they were thus ranked. The governor answered, according to the prowess of those who would have entered the forbidden

chamber ; the shields of those who could not enter the perron of copper are near the ground ; the ten above are those who reached it ; the lowest of the two passed that perron, and the one above all reached to the marble perron, but could pass no farther. Then Amadis approached the shields to see if he knew them, for each had its owner's name inscribed ; the one which was the highest of the ten bore a sable lion, with argent teeth and nails and a bloody mouth, in a field sable. This he knew to be the shield of Arealaus. Then he beheld the two uppermost ; the lower bore, in a field azure, a knight cutting off the head of a giant ; this was the shield of the King Abies of Ireland, who had been there two years before his combat with Amadis ; the highest had three golden flowers in a field azure ; this he knew not, but he read the inscription, This is the shield of Quadragante, brother to King Abies of Ireland. He had proved the adventure twelve days ago, and had reached the marble perron, which was more than any knight before him had done, and he was now gone to Great Britain to combat Amadis, in revenge for his brother's death. When Amadis saw all these shields, he doubted the adventure much, seeing that such knights had failed.

They went out from the palace towards the Arch of True Lovers. When they came near, Agraves alighted and commended himself to God, and cried, Love, if I have been true to thee, remember me ! and he past the spell ; and when he came under the arch, the image blew forth sweet sounds, and he came to the palace, and saw the likenesses of Apolidon and Grimanesa, and saw also the jasper-stone, wherein two names were written, and now his own the third. The first said, Mandil, son of the Duke of Burgundy, achieved this adventure ; and the second was, This is the name of Don Bruneo of Bonamar, son to Valladon, Marquis of Troque ; and his own said, This is Agraves, son to King Languines of Scotland. This Mandil loved Guinda, lady of Flanders. Don Bruneo had proved the enchantment only eight days ago, and she whom he loved was Melicia, daughter to King Perion, the sister of Amadis.

When Agraves had thus entered, Amadis said to his brethren, Will ye prove the adventure ? No, said they, we are not so enthralled that we can deserve to accomplish it. Since you are two, then, quoth he, keep one another company, as I if I can, will do with my cousin Agraves. Then gave he his horse

and arms to Gandalin, and went on without fear, as one who felt that never in deed or in thought had he been faithless to his lady. When he came under the arch, the image began a sound far different and more melodious than he had ever before done, and showered down flowers of great fragrance from the mouth of the trumpet, the like of which had never been done before to any knight who entered. He past on to the images, and here Agrayes, who apprehended something of his passion, met him and embraced him, and said, Sir, my cousin, there is no reason that we should henceforth conceal from each other our loves. But Amadis made no reply, but taking his hand, they went to survey the beauties of the garden.

Don Galaor and Florestan, who waited for them without, seeing that they tarried, besought Ysanjo, the governor, to show them the forbidden chamber, and he led them towards the perrons. Sir brother, said Florestan, what will you do? Nothing, replied Galaor: I have no mind to meddle with enchantments. Then amuse yourself here, quoth Florestan, I will try my fortune. He then commended himself to God, threw his shield before him, and proceeded sword in hand. When he entered the spell, he felt himself attacked on all sides with lances and swords, such blows and so many that it might be thought never man could endure them; yet, he was strong and of good heart, he ceased not to make his way, striking manfully on all sides, and it felt in his hand as though he were striking armed men, and the sword did not cut. Thus struggling, he passed the copper perron, and advanced as far as the marble one, but there his strength failed him, and he fell like one dead, and was cast out beyond the line of the spell. When Galaor saw this he was displeased, and said, However little I like these things, I must take my share in the danger! and bidding the squires and the dwarf to stay by Florestan, and throw cold water in his face, he took his arms and commended himself to God, and advanced towards the forbidden chamber. Immediately the unseen blows fell upon him, but he went on, and forced his way up to the marble perron, and there he stood; but when he advanced another step beyond, the blows came on him so heavy a load that he fell senseless and was cast out like Florestan.

Amadis and Agrayes were reading the new inscription in the jasper, This is Amadis of Gaul, the true lover, son to King Perion, — when Ardian the dwarf came up to the line and cried



out, Help! help, Sir Amadis, your brothers are slain! They hastened out to him, and asked how it was.—Sir, they attempted the forbidden chamber, and did not achieve it, and there they lie for dead! Immediately they rode towards them, and found them so handled as you have already heard, albeit some little recovering. Then Agrayes, who was stout of heart, went on as fast as he could to the forbidden chamber, striking aright and aleft with his sword; but his strength did not suffice to bear the blows, he fell senseless between the perrons, and was cast out as his cousins had been. Then Amadis began to curse their journey thither, and said to Galaor, who was now revived, Brother, I must not excuse my body from the dangers which yours have undergone. Galaor would have withheld him, but he took him arms, and went on, praying God to help him. When he came to the line of the spell, there he paused for a moment, and said, O Oriana, my lady, from you proceeds all my strength and courage! remember me now at this time, when your remembrance is so needful to me! Then he went on. The blows fell thick upon him and hard till he reached the marble perron, but then they came so fast as if all the knights were besetting him, and such an uproar of voices arose as if the whole world were perishing, and he heard it said, If this knight should fail there is not one in the world who can enter. But he ceased not to proceed, winning his way hardly, sometimes beaten down upon his hands, sometimes falling upon his knees; the sword fell from his hand, and though it hung by a thong from the wrist, he could not recover it, yet holding on still he reached the door of the chamber, and a hand came forth and took him by the hand to draw him in, and he heard a voice which said, Welcome is the knight who shall be lord here, because he passeth in prowess him who made the enchantment, and who had no peer in his time. The hand that led him was large and hard, like the hand of an old man, and the arm was sleeved with green satin. As soon as he was within the chamber it let go its hold and was seen no more, and Amadis remained fresh, and with all his strength recovered; he took the shield from his neck and the helmet from his head, and sheathed his sword, and gave thanks to his lady Oriana for this honor which for her sake he had won. At this time they of the castle who had heard the voices resign the lordship, and seen Amadis enter, began to cry out, God be praised, we see accomplished what we have so long desired. When his brethren saw that he

had achieved that wherein they had failed, they were exceedingly joyful, because of the great love they bore him, and desired that they might be carried to the chamber; and there the governor with all his train went to Amadis, and kissed his hand as their lord. Then saw they the wonders which were in the chamber, the works of art and the treasures, such that they were amazed to see them. Yet all this was nothing to the chamber of Apolidon and Grimanesa, for that was such that not only could no one make the like, but no one could even imagine how it could be made; it was so devised that they who were within could clearly see what was doing without, but from without nothing could be seen within. There they remained some time with great pleasure: the knights, because one of their lineage was found to exceed in worth all living men, and all who for a hundred years had lived; the islanders, because they trusted to be well ruled and made happy under such a lord, and even to master other lands. Sir, quoth Ysanjo, it is time to take food and rest for to-day: to-morrow the good men of the land will come and do homage to you. So that day they feasted in the palace, and the following day all the people assembled and did homage to Amadis as their lord, with great solemnities and feasting and rejoicing.

You have heard in the first part of this great history, how Oriana was moved to great anger and rage by what the dwarf had said to her concerning the broken sword, so that neither the wise counsels of Mabilia nor of the Damsel of Denmark aught availed her. From that time she gave way to her wrath, so that wholly changing her accustomed manner of life, which was to be altogether in their company, she now forsook them, and for the most part chose to be alone, devising how she might revenge herself for what she had suffered, upon him who had caused her sufferings. So recollecting that she could by writing make him sensible of her displeasure, even at a distance, being alone in her chamber, she took ink and parchment from her coffer and wrote thus:—

My frantic grief, accomplished by so great a reason, causes my weak hand to declare what my sad heart cannot conceal against you, the false and disloyal knight, Amadis of Gaul; for the disloyalty and faithlessness are known which you have committed against me, the most ill-fortuned and unhappy of all in the world, since you have changed your affection for me, who loved you above all things, and have placed your love upon one

who by her years cannot have discretion to know and love you. Since then I have no vengeance in my power, I withdraw all that exceeding and misplaced love which I bore towards you; for great error would it be to love him who has forsaken me, when in requital for my sighs and passion I am deceived and deserted. Therefore, as the wrong is manifest, never appear before me! for be sure the great love I felt is turned into raging anger. Go, and deceive some other poor woman as you deceived me with your treacherous words, for which no excuse will be received, while I lament with tears my own wretchedness, and so put an end to my life and unhappiness.

Having thus written, she sealed the letter with the seal of Amadis, and wrote on the superscription, I am the damsel wounded through the heart with a sword, and you are he who wounded me. She then secretly called a squire, who was named Durin, and was brother to the Damsel of Denmark, and bade him not to rest till he had reached the kingdom of Sobradisa, where he would find Amadis; and she bade him mark the countenance of Amadis while he was reading the letter, and stay with him that day, but receive no answer from him, if he wished to give one.

#### THE HAPPY ENDING.

The kings now determined that the marriage should be celebrated on the fourth day, and that the feasts should continue fifteen days, after which they would return home. When the day was arrived, all the bridegrooms assembled at the apartment of Amadis, being clad in such rich and costly apparel as becomed such personages upon such an occasion. They mounted their palfreys, and rode with the kings and all their company to the garden, where they found the brides, all in rich array, and upon their palfreys also, and then with the queens and other ladies, the whole company proceeded to the church, where the holy hermit Nasciano was ready to say mass. When the ceremony and marriage had been performed with all the solemnities which the holy church enjoins, Amadis went to King Lisuarte and said — Sir, I ask a boon of you, which you will be nothing loath to grant. The king replied, I grant it. — Then, Sir, be pleased to command Oriana, before it be dinner time, to prove the arch of true lovers, and the forbidden chamber, for hitherto we have none of us been able to

persuade her to the adventure, by reason of her great sadness. I have such confidence in her truth and beauty that I doubt not she will enter without let or hindrance where no woman hath for a hundred years entered ; for I saw Grimanesa's image, made with such cunning as she were alive, and her beauty is nothing equal to Oriana's. Our marriage feast shall then be held in the forbidden chamber.

Son, replied the king, what you ask is easily done ; but I fear lest it should disturb our feast ; affection will often delude the eyes, and this may have been the case with you and Oriana. Fear not, quoth Amadis, my heart is assured that it will be as I say. The king then sent to Oriana, who was with the queens and the other brides, and said to her, Daughter, your husband hath asked a boon of me, and it is only you who can perform it. I would have you, therefore, make good my promise. She knelt down and kissed his hand, saying, Sir, I would to God that I could in any way serve you ; tell me what it is to be, and if I can do it there shall be no delay : then he raised her up and kissed her cheek, and said, Before dinner you must prove the adventure of the arch of true lovers, and of the forbidden chamber ; for this is what your husband hath asked. When they heard this, some there were who rejoiced that the attempt was to be made, and others fearful lest she should fail where so many had failed, and thus be put to shame ; so they left the church and made to the place beyond which none could pass who were not found worthy.

When they reached this place, Melicia and Olinda said to their husbands, that they should also prove the adventure ; thereat Don Bruneo and Agraves were greatly rejoiced to see with what courage they would put their truth to the proof ; but yet fearing lest it should turn out otherwise, they replied, that they were so well satisfied, that the proof need not be made. Nay, said the brides, we will attempt it : if we were elsewhere it might well be excused ; but being at the place, it shall never be thought that we feared in our hearts this proof. Since it is so, replied the husbands, we cannot deny that we shall receive from it the greatest joy that can be. Then they told King Lisuarte that these also would prove the adventure. In God's name ! quoth the king. They all alighted, and it was agreed that Melicia and Olinda should enter first. They then advanced, and one after the other passed under the arch without opposition, and went where the images of Apolidon and Grimanesa

stood ; and the figure which stood upon the arch sounded his trumpet sweetly, so that all who heard it were delighted ; for except they who had before heard the same, they had never heard so sweet sounds. Oriana then came up to the line of the spell, and she looked round at Amadis and her face colored ; then she turned and advanced, and when she was under the arch the image began his music, and from the mouth of the trumpet showered down flowers and roses in such abundance that they covered the ground, and the sound was far sweeter than what had before been uttered, delightful to all who heard it, so that they would willingly have remained listening so long as it should continue ; but as soon as she had passed the arch the sound ceased. She found Olinda and Melicia looking at their own names which were now written in the jasper table ; they, seeing her, joyfully went to her, and led her to behold the images. Oriana looked carefully at Grimanesa, and saw that none of those who were without could compare with her beauty ; and she herself began to fear, and would willingly have declined the adventure of the forbidden chamber ; in that of the arch she had had no fear, knowing her own heart and true love. Willingly would they have tarried longer, if they who were without had not expected them ; so hand in hand they went out, so well contented and so proud of what they had achieved, that their beauty seemed to have been brightened by the success. Their three husbands, who had before proved the adventure, went through the arch to meet them, which none of the knights could have done ; and the trumpet sounded again, and again showered more flowers, and they embraced their wives and kissed them, and thus they all came forth together. . . .

And now Amadis led on Oriana, in whom all beauty was centered. She advanced with gentle step and firm countenance to the line of the spell, and there she crossed herself, and commended herself to God, and went on. She felt nothing till she had passed both the perrons ; but when she was within a step of the chamber, she felt hands that pushed her and dragged her back, and three times they forced her back to the marble perron ; but she with her fair hands repelled them on both sides, and it seemed as if she were thrusting hands and arms from her, and thus by her perseverance and good heart, but above all by reason of her surpassing beauty, she came, though sorely wearied, to the door of the chamber and laid hold on the door

post; and then the hand and arm which had led in Amadis came out and took her hand, and above twenty voices sung these words sweetly, Welcome is the noble lady, who hath excelled the beauty of Grimanesa, the worthy companion of the knight who, because he surpasses Apolidon in valor, hath now the lordship of this island, which shall be held by his posterity for long ages. The hand then drew her in, and she was as joyful as though the whole world had been given her; not so much for the prize of beauty which had been won, as that she had thus proved herself the worthy mate of Amadis, having, like him, entered the forbidden chamber, and deprived all others of the hope of that glory.

Ysanjo then said that all the enchantments of the island were now at an end, and all might freely enter that chamber. They all went in and beheld the most sumptuous chamber that could be devised; and they embraced Oriana with such joy as though they had not for long seen her. Then was the feast spread, and the marriage bed of Amadis and Oriana made in that chamber which they had won. Praise be to God.



## BERNI'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

BY FRANCESCO BERNI.

(From his "Orlando Innamorato": translation of Leigh Hunt.)

[FRANCESCO BERNI, the chief of Italian comic poets, was born in Tuscany about 1490, of an old but very poor family, and reared in Florence till nineteen. His uncle being a cardinal, Berni went to Rome to seek employment from him, but got none, and became clerk to Clement VII.'s chancellor, Ghiberti. He acquired fame as the wittiest and most fertile of a noted literary club, and developed a style of light, sparkling, mocking verse which has given the name Bernesque to burlesque poetry in general. But his great work was the recasting of Boiardo's "Orlando Innamorato," which was unpopular from its rough and heavy style; Berni polished it without alteration in substance, and the revision ranks second only to Ariosto and Tasso in its kind.]

AMONG the rest a Florentine there came,  
 A boon companion, of a gentle kin.  
 I say a Florentine, although the name  
 Had taken root some time in Casentin,  
 Where his good father wedded a fair dame  
 And pitched his tent. The place he married in  
 Was called Bibbiena, as it is at present;  
 A spot upon the Arno, very pleasant.

Nigh to this place was Lamporecchio (scene  
 Of great Masetto's gardening recreations);  
 There was our hero born; — then, till nineteen,  
 Bred up in Florence, not on the best rations;  
 Then, it pleased God, settled at Rome — I mean,  
 Drawn there by hopes from one of his relations;  
 Who, though a cardinal, and the Pope's right arm  
 Did the poor devil neither good nor harm.

This great man's heir vouchsafed him then his grace,  
 With whom he fared as he was wont to fare;  
 Whence, finding himself still in sorry case,  
 He thought he might as well look out elsewhere.  
 So hearing people wish they had a place  
 With the good Datary of St. Peter's chair,  
 A thing they talked of with a perfect unction —  
 Place get he did in that enchanting function.

This was a business which he thought he knew:  
 Alas! he found he didn't know a bit of it;  
 Nothing went right, slave as he might, and stew;  
 And yet he never, somehow, could get quit of it;  
 The more he did, the more he had to do;  
 Desk, shelves, hands, arms, whatever could admit of it,  
 Were always stuffed with letters and with docketts,  
 Turning his brains, and bulging out his pockets.

Luckless in all, perhaps not worth his hire,  
 He even missed the few official sweets;  
 Some petty tithes assigned him did but tire  
 His patience; *nil* was always on their sheets.  
 Now 'twas bad harvests, now a flood, now fire,  
 Now devil himself, that hindered his receipts.  
 There were some fees his due; — God knows, not many;  
 No matter; — never did he touch a penny.

The man, for all that, was a happy man;  
 Thought not too much; indulged no gloomy fit:  
 Folks wished him well. Prince, peasant, artisan,  
 Every one loved him; for the rogue had wit,  
 And knew how to amuse. His fancy ran  
 On thousands of odd things, on which he writ  
 Certain mad waggeries in the shape of poems,  
 With strange elaborations of their proems.

Choleric he was withal, when fools reprov'd him;  
 Free of his tongue, as he was frank of heart;  
 Ambition, avarice, neither of them mov'd him;  
 True to his word; caressing without art;  
 A lover to excess of those that lov'd him;  
 Yet if he met with hate, could play a part  
 Which show'd the fiercest he had found his mate;  
 Still he was proner far to love than hate.

In person he was big, yet tight and lean,  
 Had long, thin legs, big nose, and a large face;  
 Eyebrows which there was little space between;  
 Deep-set, blue eyes; and beard in such good case,  
 That the poor eyes would scarcely have been seen,  
 Had it been suffer'd to forget its place;  
 But not approving beards to that amount,  
 The owner brought it to a sharp account.

But of all things, all servitude loath'd he;  
 Why then should fate have wound him in its bands?  
 Freedom seem'd made for him, yet strange to see,  
 His lot was always in another's hands;  
 His! who had always thirsted instantly  
 To disobey commands, because commands!  
 Left to his own free will, the man was glad  
 To further yours. Command him, he went mad.

Yet field-sports, dice, cards, balls, and such like courses,  
 Things which he might be thought to set store by,  
 Gave him but little pleasure. He lik'd horses;  
 But was content to let them please his eye,  
 Buying them squaring not with his resources;  
 Therefore his summum bonum was to lie  
 Stretched at full length; — yea, frankly be it said,  
 To do no single thing but lie in bed.

'Twas owing all to that infernal writing.  
 Body and brain had borne such grievous rounds  
 Of kicks, cuffs, floors, from copying and inditing,  
 That he could find no balsam for his wounds,  
 No harbor for his wreck, half so inviting  
 As to lie still, far from all sights and sounds,  
 And so, in bed, do nothing on God's earth,  
 But try and give his senses a new birth.



Bed, bed's the thing, by Heaven! (thus would he swear,)  
 Bed is your only work; your only duty.  
 Bed is one's gown, one's slippers, one's arm-chair,  
 Old coat; you're not afraid to spoil its beauty.  
 Large you may have it, long, wide, brown, or fair,  
 Down-bed or mattress, just as it may suit ye:  
 Then take your clothes off, turn in, stretch, lie double;  
 Be but in bed, you're quit of earthly trouble.

Borne to the fairy palace then, but tired  
 Of seeing so much dancing, he withdrew  
 Into a distant room, and there desired  
 A bed might be set up, handsome and new,  
 With all the comforts that the case required —  
 Mattresses huge, and pillows not a few,  
 Put here and there, in order that no ease  
 Might be found wanting to cheeks, arms, or knees.

The bed was eight feet wide, lovely to see,  
 With white sheets, and fine curtains, and rich loops,  
 Things vastly soothing to calamity;  
 The coverlet hung light in silken droops:  
 It might have held six people easily,  
 But he disliked to lie in bed by groups.  
 A large bed to himself; — *that* was his notion;  
 With room enough to swim in, like the ocean.

In this retreat there joined him a good soul,  
 A Frenchman, one who had been long at court,  
 An admirable cook; though, on the whole,  
 His gains of his deserts had fallen short.  
 For him was made, cheek as it were by jowl,  
 A second bed of the same noble sort,  
 Yet not so close but that the folks were able  
 To set between the two a dinner-table.

Here was served up, on snow-white table-cloths,  
 Every the daintiest possible comestible  
 In the French taste (all others being Goths),  
 Dishes alike delightful and digestible;  
 Only our scribe chose sirups, soups, and broths,  
 The smallest trouble being a detestable  
 Bore, into which not ev'n his dinner led him;  
 Therefore the servants always came, and fed him.

Nothing at these times but his head was seen ;  
 The coverlet came close beneath his chin ;  
 And then, from out the bottle or tureen,  
 They filled a silver pipe, which he let in  
 Between his lips, all easy, smooth, and clean,  
 And so he filled his philosophic skin :  
 For not a finger all the while he stirred ;  
 For, lest his tongue should tire, scarce uttered word.

The name of that same cook was Master Pierre :  
 He told a tale well, something short and light.  
 Quoth scribe, " Those people that keep dancing there  
 Have little wit." Quoth Pierre, " You're very right."  
 And then he told a tale, or hummed an air ;  
 Then took a sup. of something, or a bite ;  
 And then he turn'd himself to sleep ; and then  
 Awoke and ate : and then he slept again.

This was their mode of living, day by day ;  
 'Twixt food and sleep their moments softly spun ;  
 They took no note of time and tide, not they ;  
 Feast, fast, or working-day, they held all one ;  
 Never disputed one another's say ;  
 Never heard bell, never were told of dun.  
 It was particularly understood,  
 No news was to be brought them, bad or good.

But, above all, no writing was known there,  
 No pen or ink, no pounce-box. Oh, my God !  
 Like toads and snakes we shunned 'em ; like despair,  
 Like death, like judgment, like a fiery rod ;  
 So green the wounds, so dire the memories were,  
 Left by that rack of ten long years and odd,  
 Which tore out of his very life and senses  
 The most undone of all amanuenses.

One more thing I may note, that made the day  
 Pass well ; one custom, not a little healing ;  
 Which was, to look above us, as we lay,  
 And count the spots and blotches in the ceiling ;  
 Noting what shapes they took to, and which way,  
 And where the plaster threatened to be peeling ;  
 Whether the spot looked new, or old, or what ;  
 Or whether 'twas, in fact, a spot or not.

## THE LOVE-STORY OF LUIGI TANSILLO.

BY HIMSELF.

(Translated by RICHARD GARNETT.)

[LUIGI TANSILLO, Italian poet, was born at Venosa in 1510, and died in 1568. He wrote, among other poems, "The Vintager" (over-sensual, atoned for in later life by "St. Peter's Tears"), "Balìa," and the pastoral "Podere."]

LADY, the heart that entered through your eyes  
 Returneth not. Well may he make delay,  
 For if the very windows that display  
 Your spirit, sparkle in such wondrous wise,  
 Of her enthroned within this Paradise  
 What shall be deemed? If heart forever stay,  
 Small wonder, dazzled by more radiant day  
 Than gazers from without can recognize.  
 Glory of sun and moon and silver star  
 In firmament above, are these not sign  
 Of things within more excellent by far?  
 Rejoice then in thy kingdom, heart of mine,  
 While Love and Fortune favorable are,  
 Nor thou yet exiled for default of thine.

No length of banishment did e'er remove  
 My heart from you, nor if by Fortune sped  
 I roam the azure waters, or the Red,  
 E'er with the body shall the spirit rove:  
 If by each drop of every wave we clove,  
 Or by Sun's light or Moon's encompassèd,  
 Another Venus were engenderèd,  
 And each were pregnant with another Love:  
 And thus new shapes of Love where'er we went  
 Started to life at every stroke of oar,  
 And each were cradled in an amorous thought;  
 Not more than now this spirit should adore;  
 That none the less doth constantly lament  
 It cannot worship as it would and ought.

Like lightning shining forth from east to west,  
 Hurlèd are the happy hours from morn to night,  
 And leave the spirit steeped in undelight  
 In like proportion as themselves were blest.

Slow move sad hours, by thousand curbs opprest,  
 Wherewith the churlish Fates delay their flight ;  
 Those, impulses of Mercury incite,  
 These lag at the Saturnian star's behest.  
 While thou wert near, ere separation's grief  
 Smote me, like steeds contending in the race,  
 My days and nights with equal speed did run :  
 Now broken either wheel, not swift the pace  
 Of summer's night though summer's moon be brief ;  
 Or wintry days for brevity of sun.

Now that the Sun hath borne with him the day,  
 And hailed dark Night from prison subterrene,  
 Come forth, fair Moon, and, robed in light serene,  
 With thy own loveliness the world array.  
 Heaven's spheres, slow wheeled on their majestic way,  
 Invoke as they revolve thy orb unseen,  
 And all the pageant of the starry scene,  
 Wronged by thy absence, chides at thy delay.  
 Shades even as splendors, earth and heaven both  
 Smile at the apparition of thy face,  
 And my own gloom no longer seems so loath ;  
 Yet, while my eye regards thee, thought doth trace  
 Another's image ; if in vows be troth,  
 I am not yet estranged from Love's embrace.

That this fair isle with all delight abound,  
 Clad be it ever in sky's smile serene,  
 No thundering billow boom from deeps marine,  
 And calm with Neptune and his folk be found.  
 Fast may all winds by Æolus be bound,  
 Save faintest breath of hispings Zephyrene ;  
 And be the odorous earth with glowing green  
 Of gladsome herbs, bright flowers, quaint foliage crowned.  
 All ire, all tempest, all misfortune be  
 Heaped on my head, lest aught thy pleasure strain,  
 Nor this disturbed by any thought of me,  
 So scourged with ills' innumerable train,  
 New grief new tear begetteth not, as sea  
 Chafes not the more for deluge of the rain.

Wild precipice and earthquake-riven wall ;  
 Bare jagged lava naked to the sky ;  
 Whence densely struggles up and slow floats by  
 Heaven's murky shroud of smoke funereal ;

Horror whereby the silent groves intrall;  
 Black weedy pit and rifted cavity;  
 Bleak loneliness whose drear sterility  
 Doth prowling creatures of the wild appall:  
 Like one distraught who doth his woe deplore,  
 Bereft of sense by thousand miseries,  
 As passion prompts, companioned or alone;  
 Your desert so I rove, if as before  
 Heaven deaf continue, through these crevices,  
 My cry shall pierce to the Avernian throne.

As one who on uneasy couch bewails  
 Besetting sickness and Time's tardy course,  
 Proving if drug, or gem, or charm have force  
 To conquer the dire evil that assails:  
 But when at last no remedy prevails,  
 And bankrupt Art stands empty of resource,  
 Beholds Death in the face, and scorns recourse  
 To skill whose impotence in nought avails,  
 So I, who long have borne in trust unspent  
 That distance, indignation, reason, strife  
 With Fate would heal my malady, repent,  
 Frustrate all hopes wherewith my soul was rife,  
 And yield unto my destiny, content  
 To languish for the little left of life.

So mightily abound the hosts of Pain,  
 Whom sentries of my bosom Love hath made,  
 No space is left to enter or evade,  
 And inwardly expire sighs born in vain,  
 If any Pleasure mingle with the train,  
 By the first glimpse of my poor heart dismayed,  
 Instant he dies, or else, in bondage stayed,  
 Pines languishing, or flies that drear domain.  
 Pale semblances of terror keep the keys,  
 Of frowning portals they for none displace  
 Save messengers of novel miseries:  
 All thoughts they scare that wear a gladsome face;  
 And, were they anything but Miseries,  
 Themselves would hasten from the gloomy place.

Cease thy accustomed strain, my mournful lute;  
 New music find, fit for my lot forlorn;  
 Henceforth be Wrath and Grief resounded, torn  
 The strings that anciently did Love salute,

Not on my own weak wing irresolute  
 But on Love's plumes I trusted to be borne,  
 Chanting him far as that remotest bourne  
 Whence strength Hereulean reft Hesperian fruit.  
 To such ambition was my spirit wrought  
 By gracious guerdon Love eame offering  
 When free in air my thought was bold to range :  
 But otherwhere now dwells another's thought,  
 And Wrath has plucked Love's feather from my wing,  
 And hope, style, theme, I all alike must change.

If Love was miser of my liberty,  
 Lo, Scorn is bounteous and benevolent,  
 Such scope permitting, that, my fetter rent,  
 Not lengthened by my hand, I wander free.  
 The eyes that yielded tears continually  
 Have now with Lethe's drops my fire besprent,  
 And more behold, Illusion's glamor spent,  
 Than fabled Argus with his century.  
 The tyrant of my spirit, left forlorn  
 As vassal thoughts forsake him, doth remove,  
 And back unto her throne is Reason borne,  
 And I my metamorphosis approve,  
 And, old strains tuning to new keys, of Scorn  
 Will sing as anciently I sang of Love.

All bitter words I spoke of you while yet  
 My heart was sore, and every virgin seroll  
 Blackened with ire, now past from my control,  
 These would I now recall; for 'tis most fit  
 My style should change, now Reason doth reknit,  
 Ties Passion sundered, and again make whole;  
 Be then Oblivion's prey whate'er my soul  
 Hath wrongly of thee thought, spoke, sung, or writ.  
 Not, Lady, that impeachment of thy fame  
 With tongue or pen I ever did design;  
 But that, if unto these shall reach my name,  
 Ages to come may study in my line  
 How year by year more streamed and towered my flame,  
 And how I living was and dying thine.

## A LOVER OF LIES.

BY ORTENSIO LANDO.

(Italian novelist ; translated by Thomas Roscoe.)

It was said of Messer Leandro de' Traversari, canon of Ravenna, that, from the opening to the close of his mortal career, he invariably evinced the most decided enmity to truth. He had such a total disregard for this invaluable quality that if he ever happened to stumble upon the truth, he betrayed as much melancholy and regret as if he had actually sinned against the Holy Ghost. Besides, he was not merely the most notorious asserter of "the thing which is not" himself, but the cause of falsehood in others, compelling his very friends and dependents to confirm his wicked statements, under penalty of incurring his most severe spiritual displeasure.

There was a certain Florentine, who had lately entered into his service, and who, perceiving his master's peculiarity in this respect, resolved not merely to humor him in it, but to add something further on his own part, in order the better to recommend himself to his notice. He one day availed himself of an opportunity, when walking with the good canon in the gardens of the archbishop, near the city, to give his master a specimen of his inventive powers. Observing the gardener employed in planting cauliflowers, the prelate happened to remark, "These cauliflowers grow to a surprising size; their bulk is quite prodigious; I believe no one can bring them to such rare perfection as my gardener." As the latter did not care to contradict this testimony, so favorable to his character, Messer Leandro subjoined to the observation of his superior, "Yes, my lord; but if you had ever seen those that grow in Cucagna, you would not think these so very extraordinary in point of size." "Why, how large may they grow?" inquired the archbishop. "How large?" returned Messer Leandro, "I can scarcely give your lordship an idea of it. In those parts I hear it is no uncommon thing for twenty knights on horseback to take shelter together under their huge cabbage leaves." The archbishop expressing no slight astonishment at these words, the wily Florentine stepped forward to his master's relief, saying: "Your excellency will not be so much surprised.

when I inform your excellency that I have myself seen these magnificent cabbages growing in that strange country; and I have seen the immense caldrons in which they are boiled, of such a vast construction that twenty workmen are engaged in framing them at once; and it is said that the sound of their hammers cannot be heard from opposite sides, as they sit in the huge vessel to complete their work." The noble prelate, whose intellect was not of the highest order, opened his eyes still wider upon the Florentine, exclaiming, that he fancied such a capacious saucepan would contain sufficient food, were it rightly calculated, for the whole people of Cairo at one meal.

While they were thus engaged, a person made his approach, with an ape upon his shoulders, intended as a present for the venerable archbishop, who, turning towards the canon, with a smiling countenance, noticed the very singular resemblance between the human figure and that of the sagacious animal before them. "It is my serious opinion," continued he, "that if the beast had only a little more intellect, there would not be so much difference between him and ourselves, as some people imagine." — "I trust," replied the worthy canon, "your lordship would not mean to insinuate that monkeys really want sense; for, if so, I can soon, I think, convince your lordship of the contrary, by a story pretty apposite to the purpose.

"The noble lord Almerico was one day feasting the good bishop of Vicenza, having given orders to his cook to prepare all the varieties and delicacies of the season. Now the cook was in possession of an excellent method of guarding the treasures of his kitchen; for which purpose he kept an invaluable ape, excellently tutored to the business. No man, not even the boldest, ventured to steal the least thing in his presence, until a certain footman, from Savignano, more greedy than a horse-leech, and unable to check his thieving propensities, hit upon what he considered a safe means of eluding the monkey's observation. He began to cultivate his acquaintance by performing all kinds of amusing tricks, and bribing him to be in good humor. The moment he perceived the ape busily engaged in imitating what he saw, the rogue, binding a handkerchief over his own eyes, in a short time handed it likewise to the mimic, and with secret pleasure beheld him fastening it over his face; during which time he contrived to lay his hands upon a fat capon, which the ape, though too late, soon afterwards perceived. The head cook upon this occasion gave his monkey-



ship so severe a flogging that, being doubly cautious, the next time the thievish footman repeated the same tricks, and proceeded to bandage his eyes, the wily animal, instead of imitating him, stared around him with all his eyes, pointing at the same time to his paws, as if advising him to keep his hands from picking and stealing; so that the rogue was, this time, compelled to depart with his hands as empty as they came. Finding that all his arts were of no avail——” The archbishop, here overpowered with wonder and delight, exclaimed, “If this be only true, it is one of the most astonishing things I ever heard.” The assiduous Florentine upon this again interposed in his master’s behalf, crying out with singular force of gesticulation: “As I hope to be saved at the last day, please your grace, what my honored patron has just advanced is every particle of it true; and as your grace appears to take a particular pleasure in listening to strange and almost unaccountable events, I will now beg leave to add a single story in addition to those of my noble patron, however inferior in point of excellence: —

“During the last vintage, I was in the service of a gentleman at Ferrara, of the name of Libanoro, who took singular pleasure in fishing, and used frequently to explore the recesses of the vale of Santo Appollinare. This master of mine had also an ape in his possession, considerably larger than your excellency’s, and, while he was in the country, he commissioned me to take along with me to Ferrara this said ape, a barrel of white wine, and a fat pig; in order to present them to a certain convenient ruffian, whom he kept in his service. So I took a boat, and plying oars and sail, while we were bounding along the waters, I gave the skiff a sudden jerk, which made the pig’s fat sides shake, and he went round like a turnspit, performing the strangest antics. So loud and vehement were his lamentations, that they seemed to annoy his apeship excessively, who after in vain trying to stop his ears and nose, at length seized the plug out of the barrel that stood near him, and fairly thrust it down the pig’s throat, just as he was opening it to give another horrible cry. Both the wine and the pig were in extreme jeopardy, the one actually choking, and the other running all away. I tried to save as much of it as I could; but my immoderate laughter almost prevented me, so much was I amused at his ingenious contrivance. So that your grace may perceive,” continued the mendacious Floren-

tine, "that my master speaks the simple truth, in asserting that these animals are possessed of great acuteness of intellect." Now, on returning home, the good canon thus addressed his servant: "I thought, sirrah, there was no man living who could tell a lie with a bolder and better face than myself; but you have undeceived me: you are the very prince of liars and impostors; the father of lies himself could not surpass you!" — "Your reverence," replied the Florentine, "need not be surprised at that, when I inform you of the advantages I have enjoyed in the society of tailors, millers, and bargemen, who live upon the profit they bring. But if from this time forth, you insist upon my persevering in confirming so many monstrous untruths as you utter, I trust that you will consent to increase my wages, in consideration of so abominable a business." — "Well then, listen to me," replied his master; "when it is my intention to come out with some grand and extraordinary falsehood, I will take care to tell you the evening before, and at the same time I will always give you such a gratuity as shall make it worth your while. And if I should happen to tell a good story after dinner, as you stand behind my chair, and you swear to having seen it, very innocently, you may depend upon it you shall be no loser." This his servant agreed to do, upon condition that he would observe some bounds, and keep up some show, at least, of reason and probability; which the honest canon said, so far as he was able, he would try to do; adding that if they were not reasonable lies, the servant should not be bound by the contract, and might return the gift.

Thus the most wonderful adventures continued to be related at the good canon's table, and what is more extraordinary, they were all very dexterously confirmed. So going on very amicably together, the canon, one evening intending to impose a monstrous lie upon one of his friends, took down a pair of old breeches, and presented them to his servant as the requisite gift. In the morning, attending his master to church as usual, he heard him, after service, relating a story to one of the holy brotherhood, who stood swallowing it all, with a very serious face, how in the island of Pastinaca the magpies are accustomed to get married in proper form and ceremony; and how, after laying, and sitting upon their eggs for the space of a month, they bring forth little men, not larger than ants, but astonishingly bold and clever. The Florentine upon this could no longer restrain his feelings, crying out before the whole com-

pany: "No, no, I cannot swear to this neither; so you may take back your breeches, master, and get somebody else in my place."



## STORIES FROM THE "HEPTAMERON."

BY MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

[MARGARET OF NAVARRE, daughter of Charles of Orleans (Duke of Angoulême) and sister of Francis I. of France, was born at Angoulême, April, 1492. In 1509 she married the Duke of Alençon, who was killed in the battle of Pavia; and in 1527 Henri d'Albret, king of Navarre, to whom she bore a daughter, Jeanne, mother of the great French monarch, Henry IV. After the death of her second husband (1544) she assumed the direction of the kingdom of Navarre. She encouraged agriculture, the arts, and to a certain extent embraced the cause of the Reformation. The "Heptameron," modeled on Boccaccio's "Decameron," is her chief contribution to literature. She died in Bigorre, France, in 1549.]

### A BAD GIFT TURNED TO TWO GOOD ENDS.

THERE was in the household of the regent, mother of King Francis, a very devout lady, married to a gentleman of the same character. Though her husband was old, and she young and fair, nevertheless she served him and loved him as though he had been the handsomest young man in the world. To leave him no cause of uneasiness, she made it her care to live with him like a woman of his own age, shunning all company, all magnificence in dress, all dances and diversions such as women are usually fond of, and making the service of God her sole pleasure and recreation. One day her husband told her that from his youth upwards he had longed to make the journey to Jerusalem, and he asked her what she thought of the matter. She, whose only thought was how to please him, replied: "Since God has deprived us of children, my dear, and has given us wealth enough, I should be strongly inclined to spend a part of it in performing that sacred journey; for, whether you go to Jerusalem or elsewhere, I am resolved to accompany, and never forsake you." The good man was so pleased with this reply that he fancied himself already standing on Mount Calvary.

Just at this time there arrived at court a gentleman who had served long against the Turks, and who was come to obtain

the king's approval for a projected enterprise against a fortress belonging to the Ottomans, the success of which was likely to be very advantageous to Christendom. The old devotee talked with him about his expedition, and learning from him that he was resolved upon it, asked him if he would be disposed, after it was accomplished, to make another journey to Jerusalem, which himself and his wife had a great desire to see. The captain, highly approving of so good a design, promised to accompany him, and to keep the thing secret. The old gentleman was impatient to see his wife, to tell her what he had done. As she had scarcely less longing than her husband to perform the journey, she talked of it often to the captain, who, paying more attention to her person than to her words, became so much in love with her that, in talking to her of the voyages he had made by sea, he often confounded the port of Marseilles with the Archipelago, and said horse when he meant to say ship, so much was he beside himself. He found her, however, of so single-minded a character that he durst not let her see that he loved her, much less tell her so in words. The fire of his passion became so violent by dint of his concealing it that it often made him ill.

The demoiselle, who regarded him as her guide, took as much care of him as of the cross, and sent to inquire after him so often that the interest she evinced for him cured the patient without the aid of physic. Several persons, who knew that the captain had always had a better reputation for valor than for devotion, were surprised at the great intercourse between him and this lady; and seeing that he had changed from white to black, that he frequented the churches, attended sermons, and performed all the devoirs of a devotee, they doubted not that he did so to ingratiate himself with the lady, and could not even help hinting as much to him. The captain, fearing lest this should come to the ears of the lady, withdrew from society, and told her husband and her, that, being on the point of receiving his orders and quitting the court, he had many things to say to them, but that, for the greater secrecy, he would only confer with them in private, to which end he begged they would send for him when they had both retired for the night.

This proposal was quite to the old gentleman's liking. After everybody had gone to rest, he used to send for the captain to talk about the journey to Jerusalem, in the course of which the good man often fell asleep devoutly. On these

occasions, the captain, seeing the old gentleman sleeping like the blessed, and himself seated in a chair at the bedside, close to her whom he thought the most charming woman in the world, felt his heart so hard pressed, between his fear and his desire to declare himself, that he often lost the use of his tongue. But that she might not perceive his perplexity, he launched out upon the holy places of Jerusalem, where are to be seen the memorials of the great love which Jesus Christ had for us. What he said of that love was only uttered to conceal his own; and while he expatiated upon it, he kept his eyes fixed on the lady, wept and sighed so apropos, that her heart was quite penetrated with piety. Believing from this outward appearance of devotion that he was quite a saint, she begged him to tell her how he had lived, and how he had come to love God with such fervor.

He told her he was a poor gentleman, who to acquire wealth and honors had forgotten his conscience, and married a lady who was too nearly related to him, one who was rich, but old and ugly, and whom he did not love at all; that after having drawn all his wife's money from her, he had gone to seek his fortune at sea, and had sped so well that he had become the captain of a galley; but that since he had had the honor of her acquaintance, her holy converse and her good example had so changed him that he was resolved, if by God's grace he came back alive from his expedition, to take her and her husband to Jerusalem, there to do penance for his great sins which he had forsaken, after which it would only remain for him to make reparation to his wife, to whom he hoped soon to be reconciled. This account which he gave of himself was very pleasing to the pious lady, who congratulated herself much on having converted a sinner of such magnitude.

These nocturnal confabulations continued every night until the departure of the captain, who never ventured to declare himself. Only he made the fair devotee a present of a crucifix from Our Lady of Pity, beseeching her, whenever she looked upon it, to think of him. The time of his departure being come, and having taken leave of the husband, who was falling asleep, he had last of all to take leave of the fair one, in whose eyes he saw tears, drawn forth by the kind feeling she entertained for him. His impassioned heart so thrilled at the sight that he almost fainted as he bade her farewell, and burst into such an extraordinary perspiration that he wept, so to speak,

not only with his eyes, but with every part of his body. Thus he departed without any explanation, and the lady, who never before had seen such tokens of regret, was quite astonished at his emotion. She had not the less good opinion of him for all that, and her prayers accompanied him on his way. A month afterwards, as she was returning to her own house one day, she was met by a gentleman, who delivered a letter to her from the captain, begging her to read it in private, and assuring her that he had seen him embark, fully resolved to perform an expedition which should be pleasing to the king and advantageous to the faith. At the same time the gentleman mentioned that he was going back to Marseilles to look after the captain's affairs. The lady went to the window and opened the letter, which consisted of two sheets of paper written all over. It was an elaborate declaration of the feelings which the writer had so carefully concealed, and in it was inclosed a large, handsome diamond, mounted in a black enameled ring, which the lady was supplicated to put on her fair finger.

Having read the enormously long letter from beginning to end, the lady was the more astonished as she had never suspected the captain's love for her. The diamond caused her much perplexity, for she knew not what to do with it. After thinking over the matter all that day, and dreaming of it at night, she rejoiced that she could abstain from replying for want of a messenger, saying to herself that as the bearer of the letter had taken such pains on the writer's behalf, she ought to spare him the mortification of such a reply as she had resolved to give him, but which she now thought fit to reserve till the captain's return. The diamond was still a cause of much embarrassment to her, as it was not her custom to adorn herself at any one's expense but her husband's. At last her good sense suggested to her that she could not employ it better than for the relief of the captain's conscience, and she instantly dispatched it, by the hands of one of her servants, to the captain's forlorn wife, to whom she wrote as follows, in the assumed character of a nun of Tarrascon: —

MADAM, — Your husband passed this way a little before he embarked. He confessed, and received his Creator like a good Christian, and declared to me a fact which lay heavy on his conscience, namely, his regret for not having loved you as he ought. He begged me at his departure to send you this letter with this diamond.

which he begs you to keep for his sake, assuring you that if God brings him back safe and sound, he will make amends for the past by all the love that you can desire. This diamond will be for you a pledge of his word. I ask of you on his behalf the aid of your good prayers; for all my life he shall have part in mine.

When the captain's wife received this letter and the diamond, it may well be imagined how she wept with joy and sorrow: joy at being loved by her husband, and sorrow at being deprived of his presence. She kissed the ring a thousand times, washing it with her tears, and praised God for having restored her husband's affection to her at the close of her days, and when she least expected it. The nun who under God had wrought such a blessing for her was not forgotten in her grateful acknowledgments. She replied to her by the same man, who made his mistress laugh heartily when he told her how the captain's wife had received her communication. The fair devotee congratulated herself on having got rid of the diamond in so pious a manner, and was as much rejoiced at having re-established the good understanding between the husband and wife as though she had gained a kingdom.

Some time afterwards news arrived of the defeat and death of the poor captain. He had been abandoned by those who ought to have supported him, and the Rhodians, who had most interest in concealing his design, were the first to make it known. Nearly eighty men who had made a descent on the land were cut off almost to a man. Among them there was a gentleman named Jean, and a converted Turk, for whom the fair devotee had been godmother, and whom she had given to the captain to accompany him on his expedition. Jean fell along with the captain; the Turk, wounded in fifteen places with arrows, escaped by swimming to the French vessels, and it was from his report that it was known exactly how the thing had happened. A certain gentleman whom the captain believed to be his friend, and whose interests he had advanced with the king and the greatest personages in France, after the captain had landed stood offshore with his vessels. The captain, seeing that his scheme was discovered, and that he was opposed by four thousand Turks, set about retreating. But the gentleman in whom he put such confidence, considering that after his death he himself would have the command and the profit of that great fleet, represented to the officers that it was not right

to risk the king's vessels and the lives of so many brave men on board them in order to save eighty or a hundred persons. The officers, as spiritless as himself, coincided with him in opinion. The captain, seeing that the more he called to them the more they drew off from the shore, faced round against his foes, and though he was up to his knees in sand, he defended himself so valiantly that it almost seemed as if his single arm would defeat the assailants. But at last he received so many wounds from the arrows of those who durst not approach him within less than bowshot distance, that he began to grow weak from loss of blood. The Turks, seeing that the Christians were nearly spent, fell upon them with the scimitars; but notwithstanding the overwhelming numbers of the foe, the Christians defended themselves as long as they had breath.

The captain called to him the gentleman named Jean, and the Turk whom the devotee had given him, and planting his sword in the ground, kissed and embraced the cross on his knees, saying, "Lord, receive the soul of him who has not spared his life for the exaltation of thy name." Jean, seeing him droop as he uttered these words, took him and his sword in his arms, wishing to succor him; but a Turk cut both his thighs to the bone from behind. "Come, captain," he cried, as he received the stroke, "let us go to Paradise to see him for whose sake we die." As he had been united with the captain in life, so was he also in death. The Turk, seeing that he could be of no use to either of them, and that he was pierced with arrows, made his way to the vessels by swimming: and though he was the only one who had escaped out of eighty, the perfidious commander would not receive him. But being a good swimmer, he went from vessel to vessel, till at last he was taken on board a small one, where, in the course of a little time, he was cured of his wounds.

It was through this foreigner that the truth became known respecting this event, glorious to the captain, and shameful to his companion in arms. The king, and all good people who heard of it, deemed the act of the latter so black towards God and man that there was no punishment too bad for him. But on his return he told so many lies, and made so many presents, that not only did his crime remain unpunished, but he succeeded to the post of him whose lackey he was not worthy to be. When the sad news reached the court, the regent mother, who highly esteemed the captain, greatly mourned his loss. So



did the king and all who had known him. When she, whom he had so passionately loved, heard of his strange, piteous, and Christian end, the obduracy she had felt towards him melted into tears, and her lamentations were shared by her husband, whose pilgrim hopes were frustrated by the catastrophe.

I must not forget to mention that a demoiselle belonging to this lady, who loved the gentleman Jean better than herself, told her mistress, the very day the captain and he were killed, that she had seen in a dream him whom she loved so much, that he had come to her in white raiment to bid her farewell, and told her that he was going to Paradise with his captain. But when she learned that her dream was true, she made such piteous moans that her mistress had enough to do to console her. Some time after, the court went into Normandy, of which province the captain was a native, and his wife failed not to come and pay her respects to the regent mother, intending to be introduced by the lady with whom her husband had been so much in love. Whilst waiting for the hour when she could have audience, the two ladies entered a church, where the widow began to laud her husband and make lamentations over his death. "I am, madam, the most unhappy of women," she said. "God has taken my husband from me at the time when he loved me more than ever he had done." So saying she showed the diamond she wore on her finger as a pledge of his perfect affection. This was not said without a world of tears; and the other lady, who saw that her good-natured fraud had produced so excellent an effect, was so strongly tempted to laugh, in spite of her grief, that, not being able to present the widow to the regent, she handed her over to another, and retired into a chapel, where she had her laugh out.

Methinks, ladies, that those of our sex to whom presents are made ought to be glad to employ them as usefully as did this good lady; for they would find there is pleasure and joy in doing good. We must by no means accuse her of fraud, but praise her good sense, which enabled her to extract good out of a bad thing.

"You mean to say, then," said Nomerfide, "that a fine diamond, worth two hundred crowns, is a bad thing? I assure you, if it had fallen into my hands, neither his wife nor his relations would ever have set eyes on it. Nothing is more one's own than a thing that is given. The captain was dead, no one knew anything of the matter, and she might well have abstained from making the poor old woman cry."

“Good faith, you are right,” said Hircan, “for there is many a woman who, to show that she is better than others, does acts contrary to her nature. In fact, do we not all know that nothing is more covetous than a woman? Yet vanity often prevails with them over avarice, and makes them do things in which their hearts have no share. In my opinion, the lady who set so little store by the diamond did not deserve it.”

“Gently, gently,” said Oisille; “I think I know her, and I pray you not to condemn her unheard.”

“I do not condemn her, madam,” replied Hircan, “but if the gentleman was so gallant a man as he has been represented to have been, it was a glorious thing for her to have a lover of such merit, and to wear his ring. But perhaps some one less worthy to be loved held her so fast by the finger that the ring could not be placed on it.”

“Truly,” said Ennasuite, “she might fairly keep it, since no one knew anything about it.”

“What!” exclaimed Geburon, “is everything allowable for those who love, provided nobody knows of it?”

“I have never,” said Saffredent, “seen anything punished as a crime except imprudence; in fact, no murderer, robber, or adulterer is ever punished by justice, or blamed amongst men, provided they are as cunning as they are wicked. But wickedness often blinds them so that they become witless. Thus it may be truly said that it is only fools who are punished, and not the vicious.”

“You may say what you will,” said Oisille, “but it is for God to judge the heart of the lady. For my part, I see nothing in her conduct but what is comely and virtuous.”

#### CURING A FEVER BY ITS CAUSE.

At Pampelune there was a lady who was reputed fair and virtuous, and at the same time the most devout and chaste in the country. She loved her husband much, and was so obsequious to him that he had entire confidence in her. She was wholly occupied with God's service, and never missed a single sermon, and omitted nothing by which she could hope to persuade her husband and her children to be as devout as herself, who was but thirty years old, an age at which women commonly resign the pretensions of beauties for those of new she-sages.

On the first day of Lent this lady went to church to receive the ashes which are a memorial of death. A Cordelier, whose austerity of life had gained him the reputation of a saint, and who, in spite of his austerity and his macerations, was neither

so meager nor so pale but that he was one of the handsomest men in the world, was to preach the sermon. The lady listened to him with great devotion, and gazed no less intently on the preacher. Her ears and her eyes lost nothing that was presented to them, and both alike found wherewithal to be gratified. The preacher's words penetrated to her heart through her ears; and the charms of his countenance, passing through her eyes, insinuated themselves so deeply into her mind that she felt as it were in an ecstasy. The sermon being ended, the Cordelier celebrated mass, at which the lady was present, and she took the ashes from his hand, which was as white and shapely as that of any lady. The devotee paid much more attention to the monk's hand than to the ashes he gave her, persuading herself that this spiritual love could not hurt her conscience, whatever pleasure she received from it. She failed not to go every day to the sermon, and to take her husband with her; and both so highly admired the preacher, that at table and elsewhere they talked of nothing but him.

This fire, for all its spirituality, at last became so corporeal that the heart of this poor lady, which was first kindled by it, consumed all the rest. Banishing all fear, and the shame she ought to have felt in exposing her wild fantasy to one so saintly and virtuous, she resolved to acquaint him in writing of the love she cherished for him; which she did as modestly as she could, and gave her letter to a little page, with instructions as to what he was to do, especially enjoining him to take good care that her husband did not see him go to the Cordelier's.

The page, taking the shortest road, passed through a street where his master happened, by the merest chance, to be sitting in a shop. The gentleman, seeing him pass, stepped forward to see which way he was going; and the page, perceiving this, hid himself with some trepidation. His master saw this, followed him, and seizing him by the arm, asked him whither he was going. His embarrassed and unmeaning replies, and his manifest fright, aroused the suspicions of the gentleman, who threatened to beat him if he did not tell the truth. "Oh, sir," said the little page, "if I tell you, my mistress will kill me." The gentleman, no longer doubting that his wife was making a bargain without him, encouraged the page, and assured him that nothing should befall him if he spoke the truth — on the contrary, he should be well re-

warded ; but if he told a lie, he should be imprisoned for life. Thus urged by fear and hope, the page acquainted him with the real fact, and showed him the letter his mistress had written to the preacher, whereat the husband was the more shocked, as he had been all his life assured of the fidelity of his wife, in whom he had never seen a fault.

Being a wise man, however, he dissembled his anger, and further to try his wife, he answered her letter in the preacher's name, thanking her for her gracious inclination, and assuring her that it was fully reciprocated. The page, after being sworn by his master to manage the affair discreetly, carried this letter to his mistress, who was so transported with joy that her husband perceived it by the change in her countenance ; for instead of her fastings in Lent having emaciated her, she looked handsomer and fresher than ever. It was now Mid Lent, but the lady, without concerning herself about the Lord's Passion or the Holy Week, wrote as usual to the preacher. When he turned his eyes in her direction, or spoke of the love of God, she always imagined that he addressed himself covertly to her ; and, so far as her eyes could explain what was passing in her heart she did not suffer them to be idle.

The husband, who regularly replied to her in the name of the Cordelier, wrote to her after Easter, begging she would contrive to give him a meeting in private ; and she, impatiently longing for an opportunity to do so, advised her husband to go see some land they had near Pampelune. He said he would do so, and went and concealed himself in the house of one of his friends ; whereupon, the lady wrote to the Cordelier that her husband was in the country and that he might come and see her.

The gentleman, wishing to prove his wife's heart thoroughly, went and begged the preacher to lend him his robe. The Cordelier, who was a good man, replied that his rule forbade him to do so, and that for no consideration would he lend his robe to go masking in. The gentleman assured him it was not for any idle diversion he wanted it, but for an important matter, and one necessary to his salvation ; whereupon the Cordelier, who knew him to be a worthy, pious man, lent him the robe. The gentleman then procured a false beard and a false nose, put cork in his shoes to make himself as tall as the monk, put on the robe, which covered the greater part of his face, so that his eyes were barely seen, and, in a word, dressed himself up

so that he might easily be mistaken for the preacher. Thus disguised, he stole by night into his wife's chamber, where she was expecting him in great devotion. The poor creature did not wait for him to come to her, but ran to embrace him like a woman out of her senses. Keeping his head down to avoid being recognized, he began to make the sign of the cross, pretending to shun her, and crying, "Temptation! temptation!"

She made great efforts to embrace him, while he kept dodging her in all directions, still making great signs of the cross, and crying, "Temptation! temptation!" But when he found that she was pressing him too closely, he drew a stout stick from under his robe, and thrashed her so soundly that he put an end to the temptation. This done, he left the house without being known, and immediately returned his borrowed robe, assuring the owner that he had used it to great advantage. Next day he returned home as if from a journey, and found his wife in bed. Pretending not to know the nature of her malady, he asked her what ailed her. She replied that she was troubled with a kind of catarrh, and that she could neither move hand nor foot. The husband, who had a great mind to laugh, pretended to be very sorry, and by way of cheering her, said that he had invited the pious preacher to supper. "Oh, my dear!" said she, "don't think of inviting such people, for they bring ill luck wherever they go."

"Why, my love," replied the husband, "you know how much you have said to me in praise of this good father. For my part, I believe, if there is a holy man on earth, it is he."

"They are all very well at church and in the pulpit," she rejoined, "but in private houses they are antichrists. Don't let me see him, my dear, I entreat you, for, ill as I am, it would be the death of me."

"Well, you shall not see him, since you do not choose to do so; but I cannot help having him to supper."

"Do as you please," said she; "only, for mercy's sake, let me not set eyes on him, for I cannot endure such folk."

After entertaining the Cordelier at supper, the husband said to him, "I look upon you, father, as a man so beloved by God, that I am sure he will grant any prayer of yours. I entreat you, then, to have pity on my poor wife. She has been possessed these eighteen days by an evil spirit, so that she wants to bite and scratch everybody, and neither cross nor holy water does she care for one bit; but I believe, firmly, that if you put your

hand on her, the devil will go away. From my heart, I beseech you to do so."

"All things are possible to him who believes, my son," replied the good father. "Are you not well assured that God never refuses his grace to those who ask for it with faith?"

"I am assured of this, father."

"Be assured also, my son, that He is able and willing, and that He is not less mighty than munificent. Let us strengthen ourselves in faith to resist this roaring lion, and snatch from him his prey, which God has made his own by the blood of his Son Jesus Christ."

Thereupon the gentleman conducted the excellent man into the room where his wife was resting on a couch. Believing that it was he who had beaten her, she was roused to a prodigious degree of fury at the sight of him, but her husband's presence made her hang down her head and hold her tongue. "As long as I am present," said the husband to the good father, "the devil does not torment; but as soon as I leave her, you will sprinkle her with holy water, and then you will see how violently the evil spirit works her." So saying, the husband left him alone with his wife, and stopped outside the door to see what would ensue.

When she found herself alone with the Cordelier, she began to scream at him like a mad woman, "Villain! cheat! monster! murderer!" The Cordelier, believing in good faith that she was possessed, wanted to take hold of her head, in order to pray over it; but she scratched and bit him so fiercely that he was obliged to stand further off, throwing plenty of holy water over her, and saying many good prayers. The husband, seeing it was time to put an end to the farce, entered the room again, and thanked the Cordelier for the pains he had taken. The moment he appeared there was an end to the wife's termagant behavior, and she meekly kissed the cross for fear of her husband. The pious Cordelier, who had seen her in such a fury, believed firmly that our Lord had expelled the devil at his prayer, and went away praising God for this miracle. The husband, seeing his wife so well cured of her folly, would never tell her what he had done, contenting himself with having brought her back to the right way by his prudence, and having put her into such a frame of mind that she mortally hated what she had so unwisely loved, and was filled with detestation for her own infatuation. Thenceforth she was weaned from all

superstition, and devoted herself to her husband and her family in a very different way from what she had done before.

“Here you may see, ladies, the good sense of the husband, and the weakness of one who was regarded as a woman of strict propriety. If you attend well to this example, I am persuaded that, instead of relying on your own strength, you will learn to turn to Him on whom your honor depends.”

“I am very glad,” said Parlamente, “that you are become the ladies’ preacher; you would be so with better right if you would address the same sermons to all those you hold discourse with.”

“Whenever you please to hear me,” he replied, “I assure you I will speak the same language to you.”

“That is to say,” observed Simontault, “that when you are not by he will talk to a different purpose.”

“He will do as he pleases,” said Parlamente, “but, for my own satisfaction, I would have him always speak thus. The example he has adduced will at least be of service to those women who think that spiritual love is not dangerous; but to me it seems that it is more so than any other.”

“I cannot think, however,” remarked Oisille, “that one should scorn to love a man who is virtuous and fears God; for, in my opinion, one cannot but be the better for it.”

“I pray you to believe, madam,” rejoined Parlamente, “that nothing can be more simple-willed and easy to deceive than a woman who has never loved; for love is a passion which takes possession of the heart before one is aware of it. Besides, this passion is so pleasing that, provided one can wrap one’s self up in virtue as in a cloak, it will be scarcely known before some mischief will come of it.”

“What mischief can come of loving a good man?” said Oisille.

“There are plenty, madam,” replied Parlamente, “who pass for good men as far as ladies are concerned; but there are few who are so truly good before God that one may love them without any risk of honor or conscience. I do not believe that there is one such man living. Those who are of a different opinion, and trust in it, become its dupes. They begin this sort of tender intimacy with God, and often end it with the devil. I have seen many a one who, under color of talking about divine things, began an intimacy which at last they wished to break off, but could not, so fast were they held by the fine cloak with which it was covered. A vicious love perishes and has no long abode in a good heart; but decorous love has bonds of silk so fine and delicate that one is caught in them before one perceives them.”

“According to your views, then,” said Ennasuite, “no woman ought ever to love a man. Your law is too violent; it will not last.”

“I know that,” replied Parlamente; “but for all that, it is desirable that every woman should be content with her own husband, as I am with mine.”



## A TRIO OF FRENCH RENAISSANCE POETS.

(Translations by Andrew Lang.)

JACQUES TAHUREAU, 1527-1555.

### SHADOWS OF HIS LADY.

WITHIN the sand of what far river lies  
 The gold that gleams in tresses of my Love?  
 What highest circle of the Heavens above  
 Is jeweled with such stars as are her eyes?  
 And where is the rich sea whose coral vies  
 With her red lips, that cannot kiss enough?  
 What dawn-lit garden knew the rose, whereof  
 The fled soul lives in her cheeks' rosy guise?

What Parian marble that is loveliest,  
 Can match the whiteness of her brow and breast?  
 When drew she breath from the Sabæan glade?  
 Oh, happy rock and river, sky and sea,  
 Gardens, and glades Sabæan, all that be  
 The far-off splendid semblance of my maid!

### MOONLIGHT.

The high Midnight was garlanding her head  
 With many a shining star in shining skies,  
 And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes,  
 And, after sorrow, quietness was shed.  
 Far in dim fields cicalas jargonèd  
 A thin shrill clamor of complaints and cries;  
 And all the woods were pallid, in strange wise,  
 With pallor of the sad moon overspread.

Then came my lady to that lonely place,  
 And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace  
 And hang upon my neck, and kissed me over;  
 Wherefore the day is far less dear than night,  
 And sweeter is the shadow than the light,  
 Since night has made me such a happy lover.



JOACHIM DU BELLAY, 1550.

HYMN TO THE WINDS.

*The Winds are invoked by the Winnowers of Corn.*

To YOU, troop so fleet,  
 That with winged wandering feet  
     Through the wide world pass,  
 And with soft murmuring  
 Toss the green shades of spring  
     In woods and grass,  
 Lily and violet  
 I give, and blossoms wet,  
     Roses and dew ;  
 This branch of blushing roses,  
 Whose fresh bud uncloses,  
     Wind flowers too.  
 Ah, winnow with sweet breath,  
 Winnow the holt and heath,  
     Round this retreat ;  
 Where all the golden morn  
 We fan the gold o' the corn  
     In the sun's heat.

A VOW TO HEAVENLY VENUS.

We that with like hearts love, we lovers twain,  
 New wedded in the village by thy fane,  
 Lady of all chaste love, to thee it is  
 We bring these amaranths, these white lilies,  
 A sign, and sacrifice ; may Love, we pray,  
 Like amaranthine flowers, feel no decay ;  
 Like these cool lilies may our loves remain,  
 Perfect and pure, and know not any stain ;  
 And be our hearts, from this thy holy hour,  
 Bound each to each, like flower to wedded flower.

REMY BELLEAU, 1560.

APRIL.

APRIL, pride of woodland ways,  
 Of glad days,  
 April, bringing hope of prime  
 To the young flowers that beneath  
     Their bud sheath  
 Are guarded in their tender time.

April, pride of fields that be  
 Green and free,  
 That in fashion glad and gay  
 Stud with flowers red and blue,  
 Every hue,  
 Their jeweled spring array.

April, pride of murmuring  
 Winds of spring,  
 That beneath the winnowed air  
 Trap with subtle nets and sweet  
 Flora's feet,  
 Flora's feet, the fleet and fair.

April, by thy hand caressed,  
 From her breast  
 Nature scatters everywhere  
 Handfuls of all sweet perfumes,  
 Buds and blooms,  
 Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours,  
 Clothes with flowers  
 Over all her locks of gold  
 My sweet Lady ; and her breast  
 With the blest  
 Buds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles,  
 Like the smiles,  
 Smiles of Venus ; and thy breath  
 Like her breath, the gods' delight,  
 (From their height  
 They take the happy air beneath).

It is thou that, of thy grace,  
 From their place  
 In the far-off isles dost bring  
 Swallows over earth and sea,  
 Glad to be  
 Messengers of thee, and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,  
 And woodbine,

Lily, violet, and rose,  
 Plentiful in April fair,  
     To the air,  
 Their pretty petals do unclose.

Nightingales ye now may hear,  
     Piercing clear,  
 Singing in the deepest shade ;  
 Many and many a babbled note  
     Chime and float,  
 Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee,  
     Spring sets free  
 Ancient flames, and with low breath  
 Wakes the ashes gray and old  
     That the cold  
 Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest, in the warm  
     Hours, the swarm  
 Of the thievish bees that flies  
 Evermore from bloom to bloom  
     For perfume,  
 Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast,  
     Fruits almost  
 Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew,  
 Manna-sweet and honey-sweet,  
     That complete  
 Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise  
     To these days,  
 Named with the glad name of her  
 That from out the foam o' the sea  
     Came to be  
 Sudden light on earth and air.

## LAZARILLO DE TORMES AND THE MISER.

BY HURTADO DE MENDOZA.

[DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA, one of the foremost Spanish men of letters and action at once — diplomatist, soldier, scholar, poet, novelist, historian, and collector — was born at Granada (of which his father, a noble who helped capture it, was governor) about 1503. Diego was superbly educated at the University of Salamanca, versed in philosophy and classics, then joined Charles V.'s army in Italy and shared in the battle of Pavia, where Francis I. was captured. His proficiency in letters and arms and solid judgment soon drew the king's notice; he was made ambassador to England, to Venice, to the papal court; was imperial plenipotentiary to the Council of Trent, and governor of Siena. During Charles's reign he was in high favor and trust; in its last year but one (1554) he wrote "Lazarillo de Tormes," the father of the "picaresque" novel, and the model for "Gil Blas." He used his influence with Sultan Solymán to obtain books and MSS. from the East, and his critical knowledge of Greek was large and sound enough for him to appraise them; he was at once a powerful statesman, a munificent patron, a strong scholar, and a creative literary force. Philip II., however, distrusted and would not employ him, and in 1564 banished him from the capital on the ostensible ground of his defending his life in the palace. He withdrew to Granada and wrote his celebrated "History of the War against the Moors," which won him the title of "the Spanish Sallust." In 1574 he received permission to return to Madrid, but died at Valladolid in 1575.]

THE next day, not considering myself quite safe where I was, I went to a place called Maqueda, where, as it were in punishment of my evil deeds, I fell in with a certain priest. I accosted him for alms, when he enquired whether I knew how to assist at mass. I answered that I did; which was true, for the old man, notwithstanding his ill treatment, taught me many useful things — and this was one of them. The priest therefore engaged me on the spot.

There is an old proverb which speaks of getting out of the frying-pan into the fire, which was indeed my unhappy case in this change of masters. The old blind man, selfish as he was, seemed an Alexander the Great, in point of munificence, on comparison with this priest, who was, without exception, the most niggardly of all miserable devils I have ever met with. It seemed as though the meanness of the whole world was gathered together in his wretched person. It would be hard to say whether he inherited this disposition, or whether he had adopted it with his cassock and gown. He had a large old chest, well secured by a lock, the key of which he always carried about him, tied to a part of his clothing. When the charity

bread came from the church, he would with his own hands deposit it in the chest, and then carefully turn the key.

Throughout the whole house there was nothing to eat. Even the sight of such things as we see in other houses, such as smoked bacon, cheese, or bread, would have done my heart good, although I might have been forbidden to taste them. The only eatable we had was a string of onions, and these were locked up in a garret. Every fourth day I was allowed *one*; and when I asked for the key to take it, if any one chanced to be present, he would make a serious matter of it, saying, as he gave me the key, "Take it, and return quickly; for when you go to that tempting room you never know when to come out of it;"—speaking as though all the sweets of Valencia were there, when I declare to you, as I said before, the devil a bit of anything was there but this string of onions hung on a nail, and of these he kept such an account that if my unlucky stars had tempted me to take more than my allowance, it would have cost me very dear.

In the end I should have died of hunger, with so little feeling did this reverend gentleman treat me, although with himself he was rather more liberal. Five farthings' worth of meat was his allowance for dinner and supper. It is true that he divided the broth with me; but my share of the meat I might have put in my eye instead of my mouth, and have been none the worse for it: but sometimes, by good luck, I got a little morsel of bread. In this part of the country it is the custom on Sundays to eat sheeps' heads, and he sent me for one that was not to come to more than three farthings. When it was cooked he ate all the tit-bits, and never left it while a morsel of the meat remained; but the dry bones he turned over to me, saying, "There, you rogue, eat that; you are in rare luck; the Pope himself has not such fare as you." "God give him as good!" said I to myself.

At the end of the three weeks that I remained with him I arrived at such an extreme degree of exhaustion, from sheer hunger, that it was with difficulty I stood on my legs. I saw clearly that I was in the direct road to the grave, unless God and my own wit should help me out of it. For the dexterous application of my fingers there was no opportunity afforded me, seeing there was nothing to practice on; and if there were, I should never have been able to cheat the priest as I did the old man, whom God absolve if by my means it went ill with

him after his leap. The old man, though cunning, yet wanting sight, gave me now and then a chance; but as to the priest, never had any one so keen a sight as he.

When we were at mass, no money came to the plate at the offering that he did not observe: he had one eye on the people and the other on my fingers. His eyes danced about the money box as though they were quicksilver. When offerings were given he kept an account, and when it was finished, that instant he would take the plate from my hands and put it on the altar. I was not able to rob him of a single maravedi in all the time I lived with him, or rather all the time I starved with him. I never fetched him any wine from the tavern, but the little that was left at church he locked up in his chest, and he would make that serve all the week. In order to excuse all this covetousness he said to me, "You see, my boy, that priests ought to be very abstemious in their food. For my part, I think it a great scandal to indulge in viands and wine as many do." But the curmudgeon lied most grossly, for at convents or at funerals, when we went to pray, he would eat like a wolf, and drink like a mountebank; and now I speak of funerals — God forgive me, I was never an enemy to the human race but at that unhappy period of my life, and the reason was solely that on those occasions I obtained a meal of victuals. Every day I did hope, and even pray, that God would be pleased to take his own. Whenever we were sent for to administer the sacrament to the sick, the priest would of course desire all present to join in prayer. You may be certain I was not the last in these devout exercises, and I prayed with all my heart that the Lord would compassionate the afflicted, not by restoring him to the vanities of life, but by relieving him from the sins of this world: and when any of these unfortunates recovered — the Lord forgive me — in the anguish of my heart I wished him a thousand times in perdition; but if he died, no one was more sincere in his blessings than myself.

During all the time I was in this service, which was nearly six months, only twenty persons paid the debt of nature, and these I verily believe that I killed, or rather that they died, by the incessant importunity of my particular prayers. Such was my extreme suffering, as to make me think that the Lord, compassionating my unhappy and languishing condition, visited some with death to give me life. But for my present necessity there was no remedy: if on the days of funerals I lived well,

the return to my old allowance of an onion every fourth day seemed doubly hard ; so that I may truly say, I took delight in nothing but death, and oftentimes I have invoked it for myself as well as for others. To me, however, it did not arrive, although continually hovering about me in the ugly shape of famine and short commons. I thought many times of leaving my brute of a master, but two reflections disconcerted me ; the first was, the doubt whether I could make my way by reason of the extreme weakness to which hunger had reduced me ; and the second suggested that, my first master having done his best to starve me, and my next having succeeded so far in the same humane object as to bring me to the brink of the grave, whether the third might not, by pursuing the same course, actually thrust me into it.

These considerations made me now pause, lest by venturing a step further it might be my certain fate to fall a point lower in fortune, and then the world might truly say, "Farewell, Lazaro."

It was during this trying and afflicting time, when, seeing things going from bad to worse, without any one to advise with, I was praying with all Christian humility that I might be released from such misery, that one day, when my wretched, miserable, covetous thief of a master had gone out, an angel, in the likeness of a tinker, knocked at the door — for I verily believe he was directed by Providence to assume that habit and employment — and enquired whether I had anything to mend ? Suddenly a light flashed upon me, as though imparted by an invisible and unknown power. — "Uncle," said I, "I have unfortunately lost the key of this great chest, and I'm sadly afraid my master will beat me ; for God's sake, try if you can fit it, and I will reward you." The angelic tinker drew forth a large bunch of keys, and began to try them, while I assisted his endeavors with my feeble prayers ; when, lo and behold ! when least I thought it, the lid of the chest arose, and I almost fancied I beheld the divine essence therein in the shape of loaves of bread. "I have no money," said I to my preserver, "but give me the key and help yourself." He took some of the whitest and best bread he could find, and went away well pleased, though not half so well as myself. I refrained from taking any for the present, lest the deficiency might be noticed ; and contented myself with the hope that on seeing so much in my power, hunger would hardly dare to approach me.

My wretched master returned, and it pleased God that the offering my angel had been pleased to accept remained undiscovered by him. The next day, when he went out, I went to my farinaceous paradise, and taking a loaf between my hands and teeth, in a twinkling it became invisible ; then, not forgetting to lock the treasure, I capered about the house for joy to think that my miserable life was about to change, and for some days following I was as happy as a king. But it was not predestined for me that such good luck should continue long ; on the third day symptoms of my old complaint began to show themselves, for I beheld my murderer in the act of examining our chest, turning and counting the loaves over and over again. Of course I dissimulated my terror, but it was not for want of my prayers and invocations that he was not struck stone-blind like my old master—but he retained his eyesight.

After he had been some time considering and counting, he said, “If I were not well assured of the security of this chest, I should say that somebody had stolen my bread ; but however, to remove all suspicion, from this day I shall count the loaves : there remain now exactly nine and a piece.”

“May nine curses light upon you, you miserable beggar,” said I to myself—for his words went like an arrow to my heart, and hunger already began to attack me, seeing a return to my former scanty fare now inevitable.

No sooner did the priest go out, than I opened the chest to console myself even with the sight of food, and as I gazed on the nice white loaves, a sort of adoration arose within me, which the sight of such tempting morsels could alone inspire. I counted them carefully, to see if perchance the curmudgeon had mistaken the number ; but, alas ! I found he was a much better reckoner than I could have desired. The utmost I dared do was to bestow on these objects of my affection a thousand kisses, and, in the most delicate manner possible, to nibble here and there a morsel of the crust. With this I passed the day, and not quite so jovially as the former, you may suppose.

But as hunger increased, and more so in proportion as I had fared better the few days previously, I was reduced to the last extremity. Yet all I could do was to open and shut the chest, and contemplate the divine image within. Providence, however, who does not neglect mortals in such an extreme crisis, suggested to me a slight palliation of my present distress.



After some consideration, I said within myself, "This chest is very large and old, and in some parts, though very slightly, is broken. It is not impossible to suppose that rats may have made an entrance, and gnawed the bread. To take a whole loaf would not be wise, seeing that it would be missed by my most liberal master; but the other plan he shall certainly have the benefit of." Then I began to pick the loaves, on some table cloths which were there, not of the most costly sort, taking one loaf and leaving another, so that in the end I made up a tolerable supply of crumbs, which I ate like so many sugar plums; and with that I in some measure consoled myself and contrived to live.

The priest, when he came home to dinner and opened the chest, beheld with dismay the havoc made in his store; but he immediately supposed it to have been occasioned by rats, so well had I imitated the style of those depredators. He examined the chest narrowly, and discovered the little holes through which the rats might have entered; and calling me he said, "Lazaro, look what havoc has been made in our bread during the night." I seemed very much astonished, and asked "what it could possibly be?" "What has done it?" quoth he, "why, rats: confound 'em, there is no keeping anything from them." I fared well at dinner, and had no reason to repent of the trick I played; for he pared off all the places which he supposed the rats had nibbled at, and giving them to me, he said, "There, eat that, rats are very clean animals." In this manner, adding what I thus gained to that acquired by the labor of my hands, or rather my nails, I managed tolerably well, though I little expected it. I was destined to receive another shock, when I beheld my miserable tormentor carefully stopping up all the holes in the chest with small pieces of wood, which he nailed over them, and which bade defiance to further depredations. "Oh, Lord!" I cried involuntarily, "to what distress and misfortunes are we unhappy mortals reduced; and how short-lived are the pleasures of this our transitory existence. No sooner did I draw some little relief from the measure which kind fortune suggested, than it is snatched away; and this last act is like closing the door of consolation against me, and opening that of my misfortunes."

It was thus I gave vent to my distress, while the careful workman, with abundance of wood and nails, was finishing his cruel job, saying with great glee, "Now, you raseals of rats, we

will change sides, if you please, for your future reception in this house will be right little welcome."

The moment he left the house, I went to examine his work, and found he had not left a single hole unstopped by which even a mosquito could enter. I opened the chest, though without deriving the smallest benefit from its contents: my key was now utterly useless; but as I gazed with longing eyes on the two or three loaves which my master believed to be bitten by the rats, I could not resist the temptation of nibbling a morsel more, though touching them in the lightest possible manner, like an experienced swordsman in a friendly assault.

Necessity is a great master, and being in this strait, I passed night and day in devising means to get out of it. All the rascally plans that could enter the mind of man, did hunger suggest to me; for it is a saying—and a true one, as I can testify—that hunger makes rogues, and abundance fools. One night when my master slept, (of which disposition he always gave sonorous testimony,) as I was revolving in my mind the best mode of renewing my intimacy with the contents of the chest, a thought struck me, which I forthwith put in execution. I arose very quietly, and taking an old knife, which, having some little glimmering of the same idea the day previous, I had left for an occasion of this nature, I repaired to the chest, and at the part which I considered least guarded I began to bore a hole. The antiquity of the chest seconded my endeavors; for the wood had become rotten from age, and easily yielded to the knife, so that in a short time I managed to display a hole of very respectable dimensions. I then opened the chest very gently, and taking out the bread, I treated it much in the same manner as heretofore, and then returned safe to my mattress.

The next day my worthy master soon spied my handiwork, as well as the deficiency in his bread—and began by wishing the rats at the devil. "What can it mean?" said he; "during all the time I have been here, there have never been rats in the house before." And he might say so with truth: if ever a house in the kingdom deserved to be free from rats, it was his, as they are seldom known to visit where there is nothing to eat. He began again with nails and wood; but when night came, and he slept, I resumed my operations, and rendered nugatory all his ingenuity.

In this manner we went on; the moment he shut one door, I opened another: like the web of Penelope, what he spun by

day, I unraveled by night; and in the course of a few nights the old chest was so maltreated, that little remained of the original that was not covered with pieces and nailing. When the unhappy priest found his mechanical ability of no avail, he said, "Really, this chest is in such a state, and the wood is so old and rotten, that the rats make nothing of it. The best plan I can think of, since what we have done is of no use, is to arm ourselves within, against these cursed rats." He then borrowed a rat-trap, and baiting it with bits of cheese which he begged from the neighbors, set it under the chest. This was a piece of singular good fortune for me; for though my hunger needed no sauce, yet I did not nibble the bread at night with less relish, because I added thereto the bait from the rat-trap. When in the morning he found not only the bread gone as usual, but the bait likewise vanished, and the trap without a tenant, he grew almost beside himself. He ran to the neighbors, and asked of them what animal it could possibly be that could positively eat the very cheese out of the trap, and yet escape untouched. The neighbors agreed that it could be no rat that could thus eat the bait, and not remain within the trap; and one more cunning than the rest observed, "I remember once seeing a snake about your premises, and depend on it that is the animal which has done you the mischief; for it could easily pick the bait from the trap without entering entirely, and thus too it might easily escape." The rest all agreed that such must be the fact, which alarmed my master a good deal.

He now slept not near so soundly as before; and at every little noise, thinking it was the snake biting the chest, he would get up, and taking a cudgel which he kept at his bed's head for the purpose, begin to belabor the poor chest with all his might, so that the noise might frighten the reptile from his unthrifty proceedings. He even awoke the neighbors with such prodigious clamor, and I could not get a single minute's rest. He turned me out of bed, and looked amongst the straw, and about the blanket, to see if the creature was concealed anywhere; for, as he observed, at night they seek warm places, and not infrequently injure people by biting them in bed. When he came, I always pretended to be very heavy with sleep, and he would say to me in the morning, "Did you hear nothing last night, boy? The snake was about, and I think I heard him at your bed, for they are very cold creatures, and love warmth." "I hope to God he will not bite me," returned I, "for I am very

much afraid." He was so watchful at night, that by my faith the snake could not continue his operations as usual; but in the morning, when the priest was at church, he resumed them pretty steadily as usual.

Looking with dismay at the damage done to his store, and the little redress he was likely to have for it, the poor priest became quite uneasy from fretting, and wandered about all night like a hobgoblin. I began very much to fear that during one of these fits of watchfulness, he might discover my key, which I placed for security under the straw of my bed. I therefore, with a caution peculiar to my nature, determined in future to keep this treasure by night safe in my mouth; and this was an ancient custom of mine, for during the time I lived with the blind man, my mouth was my purse, in which I could retain ten or twelve maravedis in farthings, without the slightest inconvenience in any way. Indeed, had I not possessed this faculty, I should never have had a single farthing of my own, for I had neither pocket nor bag that the old man did not continually search. Every night I slept with the key in my mouth without fear of discovery; but, alas! when misfortune is our lot, ingenuity can be of little avail.

It was decreed, by my evil destiny, or rather, I ought to say, as a punishment for my evil doings, that one night, when I was fast asleep, my mouth being somewhat open, the key became placed in such a position therein, that my breath came in contact with the hollow of the key, and caused — the worse luck for me! — a loud whistling noise. On this my watchful master pricked up his ears, and thought it must be the hissing of the snake which had done him all the damage, and certainly he was not altogether wrong in his conjectures. He arose very quietly, with his club in his hand, and stealing towards the place whence the hissing sound proceeded, thinking at once to put an end to his enemy, he lifted his club, and with all his force discharged such a blow on my unfortunate head, that it needed not another to deprive me of all sense and motion. The moment the blow was delivered, he felt it was no snake that had received it; and guessing what he had done, called out to me in a loud voice, endeavoring to recall me to my senses. Then touching me with his hands, he felt the blood, which was by this time in great profusion about my face, and ran quickly to procure a light. On his return, he found me moaning, yet still holding the key in my mouth, and partly visible, being in the same

situation which caused the whistling noise he had mistaken for the snake. Without thinking much of me, the attention of the slayer of snakes was attracted by the appearance of the key; and drawing it from my mouth, he soon discovered what it was, for of course the wards were precisely similar to his own. He ran to prove it, and with that, at once, found out the extent of my ingenuity.

“Thank God,” exclaimed this cruel snake hunter, “that the rats and the snakes which have so long made war upon me, and devoured my substance, are both at last discovered.”

Of what passed for three days afterwards, I can give no account; but that which I have related I heard my master recount to those who came there to see me. At the end, however, of the third day, I began to have some consciousness of what was passing around me, and found myself extended on my straw, my head bound up, and covered with ointment and plasters.

“What is the meaning of all this?” I cried, in extreme alarm. The heartless priest replied, “I have only been hunting the rats and the snakes, which have almost ruined me.” Seeing the condition in which I was, I then guessed what had happened to me. At this time an old nurse entered, with some of the neighbors, who dressed the wounds on my head, which had assumed a favorable appearance; and as they found my senses were restored to me, they anticipated but little danger, and began to amuse themselves with my exploits, while I, unhappy sinner, could only deplore their effects.

With all this, however, they gave me something to eat, for I was almost dying with hunger; and at the end of fourteen or fifteen days I was able to rise from my bed without danger, though not even then without hunger, and only half cured. The day after I got up, my worthy and truly respectable master took my hand, and opening the door, put me into the street, saying, “Lazaro, from this day look out for yourself; seek another master, and fare you well. No one will ever doubt that you have served a blind man; but for me I do not require so diligent nor so clever a servant.” Then shaking me off, as though I was in league with the Evil One, he went back into his house and shut the door.

## ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "Kenilworth.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 13.]

IT CHANCED upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train who appeared from her chamber in full array for the Chase, was the Princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the Chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castleyard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the Earl's arm affording his Sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the Queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the Earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting suit of Lincoln green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle horn, and a wood knife instead of a sword, became its master as did his other vestments of court or of war.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the Duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the mean while neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman, the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain — had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents — "no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties,

that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign. — No, Leicester, urge it no more — were I as others, free to seek my own happiness — then, indeed — but it cannot — cannot be. — Delay the chase — delay it for half an hour — and leave me, my lord.”

“How, leave you, madam !” said Leicester. — “Has my madness offended you ?”

“No, Leicester, not so !” answered the Queen, hastily; “but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go — but go not far from hence — and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy.”

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself — “Were it possible — were it *but* possible ! — but no — no — Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone.”

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless and yet but too successful rival lay concealed.

The mind of England’s Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments called Rocking Stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the



stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheeks as pallid as the ababaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revelers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave away to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness — "How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto — art thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear? — We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knee before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel — what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the Queen; "but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant, which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings. "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request — I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, — "I beseech your gracious protection — against — against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney, — Sir Richard Varney, — the servant of Lord Leicester! — What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I — I — was his prisoner — and he practiced on my life — and I broke forth to — to —"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it — that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. — Thou art," she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, — "thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lideote Hall?"

“Forgive me — forgive me — most gracious princess !” said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

“For what should I forgive thee, silly wench ?” said Elizabeth ; “for being the daughter of thine own father ? Thou art brainsick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father — thy look confesses it — cheated Master Tressilian — thy blush avouches it — and married this same Varney.”

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly with, “No, madam, no — as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me ! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave — of that most deliberate villain ! I am not the wife of Varney ! I would rather be the bride of Destruction !”

The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy’s vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, “Why, God ha’ mercy, woman ! — I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman,” she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, — “tell me, woman — for by God’s day, I WILL know — whose wife or whose paramour art thou ? Speak out, and be speedy. — Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.”

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice which she saw but could not avoid, — permitted not a moment’s respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, “The Earl of Leicester knows it all.”

“The Earl of Leicester !” said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment. — “The Earl of Leicester !” she repeated, with kindling anger, — “Woman, thou art set on to this — thou dost belie him — he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England ! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me — come with me instantly !”

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the

Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant Queen.

Leicester was at this moment the center of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance toward them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half-dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed toward her under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill. — “Where is my Lord of Leicester?” she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around. — “Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!”

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smoldering chasm which so unexpectedly yawned before him with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead fea-

tures, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practiced on me — on me thy Sovereign — on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises — by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers — to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think — defied in the Castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man! — My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England; attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester! — Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody. — I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower tomorrow for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

“Patient — God’s life !” exclaimed the Queen, “name not the word to me — thou know’st not of what he is guilty !”

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same ! ) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, “He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless — no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester.”

“Why, minion,” answered the Queen, “didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history ?”

“Did I say so ?” repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest. “Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me !”

“Woman !” said Elizabeth, “I will know who has moved thee to this ; or my wrath — and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire — shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace.”

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester’s better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his Countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master’s evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

“What means this saucy intrusion ?” said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, “Pardon, my Liege, pardon ! — or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due ; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master !”

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly toward Leicester, when, checked at once by the

uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the Castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—“But spare,” she exclaimed, “my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!”

“And why, sweetheart?” said the Queen, moved by a new impulse; “what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?”

“Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him.”

“Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already,” answered the Queen.—“My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming.”

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, “Ladies, under favor, no.—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her.”

“By Our Lady!” said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, “she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own ladybirds of daughters.”

So saying, he carried her off unresistingly and almost unconsciously, his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a Sovereign’s accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who had witnessed it. “My Lord of Hunsdon says well,” she observed; “he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe.”

“My Lord of Hunsdon,” said the Dean of Saint Asaph, “I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, hath a broad license in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths which savor both of profaneness and of old papistrie.”

“It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Dean,” said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as he spoke; “and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than careful to choose their expressions. And, by my word — I hope there is no sin in that affirmation — I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor.”

As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen’s eye found the Earl in no mood to accept the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks had followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded form which Hunsdon had just borne from the presence; they now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more — so at least it seemed to Elizabeth — with the expression of one who has received an unjust affront, than of him who is conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from him, and said to Varney, “Speak, Sir Richard, and explain these riddles — thou hast sense and the use of speech, at least, which elsewhere we look for in vain.”

As she said this, she darted another resentful glance toward Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to tell his own story.

“Your Majesty’s piercing eye,” he said, “has already detected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; which, unhappy that I am, I would not suffer to be expressed in the certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal what has now broken out with so much the more scandal.”

“She is then distraught?” said the Queen — “indeed we doubted not of it — her whole demeanor bears it out. I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto; and every word she spoke — which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack — she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe keeping?”



“My gracious Liege,” said Varney, “the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination.”

“Let it be for another time,” said the Queen. “But, Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity; your lady railed on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you.”

“It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace,” answered Varney, “to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest.”

“We have heard so, indeed,” said Elizabeth, “and give faith to the saying.”

“May your Grace then be pleased,” said Varney, “to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends?”

Leicester partly started; but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply, “You are something too hasty, Master Varney; we will have first a report of the lady’s health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel betwixt you—such things we have heard do occur, even betwixt a loving couple—you may make it up, without further scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves.”

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

Elizabeth again looked toward Leicester, and said, with a degree of condescension which could only arise out of the most heartfelt interest, “Discord, as the Italian poet says, will find her way into peaceful convents, as well as into the privacy of families; and we fear our own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from courts. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, and we have right to be offended with you. We will take the lion’s part upon us, and be the first to forgive.”

Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort, but the trouble was too deep-seated that its placidity should at once return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, “that he could not have the happiness of forgiving, because

she who commanded him to do so could commit no injury toward him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and intimated her pleasure that the sports of the morning should proceed. The bugles sounded — the hounds bayed — the horses pranced — but the courtiers and ladies sought the amusements to which they were summoned with hearts very different from those which had leaped to the morning's *réveil*. There was doubt, and fear, and expectation on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every whisper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, "This storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean."

"*Varium et mutabile*," answered Raleigh, in a similar tone.



## POEMS BY RONSARD.

[PIERRE DE RONSARD, one of the greatest of French lyric poets, was born near Vendôme, September 11, 1524. He was educated at court as page to the Duke of Orleans; spent several years in the service of James V. of Scotland; and on his return to France was employed on various diplomatic missions. Becoming deaf from illness, he withdrew from court and devoted seven years to the study of the classics. Here he became the head of a group of poets, styling themselves "La Pléiade," who aimed at regenerating the language and creating a new literature on classic models. Ronsard's popularity and prosperity during his life were very great. Henry II. and Francis II. covered him with honors and pensions; Charles IX. added priories and abbacies; and Queen Elizabeth presented him with a set of diamonds. His works comprise: "Odes," "Hymnes," "Amours," "La Franciade" (an unfinished epic), sonnets, elegies, etc. He died at his priory St. Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585.]

### TO HIS YOUNG MISTRESS.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

FAIR Flower of fifteen Springs! that still  
 Art scarcely blossomed from the bud,  
 Yet hast such store of evil will,  
 A heart so full of hardihood,—  
 Seeking to hide in friendly wise  
 The mischief of your mocking eyes:

If you have pity, Child! give o'er;  
 Give back the heart you stole from me,  
 Pirate! setting so little store  
 On this your captive from Love's sea,

Holding his misery for gain,  
And making pleasure of his pain.

Another, not so fair of face,  
But far more pitiful than you,  
Would take my heart, if of his grace  
My heart would give her of Love's due;  
And she shall have it, since I find  
That you are cruel and unkind.

Nay! I would rather that it died  
Within your white hand's imprisoning,  
Would rather that it still abide  
In your ungentle comforting,  
Than change its faith, and seek to her  
That is more kind, but not so fair.

#### THE ROSE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

See, Mignonne! hath not the Rose,  
That this morning did unclose  
Her purple mantle to the light,  
Lost, before the day be dead,  
The glory of her raiment red,  
Her color, bright as yours is bright?

Ah, Mignonne! in how few hours  
The petals of her purple flowers  
All have faded, fallen, died!  
Sad Nature! mother ruinous!  
That seest thy fair child perish thus  
'Twixt matin song and eventide.

Hear me, Darling! speaking sooth:  
Gather the fleet flower of your youth!  
Take ye your pleasure at the best!  
Be merry ere your beauty flit!  
For length of days will tarnish it.  
Like roses that were loveliest.

#### WELCOME TO SPRING.

(Translated by H. F. Cary.)

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,  
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,  
Hoops, cuckoos, nightingales,

Turtles and every wilder bird,  
That make your hundred chirpings heard  
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small;  
And ye, whom erst the gore  
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,  
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint  
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train  
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,  
Of each sweet herblet sip;  
And ye new swarm of bees that go  
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow  
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call —  
A hearty welcome on ye all:  
This season how I love!  
This merry din on every shore,  
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
Forbade my steps to rove.

#### OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE.

(Translated by Andrew Lang.)

When you are very old, at evening  
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,  
Humming my songs, "Ah well, ah well-a-day!  
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing."  
None of your maidens that doth hear the thing,  
Albeit with her weary task foredone,  
But wakens at my name, and calls you one  
Blest, to be held in long remembering.

I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid  
On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade,  
While you beside the fire, a grandame gray,  
My love, your pride, remember and regret;  
Ah, love me, love! we may be happy yet,  
And gather roses, while 'tis called to-day.

## THE DUKE OF GUISE AND HENRY II.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(From "The Page of the Duke of Savoy.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are: "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne"), and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

AT this moment a servant of the cardinal, who had been placed on guard by his Eminence, hastily raised the tapestry, and cried:—

"The king!"

"Where?" asked Catherine.

"At the end of the grand gallery," replied the servant.

Catherine looked at Duc François, as if to question him as to what had better be done.

"I shall wait for him," he said.

"Wait for him, monseigneur," said M. de Nemours; "you are a taker of cities and a winner of battles, and you may wait for all the kings in the world with a bearing loftier than theirs. But do you not believe that when his Majesty meets here the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duc de Guise he may find that quite enough without me?"

"Yes," said Catherine, "there is no use in his finding you here.—The key, my dear cardinal."

Charles de Lorraine, who held the key in his hand, ready for use at any moment, gave it hastily to the queen. The door opened before the Duc de Nemours, and was just shut discreetly on the news teller, when Henri de Valois, with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead, appeared at the threshold of the opposite door.

If we have followed the Duc de Guise first, instead of the constable, it was not because what was to pass in the apartments of Madame de Valentinois would be less interesting than what

we have seen pass in the apartments of Catherine de Médicis ; but it was because François de Guise was a greater personage than M. de Montmorency, as, indeed, we have said, and because Catherine de Médicis was a greater lady than Madame de Valentinois. — Honor to whom honor is due.

But now that we have shown our deference for the royal supremacy, let us see what took place in the apartment of the fair Diane, and try to find out why King Henri presented himself before his wife with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead.

The arrival of the constable was no more a mystery for the Duchesse de Valentinois than the return of the Duc de Guise was a secret for Queen Catherine de Médicis. Each was staking her cards on the table, Catherine crying, “Guise !” and Diane, “Montmorency !”

Just as there were scandalous stories told of the queen and the cardinal, so wicked tongues wagged, as we have said already, on the subject of the relations between the favorite and the constable. Now, how did it happen that an old man of sixty-eight, peevish, crotchety, and brutal, became the rival of a king full of grace and gallantry, twenty-eight years younger ? It is a mystery the solution of which we leave to those skillful anatomists who claim that no fiber of the heart can escape their investigation.

But what was real, incontestable, and visible to all eyes, was the almost passive obedience of the fair Diane, — that favorite who was more of a queen than the true queen, not only to the wishes, but even to the whims, of the constable.

It is true this had lasted for twenty years ; that is to say, from the time when Diane was thirty and the constable forty-eight.

It was, therefore, with an exclamation of joy that she heard announced : —

“Monseigneur le Connétable de Montmorency.”

She was not, however, alone ; in a corner of the apartment, half reclining on a pile of cushions, two fair children were testing the joys of life, into which they had entered through the gate of love : they were the young Queen Mary Stuart and the little Dauphin François, married now for the last six months, and more in love, perhaps, than on the eve of their marriage.

The young sovereign was trying to fix on the head of her husband a velvet cap, which was a little too large for it, but which she was insisting was the right size.

They were so deeply engrossed in this grave occupation that, important as was, politically speaking, the announcement of the return of the illustrious prisoner to Paris, they did not hear it, or, if they did hear it, they did not pay the least attention to it.

Love is such a beautiful thing at fifteen and seventeen that a year of love then is worth twenty years of existence! Was not François II., dying at the age of nineteen, after two years of happiness with the young and beautiful Mary, more fortunate than the latter, who lived thirty years longer than he, but spent three of those thirty years in flight and eighteen in prison?

But Diane, without paying any attention to the two charming beings who were living their exceptional and favored life in a corner of the apartment, went with open arms towards the constable, and offered him her forehead to kiss.

More prudent than she, he stopped as he was about to press his lips on it, and exclaimed:—

“Ha! we are not alone, it seems, my fair duchess.”

“You are right, my dear constable,” she replied.

“Of course I am! I may be old, but my eyes are still good enough to see something stirring yonder.”

Diane burst out laughing. “The something stirring yonder,” said she, “is the Queen of England and Scotland and the heir to the crown of France. But don’t be alarmed; they are too busy with their own affairs to concern themselves about ours.”

“Hum!” said the constable, “are matters going on so badly on the other side of the Channel that even these young brains are troubled about them?”

“My dear constable, the Scotch might be at London, or the English at Edinburgh,—which would be, in either case, great news,—yet, though this news were cried as loudly as that of your return, I question if either of these two children would turn their heads to hear it. Oh, no, they are absorbed by things much more important: they are in love, my dear constable. What is the kingdom of England and Scotland to them, in comparison with that word *love*, which gives the kingdom of heaven to those who pronounce it between two kisses?”

“Ah, siren that you are!” murmured the old constable.

“But, come now, how are our affairs getting on?”

“Why, now that you are here,” said Diane, “I think they

are likely to get on marvelously well. The peace is concluded, or very nearly so; M. de Guise is about to be forced to sheathe his sword; as there is no need of a lieutenant general, but as there is always need of a constable, my own dear constable will soon have his head above water, and take first place in the kingdom, instead of the second."

"The game has not been badly played, *tête Dieu!*" said the constable. "Remains the question of ransom. You know, my fair Diane, that I have been released on parole, but that I owe two hundred thousand crowns."

"Well, then?" asked the duchess, with a smile.

"Well, then, *mille diables!* I count on not having to pay this ransom."

"For whom were you fighting, my dear constable, when you were taken?"

"*Pardieu!* it was for the king, I should think, though the wound I received was, beyond any doubt, for myself."

"Well, then, the king shall pay it; but I thought I heard it said, my dear constable, that if I brought the negotiations for peace to a successful end, Duke Emmanuel, who is a generous prince, would probably make you a present of these two hundred thousand crowns."

"Did I say so?" asked the constable.

"You did not say so to me: you wrote it."

"The devil!" said the constable, laughing; "it will, then, be necessary to make you a partner in the speculation. Well, look here; we are going to play fair and open. Yes, the Duke of Savoy did release me from the obligation of paying these two hundred thousand crowns; but as my fine nephew, the admiral, is too proud a fellow to accept such a release, I shall not say a single word to him about it."

"Good! so that he will hand you over his one hundred thousand crowns, just as if you had to pay them to Emmanuel Philibert?"

"Perfectly correct."

"And that makes three hundred thousand free of all liabilities?"

"Yes, decidedly! they owe the pleasure of being in my hands to the fair Duchesse de Valentinois. But, as the laborer deserves his hire, this is what we are going to do with these three hundred thousand crowns——"

"In the first place," interrupted the duchess, "we must



apply two hundred thousand to indemnify our dear constable for the expenses of his campaign, and for the loss and prejudice his eighteen months' imprisonment have caused him."

"Do you think it too much?"

"Our dear constable is a lion, and it is just that he should have the lion's share.—And the remaining hundred thousand?"

"Will be divided thus: half—that is to say, fifty thousand—will buy trinkets and knickknacks for the adornment of my fair duchess; and fifty thousand will endow our poor children, who are sure, besides, to be in a very wretched condition if the king does not add something to the portion an unhappy father can give his son only by bleeding himself to death!"

"It is true our daughter Diane has already her dowry as Duchesse de Castro, and this dowry is a hundred thousand crowns. But know right well, my dear constable, that if the king, in his munificence, chooses to think that it is not enough for the wife of a Montmorency and the daughter of a king, it is not I who, when he loosens his purse strings, shall attempt to tighten them."

The constable regarded the favorite with a sort of admiration.

"Good!" said he; "does our king still wear the magic ring you placed on his finger?"

"Always," answered the duchess, smiling; "and as I fancy I hear his Majesty's steps, you are going to have the proof of it."

"Ah, ah!" said the constable, "he always comes, then, by this corridor, and always has the key of this door?"

And, in fact, the king had the key of the secret door of Diane, just as the cardinal had the key of the secret door of Catherine.

There were many secret doors in the Louvre, and all had one key, when they had not two.

"Good!" said the duchess, regarding her venerable adorer with an ineffable smile of mockery; "are you going to be jealous of the king now?"

"I ought, perhaps," grumbled the old soldier.

"Ah, take care!" said the duchess, not able to resist the temptation of alluding to the proverbial avarice of Montmorency; "it would be a sort of jealousy that would entail a

loss to you of two hundred per cent, and it is not your habit to place so high a figure on——” She was about to say, “your love,” but she checked herself just as the words were on the tip of her tongue.

“On what?” asked the constable.

“On your money,” said the duchess.

At this moment the king entered.

“Oh, sire,” cried Diane, rushing towards him, “you have come, then! It is well, for I was on the point of sending for you. Our dear constable has arrived, as you see, as young and as proud as Mars still.”

“Yes,” said the king, employing the mythological language of the time, “and his first visit has been to Venus; I do not say: ‘To every lord his due honor; but to all beauty its due royalty.’—Your hand, my dear constable.”

“*Mordieu!* sire,” said Montmorency, crossly, and with a scowl on his face, “I do not know whether I ought to give you my hand.”

“Indeed! and why so?” asked the king, smiling.

“Well,” answered the constable, scowling more and more, “it looks as if you had somewhat forgotten me yonder.”

“Forgotten you, my dear constable?” cried the king, placed on the defensive, though he had such very good reasons for taking the offensive.

“Oh, I know! M. de Guise has been sounding his trumpet in your ears!”

“Faith!” retorted Henri, who could not refrain from responding by a home thrust to the feint of Montmorency, “you can hardly prevent a conqueror from sounding his trumpet.”

“Sire,” returned Montmorency, rising like a fighting cock on his spurs, “some defeats are as illustrious as victories!”

“Yes,” said the king, “but hardly as profitable, you must admit.”

“Hardly as profitable,—hardly as profitable,” snarled the constable; “very true! But war is a game in which the ablest may lose the stakes: the king, your father, knew something about that!”

Henri blushed slightly.

“And as to the city of Saint-Quentin,” continued the constable, “it seems to me that if it has surrendered——”

“In the first place,” interrupted Henri, “the city of Saint-Quentin has not surrendered; the city of Saint-Quentin has

been taken, and taken after a heroic defense, as you know! The city of Saint-Quentin has saved France, which ——”

Henri hesitated.

“Yes, finish; which the battle of Saint-Laurent had destroyed: is not that what you were about to say? That is what you mean, is it not? Yes, yes; get yourself bruised and wounded and imprisoned for the sake of a king, and then see what a sweet compliment the king will pay you in return for all!”

“No, my dear constable,” said Henri, whom a look of Diane had reduced to repentance, — “no, I do not say so; quite the contrary. I only said that Saint-Quentin has made an admirable defense.”

“Ah, indeed! for all that, your Majesty has nicely treated its defender!”

“Coligny? What could I do more, my dear constable, than pay his ransom as well as yours?”

“Let us not talk of that, sire. Just as if I was thinking of the ransom of Coligny! no, I am referring to the imprisonment of Dandelot.”

“Ah! excuse me, my dear constable,” returned the king; “but M. Dandelot is a heretic!”

“As if we were not all affected in that way, more or less. Perhaps, sire, you presume to think you may go to Paradise yourself?”

“Why not?”

“Stuff! you will go there in the same fashion as old Marshal Strozzi, who died a renegade. Ask your friend M. de Vieilleville what were his last words.”

“What were they?”

“They were, ‘I deny God; my holiday is over!’ And when M. de Guise replied, ‘Take care, marshal! you are about to appear in the presence of Him whom you deny!’ — ‘All right!’ answered the dying man, snapping his fingers; ‘I shall be to-day where all who have died for the last six thousand years are!’ — Well, sire, why do you not have his body disinterred and burned on the Grève? You have a stronger reason for doing so than in ordinary cases. This man died for you; the others have only been wounded.”

“Constable,” said the king, “you are unjust!”

“Unjust? Pshaw! where is M. Dandelot, then? Inspecting the cavalry, as his duty enjoins, or resting in his château

after that famous siege of Saint-Quentin, during which, as you acknowledge yourself, he has wrought miracles? No! he is in prison in the château of Melun; and why? Because he has told you frankly his opinion about the Mass! Oh, *mordieu!* sire, I don't know what keeps me from turning Huguenot and offering my sword to M. de Condé!"

"Constable!"

"And when I think that my poor dear Dandelot probably owes his imprisonment to M. de Guise ——"

"Constable, I swear to you that neither of the Guises had anything at all to do with the matter."

"What! you mean to tell me that this is not a plot of your damned cardinal?"

"Constable, you desire one thing, do you not?" said the king, eluding the question.

"What?"

"It is the release of M. Dandelot, is it not, in honor of your return, and to show how much we rejoice at having you here again?"

"*Mille diables!*" cried the constable, "I should think I desire it! It is not only my desire; it is my will!"

"My cousin," objected the king, with a smile, "you know the king himself says, 'It is our will!'"

"Well, then, sire," said Diane, "say: 'It is our will that our good servant Dandelot be set at liberty, in order that he may be present at the marriage of our well-beloved daughter Diane de Castro to François de Montmorency, Comte de Damville.'"

"Yes," said the constable, still grumbling; "if, nevertheless, this marriage takes place ——"

"And why should it not take place?" asked Diane. "Do you consider the couple too poor to set up housekeeping?"

"Oh! if it is only that," said the king, always enchanted at getting out of a difficulty by the expenditure of money, "we'll find a hundred thousand crowns for them somewhere in the treasury chest of our domains."

"That is not the question, by any manner of means!" said the constable. "*Mille diables!* who is talking here of money? I have my doubts about the marriage for quite a different reason."

"And for what, pray?" asked the king.

“Well, because the marriage is disagreeable to your good friends, the Guises.”

“In truth, constable, you are fighting against phantoms.”

“Against phantoms! And what reason brings Due François de Guise to Paris except to oppose a marriage that may add new luster to my house, — although, for that matter,” added Montmorency, insolently, “Madame de Castro is but a bastard.”

The king bit his lips; Diane blushed; but Henri, not wishing to appear to notice the last phrase, said: —

“In the first place, my dear constable, you are mistaken: M. de Guise is not in Paris.”

“Where is he, then?”

“In the camp at Compiègne.”

“And you mean to tell me you have not given him leave of absence?”

“Leave of absence for what?”

“To come to Paris!”

“I have not given M. de Guise any leave.”

“Then, sire, M. de Guise has come to Paris without leave, that’s all.”

“You are mad, constable! M. de Guise knows too well what he owes to me to quit the camp without my permission.”

“The fact is, sire, that the duke owes you much, — owes you a very great deal, indeed; but he has forgotten what he owed you.”

“But are you quite sure, constable,” said Diane, also launching her dart, “that M. de Guise has committed — I don’t quite know how to term it — what name is given to a breach of discipline? — has committed this impropriety?”

“Excuse me,” said Montmorency; “I saw him.”

“When?” asked the king.

“A few moments ago.”

“Where?”

“At the gates of the Louvre. It was there we met.”

“And pray how is it I have not seen him?”

“Because, instead of turning to the right, he went to the left, and instead of visiting the apartments of the king he visited those of the queen.

“You say M. de Guise is with the queen.”

“Oh, don’t let your Majesty be alarmed,” said the constable; “I am willing to wager that he is not the only one with her, and that M. le Cardinal is a good third.”

“Ah!” cried the king, “that is what we are about to see. Wait for me here, constable; I shall not be gone a moment.”

The king left, furious, while Montmorency and Diane exchanged a look of vengeance, and Mary and François, who had heard nothing, a kiss of love.

Now this was why Henri II. had appeared on the threshold of Queen Catherine’s apartment with gloomy face and wrinkled forehead.

The attitude of our three characters was entirely different, and gave a correct idea of the state of their minds.

Queen Catherine was near the private door, with her back against the tapestry, and her hand, which held the key, behind her; her face was somewhat pale; a thrill ran through her whole body, for ambition has its mysterious emotions that resemble those of love.

The cardinal, dressed in a costume half military, half ecclesiastical, was near a table covered with papers and trinkets; his closed hand rested firmly on the table, and served him as a support.

Duc François stood far away from both, facing the door; he looked like a champion holding the lists against all comers and ready to meet all blows. His costume was almost military, — the only parts of his armor wanting were the helmet and cuirass; with his long boots all covered with mud, with his great sword clinging to his side, like some inflexible and faithful friend, he had that aspect he knew so well how to assume on the field of battle when waves of enemies broke against the breast of his horse, as the tumultuous waves of ocean break against some sharp-pointed rock. Having uncovered in presence of the royal majesty, he held in his hand his felt hat shaded by a cherry-colored plume; but his lofty figure, straight and rigid as that of an oak, did not vary a particle from its upright posture before the king.

Henri was about to come in collision with that commanding dignity of demeanor which made a certain great lady of the period say that, when in presence of the Duc de Guise, all other gentlemen became common.

He stopped, as the pebble that strikes the wall stops, as the lead that strikes the iron.

“Ah! it is you, my cousin,” said he. “I am astonished to find you here; I believed you were in command of the camp at Compiègne.”

“Exactly like myself, sire,” he answered : “no one could have been more surprised than I was to meet M. de Montmorency at the gates of the Louvre ; I believed him a prisoner in Antwerp.”

Henry bit his lips at this stern reply.

“It is true he is returned, monsieur,” said he ; “but I have paid his ransom, and for two hundred thousand crowns I have had the pleasure of seeing an old servant and a faithful friend again.”

“Does your Majesty estimate at the value of only two hundred thousand crowns the cities you are surrendering, as I am assured, to England, Spain, and Piedmont ? As you are surrendering very nearly two hundred, that would make only a thousand crowns a city.”

“I restore those cities, monsieur, not to ransom M. de Montmorency, but to purchase peace.”

“I had believed until now that—in France, at least—peace was purchased by victories.”

“It is because, being a Lorraine prince, monsieur, you know the history of France badly. Have you forgotten, among others, the treaties of Brétigny and Madrid ?”

“No, sire ; but I did not believe there was identity or even resemblance between the situations. After the battle of Poitiers, King John was a prisoner in London ; after the battle of Pavia, King François I. was a prisoner in Toledo. To-day, King Henri II., at the head of a magnificent army, is the all-powerful tenant of the Louvre. Why, then, renew, in full prosperity, the disasters of the fatal epochs of France ?”

“M. de Guise,” said the king, haughtily, “have you calculated the rights I gave you when I named you lieutenant general of the realm ?”

“Yes, sire. After the disastrous battle of Saint-Laurent, after the heroic defense of Saint-Quentin, when the enemy was at Noyon ; when M. de Nevers had only two or three hundred gentlemen around him ; when affrighted Paris was flying through her broken barriers ; when the king, from the highest tower of the château of Compiègne, was examining the Picardy road, determined to be the last to retire before the enemy, — not like a king who must not expose himself to danger, but like a general, a captain, a soldier who guards a retreat, — you called me, sire, and named me lieutenant of your realm. My right from that moment was to save France, which M. de

Montmorency had ruined. What have I done, sire? I have brought back to France the Army of Italy; I have delivered Bourg; I have torn the keys of your kingdom from the girdle of Queen Mary Tudor by recovering Calais; I have regained Guines, Ham, and Thionville; I have surprised Arlon, repaired the disasters of Gravelines, and after a furious war, have collected in the camp of Compiègne an army twice as numerous as it was at the time I took command. Was that one of my rights, sire?"

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," stammered Henri, embarrassed.

"Then your Majesty must permit me to say that I do not at all understand the question you have just addressed to me, 'Have you calculated the rights I gave you when I named you lieutenant general of the realm?'"

"I meant, M. le Duc, that among the rights which a king gives to one of his subjects, the right of remonstrance is rarely comprised."

"In the first place," replied Duc François, with an inclination so slight and an affectation of courtesy so careless that it became impertinent, "I would take the liberty of drawing your Majesty's attention to the fact that I have not precisely the honor of being your subject; after the death of Duke Albert, the Emperor Henri III. gave the duchy of Upper Lorraine to Gerald of Alsace, first hereditary duke and founder of our house. I received this duchy from my father, and he from his. By the grace of God, what I received from my father I shall leave to my son. If great things may be compared with small, it is what you do, sire, with the kingdom of France."

"Do you know, cousin," said Henri, wishing to give the conversation an ironical turn, "that what you have said inspires me with a certain fear?"

"Fear of what, sire?" asked the duke.

"Fear that France may one day have a war with Lorraine."

The duke bit his lips.

"Sire," he replied, "the fear is more than improbable; but if such a thing should happen, and, as a sovereign prince, I was forced to defend my patrimony against your Majesty, I swear to you it would be only on the breach of my last fortress that I should sign a treaty as disastrous as that to which you have consented."



“M. le Duc!” exclaimed Henri, throwing back his head and raising his voice.

“Sire,” replied M. de Guise, “let me tell you what I think and what all of us think who belong to the *noblesse*. The authority of a constable is such, it is claimed, that in a case of extreme necessity, he may pledge a third of the kingdom. Well, without other necessity than that of leaving a prison of which he is tired, M. le Connétable costs you more than a third of your realm, sire. Yes, of your realm,—for I consider as of your realm all that conquered land of Piedmont which has cost the crown of France more than forty millions of gold, and the soil of France more than a hundred thousand of its children; for I consider of your realm those fine parliaments of Turin and Chambéry which, as well as many others, the late king, your lord and father, instituted there after the French manner; for I consider as of your realm all those fair Transalpine cities in which so many of your subjects had established their households and taken such root that gradually the inhabitants were abandoning their corrupted Italian, and speaking as good French as is spoken in Lyons or Tours.”

“Well,” asked Henri, embarrassed at having to answer such arguments, “for whom do I abandon all this? For my father’s daughter, for my sister Marguerite.”

“No, sire; you abandon it for Duke Emmanuel Philibert, her husband, your most cruel enemy, your most inveterate antagonist. Once married, the Princess Marguerite is no longer the daughter of the king your father; the Princess Marguerite is no longer your sister; the Princess Marguerite is Duchess of Savoy. Now, do you wish me to tell you what will happen, sire? This is what will happen: the Duke of Savoy will no sooner be restored to his dominions than he will tear up all your father has planted there; and this he will do so effectively that all the glory acquired by France in Italy during the last twenty-six or thirty years will be completely extinguished, and you may abandon forever the hope of conquering the duchy of Milan. And yet it is not that which disturbs my mind and afflicts my soul most; it is the fact that you offer such advantages to the lieutenant general of King Philip, to the representative of that Spanish house which is our most fatal enemy. Just think of it, sire! by means of the Alps, all the passes of which Emmanuel Philibert holds, Spain is at the gates of Lyons!—Lyons, which, before this peace, was in

the center of your kingdom, and which to-day is a frontier city."

"Oh, with regard to that matter," replied Henri, "you have no reason at all to be disturbed, cousin. Duke Emmanuel Philibert, in virtue of an arrangement made between us, passes from the Spanish service into ours. Should M. le Connétable die, his sword is promised to the Duke of Savoy."

"And doubtless that is why," replied François de Guise, bitterly, "Duke Emmanuel Philibert took it from him in advance at Saint-Quentin?"

Then as the king made an impatient gesture, —

"Pardon me, sire," continued the duke; "I am wrong, and such questions ought to be treated more seriously. So Duke Emmanuel Philibert is to succeed M. de Montmorency? So M. de Savoie is to hold in his hands the *fleur-de-lis* sword? Well, sire, take care that on the day you place that sword in his possession he does not use it as the Count of Saint-Paul did, who, like the Duke of Savoy, was also a foreigner, being of the house of Luxembourg. King Louis XI. and the Duke of Burgundy also made a peace one fine day, as you wish to do, or have already done, with the King of Spain; one of the conditions of this peace was that the Count of Saint-Paul should be Constable of France, and he was; but he was hardly constable when he began to treacherously support the Duke of Burgundy, his first master, and marched on from treason to treason, as may be read in the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines.'"

"Good!" replied Henri; "since you refer me to the 'Memoirs of Philippe de Comines,' I am willing to base my answer on these Memoirs. What was the result of all the treasons of Saint-Paul? that he lost his head, was it not? Well, listen to this, cousin, on the first treason of Duke Emmanuel, I swear to you, — and you hear this from my own lips, — that he shall be dealt with exactly as was the Constable of Saint-Paul by my predecessor Louis XI. But, thank God! no such necessity will arise," continued the king. "Duke Emmanuel Philibert, far from forgetting what he owes us, will always have before his eyes the position we have made for him. Besides, we retain the marquisate of Saluces in the midst of his territories, as a mark of honor for the crown of France, and in order that the Duke of Savoy, his children and his posterity, may never forget that our kings formerly conquered and possessed all Piedmont and Savoy, but that, in favor of a daughter of France

who married into their house, all these conquests and possessions on both sides of the mountains were restored, or rather made over as a gift, to the said house, to render it, by this boundless liberality, more obedient and devoted to the crown of France."

Then as the king saw that M. de Guise did not seem to set a very high value on this marquisate of Saluces reserved to the crown of France, he added: —

"Moreover, if you will have the goodness to reflect on the matter, you must see as well as I that the seizure of the territories of the poor prince who was father of the present Duke of Savoy was a very tyrannical usurpation on the part of the late king, my lord and father; for he really had not any right at all on his side, and to banish a son in this way from the duchy of his father and strip him of everything, was surely not acting as a good Christian; and though I had no other motive than that of relieving the soul of the king my father from such a sin, I would restore to Emmanuel Philibert what belongs to him."

The duke bowed.

"Well," asked Henri, "you do not answer, M. de Guise?"

"Yes, sire. But since the excitement of your Majesty has led you to accuse even the king your father of tyranny, it is no longer, — I who esteem King François I. a great king and not a tyrant, — it is no longer to King Henri II., it is to King François I. that I have to render an account of my conduct. Just as you have judged your father, sire, your father shall judge me; and as I believe the judgment of the dead more infallible than the judgment of the living, being condemned by the living, I appeal to the dead."

Thereupon, approaching that fine portrait of François I. by Titian which is to-day one of the glories of the Museum of the Louvre, but which then was the chief ornament of the room in which this discussion took place, and which we have just related, with the object of proving to our readers that it was not the edge of the sword, but the fascinating graces of a woman which led to the signing of the fatal treaty of Câteau-Cambrésis, —

"O King François!" said the duke, "you who were armed by Bayard, and called the Knightly King, — a title that contained all the glorious characteristics of the kings your predecessors, — you loved sieges and battles too much during your

life, and were too much attached to your fair realm of France not to view from on high what is passing amongst us! You know what I have done and what I wished to do still; but I am arrested in my career, O my king! and they prefer a peace, the signing of which costs us more than would thirty years of reverses! The sword of a lieutenant general of the kingdom is, then, useless; and as I do not wish it to be said that such a peace was consented to as long as the Duc de Guise had his sword by his side, I, François de Lorraine, who never yet surrendered his sword, surrender it now to you, my king, the first for whom I have drawn it, and who knows its value!"

At these words, the duke loosened the sword from his belt, hung it up as a trophy on the frame of the picture, bowed and went from the room, leaving the King of France furious, the cardinal utterly depressed, and Catherine triumphant.

In fact, the vindictive Florentine saw but one thing in all this: it was the insult offered by François de Guise to Madame de Valentinois, her rival, and to the constable, her enemy.



## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(From the "Lives of Celebrated Women": translated for this work.)

BY THE ABBÉ DE BRANTÔME.

[SEIGNEUR DE BRANTÔME (Pierre de Bourdeilles), the French chronicler, was born of a noble family in Périgord, Gascony, about 1540. He was made Abbé de Brantôme at sixteen, without taking orders; served in the army in Italy, Barbary, and Malta; and passed some years at the court of Charles IX. Upon retirement into private life he wrote his "Memoirs" (1665-1666), which contain valuable information regarding the chief historical persons and events of his time. He died July 15, 1614.]

### HER YOUTH AND MARRIAGE.

AS SHE grew into the flower of her age, one could see great beauty, great virtues, develop in her in such fashion, that on arriving at fifteen her beauty began to display its luster at full noon and efface the sun at his strongest, so fine was the beauty of her person. And in that of her mind she was fully equal; for she had been highly educated in Latin. At the age of

thirteen or fourteen she declaimed before King Henry, the queen, and all the court, publicly in the hall of the Louvre. an oration in Latin which she had composed, maintaining and defending, contrary to the general opinion, that it was quite proper for women to know letters and liberal arts. . . .

So long as she was in France she always reserved two hours a day to study and read ; so that there were hardly any human sciences she could not discourse well upon. Above all, she loved poetry and poets, but especially M. de Ronsard, M. du Bellay, and M. de Maisonfleur, who have made fine poems and elegies for her, and also on her departure from France, which I have often seen her read to herself in France and in Scotland, with tears in her eyes and sighs from her heart.

She turned her attention to being a poet, and composed verses of which I have seen some fine and very well done, and noway resembling those attributed to her as having been made for love of Count Bothwell ; those are too crude and ill-polished to have been taken out of her fine stock. M. de Ronsard was entirely of my opinion in this, as we were talking of it one day and read them. She composed still finer and more elegant ones, and on the moment, as I have often seen her retire into her cabinet and come out directly, that we might show them to some gentlemen who were there with us. Moreover, she wrote very well in prose, and especially in letters, which I have seen extremely fine and eloquent and lofty. Nevertheless, when she chatted with some she was used to speak very sweetly, delicately, and pleasingly, mingled with a very discreet and modest reserve, and, above all, with a very fine grace ; even her native language [Scotch], which in itself is very rustic, uncouth, poor in sound and fitness, she spoke with such fine grace, and shaped in such fashion, that one found it most beautiful and most charming in her, but not in others. . . .

See what virtue that beauty and that grace possessed, to turn a barbaric rudeness into a sweet courtesy and a gracious good breeding ! And one should not be astonished at that, since being dressed in the savage (as I have seen) and barbaric mode of the savages of her country, she seemed, in a mortal body and a rude and barbaric garb, a very goddess,—those who have seen her thus dressed must admit this in utter truth ; and those who have not seen her must have seen her portrait in this costume ; so that I have heard it said to the queen-

mother and to the king that she appeared even more beautiful, more charming, and more desirable, in that than in the others. How she would then appear, exhibiting herself in her fine and rich apparel, it might be after the French or Spanish fashion, or with a bonnet of Italian style, or in the other white garments of her deep mourning, with which she made herself most beautiful to see ! for the whiteness of her countenance strove with the whiteness of the veil she wore ; but at last the workmanship of her veil lost it, and the snow of her white face extinguished the other. . . .

She had still further that perfection which most can set the world on fire, an exceedingly sweet and lovely voice ; for she sang admirably, modulating her voice to the lute, which she touched very prettily with that beautiful white hand and those beautiful fingers so finely molded, which owed nothing to those of Aurora. What more remains to say of her beauties ? Except what has been said of her, that the sun of Scotland was unlike her : for sometimes out of the year that does not shine five hours on her country ; and she always shone so strongly that of her bright rays she sent a portion to the earth and her people, which has more need of light than any other, because by its incline it is very remote from that great sun of heaven. Ah ! Kingdom of Scotland, I believe that now your days are still shorter than they were, and your nights longer, since you have lost that princess who illuminated you. But you have been ungrateful to her, not having known enough to recognize your debt of loyalty as you ought, and as we speak of it elsewhere.

Now, this lady and princess pleased France so much that it prayed King Henry to make an alliance with her, and give her to the Dauphin, his well-beloved son, who on his side had been desperately smitten with her. So the nuptials were solemnly celebrated in the great church and palace of Paris ; where one might see that queen appear a hundred times more beautiful than a goddess from heaven, either at morning going to the espousals in noble majesty, or after dinner proceeding to the ball, or toward evening journeying with modest pace and haughty mien to offer and complete her vow to the hymeneal God : so that every one's voice went spreading and resounding through the court and in the midst of the great city, that a hundred and a hundred times fortunate was the prince who was to be united to that princess ; that if the kingdom of Scotland

was anything of a prize, the queen was worth more ; for even if she had neither scepter or crown, her person alone and her divine beauty were worth a kingdom ; but since she was a queen she brought to France and her husband a double fortune.

This is what the world kept saying of her ; and so she was called the "Dauphine Queen," and the king, her husband, the "Dauphin King" ; and the two lived together in very great love and pleasant concord.

Then, the great King Henry dying, they came to be king and queen of France, king and queen of two great kingdoms ; fortunate and most fortunate both, had not the king her husband been carried off by death, and she in consequence remained a widow in the lovely spring of her loveliest years, and only being able to enjoy all her love, pleasures, and felicities some four years. [Two and a half, in fact.]

#### HER DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

The beginning of autumn having now arrived, the queen, who had delayed long enough, departed from France ; and having traveled by land to Calais, accompanied by all her uncles, M. de Nemours, and the greater part of the lords and gentlemen of the court, and all the ladies, as Madame de Guise and others, all regretting and weeping hot tears for the absence of such a queen—she found at the port two galleys, one of M. de Meullon and the other of Captain Albize, and two freight vessels, for her sole armament : and six days after her sojourn at Calais began, having said her sorrowful adieux, full of sighs, to all the great company there from the greatest down to the least, she embarked, having her uncles with her—Messieurs d'Aunâle, Grand Prior, and D'Elbœuf, and M. d'Anville, to-day the Constable—and many of us nobles who were with her, in the galley of M. de Meullon, the better and handsomer of the two.

Just as she was about to leave the port, and the oars were about to be wetted, she saw a ship enter it on a full sea, and all at once before her eyes sink and perish, and the greater part of the sailors drown, on account of not having properly grasped the current and the depth ; seeing which, she involuntarily cried out, "Ah, my God ! what an augury for my voyage is this !" And the galley having left the port, and a fresh breeze sprung up, it began to make sail, and the convict crew

to rest. She, without thinking of doing otherwise, leaned her two arms on the stern of the galley beside the rudder and melted into great tears, fixing always her beautiful eyes on the port and the place whence she had set out, uttering always these sad words, "Adieu, France! Adieu, France!" repeating them constantly; and she kept up this doleful occupation for nearly five hours, until night began to fall, and she was asked if she would not come away from there and sup a little. Then, redoubling her tears more than ever, she said these words: "It is just at this hour, my dear France, that I lose you wholly from my sight, since the dusky night is jealous of my happiness in seeing you as much as I have been able, and spreads a black veil before my eyes to deprive me of such a possession. Adieu, then, my dear France, I shall never see you more!"

So she retired, saying that she had acted contrary to Dido, who looked only to the sea when Æneas had forsaken her, while herself looked only to the land. She wished to lie down after eating only a salad, but would not go below into her chamber in the stern, so they set up the crossbar of the galley on the height of the stern and prepared her a bed there; but she reposed little, nowise forgetting her sighs and tears. She ordered the helmsman, as soon as it should be dawn, if he could still see and descry the land of France, that he should wake her and not fear to call her. Fortune favored her in this, for the wind having fallen, and recourse had to the oars, scarcely any headway was made that night, so that at daybreak the land of France still appeared; and the helmsman not having failed in the injunction she gave him, she raised herself on her bed, and gave herself once more to the contemplation of France as long as she was able. But the galley leaving it behind, she left her contentment behind, and saw her beautiful land no more. Then she again poured out the words: "Adieu, France! That is ended. Adieu, France! I think I shall never see you more!"

#### THE CHASTELARD AFFAIR.

Before I finish I must say this much yet in answer to some I have heard speak ill of the death of Chastelard, whom the queen sent to execution in Scotland, and tax her with it, and even be so scurvy as to hold that by divine vengeance she had justly



suffered what she had made another suffer. It happens that there is no justice whatever in this story, and that it ought never to exist; and whoever knows the history will not blame our said queen at all: and for that reason I wish to tell it for her justification.

Chastelard, then, was a gentleman of Dauphiny, of good family and name — for he was grandnephew on the mother's side of the brave M. de Bayard; and it was said resembled him in figure, for his was medium and very handsome and slender, as M. de Bayard's was said to be. He was very skillful in arms and alert in everything and all polite exercises, as shooting, playing at the palm [ball], vaulting, and dancing. In short, he was a most accomplished gentleman; and as to his mind, it was also excellent, for he spoke very finely and wrote still better things, even in verse, using a very sweet, refined, and careless poesy.

He followed M. d'Anville — so called at that time, now the Constable; and when we were with him and the Grand Prior, of the house of Lorraine, to escort the said queen, the said Chastelard was with her, and in that company made himself known to the queen what he was in all gentlemanly pursuits and above all in verses; and among others he made a poem upon her out of an Italian translation, for he spoke and understood it well, which began, *Che giova passerdi cittadi e regni*, etc., which is a very well-written sonnet, of which the substance is this: "What avails it to own so many kingdoms, cities, villages, provinces, to command so many peoples, to make one's self respected, feared, admired, and gazed at by every one, and to sleep a widow, alone, and cold as ice?" He made many other very fine verses, which I have seen in his handwriting; for they have never been printed that I have seen.

Then the queen, who loved letters, and especially verses, and sometimes made fine ones, was pleased to see those of the said Chastelard, and even composed an answer to him; and by that means he made himself welcome to her and often conversed with her. Nevertheless he became secretly inflamed with too hot a fire, without its object having anything to do with it; for who can ward off being loved? Men have loved in times past the chastest goddesses and ladies, and love them still, they have even loved marble statues; but for that reason the ladies are not to blame if they do not remain such. Burn who will, then, over secret fires!

Chastelard returned with all the company into France, much afflicted and disheartened at leaving behind so beautiful a being. At the end of a year the first civil war arose in France. He, who was of the Religion, had a struggle with himself which side he should take ; whether to go to Orleans with the rest, or stay with M. d'Anville and with him make war against his religion. The second was too bitter to him, to go against his faith and his conscience ; the former, to bear arms against his lord, troubled him greatly : wherefore he resolved to fight neither for the one nor the other, but banish himself from France and go to Scotland, and let those fight who would, and pass the time there. He opened his purposes to M. d'Anville and disclosed his resolution to him, and begged him to write letters in his favor to the queen ; this he obtained : and having taken leave of one and another, he departed.

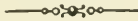
He made and completed his voyage prosperously, since on arriving in Scotland and disclosing his resolution to the queen, she received him humanely, and assured him of being welcome : but abusing that good reception, he wished to assail so lofty a sun that he destroyed himself by it like Phaeton ; for impelled by love and madness, he was so presumptuous as to hide himself under the queen's bed, as was discovered when she wished to retire. But the queen, without making any scandal, pardoned him, supporting herself by the good advice which the maid of honor gave her mistress in the *Nouvelles* of the queen of Navarre [*Heptameron*], when a lord of her brother's court, slipping through a trap-door which he had purposely made in the wall at her bedside, tried to force her, by which he got nothing but shame and a fine scratching ; and wishing to make him smart for his temerity and complain to her brother, her maid of honor counseled her that since he had got nothing but scratches and shame, he had been punished enough : and that thinking to make her honor clear, she would rather dim it, — the honor of a lady being of such a value that it ought never to be put in debate, and that the more it is discussed, the more it goes to the world's nose and then into backbiters' mouths.

Our queen of Scotland, being wise and prudent, so passed over this scandal ; but the said Chastelard, not content and more than ever frantic with love, returned there a second time, having forgotten his first offense and his pardon. Then the queen, for her honor's sake, and to give no occasion to her women to think evil, and indeed to his people if they knew of

it, lost patience, gave him into the hands of justice, which condemned him at once to have his head cut off, seeing the crime he had committed. And on the appointed day, having been led to the scaffold, he had in his hands the hymns of M. Ronsard ; and for his eternal consolation, he set himself to reading entire the hymn on death, which is excellently written and fitting to make one despise death ; supporting himself further with another spiritual book, neither by a minister nor a confessor.

After having done his whole reading, he turned toward the place where he thought the queen was, and cried aloud, " Adieu, most beautiful and most cruel princess of the world ; " and then, with great constancy holding out his neck to the executioner, he let himself be very easily dispatched.

Some have tried to discuss why he called her so cruel, or if it was that she had not had pity on his love or his life. As to that, what could she do ? If, after the first pardon, she had given the second, she would have been scandaled everywhere ; and to save her honor, justice had to use its right : and that is the end of the story.



## MARY'S ESCAPE FOILED.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From "The Abbot." For biographical sketch, see page 13.)

[After Carberry Height and the flight of her husband, Bothwell, Queen Mary was imprisoned in the tiny isle of Lochleven in Kinross. The Protestant lords sent envoys to force her to sign her recantation. Except for Roland Graeme, the hero of the novel, who partly plays the rôle of the real Sir James Melville, the scene is historical.]

WHEN Roland Graeme had finished his repast, having his dismissal from the Queen for the evening, and being little inclined for such society as the castle afforded, he stole into the garden, in which he had permission to spend his leisure time when it pleased him. In this place the ingenuity of the contriver and disposer of the walks had exerted itself to make the most of little space, and by screens, both of stone ornamented with rude sculpture and hedges of living green, had endeavored to give as much intricacy and variety as the confined limits of the garden would admit.

Here the young man walked sadly, considering the events of the day, and comparing what had dropped from the Abbot with what he had himself noticed of the demeanor of George Douglas. "It must be so," was the painful but inevitable conclusion at which he arrived. "It must be by his aid that she is thus enabled, like a phantom, to transport herself from place to place, and to appear at pleasure on the mainland or on the islet. It must be so," he repeated once more; "with him she holds a close, secret, and intimate correspondence, altogether inconsistent with the eye of favor which she has sometimes cast upon me, and destructive to the hopes which she must have known these glances have necessarily inspired." And yet (for love will hope where reason despairs) the thought rushed on his mind that it was possible she only encouraged Douglas' passion so far as might serve her mistress' interest, and that she was of too frank, noble, and candid a nature to hold out to himself hopes which she meant not to fulfill.

The sun had now for some time set, and the twilight of May was rapidly falling into a serene night. On the lake the expanded water rose and fell, with the slightest and softest influence of a southern breeze, which scarcely dimpled the surface over which it passed. In the distance was still seen the dim outline of the island of Saint Serf, once visited by many a sandaled pilgrim, as the blessed spot trodden by a man of God — now neglected or violated as the refuge of lazy priests, who had with justice been compelled to give place to the sheep and the heifers of a Protestant baron.

As Roland gazed on the dark speck amid the lighter blue of the waters which surrounded it, the mazes of polemical discussion again stretched themselves before the eye of his mind. Had these men justly suffered their exile as licentious drones, the robbers, at once, and disgrace of the busy hive? or had the hand of avarice and rapine expelled from the temple, not the ribalds who polluted, but the faithful priests who served the shrine in honor and fidelity? The arguments of Henderson, in this contemplative hour, rose with double force before him, and could scarcely be parried by the appeal which the Abbot Ambrosius had made from his understanding to his feelings — an appeal which he had felt more forcibly amid the bustle of stirring life than now, when his reflections were more undisturbed. It required an effort to divert his mind from this

embarrassing topic ; and he found that he best succeeded by turning his eyes to the front of the tower, watching where a twinkling light still streamed from the casement of Catherine Seyton's apartment, obscured by times for a moment as the shadow of the fair inhabitant passed betwixt the taper and the window. At length the light was removed or extinguished, and that object of speculation was also withdrawn from the eyes of the meditative lover. Dare I confess the fact, without injuring his character forever as a hero of romance? These eyes gradually became heavy ; speculative doubts on the subject of religious controversy, and anxious conjectures concerning the state of his mistress' affections, became confusedly blended together in his musings ; the fatigues of a busy day prevailed over the harassing subjects of contemplation which occupied his mind, and he fell fast asleep.

Sound were his slumbers, until they were suddenly dispelled by the iron tongue of the castle bell, which sent its deep and sullen sounds wide over the bosom of the lake, and awakened the echoes of Bennarty, the hill which descends steeply on its southern bank. Roland started up, for this bell was always tolled at ten o'clock, as the signal for locking the castle gates and placing the keys under the charge of the seneschal. He therefore hastened to the wicket by which the garden communicated with the building, and had the mortification, just as he reached it, to hear the bolt leave its sheath with a discordant crash, and enter the stone groove of the door lintel.

"Hold, hold," cried the page, "and let me in ere you lock the wicket."

The voice of Dryfesdale replied from within, in his usual tone of embittered sullenness, "The hour is passed, fair master — you like not the inside of these walls — even make it a complete holiday, and spend the night as well as the day out of bounds."

"Open the door," exclaimed the indignant page, "or, by Saint Giles, I will make thy gold chain smoke for it !"

"Make no alarm here," retorted the impenetrable Dryfesdale, "but keep thy sinful oaths and silly threats for those that regard them — I do mine office, and carry the keys to the seneschal. — Adieu, my young master ! the cool night air will advantage your hot blood."

The steward was right in what he said ; for the cooling breeze was very necessary to appease the feverish fit of anger

which Roland experienced, nor did the remedy succeed for some time. At length, after some hasty turns made through the garden, exhausting his passion in vain vows of vengeance, Roland Graeme began to be sensible that his situation ought rather to be held as a matter of laughter than of serious resentment. To one bred a sportsman, a night spent in the open air had in it little of hardship, and the poor malice of the steward seemed more worthy of his contempt than his anger. "I would to God," he said, "that the grim old man may always have contented himself with such sportive revenge. He often looks as he were capable of doing us a darker turn." Returning, therefore, to the turf seat which he had formerly occupied, and which was partially sheltered by a trim fence of green holly, he drew his mantle around him, stretched himself at length on the verdant settle, and endeavored to resume that sleep which the castle bell had interrupted to so little purpose.

Sleep, like other earthly blessings, is niggard of its favors when most courted. The more Roland invoked her aid, the farther she fled from his eyelids. He had been completely awakened, first, by the sounds of the bell, and then by his own aroused vivacity of temper, and he found it difficult again to compose himself to slumber. At length, when his mind was wearied out with a maze of unpleasing meditation, he succeeded in coaxing himself into a broken slumber. This was again dispelled by the voices of two persons who were walking in the garden, the sound of whose conversation, after mingling for some time in the page's dreams, at length succeeded in awakening him thoroughly. He raised himself from his reclining posture in the utmost astonishment, which the circumstance of hearing two persons at that late hour conversing on the outside of the watchfully guarded Castle of Lochleven was so well calculated to excite. His first thought was of supernatural beings; his next, upon some attempt on the part of Queen Mary's friends and followers; his last was, that George of Douglas, possessed of the keys, and having the means of ingress and egress at pleasure, was availing himself of his office to hold a rendezvous with Catherine Seyton in the castle garden. He was confirmed in this opinion by the tone of the voice, which asked in a low whisper, "whether all was ready?"

Roland Graeme, availing himself of a breach in the holly screen, and of the assistance of the full moon, which was now

arisen, had a perfect opportunity, himself unobserved, to reconnoiter the persons and the motions of those by whom his rest had been thus unexpectedly disturbed; and his observations confirmed his jealous apprehensions. They stood together in close and earnest conversation within four yards of the place of his retreat, and he could easily recognize the tall form and deep voice of Douglas, and the no less remarkable dress and tone of the page at the hostelry of Saint Michael's.

"I have been at the door of the page's apartment," said Douglas, "but he is not there, or he will not answer. It is fast bolted on the inside, as is the custom, and we cannot pass through it — and what his silence may bode I know not."

"You have trusted him too far," said the other; "a feather-headed coxcomb, upon whose changeable mind and hot brain there is no making an abiding impression."

"It was not I who was willing to trust him," said Douglas; "but I was assured he would prove friendly when called upon — for ——" Here he spoke so low that Roland lost the tenor of his words, which was the more provoking, as he was fully aware that he was himself the subject of their conversation.

"Nay," replied the stranger, more aloud, "I have on my side put him off with fair words, which make fools fain — but now, if you distrust him at the push, deal with him with your dagger, and so make open passage."

"That were too rash," said Douglas; "and besides, as I told you, the door of his apartment is shut and bolted. I will essay again to waken him."

Graeme instantly comprehended that the ladies, having been somehow made aware of his being in the garden, had secured the door of the outer room in which he usually slept, as a sort of sentinel upon that only access to the Queen's apartments. But then, how came Catherine Seyton to be abroad, if the Queen and the other lady were still within their chambers, and the access to them locked and bolted? — "I will be instantly at the bottom of these mysteries," he said, "and then thank Mistress Catherine, if this be really she, for the kind use which she exhorted Douglas to make of his dagger — they seek me, as I comprehend, and they shall not seek me in vain."

Douglas had by this time reëntered the castle by the wicket, which was now open. The stranger stood alone in the garden walk, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast impatiently up to the moon, as if accusing her of betraying

him by the magnificence of her luster. In a moment Roland Graeme stood before him. — “A goodly night,” he said, “Mistress Catherine, for a young lady to stray forth in disguise, and to meet with men in an orchard!”

“Hush!” said the stranger page, “hush, thou foolish patch, and tell us in a word if thou art friend or foe.”

“How should I be friend to one who deceives me by fair words, and who would have Douglas deal with me with his poniard?” replied Roland.

“The fiend receive George of Douglas, and thee too, thou born madcap, and sworn marplot!” said the other; “we shall be discovered, and then death is the word.”

“Catherine,” said the page, “you have dealt falsely and cruelly with me, and the moment of explanation is now come — neither it nor you shall escape me.”

“Madman!” said the stranger, “I am neither Kate nor Catherine — the moon shines bright enough surely to know the hart from the hind.”

“That shift shall not serve you, fair mistress,” said the page, laying hold on the lap of the stranger’s cloak; “this time, at least, I will know with whom I deal.”

“Unhand me,” said she, endeavoring to extricate herself from his grasp; and in a tone where anger seemed to contend with a desire to laugh, “Use you so little discretion toward a daughter of Seyton?”

But as Roland, encouraged perhaps by her risibility to suppose his violence was not unpardonably offensive, kept hold on her mantle, she said, in a sterner tone of unmixed resentment, “Madman, let me go! — there is life and death in this moment — I would not willingly hurt thee, and yet beware!”

As she spoke, she made a sudden effort to escape, and in doing so, a pistol, which she carried in her hand or about her person, went off.

The warlike sound instantly awakened the well-warded castle. The warder blew his horn, and began to toll the castle bell, crying out at the same time, “Fie, treason! treason! cry all! cry all!”

The apparition of Catherine Seyton, which the page had let loose in the first moment of astonishment, vanished in darkness, but the plash of oars was heard, and in a second or two five or six arquebuses and a falconet were fired from the battlements of the castle successively, as if leveled at some object



on the water. Confounded with these incidents, no way for Catherine's protection (supposing her to be in the boat which he had heard put from the shore) occurred to Roland, save to have recourse to George of Douglas. He hastened for this purpose toward the apartment of the Queen, whence he heard loud voices and much trampling of feet. When he entered, he found himself added to a confused and astonished group, which, assembled in that apartment, stood gazing upon each other. At the upper end of the room stood the Queen, equipped as for a journey, and attended not only by the Lady Fleming, but by the omnipresent Catherine Seyton, dressed in the habit of her own sex, and bearing in her hand the casket in which Mary kept such jewels as she had been permitted to retain. At the other end of the hall was the Lady of Lochleven, hastily dressed, as one startled from slumber by the sudden alarm, and surrounded by domestics, some bearing torches, others holding naked swords, partisans, pistols, or such other weapons as they had caught up in the hurry of a night alarm. Betwixt these two parties stood George of Douglas, his arms folded on his breast, his eyes bent on the ground, like a criminal who knows not how to deny, yet continues unwilling to avow, the guilt in which he has been detected.

"Speak, George of Douglas," said the Lady of Lochleven; "speak, and clear the horrid suspicion which rests on thy name. Say 'A Douglas was never faithless to his trust, and I am a Douglas.' Say this, my dearest son, and it is all I ask thee to say to clear thy name, even under such a foul charge. Say it was but the wile of these unhappy women, and this false boy, which plotted an escape so fatal to Scotland—so destructive to thy father's house."

"Madam," said old Dryfesdale, the steward, "this much do I say for this silly page, that he could not be accessory to unlocking the doors, since I myself this night bolted him out of the castle. Whoever limned this night piece, the lad's share in it seems to have been small."

"Thou liest, Dryfesdale," said the Lady, "and wouldst throw the blame on thy master's house, to save the worthless life of a gypsy boy."

"His death were more desirable to me than his life," answered the steward, sullenly; "but the truth is the truth."

At these words Douglas raised his head, drew up his figure to its full height, and spoke boldly and sedately, as one whose

resolution was taken. "Let no life be endangered for me. I alone ——"

"Douglas," said the Queen, interrupting him, "art thou mad? Speak not, I charge you."

"Madam," he replied, bowing with the deepest respect, "gladly would I obey your commands, but they must have a victim, and let it be the true one. Yes, madam," he continued, addressing the Lady of Lochleven, "I alone am guilty in this matter. If the word of a Douglas has yet any weight with you, believe me that this boy is innocent; and on your conscience I charge you do him no wrong; nor let the Queen suffer hardship for embracing the opportunity of freedom which sincere loyalty — which a sentiment yet deeper — offered to her acceptance. Yes! I had planned the escape of the most beautiful, the most persecuted, of women; and far from regretting that I, for a while, deceived the malice of her enemies, I glory in it, and am most willing to yield up life itself in her cause."

"Now may God have compassion on my age," said the Lady of Lochleven, "and enable me to bear this load of affliction! O Princess, born in a luckless hour, when will you cease to be the instrument of seduction and of ruin to all who approach you? O ancient house of Lochleven, famed so long for birth and honor, evil was the hour which brought the deceiver under thy roof!"

"Say not so, madam," replied her grandson; "the old honors of the Douglas line will be outshone, when one of its descendants dies for the most injured of Queens — for the most lovely of women."

"Douglas," said the Queen, "must I at this moment — ay, even at this moment, when I may lose a faithful subject forever, chide thee for forgetting what is due to me as thy Queen?"

"Wretched boy," said the distracted Lady of Lochleven, "hast thou fallen even thus far into the snare of this Moabish woman? — hast thou bartered thy name, thy allegiance, thy knightly oath, thy duty to thy parents, thy country, and thy God, for a feigned tear, or a sickly smile, from lips which flattered the infirm Francis — lured to death the idiot Darnley — read luscious poetry with the minion Chastelar — mingled in the lays of love which were sung by the beggar Rizzio — and which were joined in rapture to those of the foul and licentious Bothwell!"

“Blaspheme not, madam!” said Douglas; “nor you, fair Queen, and virtuous as fair, chide at this moment the presumption of thy vassal!—Think not that the mere devotion of a subject could have moved me to the part I have been performing. Well you deserve that each of your lieges should die for you; but I have done more—have done that to which love alone could compel a Douglas—I have dissembled.—Farewell, then, Queen of all hearts, and Empress of that of Douglas!—When you are freed from this vile bondage—as freed you shall be, if justice remains in Heaven—and when you load with honors and titles the happy man who shall deliver you, cast one thought on him whose heart would have despised every reward for a kiss of your hand—cast one thought on his fidelity, and drop one tear on his grave.” And throwing himself at her feet, he seized her hand and pressed it to his lips.

“This before my face!” exclaimed the Lady of Lochleven—“wilt thou court thy adulterous paramour before the eyes of a parent?—tear them asunder, and put him under strict ward! Seize him, upon your lives!” she added, seeing that her attendants looked on each other with hesitation.

“They are doubtful,” said Mary. “Save thyself, Douglas, I command thee!”

He started up from the floor, and only exclaiming, “My life or death are yours, and at your disposal!” drew his sword, and broke through those who stood betwixt him and the door. The enthusiasm of his onset was too sudden and too lively to have been opposed by anything short of the most decided opposition; and as he was both loved and feared by his father’s vassals, none of them would offer him actual injury.

The Lady of Lochleven stood astonished at his sudden escape.—“Am I surrounded,” she said, “by traitors? Upon him, villains!—pursue, stab, cut him down!”

“He cannot leave the island, madam,” said Dryfesdale, interfering; “I have the key of the boat chain.”

But two or three voices of those who pursued from curiosity, or command of their mistress, exclaimed from below that he had cast himself into the lake.

“Brave Douglas still!” exclaimed the Queen.—“Oh, true and noble heart, that prefers death to imprisonment!”

“Fire upon him!” said the Lady of Lochleven; “if there

be here a true servant of his father, let him shoot the runagate dead, and let the lake cover our shame !”

The report of a gun or two was heard, but they were probably shot rather to obey the Lady than with any purpose of hitting the mark ; and Randal immediately entering, said that Master George had been taken up by a boat from the castle, which lay at a little distance.

“Man a barge, and pursue them !” said the Lady.

“It were quite vain,” said Randal ; “by this time they are halfway to shore, and a cloud has come over the moon.”

“And has the traitor then escaped ?” said the Lady, pressing her hands against her forehead with a gesture of despair ; “the honor of our house is forever gone, and all will be deemed accomplices in this base treachery.”

“Lady of Lochleven,” said Mary, advancing toward her, “you have this night cut off my fairest hopes—you have turned my expected freedom into bondage, and dashed away the cup of joy in the very instant I was advancing it to my lips—and yet I feel for your sorrow the pity that you deny to mine.—Gladly would I comfort you if I might ; but as I may not, I would at least part from you in charity.”

“Away, proud woman !” said the Lady ; “who ever knew so well as thou to deal the deepest wounds under the pretense of kindness and courtesy ?—Who, since the great traitor, could ever so betray with a kiss ?”

“Lady Douglas of Lochleven,” said the Queen, “in this moment thou canst not offend me—no, not even by thy coarse and unwomanly language, held to me in the presence of menials and armed retainers. I have this night owed so much to one member of the house of Lochleven, as to cancel whatever its mistress can do or say in the wildness of her passion.”

“We are bounden to you, Princess,” said Lady Lochleven, putting a strong constraint on herself, and passing from her tone of violence to that of bitter irony ; “our poor house hath been but seldom graced with royal smiles, and will hardly, with my choice, exchange their rough honesty for such court honor as Mary of Scotland has now to bestow.”

“They,” replied Mary, “who knew so well how to *take*, may think themselves excused from the obligation implied in receiving. And that I have now little to offer is the fault of the Douglasses and their allies.”

“Fear nothing, madam,” replied the Lady of Lochleven, in

the same bitter tone ; “ you retain an exchequer which neither your own prodigality can drain, nor your offended country deprive you of. While you have fair words and delusive smiles at command, you need no other bribes to lure youth to folly.”

The Queen cast not an ungratified glance on a large mirror which, hanging on one side of the apartment, and illuminated by the torchlight, reflected her beautiful face and person. “ Our hostess grows complaisant,” she said, “ my Fleming ; we had not thought that grief and captivity had left us so well stored with that sort of wealth which ladies prize most dearly.”

“ Your Grace will drive this severe woman frantic,” said Fleming, in a low tone. “ On my knees I implore you to remember she is already dreadfully offended, and that we are in her power.”

“ I will not spare her, Fleming,” answered the Queen ; “ it is against my nature. She returned my honest sympathy with insult and abuse, and I will gall her in return — if her words are too blunt for answer, let her use her poniard if she dare !”

“ The Lady Lochleven,” said the Lady Fleming, aloud, “ would surely do well now to withdraw, and to leave her Grace to repose.”

“ Ay,” replied the Lady, “ or to leave her Grace, and her Grace’s minions, to think what silly fly they may next wrap their meshes about. My eldest son is a widower — were he not more worthy the flattering hopes with which you have seduced his brother ? — True, the yoke of marriage has been already thrice fitted on — but the church of Rome calls it a sacrament, and its votaries may deem it one in which they cannot too often participate.”

“ And the votaries of the church of Geneva,” replied Mary, coloring with indignation, “ as they deem marriage *no* sacrament, are said at times to dispense with the holy ceremony.” Then, as if afraid of the consequences of this home allusion to the errors of Lady Lochleven’s early life, the Queen added, “ Come, my Fleming, we grace her too much by this altercation ; we will to our sleeping apartment. If she would disturb us again to-night, she must cause the door to be forced.” So saying, she retired to her bedroom, followed by her two women.

Lady Lochleven, stunned as it were by this last sarcasm, and not the less deeply incensed that she had drawn it upon herself, remained like a statue on the spot which she had occupied when

she received an affront so flagrant. Dryfesdale and Randal endeavored to rouse her to recollection by questions.

"What is your honorable Ladyship's pleasure in the premises?"

"Shall we not double the sentinels, and place one upon the boats and another in the garden?" said Randal.

"Would you that dispatches were sent to Sir William at Edinburgh, to acquaint him with what has happened?" demanded Dryfesdale; "and ought not the place of Kinross to be alarmed, lest there be force upon the shores of the lake?"

"Do all as thou wilt," said the Lady, collecting herself, and about to depart. "Thou hast the name of a good soldier, Dryfesdale, take all precautions. — Sacred Heaven! that I should be thus openly insulted!"

"Would it be your pleasure," said Dryfesdale, hesitating, "that this person — this Lady — be more severely restrained?"

"No, vassal!" answered the Lady, indignantly, "my revenge stoops not to so low a gratification. But I will have more worthy vengeance, or the tomb of my ancestors shall cover my shame!"

"And you shall have it, madam," replied Dryfesdale. "Ere two suns go down you shall term yourself amply revenged."

The Lady made no answer — perhaps did not hear his words, as she presently left the apartment. By the command of Dryfesdale, the rest of the attendants were dismissed, some to do the duty of guard, others to their repose. The steward himself remained after they had all departed; and Roland Graeme, who was alone in the apartment, was surprised to see the old soldier advance toward him with an air of greater cordiality than he had ever before assumed to him, but which sat ill on his scowling features.

"Youth," he said, "I have done thee some wrong — it is thine own fault, for thy behavior hath seemed as light to me as the feather thou wearest in thy hat; and surely thy fantastic apparel, and idle humor of mirth and folly, have made me construe thee something harshly. But I saw this night from my casement (as I looked out to see how thou hadst disposed of thyself in the garden), I saw, I say, the true efforts which thou didst make to detain the companion of the perfidy of him who is no longer worthy to be called by his father's name, but must be cut off from his house like a rotten branch. I was just about to come to thy assistance when the pistol went off, and

the warden (a false knave, whom I suspect to be bribed for the nonce) saw himself forced to give the alarm, which, perchance, till then he had willfully withheld. To atone, therefore, for my injustice toward you, I would willingly render you a courtesy, if you would accept of it from my hands."

"May I first crave to know what it is?" replied the page.

"Simply to carry the news of this discovery to Holyrood, where thou mayest do thyself much grace, as well with the Earl of Morton and the Regent himself, as with Sir William Douglas, seeing thou hast seen the matter from end to end, and borne faithful part therein. The making thine own fortune will be thus lodged in thine own hand, when I trust thou wilt estrange thyself from foolish vanities, and learn to walk in this world as one who thinks upon the next."

"Sir Steward," said Roland Graeme, "I thank you for your courtesy, but I may not do your errand. I pass that I am the Queen's sworn servant, and may not be of counsel against her. But, setting this apart, methinks it were a bad road to Sir William of Lochleven's favor to be the first to tell him of his son's defection — neither would the Regent be over well pleased to hear the infidelity of his vassal, nor Morton to learn the falsehood of his kinsman."

"Um!" said the steward, making that inarticulate sound which expresses surprise mingled with displeasure. "Nay, then, even fly where ye list; for, giddy-pated as ye may be, you know how to bear you in the world."

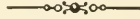
"I will show you my esteem is less selfish than ye think for," said the page; "for I hold truth and mirth to be better than gravity and cunning — ay, and in the end to be a match for them. You never loved me less, Sir Steward, than you do at this moment. I know you will give me no real confidence, and I am resolved to accept no false protestations as current coin. Resume your old course — suspect me as much and watch me as closely as you will, I bid you defiance — you have met with your match."

"By Heaven, young man," said the steward, with a look of bitter malignity, "if thou darest to attempt any treachery toward the House of Lochleven, thy head shall blacken in the sun from the warder's turret!"

"He cannot commit treachery who refuses trust," said the page; "and for my head, it stands as securely on my shoulders, as on any turret that ever mason built."

“Farewell, thou prating and speckled pie,” said Dryfesdale, “thou art so vain of thine idle tongue and variegated coat! Beware trap and lime twig.”

“And fare thee well, thou hoarse old raven,” answered the page; “thy solemn flight, sable hue, and deep croak are no charms against birdbolt or hailshot, and that thou mayest find—it is open war betwixt us, each for the cause of our mistress, and God show the right!”



## THE BATTLE OF MONCONTOUR.

By LORD MACAULAY.

OH, WEEP for Moncontour! oh, weep for the hour  
When the children of darkness and evil had power,  
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod  
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh, weep for Moncontour! oh, weep for the slain,  
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain;  
Oh, weep for the living, who linger to bear  
The renegades' shame, or the exiles' despair.

Oh look, one last look, to our eots and our towers,  
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,  
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,  
Where we fondly had dreamed that our *o'vn* would be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,  
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome,  
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,  
To the pride of Anjou and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,  
To the song of thy youths and the dance of thy maids,  
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,  
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave  
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave.  
Our hearths we abandon; our lands we resign;  
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.



## THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

BY JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

(From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 26.]

ON THE 1st of September, Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zealand with a small number of vessels, and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zealanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "Sea Beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither king, kaiser, nor pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defenses. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes, which kept out the water; upon the level territory, thus encircled, were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages

and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King, the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half foot above water, should be taken possession of, at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished, by surprise, and in a masterly manner. The few Spaniards who had been stationed upon the dike were all dispatched or driven off, and the patriots fortified themselves upon it, without the loss of a man. As the day dawned the Spaniards saw the fatal error which they had committed in leaving this bulwark so feebly defended, and from two villages which stood close to the dike, the troops now rushed in considerable force to recover what they had lost. A hot action succeeded, but the patriots had too securely established themselves. They completely defeated the enemy, who retired, leaving hundreds of dead on the field, and the patriots in complete possession of the Land-scheiding. This first action was sanguinary and desperate. It gave an earnest of what these people, who came to relieve their brethren, by sacrificing their property and their lives, were determined to effect. It gave a revolting proof, too, of the intense hatred which nerved their arms. A Zealander, having struck down a Spaniard on the dike, knelt on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his bosom, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, "Tis too bitter." The Spanish heart was, however, rescued, and kept for years, with the marks of the soldier's teeth upon it, a sad testimonial of the ferocity engendered by this war for national existence.

The great dike having been thus occupied, no time was lost in breaking it through in several places, a work which was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy. The fleet sailed through the gaps; but, after their passage had been effected in good order, the Admiral found, to his surprise, that it was not the only rampart to be carried. The Prince had been informed, by those who claimed to know the country, that, when once the Land-scheiding had been passed, the water would flood the country as far as Leyden, but the "Greenway," another long dike, three quarters of a mile farther inward, now rose at least a foot above the water, to oppose their further progress. Fortunately, by a second and still more culpable carelessness, this dike had been left by the Spaniards in as unprotected a state as the first had been.

Promptly and audaciously Admiral Boisot took possession of this barrier also, leveled it in many places, and brought his flotilla, in triumph, over its ruins. Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. A large mere, called the Fresh-water Lake, was known to extend itself directly in his path about midway between the Land-scheiding and the city. To this piece of water, into which he expected to have instantly floated, his only passage lay through one deep canal. The sea which had thus far borne him on, now diffusing itself over a very wide surface, and under the influence of an adverse wind, had become too shallow for his ships. The canal alone was deep enough, but it led directly towards a bridge strongly occupied by the enemy. Hostile troops, moreover, to the amount of three thousand occupied both sides of the canal. The bold Boisot, nevertheless, determined to force his passage, if possible. Selecting a few of his strongest vessels, his heaviest artillery, and his bravest sailors, he led the van himself, in a desperate attempt to make his way to the mere. He opened a hot fire upon the bridge, then converted into a fortress, while his men engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a succession of skirmishers from the troops along the canal. After losing a few men, and ascertaining the impregnable position of the enemy, he was obliged to withdraw, defeated, and almost despairing.

A week had elapsed since the great dike had been pierced, and the flotilla now lay motionless in shallow water, having accomplished less than two miles. The wind, too, was easterly, causing the sea rather to sink than to rise. Everything wore a gloomy aspect, when, fortunately, on the 18th, the wind shifted to the northwest, and for three days blew a gale. The waters rose rapidly, and before the second day was closed the armada was afloat again. Some fugitives from Zoetermeer village now arrived, and informed the Admiral that, by making a detour to the right, he could completely circumvent the bridge and the mere. They guided him, accordingly, to a comparatively low dike, which led between the villages of Zoetermeer and Benthuyzen. A strong force of Spaniards was stationed in each place, but, seized with a panic, instead of sallying to defend the barrier, they fled inward towards Leyden, and halted at the village of North Aa. It was natural that they should be amazed. Nothing is more appalling to the imagination than the rising ocean tide, when man feels himself within its power; and here were the waters, hourly deepening and

closing around them, devouring the earth beneath their feet, while on the waves rode a flotilla manned by a determined race, whose courage and ferocity were known throughout the world. The Spanish soldiers, brave as they were on land, were not sailors, and in the naval contests which had taken place between them and the Hollanders had been almost invariably defeated. It was not surprising, in these amphibious skirmishes, where discipline was of little avail, and habitual audacity faltered at the vague dangers which encompassed them, that the foreign troops should lose their presence of mind.

Three barriers, one within the other, had now been passed, and the flotilla, advancing with the advancing waves, and driving the enemy steadily before it, was drawing nearer to the beleaguered city. As one circle after another was passed, the besieging army found itself compressed within a constantly contracting field. The "Ark of Delft," an enormous vessel, with shot-proof bulwarks, and moved by paddle wheels turned by a crank, now arrived at Zoetermeer, and was soon followed by the whole fleet. After a brief delay, sufficient to allow the few remaining villagers to escape, both Zoetermeer and Bent-huyzen, with the fortifications, were set on fire, and abandoned to their fate. The blaze lighted up the desolate and watery waste around, and was seen at Leyden, where it was hailed as the beacon of hope. Without further impediment, the armada proceeded to North Aa, the enemy retreating from this position also, and flying to Zoterwoude, a strongly fortified village but a mile and three quarters from the city walls. It was now swarming with troops, for the bulk of the besieging army had gradually been driven into a narrow circle of forts, within the immediate neighborhood of Leyden. . . .

The fleet was, however, delayed at North Aa by another barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad

Zealanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitered the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds,

found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Paneras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your dis-

posal ; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat eaters and dog eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together, in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to

attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacher-



ous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boathook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the mean time, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist. — “Yonder,” cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, “yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?” “We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,” was the reply, “before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us.” It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against

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

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a deathlike stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leiderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

## THE ARAUCANA.

BY ALONZA DE ERCILLA.

(Translation and Summaries by William Hayley.)

[ALONZO ERCILLA Y ZUÑIGA, Spanish poet, was born at Bermeo, Bay of Biscay, about 1530; entered the service of Philip II.; joined the expedition against the native Araucanians of Chile, and while campaigning, wrote his famous epic "The Araucana" on scraps of paper and leather. After his return he was chamberlain to Emperor Rudolf II.; lived in Madrid, very poor, from 1580 on, and died in 1595.]

THE poem opens with the following exposition of the subject:—

I sing not love of ladies, nor of sights  
Devised for gentle dames by courteous knights:  
Nor feasts, nor tourneys, nor that tender care  
Which prompts the Gallant to regale the Fair;  
But the bold deeds of Valor's fav'rite train,  
Those undegenerate sons of warlike Spain,  
Who made Arauco their stern laws embrace,  
And bent beneath their yoke her untamed race.  
Of tribes distinguished in the field I sing;  
Of nations who disdain the name of king;  
Courage, that danger only taught to grow,  
And challenge honor from a generous foe;  
And persevering toils of purest fame,  
And feats that aggrandize the Spanish name:  
For the brave actions of the vanquished spread  
The brightest glory round the victor's head.

The poet devotes his first canto to the description of that part of the New World which forms the scene of his action, and is called Arauco, a district in the province of Chile. He paints the singular character and various customs of its warlike inhabitants with great clearness and spirit. In many points they bear a striking resemblance to the ancient Germans, as they are drawn by the strong pencil of Tacitus. The first canto closes with a brief account how this martial province was subdued by a Spanish officer named Valdivia; with an intimation that his negligence in his new dominion gave birth to those important exploits which the poet proposes to celebrate.

## CANTO II.

Many there are who, in this mortal strife,  
 Have reached the slippery heights of splendid life :  
 For Fortune's ready hand its succor lent ;  
 Smiling she raised them up the steep ascent,  
 To hurl them headlong from that lofty seat  
 To which she led their unsuspecting feet ;  
 E'en at the moment when all fears disperse,  
 And their proud fancy sees no sad reverse.  
 Little they think, beguiled by fair success,  
 That Joy is but the herald of Distress :  
 The hasty wing of Time escapes their sight,  
 And those dark evils that attend his flight :  
 vainly they dream, with gay presumption warm,  
 Fortune for them will take a steadier form ;  
 She, unconcerned at what her victims feel,  
 Turns with her wonted haste her fatal wheel.

The Indian first, by novelty dismayed,  
 As Gods revered us, and as Gods obeyed ;  
 But when they found we were of woman born,  
 Their homage turned to enmity and scorn :  
 Their childish error when our weakness showed,  
 They blushed at what their ignorance bestowed ;  
 Fiercely they burnt with anger and with shame,  
 To see their masters but of mortal frame.  
 Disdaining cold and cowardly delay,  
 They seek atonement, on no distant day :  
 Prompt and resolved, in quick debate they join,  
 To form of deep revenge their dire design.  
 Impatient that their bold decree should spread,  
 And shake the world around with sudden dread,  
 Th' assembling Chieftains led so large a train,  
 Their ready host o'erspread th' extensive plain.  
 No summons now the soldier's heart requires ;  
 The thirst of battle every breast inspires ;  
 No pay, no promise of reward, they ask,  
 Keen to accomplish their spontaneous task ;  
 And, by the force of one avenging blow,  
 Crush and annihilate their foreign foe.  
 Of some brave Chiefs, who to this council came,  
 Well mayst thou, Memory, preserve the name ;  
 Tho' rude and savage, yet of noble soul,  
 Justly they claim their place on Glory's roll,

Who, robbing Spain of many a gallant son,  
 In so confined a space such victories won;  
 Whose fame some living Spaniards yet may spread,  
 Too well attested by our warlike dead.

The poet proceeds to mention the principal chieftains, and the number of their respective vassals.

Tucapel stands first, renowned for the most inveterate enmity to the Christians, and leader of three thousand vassals. Some sixty thousand in all are brought to the assembly. Peteguelen, lord of the valley of Arauco, prevented from personal attendance by the Christians, dispatches six thousand of his retainers to the assembly. The lord of the maritime province of Pilmayquen, the bold Caupolican, is also unable to appear at the opening of the council.

The valley where they met for their consultations is thus described by Ercilla, who probably had seen it:—

In an umbrageous vale the seniors meet,  
 Embosomed deep in woods, a cool retreat,  
 Where gentle Flora sheds her annual blooms,  
 And with her fragrant scents the air perfumes.  
 The sweet perfumes the Zephyrs waft away,  
 Deep whispering through the groves in wanton play;  
 And to the limpid stream that purls below  
 The rising gales in solemn concert blow.  
 Here in a sylvan theater, they find  
 An ample space, where all their tribes combined  
 Could meet at large to banquet, or debate  
 In graver mood the business of the State.  
 Th' assembling clans within this bowery scene  
 Repose, where scarce a fiery shaft between  
 From Phœbus can descend, so close above  
 The hand of Summer weaves the solemn grove.

As they begin their business in the style of the ancient Germans, with a plentiful banquet, they soon grow exasperated with liquor, and a violent quarrel ensues concerning the command of the forces for the projected war, an honor which almost every chieftain is arrogant enough to challenge for himself. In the midst of this turbulent debate, the ancient Colocolo delivers the following harangue, which Voltaire prefers to the speech of Nestor, on a similar occasion, in the first book of the Iliad:—

"Assembled Chiefs! ye guardians of the land!  
 Think not I mourn from thirst of lost command,  
 To find your rival spirits thus pursue  
 A post of honor which I deem my due.  
 These marks of age, you see, such thoughts disown  
 In me, departing for the world unknown;  
 But my warm love, which ye have long possest,  
 Now prompts that counsel which you'll find the best.  
 Why should we now for marks of glory jar?  
 Why wish to spread our martial name afar?  
 Crushed as we are by Fortune's cruel stroke,  
 And bent beneath an ignominious yoke,  
 Ill can our minds such noble pride maintain,  
 While the fierce Spaniard holds our galling chain.  
 Your generous fury here ye vainly show;  
 Ah! rather pour it on th' embattled foe!  
 What frenzy has your souls of sense bereaved?  
 Ye rush to self-perdition, unperceived.  
 'Gainst your own vitals would ye lift those hands,  
 Whose vigor ought to burst oppression's bands?  
 "If a desire of death this rage create,  
 O die not yet in this disgraceful state!  
 Turn your keen arms, and this indignant flame,  
 Against the breast of those who sink your fame,  
 Who made the world a witness of your shame.  
 Haste ye to cast these hated bonds away,  
 In this the vigor of your souls display;  
 Nor blindly lavish, from your country's veins,  
 Blood that may yet redeem her from her chains.  
 "E'en while I thus lament, I will still admire  
 The fervor of your souls; they give me fire:  
 But justly trembling at their fatal bent,  
 I dread some dire calamitous event;  
 Lest in your rage Dissension's frantic hand  
 Should cut the sinews of our native land.  
 If such its doom, my thread of being burst,  
 And let your old compeer expire the first!  
 Shall this shrunk frame, thus bowed by age's weight,  
 Live the weak witness of a nation's fate?  
 No: let some friendly sword, with kind relief,  
 Forbid its sinking in that scene of grief.  
 Happy whose eyes in timely darkness close,  
 Saved from that worst of sights, his country's woes  
 Yet, while I can, I make your weal my care,  
 And for the public good my thoughts declare.

“Equal ye are in courage and in worth ;  
 Heaven has assigned to all an equal birth :  
 In wealth, in power, and majesty of soul,  
 Each Chief seems worthy of the world’s control.  
 These gracious gifts, not gratefully beheld,  
 To this dire strife your daring minds impelled.

“ But on your generous valor I depend,  
 That all our country’s woes will swiftly end.  
 A Leader still our present state demands,  
 To guide to vengeance our impatient bands ;  
 Fit for this hardy task that Chief I deem,  
 Who longest may sustain a massive beam :  
 Your rank is equal, let your force be tried  
 And for the strongest let his strength decide.”

The chieftains acquiesce in this proposal. The beam is produced, and of a size so enormous that the poet declares himself afraid to specify its weight. The first chieftains who engage in the trial support it on their shoulders five and six hours each ; Tucapel fourteen ; and Lincoya more than double that number, — when the assembly, considering his strength as almost supernatural, is eager to bestow on him the title of general : but in the moment he is exulting in this new honor, Caupolican arrives without attendants.

Though from his birth one darkened eye he drew  
 (The viewless orb was of the granite’s hue),  
 Nature, who partly robbed him of his sight,  
 Repaid this failure by redoubled might.  
 This noble youth was of the highest state ;  
 His actions honored, and his words of weight :  
 Prompt and resolved in every generous cause,  
 A friend to Justice and her sternest laws :  
 Fashioned for sudden feats, or toils of length,  
 His limbs possessed both suppleness and strength :  
 Dauntless his mind, determined and adroit  
 In every quick and hazardous exploit.

This accomplished chieftain is received with great joy by the assembly ; and having surpassed Lincoya by many degrees in the trial, is invested with the supreme command. He dispatches a small party to attack a neighboring Spanish fort : they execute his orders, and make a vigorous assault. After a sharp conflict they are repulsed ; but in the moment of their

retreat Caupolican arrives with his army to their support. The Spaniards in despair evacuate the fort, and make their escape in the night: the news is brought to Valdivia, the Spanish commander in the city of Concepcion; and with his resolution to punish the barbarians the canto concludes.

### CANTO XXXII.

After a panegyric on clemency, and a noble censure of those enormous cruelties by which his countrymen sullied their military fame, the poet relates the dreadful carnage which ensued as the Indians approached the fort. The Spaniards, after destroying numbers by their artillery, send forth a party of horse, who cut the fugitives to pieces. They inhumanly murder thirteen of their most distinguished prisoners, by blowing them from the mouths of cannon: but none of the confederate chieftains whom the poet has particularly celebrated were included in this number; for those high-spirited barbarians had refused to attend Caupolican in this assault, as they considered it disgraceful to attack their enemies by surprise. The unfortunate Indian leader, seeing his forces thus unexpectedly massacred, escapes with ten faithful followers, and wanders through the country in the most calamitous condition. The Spaniards endeavor, by all the means they can devise, to discover his retreat: the faithful inhabitants of Arauco refuse to betray him.

Ercilla, in searching the country with a small party, finds a young wounded female. She informs him that, marching with her husband, she had the misfortune of seeing him perish in the late slaughter; that a friendly soldier, in pity for her extreme distress, had tried to end her miserable life in the midst of the confusion, but had failed in his generous design, by giving her an ineffectual wound; that she had been removed from the field of battle to that sequestered spot, where she languished in the hourly hope of death, which she now implores from the hand of Ercilla. Our poet consoles her, dresses her wound, and leaves one of his attendants to protect her.

### CANTO XXXIII.

One of the prisoners whom the Spaniards had taken in their search after Caupolican is at last tempted by bribes to



betray his general. He conducts the Spaniards to a spot near the sequestered retreat of this unfortunate chief, and directs them how to discover it ; but he refuses to advance with them, overcome by his dread of the hero whom he is tempted to betray. The Spaniards surround the house in which the chief-tain had taken refuge with his ten faithful associates. Alarmed by a sentinel, he prepares for defense ; but being soon wounded in the arm, surrenders, endeavoring to conceal his high character, and to make the Spaniards believe him an ordinary soldier.

With their accustomed shouts, and greedy toil,  
 Our furious troops now riot in their spoil ;  
 Through the lone village their quick rapine spread,  
 Nor leave unpillaged e'en a single shed :  
 When from a tent, that placed on safer ground,  
 The neighboring hill's uncultured summit crowned,  
 A woman rushed, who, in her hasty flight,  
 Ran through the roughest paths along the rocky height.  
 A Negro of our train, who marked her way,  
 Soon made the hapless fugitive his prey ;  
 For thwarting crags her doubtful steps impede,  
 And the fair form was ill prepared for speed ;  
 For at her breast she bore her huddled son ;  
 To fifteen months the infant's life had run :  
 From our brave captive sprung the blooming boy,  
 Of both his parents the chief pride and joy.  
 The Negro carelessly his victim brought,  
 Nor knew th' important prize his haste had caught.

Our soldiers now, to catch the cooling tide,  
 Had sallied to the murmuring river's side :  
 When the unhappy Wife beheld her Lord,  
 His strong arms bound with a disgraceful cord,  
 Stript of each ensign of his past command,  
 And led the pris'ner of our shouting band ;  
 Her anguish burst not into vain complaint,  
 No female terrors her firm soul attain ;  
 But, breathing fierce disdain, and anger wild,  
 Thus she exclaimed, advancing with her child : —

“The stronger arm that in this shameful band  
 Has tied thy weak effeminated hand,  
 Had nobler pity to thy state exprest  
 If it had bravely pierced that coward breast.  
 Wert thou the Warrior whose heroic worth  
 So swiftly flew around the spacious earth,

Whose name alone, unaided by thy arm,  
 Shook the remotest climes with fear's alarm?  
 Wert thou the Victor whose triumphant strain  
 Promised with rapid sword to vanquish Spain;  
 To make new realms Arauco's power revere,  
 And spread her empire o'er the Arctic sphere?  
 Wretch that I am! how was my heart deceived,  
 In all the noble pride with which it heaved,  
 When through the world my boasted title ran,  
 Tresia, the wife of great Caupolican!  
 Now, plunged in misery from the heights of fame,  
 My glories end in this detested shame,  
 To see thee captive in a lonely spot,  
 When death and honor might have been thy lot?

“What now avail thy scenes of happier strife,  
 So dearly bought by many a nobler life;  
 The wondrous feats, that valor scarce believed,  
 By thee with hazard and with toil achieved?  
 Where are the vaunted fruits of thy command,  
 The laurels gathered by this fettered hand?  
 All sunk! all turned to this abhorred disgrace,  
 To live the slave of this ignoble race!  
 Say, had thy soul no strength, thy hand no lance,  
 To triumph o'er the fickle power of chance?  
 Dost thou not know that to the Warrior's name,  
 A gallant exit gives immortal fame?”

“Behold the burden which my breast contains,  
 Since of thy love no other pledge remains!  
 Hadst thou in glory's arms resigned thy breath,  
 We both had followed thee in joyous death:  
 Take, take thy son! he was a tie most dear,  
 Which spotless love once made my heart revere;  
 Take him! — by generous pain, and wounded pride,  
 The currents of this fruitful breast are dried:  
 Rear him thyself, for thy gigantic frame,  
 To woman turned, a woman's charge may claim:  
 A mother's title I no more desire,  
 Or shameful children from a shameful sire!”

As thus she spoke, with growing madness stung,  
 The tender nursling from her arms she flung,  
 With savage fury, hast'ning from our sight,  
 While anguish seemed to aid her rapid flight.  
 Vain were our efforts, our indignant cries,  
 No gentle prayers, nor angry threats, suffice  
 To make her breast, where cruel frenzy burned,  
 Receive the little innocent she spurned.

## THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE PORTUGUESE.

BY CAMOENS.

(From "The Lusiad.")

[LUIZ DE CAMOENS, the greatest Portuguese epic poet, was born about 1524 at Coimbra, where he studied the ancient classics in the university of that city. In consequence of a love affair with Donna Caterina de Ataide, a lady in attendance on the queen, he was banished to Santarem; joined the army of Africa; and lost his right eye in a naval battle. Subsequently he embarked for India and settled at Goa, whence he was exiled to Macao for a satire exposing the corruption of Portuguese officials. After various adventures in Goa, Macao, and Mozambique, he landed in Lisbon with no other possession than his epic "The Lusiad." He passed his last years in dire poverty, and died obscurely in the hospital at Lisbon, June 10, 1580. His principal work, "The Lusiad" (published in 1572), commemorates the achievements of Portuguese heroism, and is regarded in Portugal as the national epic. His minor works include sonnets, comedies, ballads, and epigrams.]

As THUS in Jove's ethereal domicile,  
Of high debate is prosperous issue won,  
The martial people on the seas the while  
Up from the south, and eastward bearing, run  
Betwixt that Ethiop coast and famous Isle  
Of Madagascar, at what time the sun  
Inflames the starry twain who took the shape  
Of fishes, dread Typhæus to escape.

The wind so gently wafted them along,  
It seemed to know that heaven was now their friend;  
Serene the air, no cloud above them hung,  
Nor sign around that danger might portend.  
On Ethiop's coast — a name when earth was young —  
The Cape of Prassus smoothly cleared, they wend,  
Till now the sea reveals new isles, a group  
Enlinked and fondled in its wavy loop.

No cause perceived for tarriance, even brief,  
On shores that showed no trace of human kind,  
Vasco da Gama, the high-hearted chief —  
A man by nature for command designed,  
True to his aim, alike in joy or grief,  
And loved by Fortune for his constant mind —  
Right onward would have held, but here th' event  
Crossed his surmise, and baffled his intent.

For lo! from yonder islet within hail  
 Of the main land, to which it nearest lies,  
 A sudden fleet of boats with crowded sail  
 Comes skimming the long seas! In glad surprise,  
 As if for joy all other senses fail  
 But sight, the people gaze with asking eyes:  
 "What men are these?" they rather muse than say,  
 "What rites, what laws, what ruler follow they?"

Those skiffs for speed were fashioned long and slight,  
 Sharp-beaked and narrow, delicate to steer,  
 The sails of palm-tree leaves were firm and light,  
 So firmly matted was that simple gear.  
 The strangers' skin was of the hue of night  
 Bequeathed by Phaëton, the charioteer,  
 With more of courage than of wit endued,  
 As Padus knows, and Lampethusa rued.

The cotton down supplies the garb they wear,  
 Of various colors, white and listed, borne  
 Loose from the shoulder with a flaunting air;  
 Or at the girdle tied, succinctly worn,  
 While all above from waist to brow is bare,  
 And this the turban's artful folds adorn:  
 For arms they carried scimiter and shield,  
 And o'er the waves their clamorous trumpets pealed.

Extended arms and fluttered robes invite  
 The Lusitanian people to delay:  
 But these have tacked already, bearing right  
 Toward the Isles, to anchor in the bay;  
 The joyous seamen toil with all their might  
 As if their labors are to end to-day.  
 They slacken sail: they strike the topsails; dash  
 The anchors go, the wounded waves upflash.

Ere yet the forkèd iron finds its bed  
 The strangers by the cordage nimbly climb;  
 Their joyful faces speak them free of dread,  
 And kind their welcome from the Chief sublime;  
 Who straight commands the tables to be spread,  
 And juice Lyëan of the Lusian clime,  
 In crystal goblets served; the ruby draught  
 With right good will the scorched of Phaëton quaffed.

Regaling merrily, their hosts they plied  
 In Arab speech with questions whence they came,  
 What seas had traversed and what coasts descried,  
 Their name, their country, and their final aim ?  
 The gallant Lusitanians nothing hide,  
 Yet in a form discreet their answers frame : —  
 ‘From shores far west, from Portugal our home,  
 In search of Oriental shores we roam.

“ And all the length of Afric we have run,  
 Seen many a land and weathered many a sky,  
 The northern star beheld our course begun,  
 Now stars antarctic watch us from on high :  
 And naught that tries our loyalty we shun,  
 To serve a King for whom we live or die ;  
 Content for him to range the billowy vast,  
 Or pass the Lake that can but once be passed.

“ By his command our devious way we feel,  
 Seeking the land that Indus irrigates ;  
 For him we wander where till now the seal  
 Has known no voyagers but his uncouth mates.  
 But reason bids that you in turn reveal,  
 If truth among you as a virtue rates,  
 What men ye be, and what the shores around,  
 And whether trace of India here be found ? ”

“ Aliens are we ! ” — one from the Isle replied —  
 “ Aliens by country, origin, and creed.  
 The natives of these isles, of sense devoid  
 As nature made them, law nor reason heed.  
 But we are true believers ; we confide  
 In that pure Faith, that takes of all the lead ;  
 The Faith by Abram’s famed descendant taught,  
 Whom Pagan sire of Hebrew wife begot.

“ This island where we sojourn, though but small,  
 Allures the wandering traffic of the coast ;  
 For every trading town a port of call :  
 Quilóá, Sófala, Mombassa most :  
 So here for lucre — hardly gained withal,  
 But patient thrift endures a churlish host —  
 We dwell with those who call the island theirs,  
 And Mozambique is the name it bears

“But you, who tempt so far the brawling tide,  
 Indus, Hydaspes, and the shores of spice  
 Demanding, here will find a willing guide  
 Your course to regulate with skill precise.  
 ’Tis opportune too that we here provide  
 Whatever succors for your store suffice;  
 And that our Regent see you, and give heed  
 How best to aid you to what most you need!”

This said, the Moor and all the swarthy crew  
 Betook them to their slender boats again;  
 With all the courtesies for kindness due,  
 From Gama parting and his gallant men:  
 And Phœbus now beneath the waters blue  
 Had veiled the glory of his crystal wain;  
 Charge to his sister given to watch the night,  
 And while he slumbered soothe the world with light.

In joy unwonted in the weary fleet,  
 Joy quickened by surprise, the night was past;  
 Of that far land for which so long they beat  
 They now had lighted on the trace at last!  
 About these strangers too, perplexed conceit  
 Was busy, musing on their manners, cast,  
 And creed, and wondering how a faith so blind  
 Beguiled and led such myriads of mankind.

The moon’s clear radiance falls in silver showers  
 Resplendent on the surface of the deep;  
 The firmament is like a field of flowers,  
 The stars to-night so thronged a vigil keep;  
 The winds, disarmed of their unruly powers,  
 Down in their caves profound are locked in sleep,  
 Yet not the less the Armada’s people share  
 Alternate watch, their long-accustomed care.

But soon as Morn with kindling blush was seen,  
 Her tresses all dispread and bright with dew,  
 Opening the purple gates of heaven serene  
 To let Hyperion, just awakened, through;  
 Their decks with festal awnings then to screen  
 And dress their masts with flags, began the crew,  
 Preparing for a welcome guest at hand,  
 The coming Regent of the sea-girt land.

Who joyfully advanced, with press of sail,  
 To view the buoyant armament, and brought  
 Fresh fruits, the island produce, to regale  
 These of the race inhuman as he thought  
 That made the nations Asiatic quail,  
 When bursting from their Caspian bounds, they wrought  
 Portentous change, crushing by will Divine,  
 The reverend empery of Constantine.

The Chief received on deck with smiles benign  
 The Moor, and all who served him for escort,  
 And gave him gaudy silks of tissue fine,  
 For such foreseen occasion stored apart;  
 And set before him sweet conserves and wine,  
 The fervor that exhilarates the heart.  
 The silken gift well pleased him, but the zest  
 Of juice forbidden pleased the Moslem best.

Aloft, the Lusitanian people manned  
 The yards, and in the shrouds admiring hung,  
 Noting the manners of the sable band  
 And barbarous jargon of their Caffre tongue.  
 As much perplexed, the subtle Moslem scanned  
 Their garb, their color, their Armada strong,  
 And asked, suspicion in his mind at work,  
 If they were subjects of the Sultan Turk.

Demands he too their sacred books to see;  
 Their code of faith, of precept, or of law,  
 That he may know if it with his agree,  
 Or if — for that way his conjectures draw —  
 They trust in Him who died upon the tree.  
 And not more shrewd in marking all he saw  
 Than keen that nothing should escape his sight,  
 He fain would view the arms they use in fight.

By one well skilled in the dark tongue, the Chief  
 Of steadfast soul replied: "Illustrious sir,  
 Of what I am, suffice relation brief,  
 And what the faith I hold, the arms I bear.  
 Of Hagar's race I share not the belief,  
 Nor mine the spurious blood derived from her:  
 In fair and warlike Europe was I born,  
 I seek the famous kingdoms of the morn.

“I hold the faith prescribed by Him who reigns  
 Over all visible and invisible things;  
 Who made the world, and all that it contains  
 Insensible or sentient; bore the stings  
 Of calumny and scorn, endured the pains  
 Of unjust death by barbarous sufferings;  
 Who, in a word, by Heaven to earth was given  
 To raise the mortals of the earth to heaven.

“Of this Man-God, Most High, and Infinite,  
 The holy books thou hast desired to see  
 I carry not, nor need on paper write  
 The law that graven in the soul should be.  
 But for the arms wherewith our scores we quit  
 With foes, we hide them not from friends; to thee  
 As to a friend we show them, for I know  
 Thou ne'er wouldst test their temper as a foe.”

Thus saying, them who the command await  
 He bids the various gear of war disclose,  
 Trunk harness, habergeons, and coats of plate,  
 Fine mail entwined, or scaled in artful rows,  
 And shields with diverse blazonry ornate;  
 Spingards of seasoned metal, balls, crossbows,  
 Quivers with arrow stored of point minute,  
 Curt-handled pikes, and partisans acute;

And, charged with fiery seed, the hollow spheres,  
 Grenades and shells that burst in ruin blind;  
 But suffers not the Chief his bombardiers  
 To rouse the latent thunder; for the mind  
 Generous as brave solicits not the fears  
 Of men like these, a weak untutored kind,  
 With vain ostent of rage, — the triumph cheap  
 Of power that plays the lion among sheep.

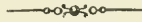
But from the light the Moslem here obtained,  
 And after all he saw with eye attent,  
 A settled hatred in his soul remained,  
 An evil will on evil purpose bent;  
 Which not a gesture nor a look explained,  
 For with a smiling gay allure he meant  
 To treat them blandly, and his hour await  
 To show the force and meaning of his hate.

Pilots to lead him to an Indian port  
 Requests the Lusitanian of the Moor,



Vowing to pay their toil in such a sort  
 They shall not think the recompense is poor.  
 The Sheik in promise grants them, while his heart  
 Teems with such venom, were the means but sure,  
 Death would he send him, nor the blow delay;  
 Instead of pilots, death that very day.

Such was the malice, sudden in its growth,  
 Conceived against the strangers when he knew  
 That they were followers of the blessed truth  
 As taught by Christ, the one preceptor true.  
 O secrets of eternity! — in sooth  
 Too high for human judgment to pursue,  
 There never fails, intent on treacherous ends,  
 Some lurking foe to those whom Heaven befriends.



## SONNETS OF CAMOENS.

(Translated by Richard Garnett.)

**THE** beauty of this free aerial height,  
 With ancient chestnuts shadowy and green;  
 The gentle course their tranquil banks between  
 Of brooks acquainted solely with delight;  
 Sea's distant beat; land novel to my sight;  
 The Sun's descent where mountains shut the scene;  
 The foldward faring of the flock serene;  
 The clouds' encounter in their harmless fight;  
 All that boon Nature, aiming to befriend,  
 Gives of her infinite variety,  
 The cheated spirit serves but to offend,  
 Beggared of all delight in missing thee;  
 The joy that thy companionship would lend  
 Yields now the measure of her misery.

**Tagus**, whose streams on Lusitania's plain  
 Fertility and charm at once bestow,  
 Errant in fairest fields with softest flow,  
 Joy to flower, herb, flock, cattle, nymph, and swain;  
 Alas! beloved flood, in vain, in vain,  
 My term of dateless exile would I know;  
 And mournful thus and desolate I go,  
**As** deeming never to return again.

My envious fortune, ever wise to tell  
 How best my joy to sorrow may be changed,  
 Willeth implacably that we should part  
 Thee I bewail, her I upbraid. Farewell!  
 Soon shall these sighs be spent on winds estranged,  
 And alien waters soothe this swelling heart.

Tagus, with countenance how different  
 We saw and see, and are and have been seen!  
 Troubled thy waters now, forlorn my mien;  
 Thee clear have I beheld, thou me content.  
 Thy change is work of tempests, whose descent  
 Robs thy bright current of its silvery sheen;  
 Mine of the brow that, clouded or serene,  
 Apportions me my bliss or discontent.  
 As we are thus participant in woe,  
 Would that we were so in all things, and as pain  
 So simultaneous joy might feel! but no!  
 Flower-fostering Spring shall look and see no stain  
 In thy clear mirror, but I cannot know  
 If what I was I e'er shall be again.

O for a solitude so absolute,  
 Rapt from the spite of Fate so far away,  
 That foot of man hath never entered, nay,  
 Untrodden by the foot of every brute:  
 Some wood of aspect lowering and mute,  
 Or lonely glen not anywhere made gay  
 With plot of pleasant green, or water's play;  
 Such haunt, in fine, as doth my anguish suit!  
 Thus in the entrail of the mountain locked,  
 I, sepulchred in life, alive in death,  
 Freely might breathe my plaint; perceiving there  
 The grief whose magnitude naught measureth  
 Less by the brilliance of the bright day mocked,  
 Soothed by the dark day more than elsewhere.

Country, Life's raft whereby her sea bestows  
 Redemption from her shipwreck and her shoal;  
 Luster shed forth on high when tempest's roll  
 Subsideth, nest of love, nook of repose;  
 To thee I fly; and if indeed for woes  
 Flight cure be found, and change may Fate control,  
 Victory I'll sing, and in the shade extol  
 Honor triumphant o'er Ambition's throes.

Here Spring no flower, no fruit doth Autumn scant;  
 Here crystal waters use with beauty pair;  
 Here the day finds me, here it leaves me blest:  
 Broken but by the nightingale's descant  
 Is slumber, seal of peace, and burdening Care,  
 That buried Joy, himself is laid to rest.

The goodly apple of this goodly tree  
 Nature with blood and milk willed to adorn,  
 That contrast of fair tints together worn  
 Might image virgin shame and purity.  
 Never, when boughs before the tempest flee,  
 Be thou by whirlwind's violence uptorn!  
 Never thy fruit, of colored charm forlorn,  
 Wither in blighting air's inclemency!  
 And since for my delight thou yieldest bower  
 Pleasant and meet, and dost for me bestrew  
 Fragrance on air, as on a conqueror's way:  
 Though my weak lyre defraud thee of thy due,  
 Yet am I storing up in sunny hour  
 Sweet thought of thee against the cloudy day.

BABYLON AND SION (GOA AND LISBON).

Here, where fecundity of Babel frames  
 Stuff for all ills wherewith the world doth teem;  
 Where loyal Love is slurred with disesteem,  
 For Venus all controls, and all defames;  
 Where vices vaunts are counted, virtues shames;  
 Where Tyranny o'er Honor lords supreme;  
 Where blind and erring sovereignty doth deem  
 That God for deeds will be content with names:  
 Here in this world where whatso is wrong,  
 Where Birth and Worth and Wisdom begging go  
 To doors of Avarice and Villainy,  
 Trammeled in the foul chaos I prolong  
 My days, because I must. Woe to me! woe!  
 Sion, had I not memory of thee!

ON THE DEATH OF A COMRADE IN AFRICA.

Few years and evil to my life were lent,  
 All with hard toil and misery replete:  
 Light did so swiftly from my eyes retreat,  
 That ere five lusters quite were gone, I went.

Ocean I roamed and isle and continent,  
 Seeking some remedy for life unsweet;  
 But he whom Fortune will not frankly meet,  
 Vainly by venture woos her to his bent.  
 First saw I light in Lusitanian land,  
 Where Alemquer the blooming nurtured me;  
 But, feeble foul contagion to withstand,  
 I feed the fish's maw where thou, rude sea,  
 Lashest the churlish Abyssinian strand,  
 Far from my Portugal's felicity.

## COMPOSED IN PRISON.

Brooding in sadness o'er my evil case,  
 As past me Day and Night alternate steal,  
 I to my darksome cell my woe unseal,  
 Summing the number of the wasted days.  
 They pass like shadows on the silent ways,  
 Nor fruit of them doth their slow march reveal,  
 Save this — they are no more: while Fortune's wheel  
 Turns on, and dizzily my spirit sways.  
 Stupid and dazed with dull confinement's clog,  
 My erring sense avails not to decide  
 If I am proffering speech to stander-by,  
 Or seeming converse be but monologue:  
 Nor can I certainly declare if I  
 Am in myself, or am myself beside.

How far accumulating years extend  
 The travel of my weary pilgrimage!  
 How swiftly my allotted span of age  
 Shortens apace, and hastens to its end!  
 Anguish augment; life less and less doth lend;  
 The remedy I had I lost; and, sage  
 By schooling, with mistrustful heart presage  
 Falsehood when Fortune feigneth to befriend.  
 I chase a bliss I may not overtake,  
 Lost to my sight ere half the race be run;  
 Thousand times thrown, I faint upon the slope:  
 In lieu of slackening feet I hurry on  
 My eyes, and by their witness knowledge take  
 That the wide prospect holds nor Bliss nor Hope.

## THE GOLDEN AGE.

By TASSO.

[From "Aminta.:"]

[TORQUATO TASSO, an Italian poet, was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of considerable distinction. He received his early education in Naples, Rome, Pesaro, and Venice, and in compliance with his father's wish studied law at Padua, but soon abandoned it after the successful reception of his poem "Rinaldo." He then repaired to Bologna, where he studied philosophy, made the acquaintance of distinguished literary men, and worked upon his great epic "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered). In 1565 he entered the service of Cardinal Luigi d'Este and later that of Alfonso II., reigning duke of Ferrara. During the latter part of his life he suffered from attacks of insanity, and finally became so violent in accusing the duke of a design to poison him that he was placed in a lunatic asylum. Having been released at the intercession of Prince Gonzaga of Mantua, he wandered from city to city, broken in health and spirits. In 1595 he was summoned to Rome by Pope Clement VIII. to receive the honor of a public coronation, but fell ill on his arrival, and died April 22, 1595. His chief production, "Jerusalem Delivered," is a heroic record of the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under the command of Godfrey de Bouillon. Other works are: "Aminta," a pastoral drama; "Torrismondo," a tragedy; and several lyric poems.]

O LOVELY age of gold!  
 Not that the rivers rolled  
 With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;  
 Not that the ready ground  
 Produced without a wound,  
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew:  
 Not that a cloudless blue  
 Forever was in sight,  
 Or that the heaven, which burns  
 And now is cold by turns,  
 Looked out in glad and everlasting light;  
 No, nor that even the insolent ships from far  
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war.

But solely that that vain  
 And breath-invented pain,  
 That idol of mistake, that worshiped cheat,  
 That Honor — since so called  
 By vulgar minds appalled, —  
 Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.  
 It had not come to fret  
 The sweet and happy fold  
 Of gentle human kind;  
 Nor did its hard law bind

Souls nursed in freedom ; but that law of gold,  
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,  
 Which Nature's own hand wrote — what pleases is permitted.

Then among streams and flowers,  
 The little winged Powers  
 Went singing carols without torch or bow ;  
 The nymphs and shepherds sat  
 Mingling with innocent chat  
 Sports and low whispers, and with whispers low,  
 Kisses that would not go.  
 The maid, her childhood o'er,  
 Kept not her bloom uneyed,  
 Which now a veil must hide,  
 Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore ;  
 And oftentimes, in river or in lake,  
 The lover and his love their merry bath would take.

'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first  
 That didst deny our thirst  
 Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set ;  
 Thou badst kind eyes withdraw  
 Into constrained awe,  
 And keep the secret for their tears to wet ;  
 Thou gatherdst in a net  
 The tresses from the air,  
 And mad'st the sports and plays  
 Turn all to sullen ways,  
 And putt'st on speech a rein — in steps a care.  
 Thy work it is — thou shade that wilt not move —  
 That what was once the gift, is now the theft, of love.

Our sorrows and our pains,  
 These are thy noble gains.  
 But oh, thou Love's and Nature's masterer,  
 Thou conqueror of the crowned,  
 What dost thou on this ground,  
 Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere ?  
 Go, and make slumber dear  
 To the renowned and high ;  
 We here, a lowly race,  
 Can live without thy grace,  
 After the use of mild antiquity.  
 Go, let us love — since years  
 No truce allow, and life soon disappears.  
 Go let us love : the daylight dies, is born ;  
 But unto us the light  
 Dies once for all, and sleep brings on eternal night.

## VENICE.

BY LORD BYRON.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;  
 A palace and a prison on each hand:  
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
 O'er the far times when many a subject land  
 Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,  
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
 A ruler of the waters and their powers:  
 And such she was; her daughters had their dowers  
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,  
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
 And music meets not always now the ear:  
 Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.  
 States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,  
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
 The pleasant place of all festivity,  
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
 Her name in story, and her long array  
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
 Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway;  
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,  
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —  
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,  
 For us re peopled were the solitary shore.

## THE MEDICI.

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

[JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, English man of letters, was born October 5, 1840; graduated at Balliol College, Oxford. He wrote "Introduction to the Study of Dante" (1872); "Studies of the Greek Poets" (1873-1876); "The Renaissance in Italy" (six volumes, 1875-1886); "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama" (1884); "Life of Michelangelo" (1892); several volumes of poetry; translated Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography; etc. He died April 18, 1893, at Rome.]

THE history of the Medicean family during the sixteenth century epitomizes the chief features of social morality upon which I have been dwelling. It will be remembered that Alessandro de' Medici, the first Duke of Florence, poisoned his cousin, Ippolito, and was himself assassinated by his cousin Lorenzino. To the second of these crimes Cosimo, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, owed the throne of Florence, on which, however, he was not secure until he had removed Lorenzino from this world by the poniard of a bravo. Cosimo maintained his authority by a system of espionage, remorseless persecution, and assassination, which gave color even to the most improbable of legends. But it is not of him so much as of his children that I have to speak.

Francesco, who reigned from 1564 till 1587, brought disgrace upon his line by marrying the infamous Bianca Capello, after authorizing the murder of her previous husband. Bianca, though incapable of bearing children, flattered her besotted paramour before this marriage by pretending to have borne a son. In reality, she had secured the coöperation of three women on the point of childbirth; and when one of these was delivered of a boy, she presented this infant to Francesco, who christened him Antonio de' Medici. Of the three mothers who served in this nefarious action, Bianca contrived to assassinate two, but not before one of the victims to her dread of exposure made full confession at the point of death. The third escaped. Another woman, who had superintended the affair, was shot between Florence and Bologna in the valleys of the Apennines. Yet after the manifestation of Bianca's imposture, the Duke continued to recognize Antonio as belonging to the Medicean family; and his successor was obliged to compel this young man to assume the Cross of Malta, in order to exclude his posterity from the line of princes.





In the Time of the Medicis  
From the painting by C. Becker





The legend of Francesco's and Bianca's mysterious death is well known. The Duchess had engaged in fresh intrigues for palming off a spurious child upon her husband. These roused the suspicions of his brother, Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici, heir presumptive to the crown. An angry correspondence followed, ending in a reconciliation between the three princes. They met in the autumn of 1587 at the villa of Poggio a Cajano. Then the world was startled by the announcement that the Grand Duke had died of fever after a few days' illness, and that Bianca had almost immediately afterwards followed him to the grave. Ferdinand, on succeeding to the throne, refused her the interment suited to her rank, defaced her arms on public edifices, and for her name and titles in official documents substituted the words "la pessima Bianca." What passed at Poggio a Cajano is not known. It was commonly believed in Italy that Bianca, meaning to poison the Cardinal at supper, had been frustrated in her designs by a blunder which made her husband the victim of this plot, and that she ended her own life in despair or fell a victim to the Cardinal's vengeance. This story is rejected both by Botta and Galluzzi; but Litta has given it a partial credence. Two of Cosimo's sons died previously, in the year 1562, under circumstances which gave rise to similar malignant rumors. Don Garzia and the Cardinal Giovanni were hunting together in the Pisan marshes, when the latter expired after a short illness, and the former in a few days met with a like fate. Report ran that Don Garzia had stabbed his brother, and that Cosimo, in a fit of rage, ran him through the body with his own sword. In this case, although Litta attaches weight to the legend, the balance of evidence is strongly in favor of both brothers' having been carried off by a pernicious fever contracted simultaneously during their hunting expedition. Each instance serves, however, to show in what an atmosphere of guilt the Medicean princes were enveloped. No one believed that they could die except by fraternal or paternal hands. And the authentic crimes of the family certainly justified this popular belief. I have already alluded to the murders of Ippolito, Alessandro, and Lorenzino. I have told how the Court of Florence sanctioned the assassination of Bianca's daughter by her husband at Bologna. I must now proceed to relate the tragic tales of the princesses of the house.

Pietro de' Medici, a fifth of Cosimo's sons, had rendered

himself notorious in Spain and Italy by forming a secret society for the most revolting debaucheries. Yet he married the noble lady Eleonora di Toledo, related by blood to Cosimo's first wife. Neglected and outraged by her husband, she proved unfaithful, and Pietro hewed her in pieces with his own hands at Caffaggiolo. Isabella de' Medici, daughter of Cosimo, was married to the Duke of Bracciano. Educated in the poisoned atmosphere of Florence, she, like Eleonora di Toledo, yielded herself to fashionable profligacy, and was strangled by her husband at Ceretto. Both of these murders took place in 1576. Isabella's death, as I have elsewhere related, opened the way for the Duke of Bracciano's marriage with Vittoria Accoramboni, which had been prepared by the assassination of her first husband, and which led to her own murder at Padua. Another of Cosimo's daughters, Lucrezia de' Medici, became Duchess of Ferrara, fell under a suspicion of infidelity, and was possibly removed by poison in 1561. The last of his sons whom I have to mention, Don Giovanni, married a dissolute woman of low birth called Livia, and disgraced the name of Medici by the unprincely follies of his life. Eleonora de' Medici, third of his daughters, introduces a comic element into these funereal records. She was affianced to Vincenzo Gonzaga, heir of the duchy of Mantua. But suspicions arising out of the circumstances of his divorce from a former wife obliged him to prove his marital capacity before the completion of the contract. This he did at Venice, before a witness, upon the person of a virgin selected for the experiment. Maria de' Medici, the only child of Duke Francesco, became Queen of France.

If now we eliminate the deaths of Don Garcia, Cardinal Giovanni, Duke Francesco, Bianca Capello, and Lucrezia de' Medici, as doubtful, there will still remain the murders of Cardinal Ippolito, Duke Alessandro, Lorenzino de' Medici, Pietro Bonaventuri (Bianca's husband), Pellegrina Bentivoglio (Bianca's daughter), Eleonora di Toledo, Francesco Casi (Eleonora's lover), the Duchess of Bracciano, Troilo Orsini (lover of this Duchess), Felice Peretti (husband of Vittoria Accoramboni), and Vittoria Accoramboni — eleven murders, all occurring between 1535 and 1585, an exact half century, in a single princely family and its immediate connections. The majority of these crimes, that is to say seven, had their origin in lawless passion.

## THE BRINGING UP OF YOUTH.

BY ROGER ASCHAM.

(From "The Schoolmaster.")

[ROGER ASCHAM, an English scholar and writer, was born in Kirby Wiske, near Northallerton, in Yorkshire, 1515. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, with a brilliant record as a Greek scholar, and was appointed tutor to the Princess Elizabeth. In 1544 he published a treatise in defense of archery, entitled "Toxophilus." After three years of diplomatic service at the court of Charles V., he was appointed Latin secretary to Queen Mary, and after her death was retained as secretary and tutor to Queen Elizabeth. His chief work, "The Schoolmaster," appeared in 1570. Ascham died in London, December 30, 1568.]

WHERE the child doth well, let the master praise him, and say, Here ye do well. For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning, as is praise. But if the child miss, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him if the child have done his diligence, and used no truantship therein. For I know by good experience that a child shall take more profit by two faults, gently warned of, than of four things rightly hit. . . .

If the scholar do miss sometimes, chide not hastily: for that shall both dull his wit, and discourage his diligence; but monish him gently: which shall make him both willing to amend, and glad to go forward in love and hope of learning.

I have now wished, twice or thrice, this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster: and that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason, I will now declare at large, why, in mine opinion, love is fitter than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England, I will not greatly contend: which if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy, neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the Prince: although in very deed, in the end, the good or ill bringing up of children doth as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our Prince, and our whole country, as any one thing doth beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfectness in learn-

ing: to all honesty in manners: to have all faults rightly amended: to have every vice severely corrected: but for the order and way that leadeth rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly, many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature, as, when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar: and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure: though there be no cause for him to do so, nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These we will say, be fond [foolish] schoolmasters, and few they be, that be found to be such. They be fond indeed, but surely over many such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature, as they do correct faults. Yea, many times, the better nature is sorer punished: For if one, by quickness of wit, take his lesson readily, another, by hardness of wit, taketh it not so speedily: the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished; when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures, and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now, as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life, abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few which I will reckon. Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep: soon hot and desirous of this and that: as cold and soon weary of the same again: more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far: even like oversharpe tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators: ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be in desire newfangled, in purpose unconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything: both benefit and injury:



and thereby neither fast to friend, nor fearful to foe: inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs: bold with any person: busy in every matter: soothing to such as be present: nipping any that is absent: of nature also, always, flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors: and, by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

Moreover, commonly men very quick of wit be also very light of conditions: and thereby, very ready of disposition to be carried over-quickly, by any light company, to any riot and unthriftiness when they be young: and therefore seldom either honest of life, or rich in living, when they be old. For, quick in wit and light in manners be either seldom troubled, or very soon weary in carrying a very heavy purse. Quick wits also be, in most part of all their doings, over-quick, hasty, rash, heady, and brainsick. These two last words, Heady and Brainsick, be fit and proper words, rising naturally of the matter, and termed aptly by the condition of over-much quickness of wit. In youth also they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over-light and merry. In age, soon testy, very waspish, and always over-miserable: and yet few of them come to any great age, by reason of their disordered life when they were young: but a great deal fewer of them come to show any great countenance, or bear any great authority abroad in the world, but either live obscurely, men know not how, or die obscurely, men mark not when. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms and broad leaves in springtime, but bring out small and not long-lasting fruit in harvest time: and that only such as fall and rot before they be ripe, and so never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to serve the commonwealth, but decay and vanish, men know not which way: except a very few, to whom peradventure blood and happy parentage may perchance purchase a long standing upon the stage. The which felicity, because it cometh by others' procuring, not by their own deserving, and stand by other men's feet and not by their own, what outward brag soever is borne by them is indeed, of itself and in wise men's eyes, of no great estimation.

Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by over-much study and use of some sciences, — namely,

Music, Arithmetic, and Geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits over-much, so they change men's manners over-sore, if they be not moderately mingled, and widely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. Galene saith, Much music marreth men's manners: and Plato hath a notable place of the same thing in his books de Rep. well marked also, and excellently translated by Tully himself. Of this matter, I wrote once more at large, twenty years ago, in my book of shooting: now I thought but to touch it, to prove that over-much quickness of wit, either given by nature or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth, that is not over-dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish,—as Tully wisheth, “otium, quietum, non languidum;” and “negotium cum labore, non cum periculo,”—such a wit I say, if it be at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not overthwartly, and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep: painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangledness: bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs: and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise. Not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter: and thereby, not quick in

speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

I have been longer in describing the nature, the good or ill success, of the quick and hard wit, than perchance some will think this place and matter doth require. But my purpose was hereby plainly to utter what injury is offered to all learning and to the commonwealth also, first by the fond [foolish] father in choosing, but chiefly by the lewd [churlish] schoolmaster in beating and driving away the best natures from learning. A child that is still, silent, constant, and somewhat hard of wit is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else, when he cometh to the school he is smally regarded, little looked unto, he lacketh teaching, he lacketh couraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh beating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of living.

And when this sad-natured and hard-witted child is bet [beaten] from his book, and becometh after either student of the common law, or page in the court, or serving man, or bound apprentice to a merchant, or to some handicraft, he proveth in the end wiser, happier, and many times honest, too, than many of these quick wits do by their learning.

Learning is both hindered and injured, too, by the ill choice of them that send young scholars to the universities. Of whom must needs come all our divines, lawyers, and physicians.

These young scholars be chosen commonly, as young apples be chosen by children, in a fair garden about St. James tide: a child will choose a sweeting, because it is presently fair and pleasant, and refuse a runnet, because it is then green, hard, and sour: when the one, if it be eaten, doth breed both worms and ill humors; the other, if it stand his time, be ordered and kept as it should, is wholesome of itself and helpeth to the good digestion of other meats: sweetings will receive worms, rot, and die on the tree, and never or seldom come to the gathering for good and lasting store.

For very grief of heart I will not apply the similitude: but hereby is plainly seen how learning is robbed of her best wits, first by the great beating, and after by the ill choosing of scholars to go to the universities. Whereof cometh partly

that lewd [popular] and spiteful proverb, sounding to the great hurt of learning and shame of learned men, that the greatest clerks be not the wisest men.

And though I, in all this discourse, seem plainly to prefer hard and rough wits before quick and light wits, both for learning and manners, yet am I not ignorant that some quickness of wit is a singular gift of God, and so most rare amongst men, and namely such a wit as is quick without lightness, sharp without brittleness, desirous of good things without newfangledness, diligent in painful things without wearisomeness, and constant in good will to do all things well. . . .

But it is notable and true that Socrates saith in Plato to his friend Crito : That that number of men is fewest, which far exceed, either in good or ill, in wisdom or folly, but the mean betwixt both be the greatest number : which he proveth true in diverse other things : as in greyhounds, amongst which few are found, exceeding great or exceeding little, exceeding swift or exceeding slow : And therefore, I speaking of quick and hard wits, I meant the common number of quick and hard wits, amongst the which, for the most part, the hard wit proveth many times the better learned, wiser, and honester man : and therefore do I the more lament, that such wits commonly be either kept from learning by fond [foolish] fathers, or bet from learning by lewd [churlish] schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skillful to know, and able to tell others, how by certain sure signs a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity, that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For, to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by year, and loath to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should : for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children : and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

But concerning the true notes of the best wits for learning

in a child, I will report: not mine own opinion, but the very judgment of him that was counted the best teacher and wisest man that learning maketh mention of, and that is Socrates in Plato, who expresseth orderly these seven plain notes to choose a good wit in a child for learning: 1. Euphues, 2. Mnemon, 3. Philomathes, 4. Philoponos, 5. Philekoös, 6. Zetetikos, 7. Philepainos.

And because I write English, and to Englishmen, I will plainly declare in English both what these words of Plato mean, and how aptly they be linked, and how orderly they follow one another.

1. *Euphues* is he that is apt by goodness of wit, and applicable by readiness of will, to learning, having all other qualities of the mind and parts of the body that must another day serve learning, not troubled, mangled, and halved, but sound, whole, and able to do their office: as a tongue not stammering, or overhardly drawing forth words, but plain, and ready to deliver the meaning of the mind: a voice, not soft, weak, piping, womanish, but audible, strong, and manlike: a countenance not werish and crabbed, but fair and comely: a personage, not wretched and deformed, but tall and goodly: for surely a comely countenance, with a goodly stature, giveth credit to learning, and authority to the person; otherwise commonly, either open contempt or privy disfavor doth hurt, or hinder, both person and learning. And even as a fair stone requireth to be set in the finest gold, with the best workmanship, or else it loseth much of the grace and price, even so excellency in learning, and namely divinity, joined with a comely personage, is a marvelous jewel in the world. And how can a comely body be better employed than to serve the fairest exercise of God's greatest gift, and that is learning. But commonly, the fairest bodies are bestowed on the foulest purposes. I would it were not so; and with examples herein I would not meddle: yet I wish that those should both mind it and meddle with it, which have most occasion to look to it, as good and wise fathers should do, and greatest authority to amend it, as good and wise magistrates ought to do; and yet I will not let, openly to lament the unfortunate case of learning herein.

For, if a father have four sons, three fair and well formed both mind and body, the fourth wretched, lame, and deformed, his choice shall be, to put the worst to learning, as one good enough to become a scholar. I have spent the most part of

my life in the university, and therefore I can bear good witness that many fathers commonly do thus: whereof I have heard many wise, learned, and as good men as ever I knew make great and oft complaint: a good horseman will choose no such colt, neither for his own, nor yet for his master's saddle. And thus much of the first note.

2. *Mnemon.* Good of memory, a special part of the first note, and a mere benefit of nature: yet it is so necessary for learning, as Plato maketh it a separate and perfect note of itself, and that so principal a note, as without it, all other gifts of nature do small service to learning. Afranius, that old Latin poet, maketh memory the mother of learning and wisdom, saying thus: "Usus me genuit, mater peperit memoria;" and though it be the mere gift of nature, yet is memory well preserved by use, and much increased by order, as our scholar must learn another day in the university; but in a child, a good memory is well known by three properties: that is, if it be quick in receiving, sure in keeping, and ready in delivering forth again.

3. *Philomathes.* Given to love learning; for though a child have all the gifts of nature at wish, and perfection of memory at will, yet if he have not a special love to learning, he shall never attain to much learning. And therefore Isocrates, one of the noblest schoolmasters that is in memory of learning, who taught kings and princes, as Halicarnassæus writeth, and out of whose school, as Tully saith, came forth more noble captains, more wise councilors, than did out of Epeius' horse at Troy; — this Isocrates, I say, did cause to be written, at the entry of his school, in golden letters, this golden sentence, *ἐὰν ᾗς φιλομαθῆς, ἔσῃ πολυμαθῆς*, which, excellently said in Greek, is thus rudely in English: If thou lovest learning, thou shalt attain to much learning.

4. *Philoponos* is he that hath a lust to labor, and a will to take pains. For if a child have all the benefits of nature, with perfection of memory, love, like, and praise learning never so much, yet if he be not of himself painful [painstaking], he shall never attain unto it. And yet where love is present, labor is seldom absent, and namely in study of learning, and matters of the mind: and therefore did Isocrates rightly judge that if his scholar were Philomathes he cared for no more. Aristotle, varying from Isocrates in private affairs of life, but agreeing with Isocrates in common judgment of learning, for

love and labor in learning, is of the same opinion, uttered in these words, in his "Rhetoric ad Theodecten": Liberty kindleth love; love refuseth no labor; and labor obtaineth whatsoever it seeketh. And yet nevertheless, goodness of nature may do little good; perfection of memory may serve to small use; all love may be employed in vain: any labor may be soon graveled, if a man trust always to his own singular wit and will not be glad sometime to hear, take advice, and learn of another: And therefore doth Socrates very notably add the fifth note.

5. *Philekoös*. He that is glad to hear and learn of another. For otherwise, he shall stick with great trouble, where he might go easily forward; and also catch hardly a very little by his own toil, when he might gather quickly a good deal by another man's teaching. But now there be some that have great love to learning, good lust to labor, be willing to learn of others, yet, either of a fond shamefacedness, or else of a proud folly, they dare not or will not go to learn of another; and therefore doth Socrates wisely add the sixth note of a good wit in a child for learning, and that is —

6. *Zetetikos*. He that is naturally bold to ask any question, desirous to search out any doubt, not ashamed to learn of the meanest, not afraid to go to the greatest, until he be perfectly taught, and fully satisfied.

The seventh and last point is —

7. *Philepainos*. He that loveth to be praised for well-doing, at his father or master's hand. A child of this nature will earnestly love learning, gladly labor for learning, willingly learn of others, boldly ask any doubt. And thus, by Socrates' judgment, a good father and a wise schoolmaster should choose a child to make a scholar of, that hath by nature the foresaid perfect qualities, and comely furniture, both of mind and body, hath memory quick to receive, sure to keep, and ready to deliver: hath love to learning: hath lust to labor: hath desire to learn of others: hath boldness to ask any question: hath mind wholly bent to win praise by well-doing.

The two first points be special benefits of nature: which, nevertheless, be well preserved, and much increased by good order. But as for the five last, love, labor, gladness to learn of others, boldness to ask doubts, and will to win praise, be won and maintained by the only wisdom and discretion of the schoolmaster. Which five points, whether a schoolmaster shall

work sooner in a child, by fearful beating or courteous handling, you that be wise, judge.

Yet some men, wise indeed, but in this matter more by severity of nature than any wisdom at all, do laugh at us, when we thus wish and reason, that young children should rather be allured to learning by gentleness and love, than compelled to learning by beating and fear: They say our reasons serve only to breed forth talk, and pass away time, but we never saw good schoolmaster do so, nor never read of wise man that thought so.

Yes, forsooth: as wise as they be, either in other men's opinion, or in their own conceit, I will bring the contrary judgment of him, who, they themselves shall confess, wax as wise as they are, or else they may be justly thought to have small wit at all: and that is Socrates, whose judgment in Plato is plainly this in these words: . . . in English thus, No learning ought to be learned with bondage: For, bodily labors, wrought by compulsion, hurt not the body: but any learning learned by compulsion, tarrieth not long in the mind: And why? For whatsoever the mind doth learn unwillingly with fear, the same it doth quickly forget without care. And lest proud wits, that love not to be contraried, but have lust to wrangle or trifle away troth, will say that Socrates meaneth not this of children's teaching, but of some other higher learning, hear what Socrates in the same place doth more plainly say: . . . my dear friend, bring not up your children in learning by compulsion and fear, but by playing and pleasure. And you that do read Plato, as ye should, do well perceive that these be no questions asked by Socrates as doubts, but they be sentences, first affirmed by Socrates as mere truths, and after, given forth by Socrates as right rules, most necessary to be marked, and fit to be followed of all them that would have children taught as they should. And in this counsel, judgment, and authority of Socrates, I will repose myself, until I meet with a man of the contrary mind whom I may justly take to be wiser than I think Socrates was. Fond schoolmasters neither can understand, nor will follow this good counsel of Socrates, but wise riders in their office can and will do both: which is the only cause, that commonly the young gentlemen of England go so unwillingly to school, and run so fast to the stable: For in very deed fond schoolmasters, by fear, do beat into them the hatred of learning, and wise riders, by gentle allurements, do breed up in



them the love of riding. They find fear and bondage in schools. They feel liberty and freedom in stables: which causeth them utterly to abhor the one, and most gladly to haunt the other. And I do not write this that, in exhorting to the one, I would dissuade young gentlemen from the other: yea, I am sorry, with all my heart, that they be given no more to riding than they be: For of all outward qualities, to ride fair is most comely for himself, most necessary for his country; and the greater he is in blood, the greater is his praise, the more he doth exceed all other therein. It was one of the three excellent praises, amongst the noble gentlemen the old Persians, Always to say truth, to ride fair, and shoot well: and so it was engraven upon Darius' tomb, as Strabo beareth witness:—

Darius the king lieth buried here,  
Who in riding and shooting had never peer.

But, to our purpose, young men, by any means, losing the love of learning, when by time they come to their own rule, they carry commonly, from the school with them, a perpetual hatred of their master, and a continual contempt of learning. If ten gentlemen be asked why they forget so soon in court that which they were learning so long in school, eight of them, or let me be blamed, will lay the fault on their ill handling by their schoolmasters. . . .

Yet some will say that children, of nature, love pastime and mislike learning: because, in their kind, the one is easy and pleasant, the other hard and wearisome: which is an opinion not so true as some men ween: For the matter lieth not so much in the disposition of them that be young, as in the order and manner of bringing up by them that be old, nor yet in the difference of learning and pastime. For, beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book. Knock him always, when he draweth his shaft ill, and favor him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loath to be in the field, and very willing to be in the school. Yea, I say more, — and not of myself, but by the judgment of those from whom few wise men will gladly dissent, — that if ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than other, to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years, before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure clean wit of a **sweet young babe** is like the newest wax, most able

to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it.

And thus, will in children, wisely wrought withal, may easily be won to be very well willing to learn. And wit in children, by nature, namely memory, the only key and keeper of all learning, is readiest to receive and surest to keep any manner of thing that is learned in youth: This, lewd [vulgar] and learned, by common experience, know to be most true. For we remember nothing so well when we be old as those things which we learned when we were young; and this is not strange, but common in all nature's works. Every man sees (as I said before) new wax is best for printing; new clay fittest for working; new-shorn wool aptest for soon and surest dyeing; new fresh flesh, for good and durable salting. And this similitude is not rude, nor borrowed of the larder house, but out of his schoolhouse, of whom the wisest of England need not be ashamed to learn. Young grafts grow not only soonest, but also fairest, and bring always forth the best and sweetest fruit: young whelps learn easily to carry; young popinjays learn quickly to speak: and so, to be short, if in all other things, though they lack reason, sense, and life, the similitude of youth is fittest to all goodness, surely nature in mankind is most beneficial and effectual in this behalf.

Therefore, if to the goodness of nature be joined the wisdom of the teacher, in leading young wits into a right and plain way of learning, surely, children, kept up in God's fear, and governed by his grace, may most easily be brought well to serve God and country both by virtue and wisdom.

But if will and wit, by farther age, be once allured from innocency, delighted in vain sights, filled with foul talk, crooked with willfulness, hardened with stubbornness, and let loose to disobedience, surely it is hard with gentleness, but impossible with severe cruelty, to call them back to good frame again. For where the one perchance may bend it, the other shall surely break it; and so instead of some hope, leave an assured desperation, and shameless contempt of all goodness, the farthest point in all mischief, as Xenophon doth most truly and most wittily mark.

Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth.

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child, for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park: I found her in her chamber, reading "Phædon Platonis" in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: "I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato: alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madame," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it: seeing, not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto." "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me: and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringing daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

I could be over-long, both in showing just causes, and in reciting true examples, why learning should be taught rather by love than fear. He that would see a perfect discourse of it, let him read that learned treatise, which my friend Joan. Sturmius wrote "de Institutione Principis," to the Duke of Cleves.

The godly counsels of Solomon and Jesus the son of Sirach, for sharp keeping in and bridling of youth, are meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating, rather for manners than for learning; for other places, than for schools. For God forbid but all evil touches, wantonness, lying, picking, sloth, will, stubbornness, and disobedience should be with sharp chastisement daily cut away.



## THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

By JOHN LYLly.

(From "Euphues and his England.")

[JOHN LYLly, English stylist, was born in Kent, 1553. He graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, 1573; studied also at Cambridge. He was in Lord Burghley's household, vice master of St. Paul's choristers; member of Parliament (1597-1601); buried November 30, 1606. He published "Euphues, or the Anatomie of Wit" (1579), "Euphues and his England" (1580), and several comedies later.]

Is NOT this a glass, fair ladies, for all other countries to behold, where there is not only an agreement in faith, religion, and counsel, but in friendship, brotherhood and living? By whose good endeavors vice is punished, virtue rewarded, peace established, foreign broils repressed, domestical cares appeased? What nation can of counselors desire more? what dominion, that excepted, hath so much? when neither courage can prevail against their chivalry, nor craft take place against their counsel, nor both joined in one be of force to undermine their country.

When you have dazzled your eyes with this glass, behold I've another. It was my fortune to be acquainted with certain English gentlemen, which brought me to the court, where, when I came, I was driven into amaze to behold the lusty and brave gallants, the beautiful and chaste ladies, the rare and godly orders, so as I could not tell whether I should most commend

virtue or bravery. At the last, coming oftener thither than it beseeemed one of my degree, yet not so often as they desired my company, I began to pry after their manners, natures, and lives, and that which followeth I saw, whereof whoso doubteth I will swear.

The ladies spend the morning in devout prayer, not resembling the gentlewomen in Greece and Italy, who begin their morning at midnoon and make their evening at midnight, using sonnets for psalms and pastimes for prayers, reading the epistle of a lover when they should peruse the Gospel of our Lord, drawing wanton lines when death is before their face, as Archimedes did triangles and circles when the enemy was at his back. Behold, ladies, in this glass, that the service of God is to be preferred before all things, imitate the English damoselles, who have their books tied to their girdles, not feathers, who are as cunning in the Scriptures as you are in Ariosto or Petrarch, or any book that liketh you best and becometh you most.

For bravery I cannot say that you exceed them, for certain it is the most gorgeous court that ever I have seen, read, or heard of; but yet do they not use their apparel so nicely as you in Italy, who think scorn to kneel at service for fear of wrinkles in your silks, who dare not lift up your head to heaven for fear of rumpling the ruffs in your neck, yet your hands, I conceive, are holden up rather, I think, to show your rings than to manifest your righteousness. The bravery they use is for the honor of their prince, the attire you wear for the alluring of your prey; the rich apparel maketh their beauty more seen, your disguising causeth your faces to be more suspected; they resemble in their raiment the elfrich, who, being gazed on, closeth her wings and hideth her feathers, you in your robes are not unlike the peacock, who, being praised, spreadeth his tail and bewrayeth his pride. Velvets and silks in them are like gold about a pure diamond, in you like a green hedge about a filthy dunghill. Think not, ladies, that because you are decked with gold you are endued with grace; imagine not that shining like the sun in earth ye shall climb the sun in heaven; look diligently into this English glass, and then shall you see that the more costly your apparel is the greater your courtesy should be, that you ought to be as far from pride as you are from poverty, and as near to princes in beauty as you are in brightness. Because you are brave disdain not those

who are base; think with yourselves that russet coats have their christendom, that the sun when he is at his height shineth as well upon coarse kersey as cloth of tissue; though you have pearls in your ears, jewels in your breasts, precious stones on your fingers, yet disdain not the stones in the street, which, although they are nothing so noble, yet are they much more necessary. Let not your robes hinder your devotion; learn of the English ladies that God is worthy to be worshiped with the most price, to whom you ought to give all praise: then shall you be like stars to the wise, who are now but staring flocks to the foolish, then shall you be praised of most who are now pointed at of all, then shall God bear with your folly who now abhorreth your pride.

As the ladies in this blessed island are devout and brave, so are they chaste and beautiful; insomuch that when I first beheld them I could not tell whether some mist had bleared mine eyes or some strange enchantment my mind: for it may be, thought I, that in this island either some Artimedorus or Lisimandro, or some odd necromancer did inhabit, who would show me fairies, or the body of Helen, or the new shape of Venus; but coming to myself and seeing that my senses were not changed but hindered, that the place where I stood was no enchanted castle but a gallant court, I could scarce restrain my voice from crying, "There is no beauty but in England." There did I behold them of pure complexion, exceeding the lily and the rose, of favor (wherein the chiefest beauty consisteth) surpassing the pictures that were feigned, or the magician that would feign, their eyes piercing like the sunbeams yet chaste, their speech pleasant and sweet yet modest and courteous, their gait comely, their bodies straight, their hands white, all things that man could wish or woman would have, which how much it is none can set down, whenas the one desireth as much as may be, the other more. And to these beautiful molds, chaste minds: to these comely bodies, temperance, modesty, mildness, sobriety, whom I often beheld merry yet wise, conferring with courtiers yet warily; drinking of wine yet moderately, eating of delicates yet but their ear full, listening to discourses of love but not without reasoning of learning: for there it more delighteth them to talk of Robin Hood than to shoot in his bow, and greater pleasure they take to hear of love than to be in love. Here, ladies, is a glass that will make you blush for shame and look wan for anger; their

beauty cometh by nature, yours by art ; they increase their favors with fair water, you maintain yours with painters' colors ; the hair they lay out groweth upon their own heads, your seemliness hangeth upon others ; theirs is always in their own keeping, yours often in the dyer's ; their beauty is not lost with a sharp blast, yours fadeth with a soft breath ; not unlike unto paper flowers which break as soon as they are touched, resembling the birds in Egypt called ibes, who, being handled, loose their feathers, or the serpent serapie, which, being but touched with a brake, bursteth. They use their beauty because it is commendable, you because you would be common ; they, if they have little, do not seek to make it more, you that have none endeavor to bespeak most ; if theirs wither by age they nothing esteem it, if yours waste by years you go about to keep it ; they know that beauty must fail if life continue, you swear that it shall not fade if colors last.

But to what end, ladies, do you alter the gifts of nature by the shifts of art ? Is there no color good but white, no planet bright but Venus, no linen fair but lawn ? Why go ye about to make the face fair by those means that are most foul ? a thing loathsome to man and therefore not lovely ; horrible before God and therefore not lawful.

Have you not heard that the beauty of the cradle is most bright, that paintings are for pictures without sense, not for persons with true reason ? Follow at the last, ladies, the gentlewomen of England, who, being beautiful, do those things as shall become so amiable faces, if of an indifferent hue, those things as they shall make them lovely, not adding an ounce to beauty that may detract a dram from virtue. Besides this, their chastity and temperance is as rare as their beauty, not going in your footsteps, that drink wine before you rise to increase your color and swill it when you are up to provoke your lust. They use their needle to banish idleness, not the pen to nourish it, not spending their time in answering the letters of those that woo them, but forswearing the company of those that write them, giving no occasion either by wanton looks, unseemly gestures, unadvised speech, or any uncomely behavior of lightness or liking. Contrary to the custom of many countries, where filthy words are accounted to favor of a fine wit, broad speech of a bold courage, wanton glances of a sharp eyesight, wicked deeds of a comely gesture, all vain delights of a right courteous courtesy.

And yet are they not in England precise but wary, not disdainful to confer but fearful to offend, not without remorse where they perceive truth but without replying where they suspect treachery, whenas among other nations there is no tale so loathsome to chaste ears but it is heard with great sport and answered with great speed.

Is it not then a shame, ladies, that that little island should be a mirror to you, to Europe, to the whole world?

Where is the temperance you profess, when wine is more common than water? where the chastity, when lust is thought lawful? where the modesty, when your mirth turneth to uncleanness, uncleanness to shamelessness, shamelessness to all sinfulness? Learn, ladies, though late, yet at length, that the chiefest title of honor in earth is to give all honor to him that is in heaven; that the greatest bravery in this world is to be burning lamps in the world to come; that the clearest beauty in this life is to be amiable to him that shall give life eternal.

Look in the glass of England — too bright, I fear me, for your eyes: what is there in your sex that they have not, and what that you should not have? They are in prayer devout, in bravery humble, in beauty chaste, in feasting temperate, in affection wise, in mirth modest, in all their actions, though courtly because women, yet angels because virtuous.

Ah, good ladies, — good, I say, for that I love you, — I would you could a little abate that pride of your stomachs, that looseness of mind, that licentious behavior, which I have seen in you with no small sorrow, and cannot remedy with continual sighs.

They in England pray when you play, sow when you sleep, fast when you feast, and weep for their sins when you laugh at your sensualities. They frequent the church to serve God, you to see gallants; they deck themselves for cleanliness, you for pride; they maintain their beauty for their own liking, you for others' lust; they refrain wine because they fear to take too much, you because you can take no more. Come, ladies, with tears I call you, look in this glass, repent your sins past, refrain your present vices, abhor vanities to come, say thus with one voice, "We can see our faults only in the English glass;" a glass of grace to them, of grief to you; to them in the stead of righteousness, to you in place of repentance.

The lords and gentlemen in that court are also an example for all others to follow. . . .



This is a glass for our youth in Greece, for your young ones in Italy, the English glass: behold it, lords and ladies, and all that either mean to have piety, use bravery, increase beauty, or that desire temperance, chastity, wit, wisdom, valor, or anything that may delight yourselves or deserve praise of others.

But another sight there is in my glass, which maketh me sigh for grief I cannot show it, and yet had I rather offend in derogating from my glass than my good will.

Blessed is that land that hath all commodities to increase the common wealth; happy is that island that hath wise councilors to maintain it, virtuous courtiers to beautify it, noble gentlemen to advance it, but to have such a prince to govern it as is their sovereign queen, I know not whether I should think the people to be more fortunate, or the prince famous; whether their felicity be more to be had in admiration that have such a ruler, or his virtues to be honored that hath such royalty; for such is their estate there that I am enforced to think that every day is as lucky to the Englishmen as the sixth day of February hath been to the Grecians.

But I see you gaze until I show this glass, which, you having once seen, will make you giddy. O ladies! I know not when to begin nor where to end; for the more I go about to express the brightness, the more I find mine eyes bleared, the nearer I desire to come to it, the farther I seem from it; not unlike unto Simonides, who, being curious to set down what God was, the more leisure he took, the more loath he was to meddle, saying that in things above reach it was easy to catch a strain but impossible to touch a star; and therefore, scarce tolerable to point at that which one can never pull at. When Alexander had commanded that none should paint him but Apelles, none carve him but Lysippus, none engrave him but Pergoteles, Parrhasius framed a table squared every way two hundred feet, which in the borders he trimmed with fresh colors and limned with fine gold, leaving all the other room without knot or line, which table he presented to Alexander, who, no less marveling at the bigness than at the bareness, demanded to what end he gave him a frame without face, being so naked, and without fashion, being so great. Parrhasius answered him, "Let it be lawful for Parrhasius, O Alexander, to show a table wherein he would paint Alexander, if it were not unlawful, and for others to square timber though Lysippus carve it, and for all to cast brass though Pergoteles engrave it." Alexander,

perceiving the good mind of Parrhasius, pardoned his boldness and preferred his art, yet inquiring why he framed the table so big. He answered that he thought that frame to be but little enough for his picture, when the whole world was too little for his person, saying that Alexander must as well be praised as painted, and that all his victories and virtues were not to be drawn in the compass of a signet but in a field.

This answer Alexander both liked and rewarded, insomuch that it was lawful ever after for Parrhasius both to praise that noble king and to paint him.

In like manner I hope, and though it be not requisite that any should paint their prince in England that cannot sufficiently perfect her, yet it shall not be thought rashness or rudeness for Euphues to frame a table for Elizabeth, though he presume not to paint her. Let Apelles show his fine art, Euphues will manifest his faithful heart; the one can but prove his conceit to blaze his cunning, the other his good will to grind his colors.

He that wetteth the tools is not to be disliked though he cannot carve the image; the worm that spinneth the silk is to be esteemed though she cannot work the sampler; they that fell timber for ships are not to be blamed because they cannot build ships. He that carrieth mortar furthereth the building, though he be no expert mason; he that diggeth the garden is to be considered, though he cannot tread the knots; the goldsmith's boy must have his wages for blowing the fire, though he cannot fashion the jewel.

Then, ladies, I hope poor Euphues shall not be reviled though he deserve not to be rewarded. I will set down this Elizabeth as near as I can, and it may be that as the Venus of Apelles, not finished; the Tindarides of Nicomachus, not ended; the Medea of Timomachus, not perfected; the table of Parrhasius, not colored, brought greater desire to consummate them and to others to see them; so the Elizabeth of Euphues, being but shadowed for others to varnish, but begun for others to end, but drawn with a black coal for others to blaze with a bright color, may work either a desire in Euphues hereafter, if he live, to end it, or a mind in those that are better able to amend it, or in all (if none can work it) a will to wish it. In the mean season I say, as Zeuxis did when he had drawn the picture of Atlanta, more will envy me than imitate me, and not commend it though they cannot amend it.

## MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.

[MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE, French essayist, was born of a distinguished family at the Château Montaigne in Périgord, February 28, 1533. In accordance with his father's eccentric ideas on education, he was taught and allowed to speak no language but Latin till the age of six, and was then sent to the Collège de Guienne at Bordeaux, among his instructors being George Buchanan, the Scottish poet and historian. He was afterwards a judge in the Parliament of Bordeaux, twice mayor of that city, and when at Blois, in 1588, was chosen to negotiate a treaty between the Duke of Guise and Henry of Navarre. The greater part of his life, however, was spent in peaceful study and meditation at his ancestral château, where he died September 13, 1592. Montaigne's "Essays" (published 1580 and 1588) had an immense influence on French authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and have been widely read outside of France. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson possessed English translations.]

## VIRTUES OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

WHAT is there in us that we do not see in the operations of animals? The swallows that we see at the return of the spring, searching all the corners of our houses for the most commodious places wherein to build their nest; do they seek without judgment, and amongst a thousand choose out the most proper for their purpose, without discretion? And in that elegant and admirable contexture of their buildings, can birds rather make choice of a square figure than a round, of an obtuse than of a right angle, without knowing their properties and effects? Do they bring water, and then clay, without knowing that the hardness of the latter grows softer by being wet? Do they mat their palace with moss or down without foreseeing that their tender young will lie more safe and easy? Do they secure themselves from the wet and rainy winds, and place their lodgings against the east, without knowing the different qualities of the winds, and considering that one is more wholesome than another? Why does the spider make her web tighter in one place, and slacker in another; why now make one sort of knot and then another, if she has not deliberation, thought, and conclusion? We sufficiently discover in most of their works how much animals excel us, and how unable our art is to imitate them. We see, nevertheless, in our rougher performances, that we employ all our faculties, and apply the utmost power of our souls; why do we not conclude the same

of them? Why should we attribute to I know not what natural and servile inclination the works that excel all we can do by nature and art? wherein, without being aware, we give them a mighty advantage over us in making nature, with maternal gentleness and love, accompany and lead them, as it were, by the hand to all the actions and commodities of their life, whilst she leaves us to chance and fortune, and to seek out by art the things that are necessary to our conservation, at the same time denying us the means of being able, by any instruction or effort of understanding, to arrive at the natural sufficiency of beasts; so that their brutish stupidity surpasses, in all conveniences, all that our divine intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great reason call her an unjust step-mother; but it is nothing so, our polity is not so irregular and unformed.

For instance, take the fox, the people of Thrace make use of when they wish to pass over the ice of some frozen river, and turn him out before them to that purpose; when we see him lay his ear upon the bank of the river, down to the ice, to listen if from a more remote or nearer distance he can hear the noise of the waters' current, and, according as he finds by that the ice to be of a less or greater thickness, to retire or advance,—have we not reason to believe thence that the same rational thoughts passed through his head that we should have upon the like occasions; and that it is a ratiocination and consequence, drawn from natural sense, that that which makes a noise runs, that which runs is not frozen, what is not frozen is liquid, and that which is liquid yields to impression?

I must not omit what Plutarch says he saw of a dog at Rome with the Emperor Vespasian, the father, at the theater of Marcellus. This dog served a player, that played a farce of several parts and personages, and had therein his part. He had, amongst other things, to counterfeit himself for some time dead, by reason of a certain drug he was supposed to eat. After he had swallowed a piece of bread, which passed for the drug, he began after a while to tremble and stagger, as if he was taken giddy; at last, stretching himself out stiff, as if dead, he suffered himself to be drawn and dragged from place to place, as it was his part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be time, he began first gently to stir, as if awaking out of a profound sleep, and lifting up his head

looked about him after such a manner as astonished all the spectators.

The oxen that served in the royal gardens of Susa, to water them, and turn certain great wheels to draw water for that purpose, to which buckets were fastened (such as there are many in Languedoc), being ordered every one to draw a hundred turns a day, they were so accustomed to this number that it was impossible by any force to make them draw one turn more; but, their task being performed, they would suddenly stop and stand still. We are almost men before we can count a hundred, and have lately discovered nations that have no knowledge of numbers at all.

"I have formerly seen," says Arrian, "an elephant having a cymbal hung at each leg, and another fastened to his trunk, at the sound of which all the others danced round about him, rising and bending at certain cadences, as they were guided by the instrument; and 'twas delightful to hear this harmony." In the spectacles of Rome there were ordinarily seen elephants taught to move and dance, to the sound of the voice, dances wherein were several changes and cadences very hard to learn. And some have been known so intent upon their lesson as privately to practice it by themselves, that they might not be chidden or beaten by their masters.

But this other story of the pie, of which we have Plutarch himself for a warrant, is very strange. She lived in a barber's shop at Rome, and did wonders in imitating with her voice whatever she heard. It happened one day that certain trumpeters stood a good while sounding before the shop. After that, and all the next day, the pie was pensive, dumb, and melancholic; which everybody wondered at, and thought the noise of the trumpets had so stupefied and astonished her that her voice was gone with her hearing. But they found at last that it was a profound meditation and a retiring into herself, her thoughts exercising and preparing her voice to imitate the sound of those trumpets, so that the first voice she uttered was perfectly to imitate their strains, stops, and changes,—having by this new lesson quitted and taken in disdain all she had learned before.

I will not omit this other example of a dog, also, which the same Plutarch (I am sadly confounding all order, but I do not propose arrangement here any more than elsewhere throughout my book) which Plutarch says he saw on board a ship. This

dog, being puzzled how to get the oil that was in the bottom of a jar, which he could not reach with his tongue by reason of the narrow mouth of the vessel, went and fetched stones and let them fall into the jar till he made the oil rise so high that he could reach it. What is this but an effect of a very subtle capacity? 'Tis said that the ravens of Barbary do the same, when the water they would drink is too low. This action is somewhat akin to what Juba, a king of their nation, relates of the elephants: "That when, by the craft of the hunter, one of them is trapped in certain deep pits prepared for them and covered over with brush to deceive them, all the rest, in great diligence, bring a great many stones and logs of wood to raise the bottom so that he may get out." But this animal, in several other effects, comes so near to human capacity that, should I particularly relate all that experience hath delivered to us, I should easily have what I usually maintain granted; namely, that there is more difference betwixt such and such a man than betwixt such a beast and such a man. The keeper of an elephant in a private house of Syria robbed him every meal of the half of his allowance. One day his master would himself feed him, and poured the full measure of barley he had ordered for his allowance into his manger; at which the elephant, casting an angry look at his keeper, with his trunk separated the one half from the other, and thrust it aside, by that declaring the wrong was done him. And another, having a keeper that mixed stones with his corn to make up the measure, came to the pot where he was boiling meat for his own dinner and filled it with ashes. Of fresh memory, the Portuguese having besieged the city of Tamly, in the territory of Xiatine, the inhabitants of the place brought a great many hives, of which are great plenty in that place, upon the wall; and with fire drove the bees so furiously upon the enemy that they gave over the enterprise, not being able to stand their attacks and endure their stings; and so the citizens, by this new sort of relief, gained liberty and the victory with so wonderful a fortune, that at the return of their defenders from the battle they found they had not lost so much as one.

As to fidelity, there is no animal in the world so treacherous as man. Our histories have recorded the violent pursuits that dogs have made after the murderers of their masters. King Pyrrhus observing a dog that watched a dead man's body, and understanding that he had for three days together performed

that office, commanded that the body should be buried, and took the dog along with him. One day, as he was at a general muster of his army, this dog, seeing his master's murderers, with great barking and extreme signs of anger flew upon them, and by this first accusation awakened the revenge of this murder, which was soon after perfected by form of justice. As much was done by the dog of the wise Hesiod, who convicted the sons of Ganictor of Naupaetus of the murder committed on the person of his master. Another dog being to guard a temple at Athens, having spied a sacrilegious thief carrying away the finest jewels, fell to barking at him with all his force, but the warders not awaking at the noise, he followed him, and day being broke, kept off at a little distance, without losing sight of him ; if he offered him anything to eat he would not take it, but would wag his tail at all the passengers he met, and took whatever they gave him ; and if the thief lay down to sleep, he likewise stayed upon the same place. The news of this dog being come to the warders of the temple, they put themselves upon the pursuit, inquiring of the color of the dog, and at last found him in the city of Cromyon, and the thief also, whom they brought back to Athens, where he got his reward ; and the judges, in consideration of this good office, ordered a certain measure of corn for the dog's daily sustenance, at the public charge, and the priests to take care of it. Plutarch delivers this story for a certain truth, and that it happened in the age wherein he lived.

As to gratitude (for I think we need bring this word into a little repute), this one example, which Apion reports himself to have been an eyewitness of, shall suffice. "One day," says he, "at Rome, they entertained the people with the sight of the fighting of several strange beasts, and principally of lions of an unusual size ; there was one amongst the rest who, by his furious deportment, by the strength and largeness of his limbs, and by his loud and dreadful roaring, attracted the eyes of all the spectators. Amongst other slaves that were presented to the people in this combat of beasts there was one Androclus, of Dacia, belonging to a Roman lord of consular dignity. This lion, having seen him at a distance, first made a sudden stop, as it were in a wondering posture, and then softly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable manner, as if it were to enter into acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now assured of what he sought for, he began to wag

his tail, as dogs do when they flatter their masters, and to kiss and lick the hands and thighs of the poor wretch, who was beside himself, and almost dead with fear. Androclus being by this kindness of the lion a little come to himself, and having taken so much heart as to consider and know him, it was a singular pleasure to see the joy and caresses that passed betwixt them. At which the people breaking into loud acclamations of joy, the emperor caused the slave to be called, to know from him the cause of so strange an event; who thereupon told him a new and a very strange story: "My master," said he, "being proconsul in Africa, I was constrained, by his severity and cruel usage, being daily beaten, to steal from him and run away; and, to hide myself secretly from a person of so great authority in the province, I thought it my best way to fly to the solitudes, sands, and uninhabitable parts of that country, resolving that in case the means of supporting life should chance to fail me, to make some shift or other to kill myself. The sun being excessively hot at noon, and the heat intolerable, I lit upon a private and almost inaccessible cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this lion, with one foot wounded and bloody, complaining and groaning with the pain he endured. At his coming I was exceeding afraid; but he, having spied me hidden in the corner of his den, came gently to me, holding out and showing me his wounded foot, as if he demanded my assistance in his distress. I then drew out a great splinter he had got there, and, growing a little more familiar with him, squeezing the wound thrust out the matter, dirt, and gravel which was got into it, and wiped and cleansed it the best I could. He, finding himself something better, and much eased of his pain, laid him down to rest, and presently fell asleep with his foot in my hand. From that time forward he and I lived together in this cave three whole years upon one and the same diet; for of the beasts that he killed in hunting he always brought me the best pieces, which I roasted in the sun for want of fire, and so ate it. At last, growing weary of this wild and brutish life, the lion being one day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary provision, I departed thence, and the third day after was taken by the soldiers, who brought me from Africa to this city to my master, who presently condemned me to die, and to be thus exposed to the wild beasts. Now, by what I see, this lion was also taken soon after, who has now sought to recompense me



for the benefit and cure that he received at my hands." This is the story that Androclus told the emperor, which he also conveyed from hand to hand to the people; wherefore, at the general request, he was absolved from his sentence and set at liberty, and the lion was, by order of the people, presented to him. "We afterwards saw," says Apion, "Androclus leading this lion, in nothing but a small leash, from tavern to tavern at Rome, and receiving what money everybody would give him, the lion being so gentle as to suffer himself to be covered with the flowers that the people threw upon him, every one that met him saying, 'There goes the lion that entertained the man; there goes the man that cured the lion.'"

As to magnanimity, it will be hard to exhibit a better instance of it than in the example of the great dog sent to Alexander the Great from the Indies. They first brought him a stag to encounter, next a boar, and after that a bear, all which he slighted, and disdained to stir from his place; but when he saw a lion he then immediately roused himself, evidently manifesting that he declared that alone worthy to enter the lists with him. Touching repentance and the acknowledgment of faults, 'tis reported of an elephant that, having in the impetuosity of his rage killed his keeper, he fell into so extreme a sorrow that he would never after eat, but starved himself to death. And as to clemency, 'tis said of a tiger, the most cruel of all beasts, that a kid having been put in to him, he suffered a two days' hunger rather than hurt it, and the third broke the grate he was shut up in, to seek elsewhere for prey; so unwilling he was to fall upon the kid, his familiar and his guest. And as to the laws of familiarity and agreement, formed by conversation, it ordinarily happens that we bring up cats, dogs, and hares, tame together.

#### NOT TO COUNTERFEIT BEING SICK.

There is an epigram in Martial of very good sense, for he has of all sorts, where he pleasantly tells the story of Cælius, who to avoid making his court to some great men of Rome, to wait their rising, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the gout; and, the better to color this pretense, anointed his legs, and had them wrapped up in a great many clouts and swathings, and perfectly counterfeited both the gesture and

countenance of a gouty person, till in the end fortune did him the kindness to make him gouty indeed.

Tantum cura potest, et ars doloris!  
Desit fingere Cælius podagram.

So much has counterfeiting brought about,  
Cælius has ceased to counterfeit the gout.

I think I have read somewhere in Appian a story like this, of one who, to escape the proscriptions of the Triumviri of Rome, and the better to be concealed from the discovery of those who pursued him, having shaded himself in a disguise, would yet add this invention, to counterfeit having but one eye; but when he came to have a little more liberty, and went to take off the plaster he had a great while worn over his eye, he found he had totally lost the sight of it indeed, and that it was absolutely gone. 'Tis possible that the action of sight was dulled for having been so long without exercise, and that the optic power was wholly retired into the other eye; for we evidently perceive that the eye we keep shut sends some part of its virtue to its fellow, so that the remaining eye will swell and grow bigger; as also idleness, with the heat of ligatures and plasters, might very well have brought some gouty humor upon this dissembler in Martial.

Reading in Froissard the vow of a troop of young English gallants, to carry their left eyes bound up till they were arrived in France, and had performed some notable exploit upon us, I have oft been tickled with the conceit of its befalling them as it did the before-named Roman, and that they had returned with but an eye apiece to their mistresses, for whose sakes they had entered into this vow.

Mothers have reason to rebuke their children when they counterfeit having but one eye, squinting, lameness, or any other personal defect; for, besides that their bodies being then so tender may be subject to take an ill bent, fortune, I know not how, sometimes seems to take a delight to take us at our word; and I have heard several examples related of people who have become really sick by only feigning to be so. I have always used, whether on horseback or on foot, to carry a stick in my hand, and so as to affect doing it with a grace; many have threatened that this trick would one day be turned

into necessity ; that is, that I should be the first of my family that should have the gout.

But let us a little lengthen this chapter, and vary it with a piece of another color, concerning blindness. Pliny reports of one that, once dreaming he was blind, found himself in the morning so indeed, without any preceding infirmity in his eyes. The force of imagination might assist in this case, as I have said elsewhere, and Pliny seems to be of the same opinion ; but it is more likely that the motions which the body felt within (of which physicians, if they please, may find out the cause), which took away his sight, were the occasion of his dream.

#### AGAINST IDLENESS.

The Emperor Vespasian, being sick with the disease whereof he died, did not for all that neglect to inquire after the state of the empire, and even in bed continually dispatched very many affairs of great consequence ; for which, being reproved by his physician, as a thing prejudicial to his health, "An emperor," said he, "should die standing." A fine saying, in my opinion, and worthy of a great prince. The Emperor Adrian since made use of words to the same purpose ; and kings should be often put in mind of it, to make them know that the great office conferred upon them, of the command of so many men, is not an employment of ease ; and that there is nothing can so justly disgust a subject, and make him unwilling to expose himself to labor and danger for the service of his prince, as to see him in the mean time devoted to his ease and unmanly delights ; or to be solicitous of his preservation, who so much neglects that of his people.

Whoever will take upon him to maintain that 'tis better for a prince to carry on his wars by others than in his own person, fortune will furnish him with examples enough of those whose lieutenants have brought great enterprises to a happy issue, and of those also whose presence had done more hurt than good. But no virtuous and valiant prince can with patience endure such dishonorable advice. Under color of saving his head, like the statue of a saint, for the happiness of his kingdom, they degrade him from, and declare him incapable of, his office, which is military throughout. I know one who would much rather be beaten, than to sleep whilst another fights for him ; and who never without jealousy heard of any brave thing done.

even by his own officers in his absence. And Selim I. said, with very good reason, in my opinion, "That victories obtained without the master were never complete;" much more would he have said that that master ought to blush for shame to pretend to any share in the honor, having contributed nothing to the work but his voice and thought; nor even so much as those, considering that, in such works as that, the direction and command that deserve honor are only such as are given upon the place, and in the heat of the business. No pilot performs his office by standing still. The princes of the Ottoman family, the first in the world in military fortune, have warmly embraced this opinion; and Bajazet the Second, with his son, that swerved from it, spending their time in sciences and other indoor employments, gave great blows to their empire; and Amurath the Third, now reigning, following their example, begins to find the same. Was it not Edward the Third, king of England, who said this of our Charles the Fifth? "There never was king who so seldom put on his armor, and yet never king who cut me out so much work." He had reason to think it strange, as an effect of chance more than of reason. And let those seek out some other to join with them than me, who will reckon the kings of Castile and Portugal amongst warlike and magnanimous conquerors, because, at the distance of twelve hundred leagues from their lazy abode, by the conduct of their captains, they made themselves masters of both Indies; of which it remains to be seen if they have but the courage to go in person to enjoy them.

The Emperor Julian said yet further, that "a philosopher and a brave man ought not so much as to breathe;" that is to say, not to allow any more to bodily necessities than what we cannot refuse, keeping the soul and body still intent and busy about honorable, great, and virtuous things. He was ashamed if any one in public saw him spit or sweat (which is said also of the Lacedemonian young men, and by Xenophon of the Persians), forasmuch as he conceived that exercise, continual labor, and sobriety ought to have dried up all those superfluities. What Seneca says will not be inapt for this place, that the ancient Romans kept their youth always standing. They taught them nothing, says he, that they were to learn sitting.

'Tis a generous desire to wish to die usefully and like a man, but the effect lies not so much in our resolution as in good fortune. A thousand have proposed to themselves in battle, either

to overcome or die, who have failed both in the one and the other, — wounds and imprisonment crossing their design, and compelling them to live against their will. There are diseases that overthrow even our desires and our knowledge. Fortune was not bound to second the vanity of the Roman legions, who bound themselves by oath either to overcome or die. "I will return, Marcus Fabius, a conqueror from the army. If I fail, I invoke the indignation of Father Jove, Mars, and the other offended gods, upon me." The Portuguese say that, in a certain place of their conquest of the Indies, they met with soldiers who had condemned themselves with horrible execrations to enter into no composition, but either to cause themselves to be slain, or to remain victorious; and had their heads and beards shaved in token of this vow. 'Tis to much purpose to hazard ourselves and to be obstinate; it seems as if blows avoided those that present themselves too briskly to danger, and do not willingly fall upon those who too willingly seek them, but defeat them of their design. Such there have been who, after having tried all ways, not having been able, with all their endeavor, to obtain the favor of dying by the hand of the enemy, have been constrained, to make good their resolution of bringing home the honor of victory, or of losing their lives, to kill themselves even in the heat of battle. Of which there are other examples; but this is one: Philistus, general of the naval army of Dionysius the Younger against those of Syracuse, gave them battle, which was sharply disputed, their forces being equal; in which engagement he had the better at first, through his own valor; but, the Syracusans drawing about his galley to environ him, after having done great things in his own person to disengage himself, hoping for no relief, with his own hand he took away that life he had so liberally and in vain exposed to the fury of the enemy.

Muley Moluch, king of Fez, who had just won, against Sebastian, king of Portugal, that battle so famous for the death of three kings, and by the transmission of that great kingdom to the crown of Castile, was extremely sick when the Portuguese entered in a hostile manner into his dominions; and from that day forward grew worse and worse, still drawing nearer to and foreseeing his end. Yet never did man employ himself more vigorously and bravely than he did upon this occasion. He found himself too weak to undergo the pomp and ceremony of entering into his camp, which after their manner is very magnificent, and full of action, and therefore resigned that

honor to his brother; but that was also all of the office of a general that he resigned; all the rest useful and necessary he most exactly and laboriously performed in his own person, his body lying upon a couch, but his judgment and courage upright and firm to his last gasp, and in some sort beyond it. He might have worn out his enemy, indiscreetly advanced into his dominions, without striking a blow; and it was a very unhappy occurrence that, for want of a little life, or somebody to substitute in the conduct of this war, and in the affairs of a troubled state, he was compelled to seek a doubtful and bloody victory, having another, by a better and surer way, already in his hands; notwithstanding, he wonderfully managed the continuance of his sickness in consuming the enemy, and in drawing them a long way from the naval army and the maritime places they had on the coast of Africa, even till the last day of his life, which he designedly reserved for this great contest. He ordered his battle in a circular form, environing the Portuguese army on every side, which circle coming to close in the wings, and to draw up close together, did not only hinder them in the conflict (which was very sharp, through the valor of the young invading king), considering they were every way to make a front; but prevented their flight after the defeat, so that finding all passages possessed and shut up by the enemy, they were constrained to close up together again; *coacervanturque non solum cæde, sed etiam fuga*, and there they were slain in heaps upon one another, leaving to the conqueror a very bloody and entire victory. Dying, he caused himself to be carried and hurried from place to place where most need was; and passing through the files encouraged the captains and soldiers one after another; but, a corner of his battle being broken, he was not to be held from mounting on horseback sword in hand; he did his utmost to break from those about him and rush into the thickest of the battle, they all the while withholding him, some by the bridle, some by his robe, and others by his stirrups. This last effort totally overwhelmed the little life he had left; they again lay him upon his bed. Coming to himself again, and starting out of his swoon, all other faculties failing, to give his people notice that they were to conceal his death (the most necessary command he had then to give, that his soldiers might not be discouraged with the news), he expired with his finger upon his mouth, the ordinary sign of keeping silence.

The extreme degree of courageously treating death, and the most natural, is to look upon it not only without astonishment,

but without care, continuing the wonted course of life even into it, as Cato did, who entertained himself in study, and went to sleep, having a violent and bloody one in his head and heart, and the weapon in his hand.



## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

BY SIR EDWARD DYER.

[EDWARD DYER was born near Glastonbury, England, about 1550; educated at Balliol College, Oxford; was ambassador to Denmark in 1589; was knighted in 1596, and died in 1607.]

MY MIND to me a kingdom is;  
 Such present joys therein I find,  
 That it excels all other bliss  
 That earth affords or grows by kind:  
 Though much I want which most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
 No force to win the victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to feed a loving eye;  
 To none of these I yield as thrall:  
 For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soon do fall;  
 I see that those which are aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
 They get with toil, they keep with fear;  
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;  
 I seek no more than may suffice;  
 I press to bear no haughty sway;  
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies:  
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

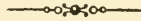
Some have too much, yet still do crave;  
 I little have, and seek no more.  
 They are but poor, though much they have,  
 And I am rich with little store;

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;  
I grudge not at another's pain;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss;  
My state at one doth still remain:  
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will;  
Their treasure is their only trust;  
A cloaked craft their store of skill:  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:  
My conscience clear my chief defense;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offense:  
Thus do I live; thus will I die;  
Would all did so as well as I!



## APELLES' SONG.

By JOHN LYLY.

(From "Alexander and Campaspe.")

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses — Cupid paid.  
He stakes his quiver, bows, and arrows,  
His mother's doves and team of sparrows:  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);  
With these the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin —  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes. —  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love, has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?



## THE ARMADA: RESULTS OF ITS DEFEAT.

BY LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

(From the "History of England.")

[LEOPOLD VON RANKE, one of the foremost of modern historians, was born at Wieke, in Saxony, December 21, 1795; studied at the University of Leipzig; in 1817 became professor of history in the "Gymnasium" at Frankfort-on-the-Oder; in 1824 published a "Critique on Modern Historians" and "History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations between 1494 and 1535," which gained him a professorship in the University of Berlin. The archives in the royal library there gave him materials for his voluminous "History of the Princes and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," the first volume published in 1827. Obtaining a long leave of absence, he spent four years in studying the archives at Vienna, Venice, Rome, and Florence; and in 1834-1837 published the "History of the Popes" (mainly of the late mediæval period), and "History of the Servian Revolution." In 1839-1847 came the "History of Germany during the Reformation," his best work; in 1841 he became royal historiographer, and published "Nine Books [afterwards twelve] of Russian History"; in 1852-1861, "History of France, Principally in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries"; 1859-1874, "History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century"; 1868, "History of Germany between the Religious Peace and the Thirty Years' War"; 1869, "History of Wallenstein"; 1870, "The Origin and Beginning of the Revolutionary War"; 1872, "The German Powers and the League of Princes"; 1873, "Correspondence of Frederick William IV. with Baron Bunsen"; 1875, "Contributions to the History of Austria and Russia, between the Treaties of Aachen and Hubertsburg"; 1877, "Memoirs of Hardenberg"; and in 1880 the first volume of a great "Universal History," of which he issued a volume each year till his death, May 23, 1886. He also wrote many monographs and essays; and he taught and trained nearly all the best recent German historians.]

AT THIS moment the war with the Spaniards — the resistance which the English auxiliaries offered to them in the Netherlands, as well as the attack now being made on their coasts — occupied men's minds all the more, as the success of both the one and the other was very doubtful, and a most dangerous counterstroke was to be expected. The lion they wished to bind had only become more exasperated. The naval war in particular provoked the extreme of peril.

Hostilities had been going on a long while, arising at first from the privateering which filled the whole of the Western Ocean. The English traders held it to be their right to avenge every injustice done them on their neighbors' coasts — for man has, they said, a natural desire of procuring himself satisfaction — and so turned themselves into freebooters. Through the

counter operations of the Spaniards this private naval war became more and more extensive, and then also gradually developed more glorious impulses, as we see in Francis Drake, who at first only took part in the mere privateering of injured traders, and afterwards rose to the idea of a maritime rivalry between the nations. It was an important moment in the history of the world when Drake on the isthmus of Panama first caught sight of the Pacific, and prayed God for His grace that he might be sent over this sea some day in an English ship—a grace since granted not merely to himself, but also in the richest measure to his nation. Many companies were formed to resume the voyages of discovery, already once begun and then again discontinued. And as the Spaniards based their exclusive right to the possession of the other hemisphere on the Pope's decision, Protestant ideas, which mocked at this supremacy of the Romish See over the world, now contributed also to impel men to occupy land in these regions. . . .

Francis Drake was commissioned to open the war. When, in October 1585, he reached the *Islas de Bayona* on the Gallician coast, he informed the governor, Don Pedro Bermudez, that he came in his Queen's name to put an end to the grievances which the English had had to suffer from the Spaniards. Don Pedro answered that he knew nothing of any such grievances; but if Drake wished to begin war, he was ready to meet him.

Francis Drake then directed his course at once to the West Indies. He surprised St. Domingo and Carthagena, occupied both one and the other for a short time, and levied heavy contributions on them. Then he brought back to England the colonists from Virginia, who were not yet able to hold their own against the natives. The next year he inflicted still more damage on the Spaniards. He made his way into the harbor of Cadiz, which was full of vessels that had either come from both the Indies or were proceeding thither; he sank or burnt them all. His privateers covered the sea.

Often already had the Spaniards planned an invasion of England. The most pressing motive of all lay in these maritime enterprises. The Spaniards remarked that the stability and power of their monarchy did not rest so much on the strong places they possessed in all parts of the world as on the movable instruments of dominion by which the connection with them was kept up; the interruption of the communica-

tion, caused by Francis Drake and his privateers, between just the most important points on the Spanish and the Netherlandish coasts, seemed to them unendurable; they desired to rid themselves of it at any price. And to this was now added the general cry of vengeance for the execution of the Queen of Scots, which was heard from the pulpit in the presence of the King himself. But this was not the only result of that event. The life of Queen Mary and her claim to the succession had always stood in the way of Spanish ambition: now Philip II. could think of taking possession of the English throne himself. He concluded a treaty with Pope Sixtus V., under which he was to hold the crown of England as a fief of the Holy See, which would thus, and by the reëstablishment of the Church's authority, have also attained to the revival of its old feudal supremacy over England.

Once more the Spanish monarchy and the Papacy were closely united in their spiritual and political claims. Sixtus V. excommunicated the Queen afresh, declared her deposed, and not merely released her subjects from their oath of allegiance, but called on every man to aid the King of Spain and his general, the Duke of Parma, against her.

Negotiations for peace, however, were still being carried on in 1587 between Spanish and English plenipotentiaries. It was mainly the merchants of London and Antwerp that urged it; and as the Spaniards at that time had manifestly the best of the struggle, were masters of the lower Rhine and the Meuse, had invaded Friesland, had besieged and at last taken Sluys in despite of all resistance, we can understand how the English plenipotentiaries were moved to unexpected concessions. They would have consented to the restoration of the Spanish supremacy over the northern Netherlands, if Philip would have granted the inhabitants freedom of conscience. Alexander of Parma brought forward a proposal to make, it is true, their return to Catholicism obligatory, but with the assurance that no Inquisition should be set over them, nor any one punished for his deviation from the faith. Even if the negotiation was not meant to be completely in earnest, it is worth remarking on what rock it was wrecked. Philip II. would neither grant such an assurance, which in its essence involved freedom of conscience, nor grant this itself completely in a better form. His strength lay precisely in his maintaining the Catholic system with unrelenting energy: by this he secured the attachment

of the priests and the zealous laity. And how could he, at a moment when he was so closely united with the Pope, and could reckon on the millions heaped up in the castle of St. Angelo for his enterprise, so completely deviate from the strictness of exclusive belief? He thought he was within his right when he refused any religious concession, seeing that every other sovereign issued laws prescribing the religion of his own territories.

If the war was to be continued, Alexander of Parma would have wished that all his efforts should be first directed against Vliessingen, where there was an English garrison; from the harbor there England itself could be attacked far more easily and safely. But it was replied in Spain that this enterprise was likewise very extensive and costly, while it would bring about no decisive result. And yet Alexander himself too held an invasion of England to be absolutely necessary; his reports largely contributed to strengthen the King in this idea; Philip decided to proceed without further delay to the enterprise that was needful at the moment and opened world-wide prospects for the future.

He took into consideration that the monarchy at this moment had nothing to fear from the Ottomans, who were fully occupied with a Persian war, and above all that France was prevented from interfering by the civil strife that had broken out. This has been designated as the chief aim of Philip's alliance with the Guises, and it certainly may have formed one reason for it. Left alone, with only herself to rely on (so the Spaniards further judged), the Queen of England would no longer be an object of fear: she had no more than forty ships; once in an engagement off the Azores, in the Portuguese war, the English had been seen to give way for the first time; if it came to a sea fight, the vastly superior Spanish Armada would without doubt prove victorious. But for a war on land also she was not prepared; she had no more than six thousand real soldiers in the country, with whom she could neither meet nor resist the veteran troops of Spain in the open field. They had only to march straight on London; seldom was a great city, which had remained long free from attack, able to hold out against a sudden attack, able to hold out against a sudden assault; the Queen would either be forced to make a peace honorable to Spain, or would by a long resistance give the King an opportunity of forming out of the Spanish nobility, which would otherwise degenerate in in-

dolence at home, a young troop of brave warriors. He would have the Catholics for him and with their help gain the upper hand; he would make himself master of the strong places, above all of the harbors; all the nations of the world could not take them from him again; he would become lord of the ocean, and thus lord and master of the continent.

Philip II. would have preferred to begin the work as early as the autumn of 1587. He hoped at that time that Scotland, where the Catholic lords and the people showed a lively sympathy with Queen Mary's fate, would be thrown open to him by her son, who was supposed to wish to avenge her death. But to others this seemed not so certain; in especial the experienced Admiral Santa Cruz called the King's attention to the perils the fleet might incur in those seas; they would have to contend with contrary winds, and the disadvantage of short days and thick mists. Santa Cruz did not wish to endanger his fame, the only thing he had earned during a long life, by an ill-timed or very venturesome undertaking. He held an invasion of England to be more difficult than most other enterprises, and demanded such preparations as would make the victory certain. While they were being made he died, after having lost his sovereign's favor. His successor, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, whom the King chose because he had distinguished himself at the last defense of Cadiz, did not make such very extensive demands; but the fleet, which was fitted out under him and by him, was nevertheless, though not in number of ships (about 130), yet in tonnage, size, and number of men on board (about 22,000), the most important that had ever been sent to sea by any European power. All the provinces of the Pyrenean peninsula had emulously contributed to it; the fleet was divided into a corresponding number of squadrons; the first was the Portuguese, then followed the squadrons of Castille, Andalusia, Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and then the Italian — for ships and men had come also in good number from Italy. The troops were divided like the squadrons; there was a Mass in time of war for each province.

With not less zeal did men arm in the Netherlands; the drum beat everywhere in the Flemish and Walloon provinces, all roads were covered with military trains. In the Netherlands too there were a great number of Italians, Corsicans, and inhabitants of the States of the Church and Neapolitans, in splendid accouterments; there were the brothers of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Savoy: King Philip had

even allowed the son of a Moorish prince to take part in the Catholic expedition. Infantry and cavalry also had come from Catholic Germany.

It was a joint enterprise of the Spanish monarchy and a great part of the Catholic world, headed by the Pope and the King, to overthrow the Queen who was regarded as the Head, and the State which was regarded as the main support, of Protestantism and the anti-Spanish policy.

We do not find any detailed and at the same time authentic information as to the plan of the invasion; a Spanish soldier and diplomatist however, much employed in the military and political affairs of the time, and favored with the confidence of the highest persons, J. Baptista de Tassis, gives us an outline, which we may accept as quite trustworthy. We know that in Antwerp, Nieuport, and Dunkirk, with the advice of Hanseatic and Genoese master builders, transports had been got ready for the whole force: from Nieuport (to which place also were brought the vessels built at Antwerp) 14,000 men were to be conveyed across to England, and from Dunkirk 12,000. But where were they to effect a junction with each other and with the Spaniards? Tassis assures us that they had selected for this purpose the roadstead of Margate on the coast of Kent, a safe and convenient harbor; there, immediately after the Spanish Armada had arrived, or as nearly as possible at the same time with it, the fleet of transports from the Netherlands also was to make the shore, and Alexander of Parma was then to assume the command in chief of the whole force and march straight on London.

All that Philip II. had ever thought or planned was thus concentrated as it were into one focus. The moment was come when he could subdue England, become master of the European world, and reëstablish the Catholic faith in the form in which he professed it. When the fleet (on the 22d July, 1588) sailed out of Corunna, and the long-meditated, long-prepared, enterprise was now set in action, the King and the nation displayed deep religious emotion: in all the churches of the land prayers were offered up for forty days; in Madrid solemn processions were arranged to our Lady of Atocha, the patroness of Spain: Philip II. spent two hours each day in prayer. He was in the state of silent excitement which an immense design and the expectation of a great turn in a man's fortune call forth. Scarcely any one dared to address a word to him.

It was in these very days that people in England first really became conscious of the danger that threatened them. A division of the fleet under Henry Seymour was watching, with Dutch assistance, the two harbors held by the Prince of Parma; the other and larger division, just returned from Spain and on the point of being broken up, made ready at Plymouth, under the admiral, Howard of Effingham, to receive the enemy. Meanwhile the land forces assembled, on Leicester's advice, in the neighborhood of London. The old feudal organization of the national force was once more called into full activity to face this danger. Men saw the gentry take the field at the head of their tenants and copyholders, and rejoiced at their holding together so well. It was without doubt an advantage that the threatened attack could no longer be connected with a right of succession recognized in the country; it appeared in its true character, as a great invasion by a foreign power for the subjugation of England. Even the Catholic lords came forward, among them Viscount Montague (who had once, alone in the Upper House, opposed the Supremacy, and had also since not reconciled himself to the religious position of the Queen), with his sons and grandsons, and even his heir presumptive, who, though still a child, bestrode a war horse; Lord Montague said he would defend his Queen with his life, whoever might attack her, king or pope. No doubt that these armings left much to be desired, but they were animated by national and religious enthusiasm. Some days later the Queen visited the camp at Tilbury; with slight escort she rode from battalion to battalion. A tyrant, she said, might be afraid of his subjects: she had always sought her chief strength in their good will; with them she would live and die. She was everywhere received with shouts of joy; psalms were sung, and prayers offered up in which the Queen joined.

For, whatever may be men's belief, in great wars and dangers they naturally turn their eyes to the Eternal Power which guides our destiny, and on which all equally feel themselves dependent. The two nations and their two chiefs alike called on God to decide in their religious and political conflict. The fortune of mankind hung in the balance.

On the 31st of July, a Sunday, the Armada, covering a wide extent of sea, came in sight of the English coast off the heights of Plymouth. On board the fleet itself it was thought most expedient to attempt a landing on the spot, since there were

no preparations made there for defense and the English squadron was not fully manned. But this was not in the plan, and would, especially if it failed, have incurred a heavy responsibility. Medina Sidonia was only empowered and prepared to accept battle by sea if the English should offer it. His galleys, improved after the Venetian pattern, and especially his galleons (immense sailing ships which carried cannon on their different decks on all sides), were without doubt superior to the vessels of the English. When the latter, some sixty sail strong, came out of the harbor, he hung out the great standard from the foremast of his ship as a signal for all to prepare for battle. But the English admiral did not intend to let matters come to a regular naval fight. He was perfectly aware of the superiority of the Spanish equipment and had even forbidden boarding the enemies' vessels. His plan was to gain the weather gauge of the Armada, and inflict damage on them in their course, and throw them into disorder. The English followed the track of the Armada in four squadrons, and left no advantage unimproved that might offer. They were thoroughly acquainted with this sea, and steered their handy vessels with perfect certainty and mastery; the Spaniards remarked with dissatisfaction that they could at pleasure advance, attack, and again break off the engagement. Medina Sidonia was anxious above all things to keep his Armada together: after a council of war he let a great ship which lagged behind fall into the hands of the enemy, as her loss would be less damaging than the breaking up of the line which would result from the attempt to save her; he sent round his sargentos mayores to the captains to tell them not to quit the line on pain of death.

On the whole the Spaniards were not discontented with their voyage, when, after a week of continuous skirmishing, they, without having sustained any very considerable losses, had traversed the English Channel, and on Saturday, the 6th August, passed Boulogne and arrived off Calais; it was the first point at which they had wished to touch. But now to cross to the neighboring coast of England, as seems to have been the original plan, became exceedingly difficult, because the English fleet guarded it, and the Spanish galleons were less able in the straits than elsewhere to compete with those swift vessels. It was also being strengthened every moment; the young nobility emulously hastened on board. But neither could the admiral proceed to Dunkirk, as the harbor was then far too narrow



to receive his large ships, and his pilots were afraid of being carried to the northward by the currents. He anchored in the roadstead east of Calais in the direction of Dunkirk.

He had already previously informed the Duke of Parma that he was on the way, and had then, immediately before his arrival at Calais, dispatched a pilot to Dunkirk, to request that he would join him with a number of small vessels, that they might better encounter the English, and bring with him cannon balls of a certain caliber, of which he began to fall short. It is clear that he still wished to undertake from thence, if supported according to his views, the great attempt at a disembarkation which he was commissioned to effect. But Alexander of Parma, whom the first message had found some days before at Bruges, had not yet arrived at Dunkirk when the second came: the preparations for embarking were only then just begun for the first time; and they could scarcely venture actually to embark, as English and Dutch ships of war were still ever cruising before the harbor.

Alexander Farnese's failure to effect a junction with Medina Sidonia has been always traced to personal motives: it was even said in England, at a later time, that Queen Elizabeth had offered him the hand of Lady Arabella Stuart, which might open the way to the English throne for himself. It is true that his enterprises in the Netherlands appeared to lie closest to his heart; even Tassis, who was about his person, remarks that he carried on his preparations more out of obedience than with any zeal of his own. But the chief cause why the two operations were not better combined lay in their very nature. The geographical relation of the Spanish monarchy to England would have required two separate invasions, the one from the Pyrenean peninsula, the other from the Netherlands. The wish to combine the forces of such distant countries in a single invasion made the enterprise, especially when the means of communication of the period were so inadequate, overpoweringly helpless. Wind and weather had been little considered in the scheme. In both those countries immense materials of war had been collected with extreme effort; they had been brought within a few miles of sea of each other, but combine they could not. Now for the first time came to light the full superiority which the English gained from their corsairlike and bold method of war, and their alliance with the Dutch. It was seen that a sudden attack would suffice to break the whole combi-

nation in pieces: Queen Elizabeth was said to have herself devised the plan and its arrangement.

The Armada was still lying at anchor in line of battle, waiting for news from Alexander Farnese, when in the night between Sunday and Monday (7th to 8th August) the English sent some fire ships, about eight in number, against it. They were his worst vessels which Lord Howard gave up for this purpose, but their mere appearance produced a decisive result. Medina Sidonia could not refuse his ships permission to slip their anchors, that each might avoid the threatening danger; only he commanded them to afterwards resume their previous order. But things wore a completely different appearance the following morning. The tide had carried the vessels towards the land, a direction they did not want to take; now for the first time the attacks of the English proved destructive to them; part of the ships had become disabled; it was completely impossible to obey the admiral's orders that they should return to their old position. Instead of this, unfavorable winds drove the Armada against its will along the coast; in a short time the English too gave up the pursuit of the enemy, who without being quite beaten was yet in flight, and abandoned him to his fate. The wind drove the Spaniards on the shoals of Zealand; once they were in such shallow water that they were afraid of running aground: some of their galleons in fact fell into the hands of the Dutch. Fortunately for them the wind veered round first to the N.S.W., then to the S.S.W., but they could not even then regain the Channel, nor would they have wished it; only by the longest circuit, round the Orkney Islands, could they return to Spain. . . .

Philip II. saw the Armada, which he had hoped would give the dominion of the world into his hand, return home again in fragments without having, we do not say accomplished, but even attempted anything worth the trouble. He did not, therefore, renounce his design. He spoke of his wish to fit out lighter vessels, and intrust the whole conduct of the expedition to the Prince of Parma. The Cortes of Castille requested him not to put up with the disgrace incurred, but to chastise this woman; they offered him their whole property and all the children of the land for this purpose. But the very possibility of great enterprises belongs only to one moment; in the next it is already gone by.

First the Spanish forces were drawn into the complications existing in France. The great Catholic agitation, which had been long fermenting there, at last gained the upper hand, and was quite ready to prepare the way for Philip II.'s supremacy. But Queen Elizabeth thought that the day on which France fell into his hands would be the eve of her own ruin. She too, therefore, devoted her best resources to France, to uphold Philip II.'s opponent. When Henry IV., driven back to the verge of the coast of Normandy, was all but lost, he was by her help put in a position to maintain his cause. At the sieges of the great towns, in which he was still often threatened with failure, the English troops in several instances did excellent service. The Queen did not swerve from her policy even when Henry IV. saw himself compelled, and found it compatible with his conscience, to go over to Catholicism. For he was clearly thus all the better enabled to reëstablish a France that should be politically independent, in opposition to Spain and at war with it; and it was exactly on this opposition that the political freedom and independence of England herself rested. Yet as this change of religion had been disagreeable to the Queen, so was also the peace which he proceeded to make; she exerted her influence against its conclusion. But as by it the Spaniards gave up the places they occupied on the French coasts, which in their possession had menaced England as well, she could not in reality be fundamentally opposed to it.

These great conflicts on land were seconded by repeated attacks of the English and Dutch naval power, by which it sometimes seemed as if the Spanish monarchy would be shaken to its foundations. Elizabeth made an attempt to restore Don Antonio to the throne from which Philip II. had driven him. But the minds of the Portuguese themselves were very far from being as yet sufficiently prepared for a revolt: the enterprise failed, in an attack on the suburbs of Lisbon. The war interested the English most deeply. Parliament agreed to larger and larger grants: from two fifteenths and a single subsidy (about £30,000), which was its usual vote, it rose in 1593 to three subsidies and six fifteenths; the towns gladly armed ships at their own expense, and sailors enough were found to man them; the national energy turned towards the sea. And they obtained some successes. In the harbor of Corunna they destroyed the collected stores, which were probably to have

served for renewing the expedition. Once they took the harbor of Cadiz and occupied the city itself : more than once they alarmed and endangered the West Indies. But with all this nothing decisive was effected ; the Spanish monarchy maintained an undoubted ascendancy in Europe, and the exclusive possession of the other hemisphere : it was the Great Power of the age. But over against it England also now took up a strong and formidable position.

Events in France exercised a strong counteraction on the Netherlands ; under their influence the reconquest of the United Provinces became impossible for Spain. Elizabeth also contributed largely to the victories by which Prince Maurice of Orange secured a strong frontier. But these could not prevent a powerful Catholic government arising on the other side in the Belgian provinces : and though they were at first kept apart from Spain, yet it did not escape the Queen that this would not last forever : she seems to have had a foreboding that these countries would become the battle ground of a later age. However this might be, the antagonism of principle between the Catholic Netherlands (which were still ruled by the Austro-Spanish house) and the Protestant Netherlands (in which the Republic maintained itself), and the continued war between them, insured the security of England, for the sake of which the Queen had broken with Spain. Burleigh's objects were in the main attained.



## TRUE LIBERTY.

By DIRK COORNHERT.

[Prolific Dutch poet, moralist, and agitator, 1522-90 ; a chief founder of the Dutch literary language.]

(Translated by Sir John Bowring.)

WHAT's the world's liberty to him whose soul is firmly bound  
 With numberless and deadly sins that fetter it around ?  
 What's the world's thraldom to the soul which in itself is free ? —  
 Naught ! with his master's bonds he stands more privileged, more  
     great,  
 Than many a golden-fettered fool with outward pomp elate ;  
 For chains grace virtue, while they bring deep shame on tyranny.

## THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

(From "Westward Ho!")

[CHARLES KINGSLEY, English clergyman, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Dartmoor, June 12, 1819. He took B.A. at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1842, with honors in classics and mathematics, and two years later became rector of Eversley in Hampshire, where he resided through life. He was professor of modern history at Cambridge from 1860 until 1869, when he became canon of Chester, and subsequently (1873) of Westminster. He made his mark with "The Saint's Tragedy," a metrical drama; and added to his reputation with "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," novels dealing with social problems, and the historical romances "Hypatia," "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake." Other works are: "Glaucus," "The Heroes," "The Water Babies," "Two Years Ago," "Prose Idylls." In company with Dr. Maurice and others Kingsley devoted much attention to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and to their efforts may be traced the formation of coöperative associations. Kingsley died at Eversley, January 23, 1875.]

"DRAKE, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give in spite of his endeavors, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibility of this Armada.

One of the four great galleasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which maneuver, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbor, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry,

left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull Cœna Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here) are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the mean while, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed forever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanor."

Be that as it may, so ends the first day, in which Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours, knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of "Sta. Catharina." She had a coat of arms on the flag at her sprit, probably those of the commandant of soldiers; but they were shot away early in the fight, so Amyas cannot tell whether they were De Soto's or not. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time for private revenge; and Amyas, called off at last by the Admiral's signal, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

But ere he has been in his hammock an hour, he is awakened by Cary's coming down to ask for orders.

"We were to follow Drake's lantern, Amyas; but where it is, I can't see, unless he has been taken up aloft there among the stars for a new Drakium Sidus."

Amyas turned out grumbling: but no lantern is to be seen; only a sudden explosion and a great fire on board some Spaniard, which is gradually got under, while they have to lie-to the whole night long, with nearly the whole fleet.

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas is hailed by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which (saving the spelling, which was somewhat arbitrary, like most men's in those days) ran somewhat thus: —

DEAR LAD,—I have been woolgathering all night after five great hulks, which the Pixies transfigured overnight into galleons, and this morning again into German merchantmen. I let them go with my blessing; and coming back, fell in (God be thanked!) with Valdez' great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind, like faithful and valiant comrades, and the Lord Howard had let slip past him, thinking her deserted by her crew. I have sent to Dartmouth a sight of noblemen and gentlemen, maybe a half-hundred; and Valdez himself, who when I sent my pinnace aboard must needs stand on his punctilios, and propound conditions. I answered him, I had no time to tell with him; if he would needs die, then I was the very man for him; if he would live, then, buena quera. He sends again, boasting that he was Don Pedro Valdez, and that it stood not with his honor, and that of the Dons in his company. I replied, that for my part, I was Francis Drake, and my matches burning. Whereon he finds in my name salve for the wounds of his own, and comes aboard kissing my fist, with Spanish lies of holding himself fortunate that he had fallen into the hands of fortunate Drake, and much more, which he might have kept to cool his porridge. But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub); and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the "Sta. Catharina," commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside "Sta. Catharina" at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you like luck with

Your deare Friend and Admirall.

F. DRAKE.

She sails in the squadron of Recalde. The Armada was minded to smoke us out of Plymouth; and God's grace it was they tried it not: but their orders from home are too strait, and so the slaves fight like a bull in a tether, no farther than their rope, finding thus the devil a hard master, as do most in the end. They cannot compass our quick handling and tacking, and take us for very witches. So far so good, and better to come. You and I know the length of their foot of old. Time and light will kill any hare, and they will find it a long way from Start to Dunkirk.

"The Admiral is in a gracious humor, Leigh, to have vouchsafed you so long a letter."

"'St. Catharine!' why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas, stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not. That cunning old Drake! how he has contrived to line his own

pockets, even though he had to keep the whole fleet waiting for him."

"He has given the Lord High Admiral the dor, at all events."

"Lord Howard is too high-hearted to stop and plunder, Papist though he is, Amyas."

Amyas answered by a growl, for he worshiped Drake, and was not too just to Papists.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall ; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their places to board her ; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to plunder ; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbor, and towed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day ; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth ? The wind has shifted to the north, and blowed clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again ; but it is only to return on the opposite tack ; and now begin a series of maneuvers, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other ; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.



And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman" (whom Prince claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honor in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvelous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and leveled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), "in which the Lord Admiral, fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' With which words he, being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain;" as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh and Blunt, and many another honorable name, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honor was to be attained." Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son — and shall mourn the loss of one; and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition: but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy

sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James' day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honor by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favoring breeze; perhaps he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galleasses (the fourth lies half crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's "Triumph," his brother's "Lion," Southwell's "Elizabeth Jones," Lord Sheffield's "Bear," Barker's "Victory," and George Fenner's "Leicester," towed stoutly out, to meet them with such salvos of chain shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery), "no galleass would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James' day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time; "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." At least the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of English cannon; and the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and

bright out of the south-southwest, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings, and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting, is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood which was then more honorable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to a hundred and forty sail—larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one third the number of men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn will be either the death knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted coward, doubtless, who had scoffed (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dare not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." A many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those be-

loved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Morland, — these were the specters, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step, and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Magdeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the invader's fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the "Sta. Catharina" in the thickest of the press, and cannot come at her, cannot even hear of her; one moment he dreads that she has sunk by night, and balked him of his prey; the next, that she has repaired her damages, and will escape him after all. He is moody, discontented, restless, even (for the first time in his life) peevish with his men. He can talk of nothing but Don Guzman; he can find no better employment, at every spare moment, than taking his sword out of the sheath, and handling it, fondling it, talking to it even, bidding it not to fail him in the day of vengeance. At last, he has sent to Squire, the Armorer, for a whetstone, and, half ashamed of his own folly, whets and polishes it in by-corners, muttering to himself. That one fixed thought of selfish vengeance has possessed his whole mind; he forgets England's present need, her past triumph, his own safety, everything but his brother's blood. And yet this is the day for which he has been longing ever since he brought home that magic horn as a fifteen-years boy; the day when he should find himself face to face with an invader, and that invader Antichrist himself. He has believed for years with Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, and

Raleigh, that he was called and sent into the world only to fight the Spaniard: and he is fighting him now, in such a cause, for such a stake, within such battle lists as he will never see again: and yet he is not content; and while throughout that gallant fleet, whole crews are receiving the Communion side by side, and rising with cheerful faces to shake hands, and to rejoice that they are sharers in Britain's Salamis, Amyas turns away from the holy elements.

"I cannot communicate, Sir John. Charity with all men? I hate, if ever man hated on earth."

"You hate the Lord's foes only, Captain Leigh."

"No, Jack, I hate my own as well."

"But no one in the fleet, sir?"

"Don't try to put me off with the same Jesuit's quibble which that false knave Parson Fletcher invented for one of Doughty's men, to drug his conscience withal when he was plotting against his own admiral. No, Jack, I hate one of whom you know; and somehow that hatred of him keeps me from loving any human being. I am in love and charity with no man, Sir John Brimblecombe—not even with you! Go your ways in God's name, sir! and leave me and the devil alone together, or you'll find my words are true."

Jack departed with a sigh, and while the crew were receiving the Communion on deck, Amyas sat below in the cabin sharpening his sword, and after it called for a boat and went on board Drake's ship to ask news of the "Sta. Catharina," and listened scowling to the loud chants and tinkling bells which came across the water from the Spanish fleet. At last Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission which ought to bear fruit that night; and Amyas, who had gone with him, helped him till nightfall, and then returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, to the joy and glory of every soul on board except his moody self.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sand hills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles; and above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devo-

tions to St. Mary of Halle in Hainault, in order to make all sure in his Pantheon, and already sees in visions of the night that gentle-souled and pure-lipped saint, Cardinal Allen, placing the crown of England on his head. He returns for answer first, that his victual is not ready; next, that his Dutch sailors, who have been kept at their post for many a week at the sword's point, have run away like water; and thirdly, that over and above all he cannot come, so "strangely provided of great ordnance and musketeers" are those five and thirty Dutch ships, in which round-sterned and stubborn-hearted heretics watch, like terriers at a rat's hole, the entrance of Nieuport and Dunkirk. Having insured the private patronage of St. Mary of Halle, he will return to-morrow to make experience of its effects: but only here across the flats of Dixmude the thunder of the fleets, and at Dunkirk the open curses of his officers. For while he has been praying and nothing more, the English have been praying, and something more; and all that is left for the Prince of Parma is, to hang a few purveyors, as peace offerings to his sulking army, and then "chafe," as Drake says of him, "like a bear robbed of her whelps."

For Lord Henry Seymour has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Elizabeth's self; and Drake has been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long, that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire ships "besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches make night hideous. There are those too on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any

sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbor.

The largest of the four galleasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The Duke, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after a while, and fires a signal for return; but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows; but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dikes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to reform. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner burning to redeem the honor which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

But what is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galleass! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drumblers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the southwest horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the "Triumph" and the "Bear"; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three and twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards: but we have

dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and fore yards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The Duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great "San Philip" into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the "San Matthew" comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the "Evangelist," though smaller, is stouter than the "Deacon," and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galleasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes he shouts to his ancient enemy:—

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the "San Matthew," and then glides on to reload: but not to return. For not a pistol shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload, and be ready; I must speak with him first;" and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the "Vengeance" glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.



He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop railing, twenty feet above Amyas' head, and shouts through his visor:—

“At your service, sir! whosoever you may be.”

A dozen muskets and arrows are leveled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. “No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will.”

“You are welcome to come on board me, sir,” answers the Spaniard, in a clear, quiet tone; “bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat;” and lingering a moment out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

“Coward!” shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly. “Why that name, Señor, of all others?” asks he, in a cool, stern voice.

“Because we call men cowards in England who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests.”

The moment the words had passed Amyas' lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword hilt, and then hissed back through his closed visor:—

“For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yardarm, if St. Mary gives me grace.”

“See that your halter be a silken one, then,” laughed Amyas, “for I am just dubbed knight.” And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

“Fire!” His ordnance crash through the stern-works of the Spaniard: and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half an hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the “Vengeance,” as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the “Sta. Catharina,” pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defenses of the “Vengeance,” that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded

by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thresher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

“Can I help you, Captain Leigh?” asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar’s length of him, to attack a ship ahead. “The ‘San Matthew’ has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it.”

“I thank your Lordship: but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——”

“Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet.”

A puff of wind clears away the sulphurous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the “San Philip” is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the “San Matthew” is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

“Go in, my Lord, and have the pair,” shouts Amyas.

“No, sir! Forward is a Seymour’s cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers’ expenses,” and on went Lord Henry, and, on shore went the “San Philip” at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the “San Matthew,” whose captain, “on a haught courage,” had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina’s ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then “hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground.”

But in the mean while, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunderstorm, attracted, as to a volcano’s mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven’s artillery above makes answer to man’s below. But still through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high and cripple her rigging, but in vain, for three or four belated galleys, having forced

their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroic captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silently, the "Vengeance" sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-northwest breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas' great disgust, the "Sta. Catharina" has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we — What is the Admiral about?"

He is signaling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-by to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.

“As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run.”

“There go the rest of them! Victoria!” shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet, and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

“But he will never get there, sir,” said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his *Nunc Domine*, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: “Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people.”

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the gray northwest, as it does so often after a thunderstorm; and the sea began to rise high and white under the “Claro Aquilone,” till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie-to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying-to also, awaited an event which was in God’s hands, and not in theirs.

“They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon,” murmured Amyas; “and I have lost my labor! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!”

“Oh, sir,” said Yeo, “don’t murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done.”

“Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?”

“Look at the sea, sir!”

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on; when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas’ heart.

“They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there? — anything to set to work again!”

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with

some quantity : but he was on board again only just in time, for the southwester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away ; but this time northward. Whither now ? To Scotland ? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved. But such great undertakings seldom end in one grand melodramatic explosion of fireworks, through which the devil rises in full roar to drag Dr. Faustus forever into the flaming pit. On the contrary, the devil stands by his servants to the last, and tries to bring off his shattered forces with drums beating and colors flying ; and, if possible, to lull his enemies into supposing that the fight is ended, long before it really is half over. All which the good Lord Howard of Effingham knew well, and knew, too, that Medina had one last card to play, and that was the filial affection of that dutiful and chivalrous son, James of Scotland. True, he had promised faith to Elizabeth : but that was no reason why he should keep it. He had been hankering and dabbling after Spain for years past, for its absolutism was dear to his inmost soul : and Queen Elizabeth had had to warn him, scold him, call him a liar, for so doing ; so the Armada might still find shelter and provision in the Firth of Forth. But whether Lord Howard knew or not, Medina did not know, that Elizabeth had played her cards cunningly, in the shape of one of those appeals to the purse, which, to James' dying day, overweighed all others save appeals to his vanity. "The title of a dukedom in England, a yearly pension of £5000, a guard at the queen's charge, and other matters" (probably more hounds and deer), had steeled the heart of the King of Scots, and sealed the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless, as I say, Lord Howard, like the rest of Elizabeth's heroes, trusted James just as much as James trusted others ; and therefore thought good to escort the Armada until it was safely past the domains of that most chivalrous and truthful Solomon. But on the 4th of August, his fears, such as they were, were laid to rest. The Spaniards left the Scottish coast and sailed away for Norway ; and the game was played out, and the end was come, as the end of such matters generally come, by gradual decay, petty disaster, and mistake ; till the snow mountain, instead of being blown tragically and heroically to atoms, melts helplessly and pitifully away.

## A FAREWELL TO SIR JOHN NORRIS AND SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BY GEORGE PEELE.

[GEORGE PEELE was born in 1558(?), educated at Oxford, and became a London playwright, one of the group best remembered for rivalry with Shakespeare and brawling Bohemian lives. Among his plays are "The Arraignment of Paris" (his first, 1584), "Edward I.," "Battle of Alcazar," and "David and Bethsabe." He died before 1598.]

HAVE done with care, my hearts! aboard amain,  
 With stretching sails to plow the swelling waves;  
 Bid England's shore and Albion's chalky cliffs  
 Farewell; bid stately Troynovant adieu,  
 Where pleasant Thames from Isis' silver head  
 Begins her quiet glide, and runs along  
 To that brave bridge, the bar that thwarts her course,  
 Near neighbor to the ancient stony tower,  
 The glorious hold that Julius Cæsar built.  
 Change love for arms; girt to your blades, my boys!  
 Your rests and muskets take, take helm and targe,  
 And let God Mars his consort make you mirth —  
 The roaring cannon, and the brazen trump,  
 The angry-sounding drum, the whistling fife,  
 The shrieks of men, the princely courser's neigh.  
 Now vail your bonnets to your friends at home;  
 Bid all the lovely British dames adieu,  
 That under many a standard well-advanced  
 Have hid the sweet alarms and braves of love;  
 Bid theaters and proud tragedians,  
 Bid Mahomet, Scipio, and mighty Tamburlaine,  
 King Charlemagne, Tom Stukely, and the rest,  
 Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!  
 With noble Norris, and victorious Drake,  
 Under the sanguine cross, brave England's badge,  
 To propagate religious piety  
 And hew a passage with your conquering swords  
 By land and sea, wherever Phœbus' eye,  
 Th' eternal lamp of Heaven, lends us light;  
 By golden Tagus, or the western Ind,  
 Or through the spacious bay of Portugal,  
 The wealthy ocean-main, the Tyrrhene sea,  
 From great Alcides' pillars branching forth,  
 Even to the gulf that leads to lofty Rome;

There to deface the pride of Antichrist,  
 And pull his paper walls and popery down —  
 A famous enterprise for England's strength,  
 To steel your swords on Avarice' triple crown,  
 And cleanse Augeas' stalls in Italy.  
 To arms, my fellow-soldiers! Sea and land  
 Lie open to the voyage you intend ;  
 And sea or land, bold Britons, far or near,  
 Whatever course your matchless virtue shapes,  
 Whether to Europe's bounds or Asian plains,  
 To Afric's shore, or rich America,  
 Down to the shades of deep Avernus' crags,  
 Sail on, pursue your honors to your graves.  
 Heaven is a sacred covering for your heads,  
 And every climate virtue's tabernacle.  
 To arms, to arms, to honorable arms !  
 Hoist sails, weigh anchors up, plow up the seas  
 With flying keels, plow up the land with swords.  
 In God's name venture on ; and let me say  
 To you, my mates, as Cæsar said to his,  
 Striving with Neptune's hills : " You bear," quoth he,  
 " Cæsar and Cæsar's fortune in your ships."  
 You follow them, whose swords successful are ;  
 You follow Drake, by sea the scourge of Spain,  
 The dreadful dragon, terror to your foes,  
 Victorious in his return from Ind,  
 In all his high attempts unvanquishèd.  
 You follow noble Norris, whose renown,  
 Won in the fertile fields of Belgia,  
 Spreads by the gates of Europe to the courts  
 Of Christian kings and heathen potentates.  
 You fight for Christ, and England's peerless Queen,  
 Elizabeth, the wonder of the world,  
 Over whose throne the enemies of God  
 Have thundered erst their vain successful braves.  
 O ten times treble happy men, that fight  
 Under the cross of Christ and England's Queen,  
 And follow such as Drake and Norris are !  
 All honors do this cause accompany,  
 All glory on these endless honors waits.  
 These honors and this glory shall He send  
 Whose honor and whose glory you defend.

## A REPORT OF THE TRUTH OF THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES,

THE LAST OF AUGUST, 1591, BETWIXT THE "REVENGE," ONE OF HER  
MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AND AN ARMADA OF THE KING OF SPAIN;  
PENNED BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT.

(From "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Trafficks, and Discoveries of the  
English Nation." Collected by Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime  
Student of Christ Church in Oxford.)

[For biographical sketch of Raleigh, see page 267.]

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vainglorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories when, on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville and other her Majesty's Captains with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages in print great victories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When, shortly after, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies, Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries, were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together, even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland



to Calais, where they lost Hugo de Moncado with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their religion hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty, of her princely disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, sent them all back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy: of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all their magazines of provisions, were put in print as an army and navy irresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink, or take, one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or ever burnt so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas, on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies and forced Sant-Iago, Santo Domingo, Carthagea, and the forts of Florida. And after that, Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal with a handful of soldiers to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions: the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, that they will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town — always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty

of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous, vainglorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships were all pestered, and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable: for in the "Revenge" there were ninety diseased; in the "Bonaventure" not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the "Defiance," which was admiral; the "Revenge," vice admiral; the "Bonaventure," commanded by Captain Crosse; the "Lion," by George Fenner; the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour; and the "Crane," by Duffield. The "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships: only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Raleigh," commanded by Captain Thin, were victualers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed — to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind: which Sir Richard Grenville, not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to

turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been the better, and might right well have answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the mean while, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort that the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm—so huge and high was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Philip," four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip" having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with crossbar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we are assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers, but were repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble" of London having received some shot through her from the Armada, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command her, being one of the victualers and of

small force. Sir Richard bade her save herself and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain or hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the hulks both sank : and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands (examined by some of the lords and others), affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight : and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a dressing, he was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon was wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places (she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her), so that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment; that they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success; but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel, was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained — the volleys, boardings, and

enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons: — the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defense.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several armadas (all by turns aboard him) and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and finding himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the "Revenge" not able to move one way or the other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards — seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal — and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet of water in hold, three shot under water (which were so weakly stopped that with the first working of the sea she must needs sink), and was besides so crushed

and bruised that she could never be removed out of the place.

While the matter was thus in dispute and Sir Richard was refusing to hearken to any of their reasons, the master of the "Revenge" (for the captain had won unto himself the greater party) was convoyed aboard the "General" of Don Alphonso Baçan, who, finding none overhasty to enter the "Revenge" again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the "Revenge" his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent to England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and in the mean season they were to be free from galleys or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned—that safety of life was promised—the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner. It was no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the "General" sent many boats aboard the "Revenge," and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the "General" and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched was sent unto by Alphonso Baçan to remove out of the "Revenge," the ship being marvelous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughterhouse. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned: and, reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The "General" used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries

of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the "Lion" of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britandona; of the squadron of Seville, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies and two special commanders, Don Luis de St. John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The "Admiral" of the hulks and the "Ascension" of Seville were both sunk by the side of the "Revenge"; one other recovered the road of Saint Michael and sank also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the "General," and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land, we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her Majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the "Revenge," the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but small ships; the "Revenge" engaged past recovery; the island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain. Almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unrummaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost, for the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the Queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the Lord Thomas would

have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend; and the master of his own ship offered to leap into the sea rather than to conduct that her Majesty's ship and the rest, to be a prey to the enemy where there was no hope nor possibility either of defense or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general — to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction without hope or any likelihood of prevailing, thereby to diminish the strength of her Majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The "Foresight," of the Queen's, commanded by M. Thomas Vavasour, performed a very great fight and stayed two hours as near the "Revenge" as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was likely to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gauge of the enemy, until they were parted by night. A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian ships, there arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well as the Indian fleet which was then come unto them, as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the "Revenge," and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the island of Saint Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship, the "Revenge," not suffering her to perish alone for the great honor she had achieved in her lifetime. . . .

To conclude: it hath ever to this day pleased God to prosper and defend her Majesty, to break the purposes of malicious enemies, of forsworn traitors, and of unjust practices and invasions. She hath ever been honored of the worthiest kings, served by faithful subjects, and shall, by the favor of God, resist, repel, and confound all attempts whatsoever against her sacred person or kingdom. In the mean time let the Spaniard and traitor vaunt of their success, and we, her true and obedient vassals, guided by the shining light of her virtues, shall always love her, serve her, and obey her to the end of our lives.



## THE "REVENGE."

## A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Ænone," 1892.]

## I.

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
 And a pinnacle, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far away:  
 "Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"  
 Then swore Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no coward;  
 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.  
 We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"

## II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;  
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
 But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.  
 I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,  
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

## III.

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,  
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;  
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
 Very carefully and slow,  
 Men of Bideford in Devon,  
 And we laid them on the ballast down below;  
 For we brought them all aboard,  
 And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,  
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

## IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
 And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,  
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
 "Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
 For to fight is but to die !  
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."  
 And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good English men.  
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
 For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

## V.

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah, and so  
 The little " Revenge " ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below ;  
 For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,  
 And the little " Revenge " ran on thro' the long sea lane between.

## VI.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks and  
 laughed,  
 Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
 Running on and on, till delayed  
 By their mountainlike " San Philip," that, of fifteen hundred tons,  
 And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,  
 Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

## VII.

And while now the great " San Philip " hung above us like a cloud  
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
 Long and loud,  
 Four galleons drew away  
 From the Spanish fleet that day,  
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,  
 And the battle thunder broke from them all.

## VIII.

But anon the great " San Philip," she bethought herself and went  
 Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;  
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to hand,  
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musketeers,  
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his ears  
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

## IX.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer  
 sea,  
 But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.  
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,  
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle thunder and  
 flame;  
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and  
 her shame.  
 For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us  
 no more —  
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before ?

## X.

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"  
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;  
 And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night was gone,  
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
 And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

## XI.

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the sum-  
 mer sea,  
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a ring;  
 But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we still could  
 sting,  
 So they watched what the end would be.  
 And we had not fought them in vain,  
 But in perilous plight were we,  
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
 And half of the rest of us maimed for life  
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;  
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark and cold,  
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it  
 spent;  
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
 "We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
 As may never be fought again!  
 We have won great glory, my men!  
 And a day less or more  
 At sea or ashore,  
 We die — does it matter when ?

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her in twain!  
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

## XII.

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:—  
 "We have children, we have wives,  
 And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;  
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."  
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

## XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,  
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;  
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;  
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:  
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"  
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,  
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;  
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
 But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,  
 And they manned the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,  
 And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;  
 When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,  
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,  
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their  
 flags,  
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of  
 Spain,  
 And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags  
 To be lost evermore in the main.

## THE LIE.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born near Sidmouth, Devonshire, 1552; entered Oriel College, Oxford; left it to volunteer for the Huguenot cause in France, and fought at Jarnac and Moncontour; was later in various expeditions, and became noted as a dashing adventurer; was patronized by Leicester, and became a favorite of Elizabeth and high in office; 1584-1587 fitted out three expeditions to colonize America, and in 1587 colonized a large grant in Ireland; in 1592 was sent to the Tower for a love affair; in 1595 explored the northeastern coast of South America, and in 1596 published "The Discovery of Guiana"; in 1596 helped win the great naval action at Cadiz; in 1597 stormed Fayal; 1600-1603 was governor of Jersey; after James's accession was imprisoned in the Tower for conspiracy (1603-1616); released to go on an exploring expedition, he violated his parole by making war on the Spanish settlements, and was beheaded October 29, 1618. While in the Tower he wrote one volume of a "History of the World" (1614), suppressed by James; "The Prerogative of Parliaments" (1615); "The Cabinet Council" (1658); and "a Discourse of War."]

Go, SOUL, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless arrant:  
 Fear not to touch the best;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant:  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Say to the church, it shows  
 What 's good, and doth no good:  
 If court and church reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
 Acting by others' action;  
 Not loved unless they give,  
 Not strong but by a faction:  
 If potentates reply,  
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,  
 That manage the estate,  
 Their purpose is ambition,  
 Their practice only hate:  
 And if they once reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
 They beg for more by spending,  
 Who, in their greatest cost,  
 Seek nothing but commending:  
 And if they make reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;  
 Tell love it is but lust;  
 Tell time it is but motion;  
 Tell flesh it is but dust:  
 And wish them not reply,  
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;  
 Tell honor how it alters;  
 Tell beauty how she blasteth;  
 Tell favor how it falters:  
 And as they shall reply,  
 Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
 In tickle points of niceness;  
 Tell wisdom she entangles  
 Herself in over-wiseness:  
 And when they do reply,  
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;  
 Tell skill it is pretension;  
 Tell charity of coldness;  
 Tell law it is contention:  
 And as they do reply,  
 So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness  
 Tell nature of decay;  
 Tell friendship of unkindness;  
 Tell justice of delay:  
 And if they will reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming;  
 Tell schools they want profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming:

If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city ;  
Tell how the country erreth ;  
Tell manhood shakes off pity ;  
Tell virtue least preferreth :  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing, —  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing, —  
Stab at thee he that will,  
No stab the soul can kill.



## THE BATTLE OF IVRY, 1590.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist ; born October 25, 1800 ; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady ; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics ; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary of War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."] ]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !  
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of  
France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy  
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war ;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating when, at the dawn of day,  
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
 And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;  
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:  
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,  
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,  
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King!"  
 "And if my standard bearer fall, — as fall full well he may,  
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —  
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din  
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!  
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,  
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
 Charge for the golden lilies, — upon them with the lance!  
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;  
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein.  
 D'Aumâle hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is slain.  
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.  
 And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
 "Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.  
 But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

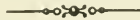
Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;  
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey,



But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
 And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.  
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
 Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know  
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church  
 such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,  
 Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.  
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;  
 Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.  
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,  
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave:  
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
 And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.



## AN EPISTLE OF MARTIN MARPRELATE.

[“MARTIN MARPRELATE” was the name signed to a number of pamphlets, issued chiefly 1588-90, in the interest of the Puritan party against the upholders of the Anglican discipline—a part of the warfare which drew out Hooker's famous book on ecclesiastical polity. Their contents ranged all the way from serious proofs that the Anglican doctrines contained the purest Roman-Catholicism, and that the Puritan preachers were being hounded to death and their works suppressed only for combating the essence of the anti-Protestant system, down to the savagest personal lampoons and degrading stories of the bishops. The authorship was never certainly known; but after chasing the press from place to place, the government threw one Udall into prison to die, put two others, Penry and Barrowe, to death in 1593, and the Marprelate tracts thereafter ceased.]

MAY it please your honorable worships to let worthy Martin understand / why your Canterburinesse and the rest of the L. Bb.<sup>1</sup> favor papists and recusants / rather than puritans. For if a puritane preacher / having a recusant in his parrish / and shall go about to deale with the recusant for not comming to church. Sir, will the recusant say / you and I will ansvere the matter before his grace / (or other the high commissioners / as L. Bb.

<sup>1</sup> Lords Bishops.

Seevillaines (I meane) popish doctors of the bawdie courts.) And assoone as the matter is made knowne unto my Lorde / the preacher is sure to go by the worst / and the recusant to carie all the honestie : Yea the preacher shalbe a busie envious fellow / one that doth not observe the booke / and conforme himself according unto order / and perhaps go home by beggers bush / for any benefice he hath to live upon. For it may be the Bb. will be so good unto him / as to deprive him for not subscribing. As for the recusant / he is known to be a man that must have the libertie of his conscience. Is this good dealing brethren. And is it good dealing / that poore men should be so troubled to the chauncellors courte / that they are even wearie of their lives / for such horrible oppression as there raignes. I tell you D. Stannop<sup>1</sup> (for all you are so proude) a premunire will take you by the backe one day / for oppressing and tyrannizing over her Majesties subjects as you doe.

Doth your grace remember / what the Jesuit at Newgate sayde of you / namely / that my Lorde of Canterbury<sup>2</sup> should surely be a Cardinall / if ever poperie did come againe into England : (yea and that a brave Cardinall to) what a knave was this Jesuit ? beleve me I would not say thus much of my Lord of Canterburie / for a thousand pound / lest a *Scandalum magnum* should be had against me : But well fare him that sayd thought is free.

Pitifully complayning / is there any reason (my Lords grace) why knave Thackwell the printer / which printed popishe and trayterous welshe bookes in wales / shoulde have more favour at your gracelesse handes / then poore Walde-graue / who never printed booke against you / that contayneth eyther treason or impietie. Thackwell is at libertie to walke where he will / and permitted to make the most he could of his presse and letters : whereas Robert Walde-grave dares not shew his face for the bloodthirstie desire you have for his life / onely for printing of bookes which toucheth the bishops Myters. You know that Walde-graves printing presse and Letters were takken away : his presse being timber / was sawen and hewed in pieces / the yron work battered and made unserviceable / his Letters melted / with cases and other tooles defaced (by John Woolfe / alias Machiull / Beadle of the Stationers / and most tormenting executioner of Walde-graves goods) and he himselve utterly deprived for ever printing againe / having a wife and sixe small

<sup>1</sup> Richard Stanhope, D.D.

<sup>2</sup> Archbishop Whitgift.

children. Will this monstrous crueltie never be revenged thinke you? When Walde-graves goods was to be spoiled and defaced / there were some printers / that rather then all the goods should be spoyled / offered money for it / towards the reliefe of the mans wife and children / but this coulde not be obtained / and yet popishe Thackwell / though hee printed popish and trayterous bookes / may have the favour to make money of his presse and letters. And reason to. For Walde-grave's profession overthroweth the popedome of Lambeth / but Thackwells popery maintayneth the same. And now that Walde-grave hath neither presse nor letters / his grace may dine and sup the quieter. But looke to it brother Canterburie / certainly without your repentance / I feare me / youshal be Hildebrand A fyrebrand in deed. Walde-grave hath left house and home / by indeed. reason of your unnaturall tyrannie: having left behinde him a poore wife and sixe Orphanes / without any thing to relieve them. (For the husband you have bereaved both of his trade and goods.) Be you assured that the crye of these will one day prevaile against you / unlesse you desist from persecuting. And good your grace / I do now remember my selfe of More another printer / that had presse and letter in a place knavery. called Charterhouse in London (in Anno 1587. neere about the time of the Scottish Queens death) intelligence was given unto your good grace of the same / by some of the Stacioners of London / it was made knowen unto you what worke was in hand / what letter the booke was on / what volume / vz. in 80 in halfe sheetes / what workemen wroght on the same: namely / I.C. the Earle of Arundels man and three of his servants / with their severall names / what liberallitie was bestowed Is not he a on those workemen / and by whom / &c. Your grace very Pope gave the Stationers the hearing of this matter / but indeed that to this daye the parties were never calde in Coram thus hideth for it: but yet by your leave my Lord / upon this poperie and information unto your honorable worship / the stacioners had knavery. newes / that it was made knowne unto the printers / what was done unto your good grace / and presently in steed It may be of the work which was in hand / there was another you hindred appointed / as they saye / authorized by your Lordship. her Majestie I will not saye it was your owne doing / but by your of many sleeve / thought is free. And my good L. (nay you thousands of shalbe none of my L. but M. Whitgift and you will) are you pounds. partiall or no in all your actions tell me? yes you are? I will

stand to it? did you get a decree in the high court of Star-chamber onely for Walde-grave? if it bee in generall (and you partiall) why set you not that printing presse and letters out of Charterhouse /and destroye them as you did Walde-graves? Why did you not apprehend the parties /why? Because it was poperie at the least /that was printed in Charterhouse: and that maintayneth the crowne of Canterburys? And what is more tollerable then popery? Did not your grace of late erecte a new printer contrary to the foresayd decree? One Thomas Orwine (who sometimes wrought popish bookes in corners: namely Jesus Psalter /our Ladies Psalter /&c.) with condition he should print no such seditious bookes as Walde-grave hath done? Why my Lorde? Walde-grave never printed any thing against the state /but onely against the Lord. usurped state of your Paultripolitanship /and your pope holy brethren /the Lorde B. and your Antichristian swinish rable /being intollerable withstanders of reformation /enemies of the Gospell /and most covetous wretched /and popish priests.

Nowe most pitifully complayning /Martin Marprelate: That the papistes will needs make us beleve /that our good John of Canterbury and they /are at no great jarre in religion. For Reignolds the papist at Rheimes /in his booke against M. Whitakers /commendeth the works written by his grace /for the defence of the corruption of our Church /against T. Cartwright. And sayth that the said John Cant. hath many things in him /which evidently shew a catholike perswasion. Alas my masters shall we loose our metropolitan in this sort. Yet the note is a good note /that we may take heed the Spaniards steale him not away /it were not amisse if her Maiestie knew of it. Wee need not fear (if we can keep him) the Spaniards and our other popish enemies /because our metropolitans religion and theirs differ not much. In the article of Christes descending into hell /they jumpe in one right pat: and in the mayntenaunce of the hierarchie of Bb. and ascribing the name of priest /unto them that are ministers of the gospel. I know not whether my next tale will be acceptable unto his grace or not. But have it among you my masters: M. Wiggington the pastor of Sidborough /is a man not altogether unknowen unto you. And I think his worshipfull grace got little or nothing by meddling with him /although he hath deprived him. My tale is of his deprivation /which was after this sort. The

good quiet people of Sydborough / being troubled for certaine yeares with the sayde Wiggington / and many of them being infected by him with the true knowledge of the gospell / by the worde preached (which is an heresie / that his grace doth mortally abhorre and persecute) at length grew in disliking with their pastor / because the severe man did urge nothing but obedience unto the gospell. Well / they came to his grace to finde a remedie hereof : desiring him that Wiggington might be deprived. His grace could finde no law to deprive him / no although the pastor defied the Archb. to his face / and would give him no better title then John Whitgift / such buggs words / being in these daies accounted no lesse then high treason against a Paltripolitan : Though since that time / I think his grace hath bin well enured to beare the name of Pope of Lambeth / John Cant. the prelate of Lambeth / with divers other titles agreeable to his function. Well Sidborough men proceeded against their pastor / his grace woulde not deprive him / because he could finde no law to warrant him therein / and he will do little contrary to law / for feare of a premunire / unles it be at a dead lift / to deprive a puritan preacher. Then in deed he will do against lawe / against God / and against his owne conscience / rather then the heresie of preaching should prevail. One man of Sidborough / whose name is Atkinson / was very eger among the rest / to have his pastor deprived ; and because his grace woulde not heare them but departed away / this Atkinson desired his grace to resolve him and his neighbours of one poynt which something troubled them : and that was / whether his grace or Wiggington were of the devill. For quoth he / you are so contrary the one from the other / that both of you cannot possibly be of God. If he be of God / it is certaine you are of the devill / and so cannot long stand ; for he will be your overthrowe. Amen. If you are of God / then he is of the divell as wee thinke him to be / and so he being of the devill / will you not deprive him ? why shoulde you suffer such a one to trouble the Church. Now if he be of God / why is your course so contrary to his ? and rather / why do not you follow him / that we may do so to ? Truly / if you do not deprive him / we will thinke him to be of God / and go home with him / with gentler good will towards him / then we came hyther with hatred / and looke you for a fall. His grace hearing this northen logicke / was mooved on the sodaine you must thinke / promised to deprive Wiggington and so he did. This

Atkinson this winter 1587 [i.e. 1587-8] came up to London / being as it seemed afflicted in conscience for this fact / desired Wiggington to pardone him and offred to kneel before her Majestie / that Wiggington might bee restored againe to his place / and to stande to the trueth hereof / to his graces teeth. The man is yet alive / he may be sent for / if you thinke that M. Martin hath reported an untrueth. No I warrant you / you shall not take mee to have fraught my booke with lyes and slaunders / as John Whitgift / and the Deane of Sarum did theirs. I speak not of things by heresay as of reports / but I bring my witnesses to proove my matters.

May it please you to yeeld unto a suite that I have to your worshipp. I pray you send Wiggington home unto his charge againe / I can tell you it was a foule oversight in his grace / to send for him out of the North to London / that he might outface him at his owne doore. He woulde do his Canterburines lesse hurt if he were at his charge / then now he doth. Let the Templars have M. Travers their preacher restored againe unto them / hee is now at leysure to worke your priesthood a woe I hope. If suche another booke as the Ecclesiast. Discipline was / drop[t] out of his budget / it were as good for the Bb. to lie a day and a night in little ease in the Counter. He is an od fellowe in folowing an argument / and you know he hath a smooth tong / either in Latine or English. And if my L. of Winchester understood / eyther greeke or Hebrew / as they say he hath no great skill in neyther: I woulde praye your priestdomes to tell me which is the better scholler / Walter Travers / or Thomas Cooper. Will you not send M. Wyborne to Northampton / that he may see some fruits of the seed he sowed there 16. or 18. yeares ago. That old man Wiborne / hath more good learning in him / and more fit gifts for the ministry in his little toe / then many braces of our Lord Bb.

Except Restore him to preaching againe for shame. M. Paget  
persecuting shalbe welcome to Devonshire / he is more fit to teach  
Greenefielde men then boyes. I marveile with what face a man  
that had done so much good in the Church as he did among  
a rude people / could be deprived.

Briefely / may it please you to let the Gospell have a free course / and restore unto their former libertie in preaching / all the preachers that you have put to silence: and this far is my first suit. . . .

Our Bb. are afraid that any thing should be published

abrod / whereby the common people should learne / that the only way to salvation / is by the worde preached. There was the last sommer a little catechisme / made by M. Davison and printed by Walde-grave : but before he coulde print it / it must be authorized by the Bb. either Cante. or London / he went to Cant. to have it licensed / his grace committed it to doctor Neverbegood [Wood], he read it over in half a yeare / the booke is a great one of two sheets of paper. In one place of the booke the meanes of salvation was attributed to the worde preached: and what did he thinke you? he blotted out so the word [preached] and would not have that word printed / ascribing the way to work mens salvation to the worde read. Thus they doe to suppress the trueth / and to keep men in ignorance. John Cant. was the first father of this horrible error in our Church / for he hath defended it in print / and now as you have heard / accounteth the contrary to be heresie. . . .

May it please your Priestdomes to understand / that doctor Cottington Archdeacon of Surrey / being belike bankerout in his owne cuntry / cometh to Kingstone upon Thames of meere good will that he beareth to the towne (I should say / to userer Harvies good chear and money bags) being out at the heeles with all other userers / and knowing him to be a professed adversary to M. Udall / (a notable preacher of the Gospell / and vehement reprover of sinne) taketh the advantage of their controversie / and hoping to borow some of the userers money : setteth himself most vehemently against M. Udall / to do whatsoever Harvie the userer will have him : and taketh the helpe of his journiman doctor Hone / the veriest coxcombe that ever wore velvet cap / and an ancient foe to M. Udall / because (in deed) he is a popish dolt / and (to make up a messe) Steven Chatfield / the vicker of kingston / as very a bankerout and duns as Doc. Cottington (although he have consumed all the money he gathered to build a Colledge at Kingstone) must come and be resident there / that M. Udall may have his mouth stopped / and why? forsooth because your friend M. Harvie woulde have it so; for sayth Harvie / he rayleth in his sermons / is that true? Doth he rail / when he reproveth thee (and such notorious varlets as thou art) for thy usury / for thy oppressing of the poore / for buying the houses over their heads that love the gospell / and the Lord his faythfull minister? (M. Udall) And art not thou a monstrous atheist / a belly God / a carnall wicked wretch / and what not. M. Chatfield you thinke I see not your knavery? is us [iwis?] do I / you can-

not daunce so cunningly in a net but I can spie you out? Shal I tel you why you sow pillowes under Harvies elbowes? Why man / it is because you would borow an 100. pound of him? Go to you Asse / and take in M. Udall againe (for Harvie I can tell / is as craftie a knave as you / he will not lend his money to such bankerouts / as Duns Cottington and you are) and you do not restore M. Udall againe to preach / I will so lay open your vilenes / yat I wil make the very stoones in Kingstone streets shall smell of your knaveries. Nowe if a man aske M. Cottington why M. Udall is put to silence? forsoth saith he / for not favoring the Church government present. Doc. Hone (Cottingtons journiman / a popish D. of the baudie court) saith by his troth / for making such variance in the town. M. Chatfield seemeth to be sorie for it / &c. But what cause was alleaged why M. Udall must preach no longer? surely this onely? that he had not my L. of Winchesters licence under seale to shew: and because this was thought not to be sufficient to satisfie the people: Hone the baudie Doctor / charged him to be a sectarie / a schismatike / yea he affirmed plainly / that the gossell out of his mouth was blasphemie. Popish Hone / do you say so? do ye? you are a knave I tel you? by ye same token your friend Chatfield spent thirteene score pounds in distributing briefes / for a gathering towards the erecting of a Colledge at kingstone upon Thames.

Wohohow / brother London / do you remember Thomas Allen and Richard Alworth / marchants of London / being executors to George Allen somtimes your grocer / but now deceased; who came unto you on easter wednesday last being at your masterdoms pallace in London / having bene often to speake with you before and could not / yet now they met with you: who tolde you they were executors vnto one George Allen (somtimes) your grocer / and among other his debts / we finde you indebted unto him / in the some of 19. pound and upward / desiring to let them have the money / for that they were to dispose of it according to that trust he reposed in them. You answered them sweetly (after you had pawsed a while) in this maner: You are raskals / you are villaines / you are arraunt knaves / I owe you nought / I have a generall quittance to shew. Sir (sayd they) shew us your discharge / and wee are satisfied. No (quoth-he) I will shew you none / go sue me / go sue me. Then sayd one of the merchants / doe you thus use us for asking our due?

Can B. face  
cog lie and  
cozen or no  
thinke you?



Wee would you should know / we are no suche vile persons. Don John of London (hearing their answeere) cried out / saying: Hence away / Citizens? nay you are raskkals / you are worse then wicked mammon (so lifting up both his hands / and flinging them downe againe / said) You are theeves / you are Coseners: take that for a bishops blessing / and so get you hence. But when they would have aunswered / his men thrust them out of the doores. But shortly after / he perceived they went about to bring the matter to farther tryal: he sent a messenger unto them confessing the debt / but they cannot get their money to this day. What reason is it they should have their mony? hath he not bestowed his liberallitie already on them? Can they not be satisfied with the blessing of this brave bousing priest? But brethren bishops / I pray you tell me? hath not you brother London / a notable brazen face to use these men so for their owne? I told you / Martin will be proved no liar / in that he saith that Bb. are cogging and cosening knaves. This priest went to buffets with his sonne in law / for a bloodie nose / well fare all good tokens. The last lent there came a commaundement from his grace into Paules Churchyard / that no Byble should be bounde without the Apocripha. Monstrous and ungodly wretches / that to maintaine their owne outrageous proceedings / thus mingle heaven and earth together / and woulde make the spirite of God / to be the author of prophane bookes. I am hardly drawn to a merie vaine from such waightie matters.

But you see my worshipfull priestes of this crue to whom I write / what a perilous fellow M. Marprelate is: he understands of all your knaverie / and it may be he keeps a register of them: unlesse you amend / they shall al come into the light one day. And you brethren bishops / take this warning from me. If you doe not leave your persecuting of godly christians and good subjectes / that seeke to live uprightly in the feare of God / and the obedience of her Majestie / all your dealing shalbe made knowne unto the world. And ise be sure to make you an example to all posterities. You see I have taken some paynes with you already / and I will owe you a better turne / and pay it you with advauntage / at the least thirteene to the dozen / unles you observe these conditions of peace which I drawe betweene me and you. For I assure you I make not your doings known for anie mallice that I beare unto you / but the hurt that you doe unto Gods Church / leave you your wickednesse / and ile leave the revealing of your knaveries.

Dumbe John  
of Londons  
blessing.

## RICHARD HOOKER'S EARLY YEARS.

BY IZAAK WALTON.

[IZAAK WALTON, the "Father of Angling," was born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, and for twenty years kept a linen-draper's shop in Fleet Street, London. In 1644 he retired on a competency and passed a large part of the remainder of his life at Winchester, where he died in 1683, in the house of his son-in-law, a prebendary of Winchester cathedral. His masterpiece is "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" (1653), a discourse on angling, interspersed with reflections, dialogue, verses, etc. He also wrote lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Sanderson, and other friends and contemporaries.]

MR. HOOKER was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the University; and had, by a constant unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtilty of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects; but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils, — which in time were many, — but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Cranmer.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behavior, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the Chapel prayers; and that his behavior there was such, as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshiped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behavior towards God; and for that to man, it is observable that he was never known to be angry, or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with Providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behavior, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behavior

and discourse that is required in a collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon, or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behavior in his College; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his College, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into Sacred Orders, being then made Deacon and Priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which Sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House; which is a House so called for that, besides the stipend paid the Preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his Sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a Draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavor; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the Reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weatherbeaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse, — supposing the horse trotted when he did not; — and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's Sermon: but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his Sermon; which was, "That in God there were two wills; an antecedent and a consequent will: his first will, That all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, That those only should be saved, that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them."

This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believe that a contrary opinion intrenches upon the honor and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against — as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers — by John Elmer, then Bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, "that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry." And he, not considering that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light"; but, like a true Nathanael, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with, — you may read it in the book of Genesis, — when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that, or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's, which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to "rejoice in the wife of his youth"; but too just cause to say with the holy Prophet, "Wo is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!"

This choice of Mr. Hooker's — if it were his choice — may be wondered at: but let us consider that the Prophet Ezekiel says, "There is a wheel within a wheel;" a secret sacred wheel of Providence, — most visible in marriages, — guided by His hand that "allows not the race to the swift," nor "bread to the wise," nor good wives to good men: and He that can bring

good out of evil — for mortals are blind to this reason — only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was: and let the Reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet; which though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter, physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his College; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married Priest, and a country Parsonage: which was Drayton-Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the Diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq. — then Patron of it — the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God — “in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty and no doubt in long-suffering;” yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor: where they found him with a book in his hand, — it was the Odes of Horace, — he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for Richard was called to rock the cradle: and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they staid but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, “Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in

no better ground, as to your parsonage ; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if Saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me ; but labor — as indeed I do daily — to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his Tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence ; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power.



## THE UNPOPULARITY OF CONSERVATISM.

BY RICHARD HOOKER.

[RICHARD HOOKER, one of the greatest of English divines and theologians, "the judicious Hooker," was born at or near Exeter about 1553 ; died 1600. A precocious boy, he attracted the notice of Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, and was sent to Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1574. Taking orders, he became Master of the Temple at a little over thirty, as a zealous Anglican, but with a popular Puritan orator for a colleague, who drew all the audiences to his afternoon services ; and Hooker resigned in disgust for a country rectory, where he wrote the first four books of his still famous work, the "Ecclesiastical Polity" (1594) ; transferred to another living, a fifth appeared in 1597, and the other three posthumously. He died about 1600.]

HE THAT goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favorable hearers ; because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regiment is subject, but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider. And because such as openly prove supposed disorders of state are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all, and for men that carry singular freedom of mind, under this fair and plausible color whatsoever they utter passeth for good and current. That which wanteth in the weight of their speech is supplied by the aptness of men's minds to accept and believe it. Whereas, on the other side, if

we maintain things that are established, we have not only to strive with a number of heavy prejudices deeply rooted in the hearts of men, — who think that herein we serve the time, and speak in favor of the present state because thereby we either hold or seek preferment, — but also to bear such exceptions as minds so averted beforehand usually take against that which they are loath should be poured into them.

Albeit, therefore, much of that we are to speak in this present cause may seem to a number perhaps tedious, perhaps obscure, dark, and intricate; (for many talk of the truth, which never sounded the depth from whence it springeth; and therefore when they are led thereunto they are soon weary, as men drawn from these beaten paths wherewith they have been inured;) yet this may not so far prevail as to cut off that which the matter itself requireth, howsoever the nice humor of some be therewith pleased or no. They unto whom we shall seem tedious are in nowise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure. And if any complain of obscurity, they must consider that in these matters it cometh not otherwise to pass than in sundry the works both of art and also of nature, where that which hath greatest force in the very things we see is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labor is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it and for the lookers-on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality it behooveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain, of them to be discovered. Which because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable, and the matters which we handle seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

## THE FREE-WILL OF MAN.

By RICHARD HOOKER.

MAN in perfection of nature being made according to the likeness of his Maker, resembleth Him also in the manner of working; so that whatsoever we work as men, the same we do wittingly work and freely; neither are we, according to the manner of natural agents, any way so tied but that it is in our power to leave the things we do undone. The good which either is gotten by doing, or which consisteth in the very doing itself, causeth not action, unless apprehending it as good we so like and desire it; that we do unto any such end, the same we choose and prefer before the leaving of it undone. Choice there is not, unless the thing which we take be so in our power that we might have refused and left it. If fire consume the stubble, it chooseth not so to do, because the nature thereof is such that it can do no other. To choose is to will one thing before another. And to will is to bend our souls to the having or doing of that which they see to be good. Goodness is seen with the eye of the understanding. And the light of that eye is reason. So that two principal fountains there are of human action, Knowledge and Will; which Will, in things tending towards any end, is termed Choice. Concerning Knowledge, "Behold [saith Moses], I have set before you this day good and evil, life and death." Concerning Will, he addeth immediately, "Choose life;" that is to say, the things that tend unto life, them choose.

But of one thing we must have special care, as being a matter of no small moment; and that is, how the Will, properly and strictly taken, as it is of things which are referred unto the end that man desireth, differeth greatly from that inferior natural desire which we call Appetite. The object of Appetite is whatsoever sensible good may be wished for; the object of Will is that good which Reason doth lead us to seek. Affections, as joy and grief and fear and anger, with such like, being, as it were, the sundry fashions and forms of Appetite, can neither rise at the conceit of a thing indifferent, nor yet choose but rise at the sight of some things. Wherefore it is not altogether in our power whether we will be stirred by affections or no; whereas actions which issue from the disposition of the Will are in the power thereof to be performed or



stayed. Finally, Appetite is the Will's solicitor, and the Will is Appetite's controller; what we covet according to the one by the other we often reject; neither is any other desire termed properly Will, but there where Reason and Understanding, or the show of reason, prescribeth the thing desired.

It may be therefore a question, whether those operations of men are to be counted voluntary, wherein that good which is sensible provoketh Appetite, and Appetite causeth action, Reason being never called to counsel; as when we eat or drink, and betake ourselves unto rest, and such like. The truth is, that such actions in men having attained to the use of Reason are voluntary. For as the authority of higher powers hath force even in those things which are done without their privity, and are of so mean reckoning that to acquaint them therewith it needeth not; in like sort, voluntarily we are said to do that also, which the Will if it listed might hinder from being done, although about the doing thereof we do not expressly use our reason or understanding, and so immediately apply our wills thereunto. In cases therefore of such facility, the Will doth yield her assent as it were with a kind of silence, by not dissenting; in which respect her force is not so apparent as in express mandates or prohibitions, especially upon advice and consultation going before.

Where understanding therefore needeth, in those things Reason is the director of man's Will by discovering in action what is good. For the Laws of well-doing are the dictates of right Reason. Children, which are not as yet come unto those years whereat they may have; again, innocents, which are excluded by natural defect from ever having; thirdly, madmen, which for the present cannot possibly have the use of right Reason to guide themselves, have for their guide the Reason that guideth other men, which are tutors over them to seek and to procure their good for them. In the rest there is that light of Reason, whereby good may be known from evil, and which discovering the same rightly is termed right.

The Will notwithstanding doth not incline to have or do that which Reason teacheth to be good, unless the same do also teach it to be possible. For albeit the Appetite, being more general, may wish anything which seemeth good, be it never so impossible; yet for such things the reasonable Will of man doth never seek. Let Reason teach impossibility in any thing, and the Will of man doth let it go.

There is in the Will of man naturally that freedom, whereby it is apt to take or refuse any particular object whatsoever being presented unto it. Whereupon it followeth, that there is no particular object so good, but it may have the show of some difficulty or unpleasant quality annexed to it, in respect whereof the Will may shrink and decline it; contrariwise (for so things are blended) there is no particular evil which hath not some appearance of goodness whereby to insinuate itself. For evil as evil cannot be desired: if that be desired which is evil, the cause is the goodness which is or seemeth to be joined with it. Goodness doth not move by being, but by being apparent; and therefore many things are neglected which are most precious, only because the value of them lieth hid. Sensible Goodness is most apparent, near, present; which causeth the Appetite to be therewith strongly provoked. Now pursuit and refusal in the Will do follow, the one the affirmation, the other the negation of goodness, which the understanding apprehendeth, grounding itself upon sense, unless some higher Reason do chance to teach the contrary. And if Reason have taught it rightly to be good, yet not so apparently that the mind receiveth it with utter impossibility of being otherwise, still there is place left for the Will to take or leave. Whereas therefore amongst so many things as are to be done, there are so few the goodness whereof Reason in such sort doth or easily can discover, we are not to marvel at the choice of evil even then when the contrary is probably known. Hereby it cometh to pass that custom inuring the mind by long practice, and so leaving there a sensible impression, prevaileth more than reasonable persuasion what way soever. Reason therefore may rightly discern the thing which is good, and yet the Will of man not incline itself thereunto, as oft as the prejudice of sensible experience doth oversway.

Nor let any man think that this doth make anything for the just excuse of iniquity. For there was never sin committed, wherein a less good was not preferred before a greater, and that wilfully; which cannot be done without the singular disgrace of Nature, and the utter disturbance of that divine order, whereby the præminence of chiefest acceptation is by the best things worthily challenged. There is not that good which concerneth us, but it hath evidence enough for itself, if Reason were diligent to search it out. Through neglect thereof, abused we are with the show of that which is not; sometimes

the subtlety of Satan inveigling us as it did Eve, sometimes the hastiness of our Wills preventing the more considerate advice of sound Reason, as in the Apostles, when they no sooner saw what they liked not, but they forthwith were desirous of fire from heaven; sometimes the very custom of evil making the heart obdurate against whatsoever instructions to the contrary, as in them over whom our Saviour spake weeping, "O Jerusalem, how often, and thou wouldst not!" Still therefore that wherewith we stand blamable, and can no way excuse it, is, in doing evil, we prefer a less good before a greater, the greatness whereof is by reason investigable and may be known. The search of knowledge is a thing painful; and the painfulness of knowledge is that which maketh the Will so hardly inclinable thereunto. The root hereof, divine malediction; whereby the instruments being weakened wherewithal the soul (especially in reasoning) doth work, it preferreth rest in ignorance before wearisome labor to know. For a spur of diligence therefore we have a natural thirst after knowledge ingrafted in us. But by reason of that original weakness in the instruments, without which the understanding part is not able in this world by discourse to work, the very conceit of painfulness is as a bridle to stay us. For which cause the Apostle, who knew right well that the weariness of the flesh is an heavy clog to the Will, striketh mightily upon this key, "Awake thou that sleepest; Cast off all which presseth down; Watch; Labor; Strive to go forward, and to grow in knowledge."



## VERSES FROM "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA."

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!  
 How silently, and with how wan a face!  
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
 I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace,  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.  
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

Morpheus, the lively son of deadly Sleep,  
Witness of life to them that living die,  
A prophet oft, and oft an history,  
A poet eke, as humors fly or creep ;  
Since thou in me so sure a power dost keep,  
That never I with closed-up sense do lie,  
But by thy work my Stella I descry,  
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weep ;  
Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,  
Whence hast thou ivory, rubies, pearl, and gold,  
To show her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well ?  
Fool ! answers he ; no Indes such treasures hold ;  
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,  
Sweet Stella's image I do steal to me.

I never drank of Aganippe well,  
Nor ever did in shade of Temple sit,  
And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell ;  
Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.  
Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,  
But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it ;  
And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,  
I am no pick-purse of another's wit.  
How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease  
My thoughts I speak ; and what I speak doth flow  
In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?  
Guess we the cause ! What, is it thus ? Fie, no.  
Or so ? Much less. How then ? Sure thus it is,  
My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

Stella, think not that I by verse seek fame,  
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live but thee ;  
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :  
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.  
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame  
A nest for my young praise in laurel tree :  
In truth, I swear I wish not there should be  
Graved in my epitaph a Poet's name.  
Nor, if I would, could I just title make,  
That any laud thereof to me should grow,

Without my plumes from others' wings I take :  
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,  
 Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,  
 And Love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

Stella, since thou so right a princess art  
 Of all the powers which life bestows on me,  
 That ere by them ought undertaken be,  
 They first resort unto that sovereign part ;  
 Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,  
 Which pants as though it still should leap to thee :  
 And on my thoughts give thy lieutenantcy  
 To this great cause, which needs both use and art.  
 And as a queen, who from her presence sends  
 Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit,  
 Till it have wrought what thy own will attends,  
 On servants' shame oft masters' blame doth sit :  
 O let not fools in me thy works reprove,  
 And scorning say, "See what it is to love!"

*Song.*

Whose senses in so ill consort their step-dame Nature lays,  
 That ravishing delight in them most sweet tunes do not raise ;  
 Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closed with wit,  
 As with sententious lips to set a title vain on it ;  
 O let them hear these sacred tunes, and learn in Wonder's schools  
 To be, in things past bounds of wit, fools — if they be not fools !

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet Beauty's show,  
 Or, seeing, have so wooden wits, as not that worth to know,  
 Or, knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in love,  
 Or, loving, have so frothy thoughts, as eas'ly thence to move ;  
 O let them see these heavenly beams, and in fair letters read  
 A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firm love to breed.  
 Hear them, but then with wonder hear, see, but adoring, see,  
 No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here descended be :  
 See, do you see this face ? a face, nay, image of the skies,  
 Of which, the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes :  
 Hear you this soul-invading voice, and count it but a voice ?  
 The very essence of their tunes, when angels do rejoice !

## APOLOGIE FOR POETRIE.

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, the model chevalier of mediæval England, valorous knight and romancist and poet, was born at Penshurst in Kent, 1554. Educated at Shrewsbury, at Christ Church, Oxford, and at Cambridge, he traveled all through Europe, narrowly escaped murder in the massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572), and returned in 1575, becoming a speedy favorite of Elizabeth, with whom his uncle the Earl of Leicester was then in the ascendant; in 1576 was made envoy to the Emperor Rudolf at Vienna; retiring from court on account of a quarrel, he wrote his romance "Arcadia"; married Walsingham's daughter in 1583. In 1585 he took part in Leicester's expedition to the Low Countries; was made governor of Flushing; and at Zutphen, October 1586, he was mortally wounded. (The famous story, "Thy necessity is greater than mine," will be recalled.) England went into a passion of mourning for him. His "Astrophel and Stella" and the "Defence of Poesie" were published posthumously.]

TRUELY I imagine, it falleth out with these Poet-whyppers, as with some good women, who often are sicke, but in fayth they cannot tel where. So the name of Poetrie is odious to them, but neither his cause, nor effects, neither the sum that containes him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping disprayse.

Sith then Poetrie is of all humane learning the most auncient, and of most fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings have taken theyr beginnings: sith it is so universall, that no learned Nation dooth despise it, nor no barbarous Nation is without it: sith both Roman and Greek gave divine names unto it: the one of propheying, the other of making. And that indeede, that name of making is fit for him; considering, that where as other Arts retaine themselves within their subject, and receive as it were, their beeing from it: the Poet onely, bringeth his owne stuffe, and dooth not learn a conceite out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceite: Sith neither his description, nor his ende, contayneth any evill, the thing described cannot be evill: Sith his effects be so good as to teach goodnes and to delight the learners: Sith therein, (namely in morrall doctrine, the chiefe of all knowledges,) hee dooth not onely farre passe the Historian, but for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the Philosopher: and for moving, leaves him behind him: Sith the holy scripture (wherein there is no uncleannes) hath whole parts in it poetically. And that even our Saviour Christ, vouchsafed to use the flowers of it: Sith all his kinde are not onlie in their united formes, but in their severd dissections

fully commendable, I think, (and think I thinke rightly) the Lawrell crowne appointed for tryumphing Captaines, doth worthilie (of al other learnings) honor the Poets tryumph. But because wee have eares aswell as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seeme to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-ballance: let us heare, and aswell as wee can ponder, what objections may bee made against this Arte, which may be worthy, eyther of yeelding, or answering. . . .

First, that there beeing many other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his tyme in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lyes. Thirdly, that it is the Nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires: with a Syrens sweetnes, drawing the mind to the Serpents tayle of sinfull fancy. And heerein especially, Comedies give the largest field to erre, as *Chaucer* sayth: howe both in other nations and in ours, before Poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martiall exercises; the pillers of manlyke liberty, and not lulled asleepe in shady idlenes with Poets pastimes. And lastly, and chiefly, they cry out with an open mouth, as if they out shot *Robin Hood*, that *Plato* banished them out of hys common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First to the first: that a man might better spend his tyme, is a reason indeede: but it doth (as they say) but *Petere principium*: for if it be as I affirme, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and mooveth to vertue; and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as Poetry: then is the conclusion manifest, that Ineke and Paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should graunt their first assumption, it shoulde followe (me thinkes) very unwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and utterly denye, that there is sprong out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge.

To the second therefore, that they should be the principall lyars; I aunswere paradoxically, but truly, I thinke truly; that of all Writers under the sunne, the Poet is the least lier: and though he would, as a Poet can scarcely be a lyer, the Astronomer, with his cosen the Geometrician, can hardly escape, when they take upon them to measure the height of the starres. How often, thinke you, doe the Phisitions lye, when they aver things, good for sicknesses, which afterwards send

*Charon* a great number of soules drown'd in a potion before they come to his Ferry. And no lesse of the rest, which take upon them to affirme. Now, for the Poet, he nothing affirms, and therefore never lyeth. For, as I take it, to lye, is to affirme that to be true what is false. So as the other Artists, and especially the Historian, affirming many things, can in the cloudy knowledge of mankinde, hardly escape from many lyes. But the Poet (as I sayd before) never affirmeth. The Poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to beleefe for true what he writes. Hee citeth not authorities of other Histories, but even for hys entry, calleth the sweete Muses to inspire into him a good invention: in troth, not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should or should not be: and therefore, though he recount things not true, yet because hee telleth them not for true, he lyeth not, without we will say, that *Nathan*, lyed in his speech, before alledged to David. Which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I, none so simple would say, that *Esopo* lyed in the tales of his beasts: for who thinks that *Esopo* writ it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name cronicled among the beastes hee writeth of.

What childe is there, that comming to a Play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great Letters upon an olde doore, doth beleefe that it is *Thebes*? If then, a man can arive, at that childes age, to know that the Poets persons and dooings, are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lye, to things not affirmatively, but allegoricallie and figurativelie written. And therefore, as in Historie, looking for trueth, they goe away full fraught with falshood: so in Poesie, looking for fiction, they shal use the narration, but as an imaginative groundplot of a profitable invention.

But heereto is replied, that the Poets gyve names to men they write of, which argueth a conceite of an actuall truth, and so, not being true, prooves a falshood. And doth the Lawyer lye then, when under the names of *John a stile* and *John a noakes*, hee puts his case? But that is easily answered. Theyr naming of men, is but to make theyr picture the more lively, and not to builde any historie: paynting men, they cannot leave men namelesse. We see we cannot play at Chesse, but that wee must give names to our Chesse-men; and yet mee thinks, hee were a very partiall Champion of truth,



that would say we lyed for giving a peece of wood, the reverend title of a Bishop. The Poet nameth *Cyrus* or *Aeneas*, no other way, then to shewe, what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should doe.

Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wit, trayning it to wanton sinfulness, and lustfull love: for indeed that is the principall, if not the onely abuse I can heare alledged. They say, the Comedies rather teach, then reprehend, amorous conceits. They say, the Lirick, is larded with passionate Sonnets. The Elegiack, weepes the want of his mistresse. And that even to the Heroical, *Cupid* hath ambitiously climed. Alas Love, I would thou couldest as well defende thy selfe, as thou canst offende others. I would those, on whom thou doost attend, could eyther put thee away, or yeelde good reason, why they keepe thee. But grant love of beautie, to be a beastlie fault, (although it be very hard, sith onely man, and no beast, hath that gyft, to discern beauty). Grant, that lovely name of Love, to deserve all hatefull reproches: (although even some of my Maisters the Phylosophers, spent a good deale of theyr Lamp-oyle, in setting foorth the excellencie of it.) Grant, I say, what soever they wil have granted; that not onely love, but lust, but vanitie, but, (if they list) scurrilitie, possesseth many leaves of the Poets bookes: yet thinke I, when this is granted, they will finde, theyr sentence may with good manners, put the last words foremost: and not say, that Poetrie abuseth mans wit, but that, mans wit abuseth Poetrie.

For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make Poesie, (which should be *Eikastike*, which some learned have defined, figuring foorth good things,) to be Phantastike: which doth contrariwise, infect the fancie with unworthy objects. As the Painter, that shoulde give to the eye, eyther some excellent perspective, or some fine picture, fit for building or fortification: or contayning in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaack*, *Judith* killing *Holofernes*, *David* fighting with *Goliath*, may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing, make the right use odious? Nay truly, though I yield, that Poesie may not onely be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweete charming force, it can doe more hurt than any other Armie of words: yet shall it be so far from concluding, that the abuse should give reproch to the abused, that contrariwise it is a good reason, that whatsoever

being abused, dooth most harme, beeing rightly used: (and upon the right use each thing conceiveth his title) doth most good.

Doe wee not see the skill of Phisick, (the best rampire to our often-assaulted bodies) beeing abused, teach poyson the most violent destroyer? Dooth not knowledge of law, whose end is, to even and right all things being abused, grów the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Dooth not (to goe to the highest) Gods word abused, breed heresie? and his Name abused, become blasphemie? . . .

They alledge heere-with, that before Poets beganne to be in price, our Nation, hath set their harts delight upon action, and not upon imagination: rather doing things worthy to bee written, then writing things fitte to be done. What that before tyme was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tell: Sith no memory is so auncient, that hath the precedence of Poetrie. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelines, yet never was the *Albion* Nation without poetrie. Mary, thys argument, though it bee leaveld against Poetrie, yet is it indeed a chaine-shot against all learning, or bookishnes, as they commonly tearme it. Of such minde were certain *Gothes*, of whom it is written, that having in the spoile of a famous Citie, taken a fayre librarie: one hangman (bee like fitte to execute the fruites of their wits) who had murdered a great number of bodies, would have set fire on it: no, sayde another, very gravely, take heede what you doe, for whyle they are busie about these toyes, wee shall with more leysure conquer their Countries.

This indeede is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes sometymes I have heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally againstall learning, aswell as Poetrie; or rather, all learning but Poetry: because it were too large a digression, to handle, or at least, to superfluous: (sith it is manifest, that all government of action, is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge best, by gathering many knowledges, which is, reading,) I onely [say] with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion.

*Jubeo stultum esse libenter:*

for as for Poetrie it selfe, it is the freest from thys objection. For Poetrie is the companion of the Campos.

I dare undertake, *Orlando Furioso*, or honest King *Arthur*, will never displease a Souldier: but the quiddity of *Ens*, and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corslet: and therefore, as I said in the beginning, even Turks and Tartares are

delighted with Poets. *Homer* a Greek, florished, before Greece florished. And if to a slight conjecture, a conjecture may be opposed: truly it may seem, that as by him, their learned men, tooke almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men, received their first motions of courage. Onlie *Alexanders* example may serve, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such vertue, that Fortune was not his guide, but his foote-stoole: whose acts speake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeede, the Phœnix of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schoolemaister, living *Aristotle*, behinde him, but tooke deade *Homer* with him: he put the Philosopher *Calisthenes* to death, for his seeming philosophicall, indeed mutinous stubburnnes. But the chiefe thing he ever was heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had been alive. He well found, he received more braverie of minde, bye the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of Fortitude: and therefore, if *Cato* misliked *Fulvius*, for carying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be aunswered, that if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or els he had not doone it: for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, (whose authority I would much more have revered,) but it was the former: in truth, a bitter punisher of faults, but else, a man that had never wel sacrificed to the Graces. Hee misliked and cryed out upon all Greeke learning, and yet being 80. years olde, began to learne it. Be-like, fearing that *Pluto* understood not Latine. Indeede, the Romaine laws allowed, no person to be carried to the warres, but hee that was in the Souldiers role: and therefore, though *Cato* misliked his unmustered person, hee misliked not his worke. And if hee had, *Scipio Nasica* judged by common consent, the best Romaine, loved him. Both the other *Scipio* Brothers . . . so loved him, that they caused his body to be buried in their Sepuleher. So as *Cato*, his authoritie being but against his person, and that aunswered, with so farre greater then himselfe, is heerin of no validitie.

But now indeede my burthen is great; now *Plato* his name is layde upon mee, whom I must confesse, of all Philosophers, I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence, and with great reason: Sith of all Philosophers, he is the most poetieall. Yet if he will defile the Fountaine, out of which his flowing streames have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons hee did it. First truly, a man might maliciously object, that *Plato* being a Philosopher, was a naturall enemy of Poets: for indeede, after the Philosophers, had picked out of the sweete

misteries of Poetrie, the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, and making a Schoole-arte of that which the Poets did onely teach, by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurne at their guides, like ungratefull Prentises, were not content to set up shops for themselves, but sought by all meanes to discredit their Maisters. Which by the force of delight being barred them, the lesse they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeede, they found for *Homer*, seaven Cities strove, who should have him for their Citizen; where many Citties banished Philosophers, as not fitte members to live among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verses, many *Athenians* had their lyves saved of the *Siracusians*: when the *Athenians* themselves, thought many Philosophers, unwoorthie to live. . . .

Againe, a man might aske out of what Common-wealth Plato did banish them? insooth, thence where he himselfe alloweth communitie of women: So as belike, this banishment grewe not for effeminate wantonnes, sith little should poetically Sonnets be hurtfull, when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honor philosophicall instructions, and blesse the wits which bred them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to Poetrie. . . .

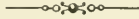
But what need more? Aristotle writes the Arte of Poesie; and why is it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the use to be gathered of them, and how if they should not be read? And who reads *Plutarchs* eyther history or philosophy, shall finde, hee trymmeth both theyr garments, with gards of Poesie. But I list not to defend Poesie, with the helpe of her underling, Historiography, let it suffice, that it is a fit soyle for prayse to dwell upon: and what disprayse may set upon it, is eyther easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that sith the excellencies of it, may be so easily, and so justly confirmed, and the low-creeping objections, so soone troden downe; it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine: not of effeminate, but of notable stirring of courage: not of abusing mans witte, but of strengthning mans wit: not banished, but honored by *Plato*: let us rather plant more Laurels, for to engarland our Poets heads, (which honor of being laureat, as besides them, onely tryumphant Captaines weare, is a sufficient authority to shewe the price they ought to be had in,) then suffer the ill-favouring breath of such wrong-speakers, once to blowe upon the cleere springs of Poesie.

## SONNET PREFIXED TO THE FOREGOING.

By HENRY CONSTABLE.

[About 1555 to before 1616.]

GIVE pardon, blessed soul! to my bold cries,  
 If they, importune, interrupt thy song,  
 Which now with joyful notes thou sing'st among  
 The angel-quiristers of th' heavenly skies.  
 Give pardon eke, sweet soul! to my slow cries,  
 That since I saw thee now it is so long;  
 And yet the tears that unto thee belong,  
 To thee as yet they did not sacrifice;  
 I did not know that thou wert dead before,  
 I did not feel the grief I did sustain;  
 The greater stroke astonisheth the more,  
 Astonishment takes from us sense of pain:  
 I stood amazed when others' tears begun,  
 And now begin to weep when they have done.



## UNA AND THE LION.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

(From "The Faerie Queen.")

[EDMUND SPENSER, English poet, was born in London about 1552, and attended Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, and through the latter's influence procured (1580) the post of private secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, the queen's deputy in Ireland. For his services in suppressing Desmond's rebellion, he obtained 3000 acres of the forfeited Desmond estates, including Kilcolman Castle and manor. At Raleigh's suggestion he went to London in 1589, and the next year brought out the first three books of "The Faerie Queene," which so pleased Elizabeth that she gave him a yearly pension of £50. In 1591 he returned to Kilcolman in poverty, and wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again." Seven years later his house was burned by the Irish rebels, and on January, 1599, he died in poverty at Westminster. By his own request he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the funeral expenses being paid by the Earl of Essex. Besides the above works, Spenser wrote: "The Shepherd's Calendar," "Amoretti," "Astrophel," "Four Hymns," etc.]

NAUGHT is there under heaven's wide hollowness,  
 That moves more dear compassion of mind,  
 Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness

Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind,  
 I, whether lately through her brightness blind,  
 Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,  
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,  
 Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,  
 When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,  
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,  
 That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,  
 To think how she through guileful handeling,  
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,  
 Though fair as ever living wight was fair,  
 Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,  
 Is from her knight divorcèd in despair,  
 And her due loves derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while  
 Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,  
 Far from all people's preace, as in exile,  
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,  
 To seek her knight; who, subtilly betrayed  
 Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,  
 Had her abandoned; she of naught afraid,  
 Through woods and wateness wide him daily sought.  
 Yet wishèd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;  
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;  
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
 And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood,  
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,  
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.  
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have at once devoured her tender corse;  
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,  
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,  
 And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;  
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.  
 O how can beauty master the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!  
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long,  
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion;  
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

“The lion, lord of every beast in field,”  
 Quoth she, “his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,  
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him pricked in pity of my sad estate:—  
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored  
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorred?”

Redounding tears did choke th’ end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbor wood;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood.  
 With pity calmed, down fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,  
 To seek her strayèd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong guard  
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;  
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepared:  
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,  
 And ever by her looks conceivèd her intent.

Long she thus travelèd through deserts wide,  
 By which she thought her wand’ring knight should pass,  
 Yet never show of living wight espied;  
 Till that at length she found the trodden grass  
 In which the track of people’s footing was,  
 Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar;

The same she follows, till at last she has  
 A damsel spied slow-footing her before,  
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching, she to her gan call,  
 To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand:  
 But the rude wench her answered naught at all;  
 She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand:  
 Till, seeing by her side the lion stand,  
 With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw  
 And fled away; for never in that land  
 Face of fair lady she before did view,  
 And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looked behind,  
 As if her life upon the wager lay;  
 And home she came, whereas her mother blind  
 Sat in eternal night; naught could she say;  
 But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay  
 With quaking hands, and other signs of fear;  
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,  
 Gan shut the door. By this arrivèd there  
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page  
 With his rude claws the wicket open rent,  
 And let her in; where, of his cruel rage  
 Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,  
 She found them both in darksome corner pent:  
 Where that old woman day and night did pray  
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;  
 Nine hundred *Paternosters* every day,  
 And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painful penance more,  
 Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,  
 And next her wrinkled skin, rough sackcloth wore  
 And thrice-three times did fast from any bit:  
 But now for fear her beads she did forget.  
 Whose needless dread for to remove away,  
 Fair Una framèd words and count'nance fit;  
 Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,  
 That in their cottage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and cometh drowsy night,  
 When every creature shrouded is in sleep;



Sad Una down her lay in weary plight,  
 And at her feet the lion watch doth keep;  
 Instead of rest, she does lament, and weep,  
 For the late loss of her dear-lovèd knight,  
 And sighs, and groans, and evermore does steep  
 Her tender breast in bitter tears all night;  
 All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted high,  
 Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,  
 And all in deadly sleep did drownèd lie,  
 One knockèd at the door, and in would fare;  
 He knockèd fast, and often curst, and sware,  
 That ready entrance was not at his call;  
 For on his back a heavy load he bare  
 Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,  
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

He was, to weet, a stout and sturdy thief,  
 Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,  
 And poor men's boxes of their due relief,  
 Which given was to them for good intents:  
 The holy saints of their rich vestiments  
 He did disrobe, when all men careless slept;  
 And spoiled the priests of their habiliments;  
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,  
 Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,  
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow  
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,  
 Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,  
 With whom he whoredom used that few did know,  
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,  
 And plenty, which in all the land did grow;  
 Ne sparèd he to give her gold and rings;  
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet;  
 Yet of those fearful women none durst rise  
 (The lion frayèd them) him in to let;  
 He would no longer stay him to advise,  
 But open breaks the door in furious wise,  
 And ent'ring is; when that disdainful beast,  
 Encount'ring fierce, him sudden doth surprise;

And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,  
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

Him booteth not resist, nor succor call,  
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand;  
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,  
And quite dismemb'red hath: the thirsty land  
Drank up his life; his corse left on the strand.  
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,  
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand  
The heavy hap which on them is alight;  
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,  
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke;  
And on their former journey forward pass,  
In ways unknown, her wand'ring knight to seek,  
With pains far passing that long-wand'ring Greek,  
That for his love refusèd deity:  
Such were the labors of this lady meek,  
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly;  
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weenèd nigh.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,  
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,  
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slain,  
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,  
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear:  
And when they both had wept and wailed their fill,  
Then forth they ran, like two amazèd deer,  
Half mad through malice and revenging will,  
To follow her that was the causer of their ill:

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,  
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;  
Shamefully at her railing all the way,  
And her accusing of dishonesty,  
That was the flower of faith and chastity:  
And still, amidst her railing, she did pray  
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery,  
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;  
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayers naught prevail,  
She back returnèd with some labor lost;

And in the way, as she did weep and wail,  
 A knight her met in mighty arms embost,  
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast;  
 But subtle Archimag, that Una sought  
 By traynes into new troubles to have tossed:  
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,  
 If that of such a lady she could tellen aught.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,  
 And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,  
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,  
 That caused her shed so many a bitter tear;  
 And so forth told the story of her fear.  
 Much seemèd he to moan her hapless chance,  
 And after for that lady did inquire;  
 Which being taught, he forward gan advance  
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmèd lance.

Erelong he came where Una traveled slow,  
 And that wild champion waiting her beside;  
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show  
 Himself too nigh at hand, but turnèd wide  
 Unto an hill; from whence when she him spied,  
 By his like-seeming shield her knight by name  
 She weened it was, and towards him gan ride;  
 Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;  
 And with fair fearful humblesse towards him she came

And weeping said, "Ah, my long-lackèd lord,  
 Where have ye been thus long out of my sight?  
 Much fearèd I to have been quite abhorred,  
 Or aught have done, that ye displeasen might,  
 That should as death unto my dear heart light;  
 For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,  
 My cheerful day is turned to cheerless night,  
 And eke my night of death the shadow is:  
 But welcome now, my light, and shining lamp of bliss!"

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,  
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,  
 To think that knighthood I so much should shame,  
 As you to leave that have me lovèd still,  
 And chose in Faerie court, of mere good will,  
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.  
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill

To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,  
Than I leave you, my life, yborn of heavenly birth.

“And sooth to say, why I left you so long,  
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;  
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong  
To many knights did daily work disgrace;  
But knight he now shall nevermore deface:  
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please  
Well to accept, and evermore embrace  
My faithful service, that by land and seas  
Have vowed you to defend: now then your plaint appease.”

His lovely words her seemed due recompense  
Of all her passèd pains; one loving hour  
For many years of sorrow can dispense;  
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.  
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre  
For him she late endured; she speaks no more  
Of past: true is that true love hath no power  
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.  
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toiled so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,  
That long hath wand' red in the ocean wide,  
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tear;  
And long time having tanned his tawny hide  
With blust'ring breath of heaven, that none can oide,  
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;  
Soon as the port from far he has espied,  
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,  
And Nereus crowns with cups; his mates him pledge around:

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;  
And eke th' enchanter joycus seemed no less  
Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground  
His ship far come from watery wilderness;  
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless.  
So forth they passed; and all the way they spent  
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,  
In which he asked her what the lion meant;  
Who told, her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see  
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,

Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,  
 That through his fierceness foamèd all with sweat,  
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,  
 When his hot rider spurred his chafèd side;  
 His look was stern, and seemèd still to threat  
 Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide:  
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyed.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,  
 And saw the red cross which the knight did bear,  
 He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare  
 Himself to battle with his couchèd spear.  
 Loath was that other, and did faint through fear,  
 To taste th' untrièd dint of deadly steel:  
 But yet his lady did so well him cheer,  
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;  
 So bent his spear, and spurred his horse with iron heel.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce  
 And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head spear,  
 Through vainly crossèd shield he quite did pierce;  
 And, had his staggering steed not shrunk for fear,  
 Through shield and body eke he should him bear:  
 Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,  
 That from his saddle quite he did him bear:  
 He tumbling rudely down to ground did rush,  
 And from his gorèd wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,  
 He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,  
 And proudly said: "Lo, there the worthy meed  
 Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;  
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,  
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake;  
 When mourning altars, purged with enemy's life,  
 The black infernal furies do aslake:  
 Life from Sansfoy thou took'st, Sansloy shall from thee take."

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,  
 Till Una cried: "O hold that heavy hand,  
 Dear sir, whatever that thou be in place:  
 Enough is that thy foe doth vanquished stand  
 Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;  
 For he is one the truest knight alive,  
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land:

And, whilst him fortune favored, fair did thrive  
In bloody field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous words might not abate his rage;  
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would  
Have slain him straight; but when he sees his age,  
And hoary head of Archimago old,  
His hasty hand he doth amazèd hold,  
And, half ashamed, wond'red at the sight:  
For the old man well knew he, though untold,  
In charms and magic to have wondrous might;  
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight;

And said: "Why, Archimago, luckless sire,  
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,  
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?  
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,  
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"  
He answered naught, but in a trance still lay,  
And on those guileful dazèd eyes of his  
The cloud of death did sit; which done away,  
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while  
Amazèd stands, herself so mocked to see  
By him who has the guerdon of his guile,  
For so misfeigning her true knight to be:  
Yet is she now in more perplexity,  
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,  
From whom her booteth not at all to flee:  
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,  
Her from her palfrey plucked, her visage to behold.

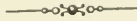
But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe  
And high disdain, whenas his sovereign dame  
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,  
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,  
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the same  
Have reft away with his sharp rending claws:  
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame  
His courage more, that from his griping paws  
He hath his shield redeemed; and forth his sword he draws.

O then, too weak and feeble was the force  
Of savage beast, his puissance to withstand!

For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,  
 As ever wielded spear in warlike hand;  
 And feats of arms did wisely understand.  
 Eftsoones he piercèd through his chafèd chest  
 With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,  
 And lanced his lordly heart: with death opprest  
 He roared aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn breast.

Who now is left to keep the fórlorn maid  
 From raging spoil of lawless victor's will?  
 Her faithful guard removed; her hope dismayed;  
 Herself a yielded prey to save or spill!  
 He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,  
 With foul reproaches and disdainful spite  
 Her vilely entertains; and, will or nill,  
 Bears her away upon his courser light:  
 Her prayers naught prevail: his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,  
 And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull ears,  
 That stony heart could riven have in twain;  
 And all the way she wets with flowing tears:  
 But he, enraged with rancor, nothing hears.  
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,  
 But follows her far off, ne aught he fears  
 To be partaker of her wand'ring woe:  
 More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly foe.



## SONNET ON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
 Within that temple where the vestal flame  
 Was wont to burn; and passing by that way  
 To see that buried dust of living fame,  
 Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,  
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:  
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,  
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;  
 (For they this Queen attended;) in whose stead  
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:  
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce;  
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,  
 And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

## THREE PHASES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

[JOHN RICHARD GREEN was born at Oxford in 1837; graduated at Jesus College; became a clergyman, and in 1868 librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. His earliest bent was toward studying the germs of English history, and after many short papers his "Short History of the English People" (1874) made him famous. In spite of an incurable disease and great weakness, and of ardent service in practical church work, he published "The Making of England" in 1882, and had nearly completed "The Conquest of England" (completed and published by his widow) when he died, March 7, 1883. He published some other works, and suggested the *English Historical Review*.]

## THE PRIMITIVE TEUTONS.

FOR the fatherland of the English race we must look far away from England itself. In the fifth century after the birth of Christ the one country which we know to have borne the name of Angeln or England lay within the district which is now called Sleswick, a district in the heart of the peninsula that parts the Baltic from the northern seas. Its pleasant pastures, its black-timbered homesteads, its prim little townships looking down on inlets of purple water, were then but a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with a sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows that crept down to the marshes and the sea. The dwellers in this district, however, seem to have been merely an outlying fragment of what was called the Engle or English folk, the bulk of whom lay probably in what is now Lower Hanover and Oldenburg. On one side of them the Saxons of Westphalia held the land from the Weser to the Rhine; on the other, the Eastphalian Saxons stretched away to the Elbe. North again of the fragment of the English folk in Sleswick lay another kindred tribe, the Jutes, whose name is still preserved in their district of Jutland. Engle, Saxon, and Jute all belonged to the same Low German branch of the Teutonic family; and at the moment when history discovers them they were being drawn together by the ties of a common blood, common speech, common social and political institutions. There is little ground indeed for believing that the three tribes looked on themselves as one people, or that we can as yet apply to them, save by anticipation, the common name of Englishmen. But each of them was destined to share in the conquest of the land in which we live,



and it is from the union of all of them when its conquest was complete that the English people has sprung. . . .

Changes of which we know nothing had long before the time at which our history opens grouped these little commonwealths together in larger communities, whether we name them tribe, people, or folk. The ties of race and kindred were no doubt drawn tighter by the needs of war. The organization of each folk, as such, sprang in all likelihood mainly from war, from a common greed of conquest, a common need of defense. Its form at any rate was wholly military. The folkmoot was in fact the war host, the gathering of every freeman of the tribe in arms. The head of the folk, a head which existed only so long as war went on, was the leader whom the host chose to command it. Its witenagemote or meeting of wise men was the host's council of war, the gathering of those ealdormen who had brought the men of the villages to the field. The host was formed by levies from the various districts of the tribe; the larger of which probably owed their name of "hundreds" to the hundred warriors each originally sent to it. In historic times, however, the regularity of such a military organization, if it ever existed, had passed away, and the quotas varied with the varying customs of each district. But men, whether many or few, were still due from each district to the host, and a cry of war at once called town-reeve and hundred-reeve with their followers to the field. . . .

The energy of these peoples found vent in a restlessness which drove them to take part in the general attack of the German race on the Empire of Rome. For busy tillers and busy fishers as Englishmen were, they were at heart fighters, and their world was a world of war. Tribe warred with tribe, and village with village; even within the township itself feuds parted household from household, and passions of hatred and vengeance were handed on from father to son. Their mood was above all a mood of fighting men, venturesome, self-reliant, proud, with a dash of hardness and cruelty in it, but ennobled by the virtues which spring from war, by personal courage and loyalty to plighted word, by a high and stern sense of manhood and the worth of man. A grim joy in hard fighting was already a characteristic of the race. War was the Englishman's "shield play" and "sword game"; the gleeman's verse took fresh fire as he sang of the rush of the host and the crash of its shield line. Their arms and weapons, helmet and mail shirt, tall spear and javelin, sword and seax, the short, broad dagger

that hung at each warrior's girdle, gathered to them much of the legend and the art which gave color and poetry to the life of Englishmen. Each sword had its name like a living thing. And next to their love of war came their love of the sea. Everywhere throughout Beowulf's song, as everywhere throughout the life that it pictures, we catch the salt whiff of the sea. The Englishman was as proud of his sea craft as of his war craft; sword in teeth he plunged into the sea to meet walrus and sea lion; he told of his whale chase amid the icy waters of the north. Hardly less than his love for the sea was the love he bore to the ship that traversed it. In the fond playfulness of English verse the ship was "the wave floater," "the foam-necked," "like a bird" as it skimmed the wave crest, "like a swan" as its curved prow breasted the "swan road" of the sea.

Their passion for the sea marked out for them their part in the general movement of the German nations. While Goth and Lombard were slowly advancing over the mountain and plain, the boats of the Englishmen pushed faster over the sea. Bands of English rovers, outdriven by stress of fight, had long found a home there, and lived as they could by sack of vessel or coast. Chance has preserved for us in a Sleswick peat bog one of the war keels of these early pirates. The boat is flat-bottomed, seventy feet long and eight or nine feet wide, its sides of oak boards fastened with bark ropes and iron bolts. Fifty oars drove it over the waves with a freight of warriors whose arms, axes, swords, lances, and knives were found heaped together in its hold. Like the galleys of the Middle Ages, such boats could only creep cautiously along from harbor to harbor in rough weather; but in smooth water their swiftness fitted them admirably for the piracy by which the men of these tribes were already making themselves dreaded. Its flat bottom enabled them to beach the vessel on any fitting coast; and a step on shore at once transformed the boatmen into a war band. From the first the daring of the English race broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of the pirates' swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea wolves that prey on the pillage of the world!"

Of the three English tribes the Saxons lay nearest to the empire, and they were naturally the first to touch the Roman

world; before the close of the third century, indeed, their boats appeared in such force in the English Channel as to call for a special fleet to resist them. The piracy of our fathers had thus brought them to the shores of a land which, dear as it is now to Englishmen, had not as yet been trodden by English feet. This land was Britain. When the Saxon boats touched its coast the island was the westernmost province of the Roman Empire. In the fifty-fifth year before Christ a descent of Julius Cæsar revealed it to the Roman world; and a century after Cæsar's landing the Emperor Claudius undertook its conquest. The work was swiftly carried out. Before thirty years were over the bulk of the island had passed beneath the Roman sway and the Roman frontier had been carried to the Firths of Forth and of Clyde. The work of civilization followed fast on the work of the sword. To the last, indeed, the distance of the island from the seat of empire left her less Romanized than any other province of the west. The bulk of the population scattered over the country seem in spite of imperial edicts to have clung to their old law as to their old language, and to have retained some traditional allegiance to their native chief. But Roman civilization rested mainly on city life, and in Britain as elsewhere the city was thoroughly Roman. In towns such as Lincoln or York, governed by their own municipal officers, guarded by massive walls, and linked together by a network of magnificent roads which reached from one end of the island to the other, manners, language, political life, all were of Rome.

For three hundred years the Roman sword secured order and peace without Britain and within, and with peace and order came a wide and rapid prosperity. Commerce sprang up in ports, among which London held the first rank; agriculture flourished till Britain became one of the corn-exporting countries of the world; the mineral resources of the province were explored in the tin mines of Cornwall, the lead mines of Somerset or Northumberland, and the iron mines of the Forest of Dean. But evils which sapped the strength of the whole empire told at last on the province of Britain. Wealth and population alike declined under a crushing system of taxation, under restrictions which fettered industry, under a despotism which crushed out all local independence. And with decay within came danger from without. For centuries past the Roman frontier had held back the barbaric world beyond it—the Parthian of the Euphrates, the Numidian of the African

desert, the German of the Danube or the Rhine. In Britain a wall drawn from Newcastle to Carlisle bridled the British tribes, the Picts as they were called, who had been sheltered from Roman conquest by the fastnesses of the Highlands. It was this mass of savage barbarism which broke upon the empire as it sank into decay. In its western dominions the triumph of these assailants was complete. The Franks conquered and colonized Gaul. The West Goths conquered and colonized Spain. The Vandals founded a kingdom in Africa. The Burgundians encamped in the border land between Italy and the Rhone. The East Goths ruled at last in Italy itself.

It was to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in the opening of the fifth century withdrew her legions from Britain, and from that moment the province was left to struggle unaided against the Picts. Nor were these its only enemies. While marauders from Ireland, whose inhabitants then bore the name of Scots, harried the west, the boats of Saxon pirates, as we have seen, were swarming off its eastern and southern coasts. For forty years Britain held bravely out against these assailants; but civil strife broke its powers of resistance, and its rulers fell back at last on the fatal policy by which the empire invited its doom while striving to avert it — the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. By the usual promises of land and pay a band of warriors was drawn for this purpose from Jutland in 449, with two ealdormen, Hengest and Horsa, at their head. If by English history we mean the history of Englishmen in the land which from that time they made their own, it is with this landing of Hengest's war band that English history begins.

#### JOHN AND THE GREAT CHARTER.

“Foul as it is, hell itself is defiled by the fouler presence of John.” The terrible verdict of his contemporaries has passed into the sober judgment of history. Externally John possessed all the quickness, the vivacity, the cleverness, the good humor, the social charm, which distinguished his house. His worst enemies owned that he toiled steadily and closely at the work of administration. He was fond of learned men like Gerald of Wales. He had a strange gift of attracting friends and of winning the love of women. But in his inner soul John was the worst outcome of the Angevins. He united into one mass of wickedness their insolence, their selfishness, their unbridled

lust, their cruelty and tyranny, their shamelessness, their superstition, their cynical indifference to honor or truth. In mere boyhood he tore, with brutal levity, the beards of the Irish chieftains who came to own him as their lord. His ingratitude and perfidy brought his father with sorrow to the grave. To his brother he was the worst of traitors. All Christendom believed him to be the murderer of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany. He abandoned one wife and was faithless to another. His punishments were refinements of cruelty, the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead. His court was a brothel where no woman was safe from the royal lust, and where his cynicism loved to publish the news of his victim's shame. He was as craven in his superstition as he was daring in his impiety. Though he scoffed at priests and turned his back on the mass, even amid the solemnities of his coronation, he never stirred on a journey without hanging relics round his neck. But with the wickedness of his race he inherited its profound ability. His plan for the relief of Château Gaillard, the rapid march by which he shattered Arthur's hopes at Mirabel, showed an inborn genius for war. In the rapidity and breadth of his political combinations he far surpassed the statesmen of his time. Throughout his reign we see him quick to discern the difficulties of his position, and inexhaustible in the resources with which he met them. The overthrow of his continental power only spurred him to the formation of a league which all but brought Philip to the ground; and the sudden revolt of England was parried by a shameless alliance with the papacy. The closer study of John's history clears away the charges of sloth and incapacity with which men tried to explain the greatness of his fall. The awful lesson of his life rests on the fact that the king who lost Normandy, became the vassal of the pope, and perished in a struggle of despair against English freedom, was no weak and indolent voluptuary, but the ablest and most ruthless of the Angevins.

From the moment of his return to England in 1204 John's whole energies were bent to the recovery of his dominions on the Continent. He impatiently collected money and men for the support of those adherents of the house of Anjou who were still struggling against the arms of France in Poitou and Guienne, and in the summer of 1205 he gathered an army at Portsmouth and prepared to cross the channel. But his project was suddenly thwarted by the resolute opposition of the

primate, Hubert Walter, and the Earl of Pembroke, William Marshal. So completely had both the baronage and the church been humbled by his father that the attitude of their representatives revealed to the king a new spirit of national freedom which was rising around him, and John at once braced himself to a struggle with it. The death of Hubert Walter in July, only a few days after his protest, removed his most formidable opponent, and the king resolved to neutralize the opposition of the church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding, and enthroned as primate. But in a previous though informal gathering the convent had already chosen its subprior, Reginald, as archbishop. The rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, and their appeal reached the papal court before Christmas. The result of the contest was a startling one both for themselves and for the king. After a year's careful examination Innocent the Third, who now occupied the papal throne, quashed at the close of 1206 both the contested elections. The decision was probably a just one, but Innocent was far from stopping there. The monks who appeared before him brought powers from the convent to choose a new primate should their earlier nomination be set aside; and John, secretly assured of their choice of Grey, had promised to confirm their election. But the bribes which the king lavished at Rome failed to win the pope over to his plan; and whether from mere love of power, for he was pushing the papal claims of supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors, or as may fairly be supposed in despair of a free election within English bounds, Innocent commanded the monks to elect in his presence Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal see.

Personally a better choice could not have been made, for Stephen was a man who, by sheer weight of learning and holiness of life, had risen to the dignity of cardinal, and whose after career placed him in the front rank of English patriots. But in itself the step was an usurpation of the right both of the church and of the crown. The king at once met it with resistance. When Innocent consecrated the new primate in June, 1207, and threatened the realm with interdict if Langton were any longer excluded from his see, John replied by a counter threat that the interdict should be followed by the banishment of the clergy and the mutilation of every Italian

he could seize in the realm. How little he feared the priesthood he showed when the clergy refused his demand of a thirteenth of movables for the whole country, and Archbishop Geoffry of York resisted the tax before the council. John banished the archbishop and extorted the money. Innocent, however, was not a man to draw back from his purpose, and in March, 1208, the interdict he had threatened fell upon the land. All worship, save that of a few privileged orders, all administration of sacraments, save that of private baptism, ceased over the length and breadth of the country: the church bells were silent, the dead lay unburied on the ground. Many of the bishops fled from the country. The church in fact, so long the main support of the royal power against the baronage, was now driven into opposition. Its change of attitude was to be of vast moment in the struggle which was impending; but John recked little of the future; he replied to the interdict by confiscating the lands of the clergy who observed it, by subjecting them in spite of their privileges to the royal courts, and by leaving outrages on them unpunished. "Let him go," said John, when a Welshman was brought before him for the murder of a priest; "he has killed my enemy." In 1209 the pope proceeded to the further sentence of excommunication, and the king was formally cut off from the pale of the church. But the new sentence was met with the same defiance as the old. Five of the bishops fled over sea, and secret disaffection was spreading widely, but there was no public avoidance of the excommunicated king. An archdeacon of Norwich who withdrew from his service was crushed to death under a cope of lead, and the hint was sufficient to prevent either prelate or noble from following his example.

The attitude of John showed the power which the administrative reforms of his father had given to the crown. He stood alone, with nobles estranged from him and the church against him, but his strength seemed utterly unbroken. From the first moment of his rule John had defied the baronage. The promise to satisfy their demand for redress of wrongs in the past reign — a promise made at his election — remained unfulfilled; when the demand was repeated he answered it by seizing their castles and taking their children as hostages for their loyalty. The cost of his fruitless threats of war had been met by heavy and repeated taxation, by increased land tax and increased scutage. The quarrel with the church and fear of

their revolt only deepened his oppression of the nobles. He drove De Braose, one of the most powerful of the lords marchers, to die in exile, while his wife and grandchildren were believed to have been starved to death in the royal prisons. On the nobles who still clung panic-stricken to the court of the excommunicate king, John heaped outrages worse than death. Illegal exactions, the seizure of their castles, the preference shown to foreigners, were small provocations compared with his attacks on the honor of their wives and daughters. But the baronage still submitted. The financial exactions, indeed, became light as John filled his treasury with the goods of the church; the king's vigor was seen in the rapidity with which he crushed a rising of the nobles in Ireland and foiled an outbreak of the Welsh; while the triumphs of his father had taught the baronage its weakness in any single-handed struggle against the crown. Hated therefore as he was, the land remained still. Only one weapon was now left in Innocent's hands. Men held then that a king, once excommunicate, ceased to be a Christian or to have claims on the obedience of Christian subjects. As spiritual heads of Christendom, the popes had ere now asserted their right to remove such a ruler from his throne and to give it to a worthier than he; and it was this right which Innocent at last felt himself driven to exercise. After useless threats he issued in 1212 a bull of deposition against John, absolved his subjects from their allegiance, proclaimed a crusade against him as an enemy to Christianity and the church, and committed the execution of the sentence to the king of the French. John met the announcement of this step with the same scorn as before. His insolent disdain suffered the Roman legate, Cardinal Pandulf, to proclaim his deposition to his face at Northampton. When Philip collected an army for an attack on England, an enormous host gathered at the king's call on Barham Down; and the English fleet dispelled all danger of invasion by crossing the channel, by capturing a number of French ships, and by burning Dieppe.

But it was not in England only that the king showed his strength and activity. Vile as he was, John possessed in a high degree the political ability of his race, and in the diplomatic efforts with which he met the danger from France he showed himself his father's equal. The barons of Poitou were roused to attack Philip from the south. John bought the aid



of the Count of Flanders on his northern border. The German king, Otto, pledged himself to bring the knighthood of Germany to support an invasion of France. But at the moment of his success in diplomacy John suddenly gave way. It was, in fact, the revelation of a danger at home which shook him from his attitude of contemptuous defiance. The bull of deposition gave fresh energy to every enemy. The Scotch king was in correspondence with Innocent. The Welsh princes who had just been forced to submission broke out again in war. John hanged their hostages, and called his host to muster for a fresh inroad into Wales, but the army met only to become a fresh source of danger. Powerless to oppose the king openly, the baronage had plunged almost to a man into secret conspiracies. The hostility of Philip had dispelled their dread of isolated action; many, indeed, had even promised aid to the French king on his landing. John found himself in the midst of hidden enemies; and nothing could have saved him but the haste—whether of panic or quick decision—with which he disbanded his army and took refuge in Nottingham Castle. The arrest of some of the barons showed how true were his fears, for the heads of the French conspiracy, Robert Fitz-Walter and Eustace de Vesci, at once fled oversea to Philip. His daring self-confidence, the skill of his diplomacy, could no longer hide from John the utter loneliness of his position. At war with Rome, with France, with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, at war with the church, he saw himself disarmed by this sudden revelation of treason in the one force left at his disposal. With characteristic suddenness he gave way. He endeavored by remission of fines to win back his people. He negotiated eagerly with the pope, consented to receive the archbishop, and promised to repay the money he had extorted from the church. . . . On the 15th of May, 1213, he knelt before the legate Pandulf, surrendered his kingdom to the Roman see, took it back again as a tributary vassal, swore fealty and did liege homage to the pope.

In after times men believed that England thrilled at the news with a sense of national shame such as she had never felt before. "He has become the pope's man," the whole country was said to have murmured; "he has forfeited the very name of king; from a free man he has degraded himself into a serf." But this was the belief of a time still to come, when the rapid growth of national feeling which this step and its issues did

more than anything to foster made men look back on the scene between John and Pandulf as a national dishonor. We see little trace of such a feeling in the contemporary accounts of the time. All seem rather to have regarded it as a complete settlement of the difficulties in which king and kingdom were involved. As a political measure its success was immediate and complete. The French army at once broke up in impotent rage; and when Philip turned on the enemy John had raised up for him in Flanders, 500 English ships under the Earl of Salisbury fell upon the fleet which accompanied the French army along the coast and utterly destroyed it. The league which John had so long matured at once disclosed itself. Otto, reënforcing his German army by the knighthood of Flanders and Boulogne as well as by a body of mercenaries in the pay of the English king, invaded France from the north. John called on his baronage to follow him oversea for an attack on Philip from the south.

Their plea that he remained excommunicate was set aside by the arrival of Langton and his formal absolution of the king on a renewal of his coronation oath and a pledge to put away all evil customs. But the barons still stood aloof. They would serve at home, they said, but they refused to cross the sea. Those of the north took a more decided attitude of opposition. From this point, indeed, the northern barons began to play their part in our constitutional history. Lacies, Vescies, Percies, Stutevilles, Bruces, houses such as those of De Ros or De Vaux, all had sprung to greatness on the ruins of the Mowbrays and the great houses of the conquest, and had done service to the crown in its strife with the older feudatories. But loyal as was their tradition, they were English to the core; they had neither lands nor interest oversea, and they now declared themselves bound by no tenure to follow the king in foreign wars. Furious at this check to his plans, John marched in arms northwards to bring these barons to submission. But he had now to reckon with a new antagonist in the justiciar, Geoffry Fitz-Peter. Geoffry had hitherto bent to the king's will; but the political sagacity which he drew from the school of Henry the Second, in which he had been trained, showed him the need of concession, and his wealth, his wide kinship, and his experience of affairs gave his interposition a decisive weight. He seized on the political opportunity which was offered by the gathering of a council at St. Albans at the opening of August with the

purpose of assessing the damages done to the church. Besides the bishops and barons, a reeve and his four men were summoned to this council from each royal demesne, no doubt simply as witnesses of the sums due to the plundered clergy. Their presence, however, was of great import. It is the first instance which our history presents of the summons of such representatives to a national council, and the instance took fresh weight from the great matters which came to be discussed. In the king's name the justiciar promised good government for the time to come, and forbade all royal officers to practice extortion as they prized life and limb. The king's peace was pledged to those who had opposed him in the past; and observance of the laws of Henry the First was enjoined upon all within the realm.

But it was not in Geoffrey Fitz-Peter that English freedom was to find its champion and the baronage their leader. From the moment of his landing in England Stephen Langton had taken up the constitutional position of the primate in upholding the old customs and rights of the realm against the personal despotism of the kings. As Anselm had withstood William the Red, as Theobald had withstood Stephen, so Langton prepared to withstand and rescue his country from the tyranny of John. He had already forced him to swear to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor, in other words the traditional liberties of the realm. When the baronage refused to sail for Poitou, he compelled the king to deal with them not by arms but by process of law. But the work which he now undertook was far greater and weightier than this. The pledges of Henry the First had long been forgotten when the justiciar brought them to light, but Langton saw the vast importance of such a precedent. At the close of the month he produced Henry's charter in a fresh gathering of barons at St. Paul's, and it was at once welcomed as a base for the needed reforms. From London Langton hastened to the king, whom he reached at Northampton on his way to attack the nobles of the north, and wrested from him a promise to bring his strife with them to legal judgment before assailing them in arms. With his allies gathering abroad John had doubtless no wish to be entangled in a long quarrel at home, and the archbishop's mediation allowed him to withdraw with seeming dignity. After a demonstration, therefore, at Durham, John marched hastily south again, and reached London in October. His justiciar at once laid before him the claims of the councils of St. Alban's and St. Paul's;

but the death of Geoffry at this juncture freed him from the pressure which his minister was putting upon him. "Now, by God's feet," cried John, "I am for the first time king and lord of England," and he intrusted the vacant justiciarship to a Poitevin, Peter des Roches, the Bishop of Winchester, whose temper was in harmony with his own. But the death of Geoffry only called the archbishop to the front, and Langton at once demanded the king's assent to the charter of Henry the First. In seizing on this charter as a basis for national action Langton showed a political ability of the highest order. The enthusiasm with which its recital was welcomed showed the sagacity with which the archbishop had chosen his ground. From that moment the baronage was no longer drawn together in secret conspiracies by a sense of common wrong or a vague longing for common deliverance: they were openly united in a definite claim of national freedom and national law.

John could as yet only meet the claim by delay. His policy had still to wait for its fruits at Rome, his diplomacy to reap its harvest in Flanders, ere he could deal with England. From the hour of his submission to the papacy his one thought had been that of vengeance on the barons, who, as he held, had betrayed him; but vengeance was impossible till he should return a conqueror from the fields of France. It was a sense of this danger which nerved the baronage to their obstinate refusal to follow him oversea: but furious as he was at their resistance, the archbishop's interposition condemned John still to wait for the hour of his revenge. In the spring of 1214 he crossed with what forces he could gather to Poitou, rallied its nobles round him, passed the Loire in triumph, and won back again Angers, the home of his race. At the same time Otto and the Count of Flanders, their German and Flemish knight-hood strengthened by reënforcements from Boulogne as well as by a body of English troops under the Earl of Salisbury, threatened France from the north. For the moment Philip seemed lost: and yet on the fortunes of Philip hung the fortunes of English freedom. But in this crisis of her fate, France was true to herself and her king. From every borough of Northern France the townsmen marched to his rescue, and the village priests led their flocks to battle with the church banners flying at their head. The two armies met at the close of July near the bridge of Bouvines, between Lille and Tournay, and from the first the day went against the allies. The Flemish

knights were the first to fly; then the Germans in the center of the host were crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French; last of all the English on the right of it were broken by a fierce onset of the Bishop of Beauvais, who charged, mace in hand, and struck the Earl of Salisbury to the ground. The news of this complete overthrow reached John in the midst of his triumphs in the south, and scattered his hopes to the winds. He was at once deserted by the Poitevin nobles; and a hasty retreat alone enabled him to return in October, baffled and humiliated, to his island kingdom.

His return forced on the crisis to which events had so long been drifting. The victory at Bouvines gave strength to his opponents. The open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses, who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy, were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henries. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester, Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex, the Earl of Clare, Fulk Fitz-Warin, William Mallet, the houses of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk, the younger William Marshal, and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the king's seal, and they parted to raise forces with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the church by granting it freedom of election, while he embittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act, and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the king.

John was taken by surprise. He asked for a truce till

Easter tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the church, and took vows as a Crusader, against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the king the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed; and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the king. He was far, indeed, from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him, men such as Geoffrey de Lucy, Geoffrey de Furnival, Thomas Basset, and William Briwere, statesmen trained in the administrative school of his father and who, dissent as they might from John's mere oppression, still looked on the power of the crown as the one barrier against feudal anarchy: and beside them stood some of the great nobles of royal blood, his father's bastard Earl William of Salisbury, his cousin Earl William of Warenne, and Henry Earl of Cornwall, a grandson of Henry the First. With him too remained Ranulf, Earl of Chester, and the wisest and noblest of the barons, William Marshal the elder, Earl of Pembroke. William Marshal had shared in the rising of the younger Henry against Henry the Second, and stood by him as he died; he had shared in the overthrow of William Longchamp and in the outlawry of John. He was now an old man, firm, as we shall see in his after course, to recall the government to the path of freedom and law, but shrinking from a strife which might bring back the anarchy of Stephen's day, and looking for reforms rather in the bringing constitutional pressure to bear upon the king than in forcing them from him by arms.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, to lay their claims before the king. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such

liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons' claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church." Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the king, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulf, indeed, and Archbishop Langton still remained with John, but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the charter. None, in fact, counseled its rejection save his new justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners, who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small; there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that, in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter, he had summoned mercenaries to his aid and appealed to his new suzerain, the pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river side, the meadow of Runnymede. The king encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July in the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day. . . .

In itself the charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The charter of

Henry the First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are, for the most part, formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its king. . . . It was, [too,] far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law.

#### THE ENGLAND OF SHAKESPEARE.

If the "Faerie Queen" expressed the higher elements of the Elizabethan age, the whole of that age, its lower elements and its higher alike, was expressed in the English drama. We have already pointed out the circumstances which throughout Europe were giving a poetic impulse to the newly aroused intelligence of men, and this impulse everywhere took a dramatic shape. The artificial French tragedy which began about this time with Garnier was not, indeed, destined to exert any influence over English poetry till a later age; but the influence of the Italian comedy, which had begun half a century earlier with Machiavelli and Ariosto, was felt directly through the novels or stories, which served as plots for our dramatists. It left its stamp, indeed, on some of the worst characteristics of the English stage. The features of our drama that startled the moral temper of the time and won the deadly hatred of the Puritans — its grossness and profanity, its tendency to scenes of horror and crime, its profuse employment of cruelty and lust as grounds of dramatic action, its daring use of the horrible and the unnatural whenever they enable it to display the more terrible and revolting sides of human passion — were derived from the Italian stage. It is doubtful how much the English playwright may have owed to the Spanish drama, which under Lope and Cervantes sprang suddenly into a grandeur that almost rivaled their own. In the intermixture of tragedy and comedy, in the abandonment of the solemn uniformity of poetic diction for the colloquial language of real life, the use of unexpected incidents, the complication of their plots



and intrigues, the dramas of England and Spain are remarkably alike; but the likeness seems rather to have sprung from a similarity in the circumstances to which both owed their rise than to any direct connection of the one with the other. The real origin of the English drama, in fact, lay not in any influence from without, but in the influence of England itself. The temper of the nation was dramatic. Ever since the Reformation the palace, the inns of court, and the university had been vying with one another in the production of plays; and so early was their popularity that even under Henry the Eighth it was found necessary to create "a master of the revels" to supervise them. Every progress of Elizabeth from shire to shire was a succession of shows and interludes. Dian with her nymphs met the queen as she returned from hunting; Love presented her with his golden arrow as she passed through the gates of Norwich. From the earlier years of her reign the new spirit of the renaissance had been pouring itself into the rough mold of the mystery plays, whose allegorical virtues and vices, or Scriptural heroes and heroines, had handed on the spirit of the drama through the Middle Ages. Adaptations from classical pieces began to alternate with the purely religious "moralities"; and an attempt at a livelier style of expression and invention appeared in the popular comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; while Sackville, Lord Dorset, in his tragedy of "Gorboduc" made a bold effort at sublimity of diction, and introduced the use of blank verse as the vehicle of dramatic dialogue.

#### THEATER AND PLAYWRIGHTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

It was not to the tentative efforts of scholars and nobles that the English stage was indebted for the amazing outburst of genius which dates from the year 1576, when "the Earl of Leicester's servants" erected the first public theater in Blackfriars. It was the people itself that created its stage. The theater, indeed, was commonly only the courtyard of an inn, or a mere booth, such as is still seen in a country fair. The bulk of the audience sat beneath the open sky in the "pit" or yard; a few covered seats in the galleries which ran round it formed the boxes of the wealthier spectators, while patrons and nobles found seats upon the actual boards. All the appliances were of the roughest sort; a few flowers served to indicate a garden, crowds and armies were represented by a dozen scene-

shifters with swords and bucklers, heroes rode in and out on hobbyhorses, and a scroll on a post told whether the scene was at Athens or London. There were no female actors, and the grossness which startles us in words which fell from women's lips took a different color when every woman's part was acted by a boy. But difficulties such as these were more than compensated by the popular character of the drama itself. Rude as the theater might be, all the world was there. The stage was crowded with nobles and courtiers. Apprentices and citizens thronged the benches in the yard below. The rough mob of the pit inspired, as it felt, the vigorous life, the rapid transitions, the passionate energy, the reality, the lifelike medley and confusion, the racy dialogue, the chat, the wit, the pathos, the sublimity, the rant and buffoonery, the coarse horrors and vulgar bloodshedding, the immense range over all classes of society, the intimacy with the foulest as well as the fairest developments of human temper, which characterized the English stage. The new drama represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The people itself brought its nobleness and its vileness to the boards. No stage was ever so human, no poetic life so intense. Wild, reckless, defiant of all past tradition, of all conventional laws, the English dramatists owned no teacher, no source of poetic inspiration, but the people itself.

Few events in our literary history are so startling as this sudden rise of the Elizabethan drama. The first public theater was erected only in the middle of the queen's reign. Before the close of it eighteen theaters existed in London alone. Fifty dramatic poets, many of the first order, appeared in the fifty years which precede the closing of the theaters by the Puritans; and great as is the number of their works which have perished, we still possess a hundred dramas, all written within this period, and of which at least a half are excellent. A glance at their authors shows us that the intellectual quickening of the age had now reached the mass of the people. Almost all of the new playwrights were fairly educated, and many were university men. But instead of courtly singers of the Sidney and Spenser sort we see the advent of the "poor scholar." The earlier dramatists, such as Nash, Peele, Kyd, Greene, or Marlowe, were for the most part poor, and reckless in their poverty; wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, "atheists" in general repute, "holding Moses for a juggler," haunting the brothel and the alehouse.

and dying starved or in tavern brawls. But with their appearance began the Elizabethan drama. The few plays which have reached us of an earlier date are either cold imitations of the classical and Italian comedy, or rude farces like "Ralph Roister Doister," or tragedies such as "Gorbuduc," where, poetic as occasional passages may be, there is little promise of dramatic development. But in the year which preceded the coming of the Armada, the whole aspect of the stage suddenly changes, and the new dramatists range themselves around two men of very different genius, Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe.

Of Greene, as the creator of our lighter English prose, we have already spoken. But his work as a poet was of yet greater importance, for his perception of character and the relations of social life, the playfulness of his fancy, and the liveliness of his style, exerted an influence on his contemporaries which was equaled by that of none but Marlowe and Peele. In spite of the rudeness of his plots and the unequal character of his work, Greene must be regarded as the creator of our modern comedy. No figure better paints the group of young playwrights. He left Cambridge to travel through Italy and Spain, and to bring back the debauchery of the one and the skepticism of the other. In the words of remorse he wrote before his death, he paints himself as a drunkard and a roisterer, winning money only by ceaseless pamphlets and plays to waste it on wine and women, and drinking the cup of life to the dregs. Hell and the after world were the butts of his ceaseless mockery. If he had not feared the judges of the queen's courts more than he feared God, he said, in bitter jest, he should often have turned outpurse. He married, and loved his wife, but she was soon deserted; and the wretched profligate found himself again plunged into excesses which he loathed, though he could not live without them. But wild as was the life of Greene, his pen was pure. He is steadily on virtue's side in the love pamphlets and novelettes he poured out in endless succession, and whose plots were dramatized by the school which gathered round him.

The life of Marlowe was as riotous, his skepticism even more daring, than the life and skepticism of Greene. His early death alone saved him, in all probability, from a prosecution for atheism. He was charged with calling Moses a juggler, and with boasting that, if he undertook to write a new religion, it should be a better religion than the Christianity he saw around him. But he stood far ahead of his fellows as a creator

of English tragedy. Born in 1564, at the opening of Elizabeth's reign, the son of a Canterbury shoemaker, but educated at Cambridge, Marlowe burst on the world in the year which preceded the triumph over the Armada with a play which at once wrought a revolution in the English stage. Bombastic and extravagant as it was—and extravagance reached its height in a scene where captive kings, the "pampered jades of Asia," drew their conqueror's car across the stage—"Tamburlaine" not only indicated the revolt of the new drama against the timid inanities of euphuism, but gave an earnest of that imaginative daring, the secret of which Marlowe was to bequeath to the playwrights who followed him. He perished at thirty in a shameful brawl, but in his brief career he had struck the grander notes of the coming drama. His *Jew of Malta* was the herald of Shylock. He opened in "*Edward the Second*" the series of historical plays which gave us "*Cæsar*" and "*Richard the Third*." His "*Faustus*" is riotous, grotesque, and full of a mad thirst for pleasure, but it was the first dramatic attempt to touch the problem of the relations of man to the unseen world. Extravagant, unequal, stooping even to the ridiculous in his cumbrous and vulgar buffoonery, there is a force in Marlowe, a conscious grandeur of tone, a range of passion, which sets him above all his contemporaries save one. In the higher qualities of imagination, as in the majesty and sweetness of his "mighty line," he is inferior to Shakespeare alone.

A few daring jests, a brawl, and a fatal stab make up the life of Marlowe; but even details such as these are wanting to the life of William Shakespeare. Of hardly any great poet, indeed, do we know so little. For the story of his youth we have only one or two trifling legends, and these almost certainly false. Not a single letter or characteristic saying, not one of the jests "spoken at the Mermaid," hardly a single anecdote, remain to illustrate his busy life in London. His look and figure in later age have been preserved by the bust over his tomb at Stratford, and a hundred years after his death he was still remembered in his native town; but the minute diligence of the inquirers of the Georgian time was able to glean hardly a single detail, even of the most trivial order, which could throw light upon the years of retirement before his death. It is owing, perhaps, to the harmony and unity of his temper that no salient peculiarity seems to have left its

trace on the memory of his contemporaries ; it is the very grandeur of his genius which precludes us from discovering any personal trait in his works. His supposed self-revelation in the sonnets is so obscure that only a few outlines can be traced even by the boldest conjecture. In his dramas he is all his characters, and his characters range over all mankind. There is not one, or the act or word of one, that we can identify personally with the poet himself.



## DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

(Old Romance.)

### BECOME A PHYSICIAN, HE CONJURES UP THE DEVIL.

PROCEEDING in the same track as we have said, this proud Doctor further attached himself to his bold and bad practices ; he did those things which he ought not, and omitted the things which he ought to do, pursuing his dangerous speculations both day and night. There was nothing either in heaven or on earth that could escape the boldness of his profane inquiries ; he mounted, as it were, on wings, carrying his audacious questions and calculations to such a length, by means of unhallowed processes, such as magical figures, characters, and other forbidden means, that soon he determined to invoke the devil, in order to assist him in his diabolical sorceries.

And so it happened ; for as he was one evening walking in a thick, dark wood, a short way from Wittenberg, which he afterwards found was called the Spesser Voud, it suddenly came into his head that that would be the right place to begin his magical circles. Forthwith he boldly marked out a cross in fourfold figures, containing a large circle, with his wand, and within these he drew two smaller circles, in one of which he himself stood. It was in the dusk of evening, between the ninth and tenth hour, when the Prince of Darkness, well aware of the whole proceeding, laughed outright for triumph, and said within himself, " Ha ! ha ! I must cool this mood of yours, if you will only approach a little nearer the brink, so that we may catch you both body and soul."

With this view, he artfully sent a messenger, as if he were himself unwilling to appear, and avoided his conjurations, which

had the effect of further provoking the Doctor's wishes and curiosity. At the same time, as he continued to invoke, the devil raised a great hurly-burly over his head, as if he were about to burst his confines and sail into view. The trees bowed down their heads to the ground, and the wood began to be filled with demons, who drew nearer and nearer to the circle with a hideous din and uproar, like the rushing of swift chariots lighted with a thousand fiery trains, that shone like a conflagration all around. Then commenced the diabolic rout with all kind of dancing and waltzing, a scaramouch encounter of spears and swords was heard clattering far and wide; and this continued so long that the Doctor was on the point of leaping out of the circle to decamp. But mustering fresh courage, he remained firm, and with still more impious efforts he summoned the devil repeatedly to appear. Upon this the latter began to exhibit a variety of strange delusions: first, it seemed as if a vast brood of birds' or dragons' wings were flapping overhead; and then, as the strongest conjurations concluded, the strange appearance drew nigh with piteous lamentations, and again vanished. In a short while afterwards, there fell a fiery fagot close to him, which again mounted into a sheet of flame, which hung like a canopy over the spot where he stood. At this sight even Faustus began to tremble, though he also exulted in the idea that he was thus compelling the devil himself to obey him, and he earnestly pursued his unhallowed labors, bent upon knowing the result.

In this fatal design he doubtless succeeded, as he was afterwards known, in a certain society, to have boasted that he had brought under his power, and could command the services of, the chiefest potentate in the wide world. One of the students in company, upon this, observed, "That there was no greater potentate than the emperor, the pope, or the king, acknowledged upon earth." But the Doctor warmly retorted, "Sir, the one under my orders is greater than any of these!" as if he wished to allude to the sixth chapter of the apostle Paul to the Ephesians: "The Prince of this World," etc., but he would explain himself no further.

And in truth, after several more invocations of the kind, the figure which had appeared to him in the wood began to send forth a flame of fire, which, mounting to the height of a man, at last assumed a human shape, and bounded round the circle in which Faustus stood. Then the demon assumed the form of

a monk, and entered into a dialogue with the Doctor, inquiring hastily, "What might be his pleasure?" To this the Doctor answered, that it was his pleasure that he should attend upon him on the ensuing night at his house, exactly at twelve o'clock; which at first the demon flatly refused to do. Then Faustus again invoked him by the power of his superior, that he should accede to his proposal, and obey him too when he came; all of which the infernal spirit was at length compelled to do.

#### DIFFERENT AUDIENCES BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEVIL'S AMBASSADOR.

When Doctor Faustus returned to his own house early in the morning, he found the demon seated, uninvited, in his chamber, who candidly said he had appeared to know what the Doctor's commands were.

Now, it is very extraordinary, but very true, that when Heaven has wholly abandoned a man to his own evil machinations, a spirit has thus the power of playing off all such tricks upon him, coming like a troublesome servant uncalled for, and often refusing to come when he is called. So that, as the proverb has it, such evil-minded persons will see the devil in spite of themselves, here and there, and at all times except when they want his assistance. Forthwith in his turn, the Doctor, somewhat cavalierly dismissing the demon, set to work with his magical arts afresh, in order to give him the trouble of returning, like an ill-humored master ringing for his servant before he has well got downstairs. The next time the Doctor showed him the articles of the compact which he had drawn up, namely: *Imprimis*, That the demon should obey him in everything he required, or chose to exact, during the whole term of the Doctor's natural life. Secondly, That he should be bound to answer every question upon every subject put to him, without any quibble or demur. Thirdly, That he must there reply to all the different interrogatories that the Doctor chose to trouble him with. This the infernal spirit flatly refused to do, excusing himself by declaring that he had no such authority from the prince under whom he held office to sign any such articles. "It is quite out of my power, friend Faustus, to venture on such a step; it remains with our royal master himself." "What am I to understand from this?" inquired the Doctor; "do you want power to do it, do you say?" "That I do indeed," replied

the spirit. "Let me hear the reason, then, now." "You must know, Faustus," said the other, "that there is a supreme power over us, as there is over the earth. We have our governors, officers, and catchpolls, of whom I am 'one and many'; we name ourselves Legion: in fact, ours is a kingdom of legions; because when Lucifer himself, owing to his pride and arrogance, fell with fierce downfall and punishment, he brought along with him a legion of devils. He is called Prince of the Orient, from holding dominion over those eastern regions. He likewise holds sway in the south, in the north, and in the west. And inasmuch as Lucifer the fallen holds all his influence and empire under the sway of heaven, so we demons had it left in our power to render ourselves subservient and serviceable to mankind. Were this not so, it would be impossible for any mortal to bring Lucifer under his power, who then sends his messengers as he has now sent me to you. It is true that we have never yet acquainted mankind with the real nature of our state and government; not even the wisest among you can fathom them; a knowledge which is reserved for those only who travel thither on their own account." The Doctor was not a little startled at hearing this, and said, "I have no desire to earn that knowledge and be damned for your pleasure." "Will you not?" replied the spirit; "that will perhaps not help you in the end; for your evil heart and life have already merited condemnation." Doctor Faustus replied, "You may as soon think of catching good St. Valentine; so take yourself speedily off—away!"

As the demon was departing, the Doctor, seized with some fresh doubts, again called him back, and enjoined him to appear in the evening about vespers, to hear something further which he had to propose; to which the spirit assented, and took his departure.

From this first scene the abandoned heart and imagination of this man are made evident; and although the devil had fairly warned him by singing the "song of poor Judas," as we say, he still clung to his diabolical thoughts and projects.

#### SECOND INTERVIEW BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND THE DEMON NAMED MEPHISTOPHELES.

Towards the appointed evening the same busy fiend again made his appearance, between three and four o'clock. He now



promised entire service and obedience, according as he had received permission from his master; adding, that he was enjoined to carry back word of the Doctor's intentions. "Yet I must first hear, Faustus, what was your object in again summoning me into your presence?" Doctor Faustus gave him a mysterious, but at the same time very dangerous answer, as concerned his soul: for he told him plainly that he desired to become either a complete demon, or to enter into league with demons; in addition to which he mentioned the articles which here follow:—

First, That he might freely assume a diabolical shape whenever he judged proper. Secondly, That his demon should bind himself to perform everything that the Doctor thought fit and expedient. Thirdly, That he should ever be faithful and obedient to him. Fourthly, That he was to hold himself ready to appear at the Doctor's house at the slightest notice, and in such shape as should prove most convenient and agreeable. Fifthly, That he should perform his household duties invisibly, or only appear to the Doctor, as he judged best. In respect to these several articles and conditions, the demon promised unconditional submission, except that he wished to add some slight clauses, when every difficulty in the way of the negotiation would be removed. It will be right to touch upon the leading points in these clauses.

*Imprimis:* Let Doctor Faustus swear, promise, and sign, that he holds the said service and obedience from the devil, upon a lease of years, to have and to hold. Secondly, That the Doctor, for further assurance of the same, shall sign and witness it with his own hand and blood. Thirdly, That he shall declare all Christians to be his natural enemies. Fourthly, He must forswear the Christian faith. Fifthly, That he must watch and pray, that no one may prevail upon him to return to it. Before the signing and execution of these conditions, a certain number of years to be mentioned, at the expiration of which the demon was to return to fetch the Doctor away. Now, should he choose to accede to these conditions, there was nothing which heart could desire upon earth that should not be his; and he would also be at liberty to assume an invisible or diabolic shape whenever he pleased.

Doctor Faustus exulted greatly on hearing these terms, so much that he paid not the least heed to the safety of his immortal soul, while the wily demon took advantage of his eager-

ness to impress upon him the necessity of stoutly maintaining these several articles to the rigor of the letter. For the Doctor imagined, like many other children of this world, that the devil was probably not quite so black and ill-favored as he is described, nor his place of residence so uncomfortable as we suppose.

### THIRD DISPUTATION BETWEEN DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND HIS DEMON, RELATING TO THE PROPOSED TREATY.

After having executed the proposed deed, the Doctor summoned his familiar demon to his presence, ordering him to appear as a minor friar, with hood and skellet, and also to give some token by which to announce his approach. He next inquired of him what was his name; to which the spirit replied, "My name is Mephistopheles." They then proceeded to business, when this audacious and godless man confirmed his abandonment of the true faith and the true God — even the Creator who had fashioned him from his birth. He entered into this devilish league, the sole causes of which were his towering pride and ambition, discontented with all he had already seen and known, and aspiring, like the giants of Æathen fable, to heap mountain upon mountain until they should mount to the skies. Yes, even like his master, that bad angel who would have set himself above the Lord — a boldness and arrogance which drove him with shameful flight from his heavenly abode, showing how those who will climb the highest shall be sure to incur the heaviest fall. This headstrong ambition impelled Faustus to meet all the demon's wishes, executed in contracts duly signed and sealed, all which terrific deeds, along with other writings, were discovered in his house after his death. These last are what are here described in this history, as a timely warning to all good and prudent Christians, in order that they may be deterred from affording the devil any advantage, or in any way sporting with their lives and souls; a madness which brought those of Doctor Faustus into such bitter jeopardy and devilish servitude, never to have an end.

After each of the parties had become bound in their mutual contract, Faustus, taking a sharp knife, opened a vein in his left hand, of which it has been asserted, there was afterwards read, branded upon it, these words: "*Homo Fuge*, Shun him,

O man, and do that which is right." In this way the Doctor let himself bleed into one of his crucibles, which he then placed as an experiment upon a hot coal fire, and finally wrote therefrom the following testimonial; To wit; —

"I, Johannes Faustus, D. D. et M. D., hereby acknowledge with my own hand, for the further assurance of this deed, that in consideration of the manifold services and instructions of every kind, not to be obtained from any living mortal, I accept for my familiar and faithful demon, the demon hight Mephistopheles, late Chargé d'Affaires to the infernal Prince of the Orient, but now subject to all my demands. Item, On the other hand, I do hereby hire and bind myself to him, after the expiration of four and twenty years from the date of this deed, that he may deal with me as he shall judge best; to govern, to handle, and to misguide in all that appertains to my life and soul, my good and my blood, renouncing all Christian communion upon earth, and all hope of celestial inheritance. Amen.

"As additional confirmation of the same, I consent to sign this contract with my own hand, as witness below, in my own blood, being at this present time of sound mind and understanding, rightly to will and to bequeath, etc.

"Subscribed,

"JOHANNES FAUSTUS, D. D. et M. D.,  
*"Doctor of Divinity, and of Medicine, etc., experienced in  
 all the Elements and Arts."*

#### A STRANGE VISIT FROM THE DEMON MEPHISTOPHELES, AND HIS EXHIBITION.

At the third dialogue, Doctor Faustus' demon announced his approach in a somewhat humorous style, in the following manner. He first went roaming through the whole house, like a man on fire, so that the beams and flames darted from him like arrows. And he was followed by a monkish procession, singing hymns, though no one could imagine what kind of a song it was they sung. But Faustus being greatly amused with this sort of exhibition, desired that the demon would not enter into the chamber until he had seen an end of the whole of this scene. Then forthwith was heard a battle-rout of swords and spears, as if at some mighty siege, so that it seemed as if the whole house was on the point of being assaulted and carried by storm. Next came riding by a splendid scene of

hunters and of hounds, all eager for the chase ; the horns blew, and a deer started forth, which was pursued until it sought refuge in the Doctor's room.

Then there rushed in after, a lion and a dragon, to dispute the prey, which presently commenced a fierce and bloody strife. The lion appeared full of irresistible strength and spirit, and yet he was at last overcome and slain by the other. Doctor Faustus' page afterwards said, that he had only seen a linkworm creeping over his book, quite jet black, and it crawled along the walls of the chamber, until at last chamber and all disappeared. Next were seen a beautiful peacock and peahen, as it were wreathed in one ; and first they separated and then they folded again together. Soon a great horned beast ran tilting at the Doctor, threatening to throw him aloft, but fell down and vanished just as it had reached his feet, and he was crying out stoutly for Mephistopheles. Indeed, it alarmed him not a little ; but next a large ape ran up and presented his paw to the Doctor ; it then sprang over his head and danced out of the room, at which he laughed heartily. Then followed a strong fog, which enveloped the whole room, so that he could hardly see. When this vanished, he found lying on the floor two huge bags, one full of silver and the other of gold. An organ now began to play, followed by a harpsichord, a lute, a violin, a harp, a bass viol, horns, drums, trumpets, with a variety of other instruments, all modulated and adapted to celestial voices, so much so that Doctor Faustus began to think that he was in Paradise. This music continued above an hour, and produced such an effect upon the Doctor's spirits, that he rather exulted than felt uneasy at the step he had just taken.

All these illusions, we may remark, were got up by the devil in order to confirm Doctor Faustus in his purpose, to harden and to lead him to fancy that he had not so much to dread as to enjoy in the infernal society into which he had entered. This exhibition being closed, Mephistopheles hastened into the Doctor's apartment, in semblance of a pious monk ; and Faustus said with a smile, " You have indeed treated me to some right strange and merry scenes. These are what I like, and they have pleased me well. Only continue such mad work as this, my Mephistopheles, and count upon me rather as a friend than a master." Mephistopheles replied, " Oh, there was nothing to admire here ; I shall serve you in more important matters by-and-by, I hope, than these, provided you only observe your part of the engage-

ment· sights which will excite your utmost astonishment.” The Doctor answered by presenting him with a copy of the contract ; while Mephistopheles, on his side, insisted that Faustus should preserve another copy by him, to prevent all chance of litigation or mistake.

#### MEPHISTOPHELES' APPRENTICESHIP TO DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

All good Christians may easily conjecture what was the situation of the Doctor, deserted by the Lord and all the heavenly host, after having delivered his blood-signed contract into the demon's hands, a contract which no honest pious householder would put his name to, being more like the act of a fiend than of a mortal.

Doctor Faustus now resided in the house which had been his uncle's, and which the latter had bequeathed to him. There too he had taken into his service a young student as his secretary and attendant, a knowing rogue of the name of Christoffel Wagenar, who liked the sort of sport he saw, too easily imbibing his master's example, who promised to make him an expert fellow. And this was no difficult task, as, like most young people, he was well inclined to avail himself of such lessons as his master taught. Excepting this hopeful youth and his familiar demon, Faustus would have no boarders in his house. Mephistopheles still attended upon his master in the shape of a monk, and he was accustomed always to summon him as he sat in his study, which he constantly kept closed.

The Doctor next began to indulge in very luxurious living, feasting upon rarities, and eating and drinking only of the best. For when he wished to have the best wine, he sent his familiar to the cellars of the most distinguished personages of the place, as those of a certain prince, of the Duke of Beijren, and of the Bishop of Salzburg, whereby they were all considerably diminished. By the same method he obtained the most costly meats, cooked by the same magical arts, as his demon could convey them with the swiftness of a bird, and dart as quickly through an open window.

Thus all the houses and palaces of the neighboring counts and princes, and all their best furnished tables, were laid under contribution ; insomuch that the Doctor and his secretary appeared in elegant apparel, the clothes and silks having been ordered upon commission by his demon, who visited the shops

at Nuremberg, at Strasburg, and at Frankfort, in the night, taking very long credit for his pains. The same happened to the shoemakers, and numerous others among the operatives, who have all so strong a prejudice against this kind of sale of their articles during the night. And, in short, though they were stolen, they were always something excellent and good in their way; while Mephistopheles evaded all informations and pursuits.

For these services his familiar was to receive twenty-five crowns per week, amounting to an annual income of thirteen hundred, with which Mephistopheles was quite content. Doctor Faustus now continued to lead the life of a confirmed epicurean both by day and night, until he lost all notion of heaven and hell, and flattered himself that life and soul would alike perish together. His familiar had long been persuading him to enter into a demoniacal association, previous to naturalizing himself in the infernal state; to which his master, heedless of everything but good cheer, and conceiving the whole little more than an idle imagination, or mere fudge, at length consented, and said, "Let my name be entered in your books, friend Mephistopheles, come what will, as soon as you please." Mephistopheles next advised him to think of adding to his establishment by taking to himself a wife. "Stop," cried Faustus, laughing, "that is a more serious consideration, friend; it will require some more discussion." And the demon joined heartily in his laugh.

Scarcely, however, had he adopted his first proposal and finished these words, when a violent storm of wind shook the house, as if everything was about to fall topsy-turvy. The doors and windows sprang ajar, and there was so strong a smell of sulphur that any one would have thought the whole house was on fire. Doctor Faustus attempted to run downstairs, but found himself seized by a strong arm, and pushed back into the room with so much violence that he could move neither hand nor foot. A blaze of fire encircled him on all sides, as if ready to consume him, and he cried out for Mephistopheles with all his might, to assist, to save, and to obey him. Upon this the devil himself appeared, but in such grisly and savage forms as quite terrified the Doctor. "What is the meaning of all this," exclaimed Satan, "howling like a dog? what think you now?" The Doctor, aware that he must have in some way infringed upon his compact with Mephistopheles, very humbly entreated the devil's pardon, to which the Prince of Darkness briefly replied, "Then

see you better to it, and stick to your promise, I advise you!" and with this he disappeared.

Mephistopheles now attended his master and said, "As long, sir, as you continue true to your engagements, you may always rely upon my anticipating your wishes, in everything most agreeable; and in proof of this, you shall every evening be presented with a lady of such surprising beauty, as not to be exceeded by anything you have ever seen in this city. Cast your eye on all sides, choose where and whom you will, and the same shall be sure to attend upon your pleasure." This proposal consoled and pleased Doctor Faustus exceedingly, and he greatly regretted that he had so long continued in his single and unsociable state. Henceforward his head was full of nothing but beautiful women both day and night, insomuch that the devil had no further trouble in keeping him to his promise (for the Doctor had just before been plotting to save himself by retiring to a monastery and leading a chaste single life, which had so greatly enraged the devil), whereas he now considered the whole of his previous life, unenlivened by the charms of female society, as little better than lost. One favorite succeeded to another; he never dreamed of one and the same during four and twenty hours, and the devil triumphed in the success of his plan.



## FAUSTUS.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

[CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, English dramatist and predecessor of Shakespeare, was the son of a shoemaker of Canterbury, where he was born 1563 or 1564. Having completed his studies in Cambridge, he settled in London and attached himself as dramatist to the "Lord Admiral's Company." Of his subsequent career there is no definite information, but he is said to have led a dissipated life, and was killed by a serving man in a tavern brawl at Deptford (May, 1593). His principal dramatic works are: "Tamburlaine," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." There are indications that he assisted in writing some of the earlier Shakespearian plays, particularly "Henry VI." Included in his poetical works are the unfinished "Hero and Leander" (completed by George Chapman), and the popular ditty, "Come, live with me and be my love," frequently quoted and imitated by later writers.]

*Scene: FAUSTUS discovered in his Study.*

**Faustus**—Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damned:  
And canst thou not be saved?

What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven?  
 Away with such vain fancies, and despair;  
 Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:  
 Now go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:  
 Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears,  
 "Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"  
 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.  
 To God? He loves thee not;  
 The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,  
 Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub:  
 To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
 And offer lukewarm blood of newborn babes.

*Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.*

*Good Angel* —

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

*Faustus* —

Contrition, prayer, repentance — what of them?

*Good Angel* —

O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

*Evil Angel* —

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,  
 That make men foolish that do trust them most.

*Good Angel* —

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

*Evil Angel* —

No, Faustus; think of honor and of wealth.

[*Exeunt Angels.*]

*Faustus* —

Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.  
 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,  
 What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;  
 Cast no more doubts. — Come, Mephistophilis,  
 And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer; —  
 Is't not midnight? — Come, Mephistophilis,  
*Veni, veni, Mephistophile.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

*Mephistophilis* —

That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,  
 So he will buy my service with his soul.

*Faustus* —

Already Faustus hath hazarded that or thee.



*Mephistophilis* —

But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,  
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;  
For that security craves great Lucifer.  
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

*Faustus* —

Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good  
Will my soul do thy lord?

*Mephistophilis* —

Enlarge his kingdom.

*Faustus* —

Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

*Mephistophilis* —

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

*Faustus* —

Why, have you any pain that torture others?

*Mephistophilis* —

As great as have the human souls of men.  
But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?  
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,  
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

*Faustus* —

Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

*Mephistophilis* —

Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,  
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day  
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;  
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

*Faustus* [*stabbing his arm*] —

Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,  
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood  
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,  
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!  
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,  
And let it be propitious for my wish.

*Mephistophilis* —

But, Faustus, thou must  
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

*Faustus* —

Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,  
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

*Mephistophilis* —

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

[*Exit.*

*Faustus* —

What might the staying of my blood portend?  
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?  
*Faustus gives to thee his soul*: ah, there it stayed!  
 Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?  
 Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul*.

*Reënter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.*

*Mephistophilis* —

Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

*Faustus* —

So, now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately.

[*Writes.*

*Mephistophilis* —

O, what will not I do to obtain his soul?

[*Aside.*

*Faustus* —

*Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

*Homo fuge*: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ; —

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

*Homo fuge*: yet shall not Faustus fly.

*Mephistophilis* —

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Aside, and then exit.*

*Enter WAGNER.*

*Wagner* —

I think my master means to die shortly,

For he hath given to me all his goods:

And yet, methinks, if that death were near,

He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill

Amongst the students, as even now he doth,

Who are at supper with such bellycheer

As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.

See, where they come! belike the feast is ended. [*Exit.*

*Enter FAUSTUS with two or three Scholars, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

*First Scholar* — Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favor, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the

world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

*Faustus* —

Gentlemen,  
 For that I know your friendship is unfeigned,  
 And Faustus's custom is not to deny  
 The just request of those that wish him well,  
 You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,  
 No otherways for pomp and majesty  
 Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,  
 And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
 Be silent, then, for danger is in words.  
 [*Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.*]

*Second Scholar* —

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,  
 Whom all the world admires for majesty.

*Third Scholar* —

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued  
 With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,  
 Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

*First Scholar* —

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,  
 And only paragon of excellence,  
 Let us depart; and for this glorious deed  
 Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

*Faustus* —

Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.  
 [*Exeunt Scholars.*]

*Enter an Old Man.*

*Old Man* —

Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail  
 To guide thy steps unto the way of life,  
 By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal  
 That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!  
 Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,  
 Tears falling from repentant heaviness  
 Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,  
 To stench whereof corrupts the inward soul  
 With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin  
 As no commiseration may expel,  
 But mercy, Faustus, of thy Savior sweet,  
 Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

*Faustus* —

Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what hast thou done?

Damned art thou, Faustus, damned ; despair and die !  
 Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice  
 Says, " Faustus, come ; thine hour is almost come ;"  
 And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.

*Old Man*—

Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate stabs !  
 I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,  
 And, with a vial full of precious grace,  
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul :  
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

*Faustus*—

Ah, my sweet friend, I feel  
 Thy words to comfort my distressed soul !  
 Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

*Old Man*—

I go, sweet Faustus ; but with heavy cheer,  
 Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul.

[*Exit.*

*Faustus*—

Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now ?  
 I do repent ; and yet I do despair :  
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast :  
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death ?

*Mephistophilis*—

Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul  
 For disobedience to my sovereign lord :  
 Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

*Faustus*—

Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord  
 To pardon my unjust presumption,  
 And with my blood again I will confirm  
 My former vow I made to Lucifer.

*Mephistophilis*—

Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,  
 Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

*Faustus*—

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,  
 That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
 With greatest torments that our hell affords.

*Mephistophilis*—

His faith is great ; I cannot touch his soul ;  
 But what I may afflict his body with  
 I will attempt, which is but little worth.

*Faustus*—

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire, —  
 That I might have unto my paramour  
 That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,  
 Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean  
 Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,  
 And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

*Mephistophilis* —

Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,  
 Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.

*Reënter HELEN.*

*Faustus* —

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium? —  
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. — [*Kisses her.*  
 Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies! —  
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.  
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,  
 And all is dross that is not Helena.  
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
 Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked;  
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus,  
 And wear thy colors on my plumèd crest;  
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
 O, thou art fairer than the evening air  
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;  
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;  
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Old Man.*

*Old Man* —

Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,  
 That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,  
 And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

*Enter Devils.*

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:  
 As in this furnace God shall try my faith,  
 My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.  
 Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile

At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn!  
Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt — on one side Devils, on the other, Old Man.*

*Enter FAUSTUS, with Scholars.*

*Faustus* — Ah, gentlemen!

*First Scholar* — What ails Faustus?

*Faustus* — Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

*Second Scholar* — What means Faustus?

*Third Scholar* — Belike he is grown into some sickness by being oversolitary.

*First Scholar* — If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. — 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

*Faustus* — A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

*Second Scholar* — Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

*Faustus* — But Faustus' offense can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell forever, hell, ah, hell, forever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell forever?

*Third Scholar* — Yet, Faustus, call on God.

*Faustus* — On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

*All* — Who, Faustus?

*Faustus* — Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

*All* — God forbid!

*Faustus* — God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

*First Scholar* — Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

*Faustus* — Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

*Second Scholar* — O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

*Faustus* — Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

*Third Scholar* — God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

*First Scholar* — Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

*Faustus* — Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

*Second Scholar* — Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

*Faustus* — Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

*All* — Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt* Scholars. — *The clock strikes eleven.*]

*Faustus* —

Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damned perpetually!

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come;

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make

Perpetual day; or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

O, I'll leap up to my God! — Who pulls me down? —

See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my Christ! —

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!

Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer! —

Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God

Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!

No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:

Earth, gape! O no, it will not harbor me!

You stars that reigned at my nativity,  
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
 Into the entrails of yon laboring cloud[s],  
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,  
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,  
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !

[*The clock strikes the half-hour.*]

Ah, half the hour is past ! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,  
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,  
 Impose some end to my incessant pain ;  
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,  
 A hundred thousand, and at last be saved !  
 O, no end is limited to damnèd souls !

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,  
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed  
 Unto some brutish beast ! all beasts are happy,  
 For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolved in elements ;  
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.

Cursed be the parents that engendered me !

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer

That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*]

O, it strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

O soul, be changed into little water drops,

And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found !

*Enter Devils.*

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me !

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile !

Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !

I'll burn my books ! — Ah, Mephistophilis !

[*Exeunt Devils with FAUSTUS.*]

*Enter Chorus.*

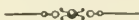
*Chorus —*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
 And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,



That some time grew within this learnèd man.  
 Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,  
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,  
 Only to wonder at unlawful things,  
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
 To practice more than heavenly power permits. [Exit.

*Terminat hora diem; terminat auctor opus.*



## A MALTESE MILLIONAIRE.

By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

(From "The Jew of Malta.")

BARABAS *discovered in his Countinghouse, with Heaps of Gold before him.*

*Barabas —*

So that of thus much that return was made:  
 And of the third part of the Persian ships,  
 There was the venture summed and satisfied.  
 As for those Sabans, and the men of Uz,  
 That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,  
 Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.  
 Fie; what a trouble 'tis to count this trash.  
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay  
 The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,  
 Whereof a man may easily in a day  
 Tell that which may maintain him all his life.  
 The needy groom that never fingered groat,  
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin:  
 But he whose steel-barred coffers are crammed full.  
 And all his lifetime hath been tired,  
 Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,  
 Would in his age be loath to labor so,  
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death.  
 Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,  
 That trade in metal of the purest mold;  
 The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks  
 Without control can pick his riches up,  
 And in his house heap pearls like pebblestones,  
 Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;  
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, and amethysts,

Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,  
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,  
 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,  
 As one of them indifferently rated,  
 And of a carat of this quantity,  
 May serve in peril of calamity  
 To ransom great kings from captivity.  
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;  
 And thus methinks should men of judgment frame  
 Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,  
 And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose  
 Infinite riches in a little room.  
 But now how stands the wind?  
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?<sup>1</sup>  
 Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stand the vanes?  
 East and by south: why then I hope my ships  
 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles  
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:  
 Mine argosies from Alexandria,  
 Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,  
 Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore  
 To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.  
 But who comes here?

*Enter a Merchant.*

How now?

*Merchant*—

Barabas, thy ships are safe,  
 Riding in Malta road: and all the merchants  
 With other merchandise are safe arrived,  
 And have sent me to know whether yourself  
 Will come and custom them.<sup>2</sup>

*Barabas*—

The ships are safe thou say'st, and richly fraught.

*Merchant*—

They are.

*Barabas*—

Why then go bid them come ashore,  
 And bring with them their bills of entry:  
 I hope our credit in the customhouse  
 Will serve as well as I were present there.

<sup>1</sup> A stuffed kingfisher (the halcyon), suspended by a string, was supposed to show the direction of the wind. *Halcyon days* were *calm days*, the belief being that the weather was always calm when kingfishers were breeding.

<sup>2</sup> Pay the duties.

Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,  
 And twenty wagons to bring up the ware.  
 But art thou master in a ship of mine,  
 And is thy credit not enough for that?

*Merchant* —

The very custom barely comes to more  
 Than many merchants of the town are worth,  
 And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir.

*Barabas* —

Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee, man:  
 Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

*Merchant* —

I go.

*Barabas* —

So then, there's somewhat come.  
 Sirrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

*Merchant* —

Of the "Speranza," sir.

*Barabas* —

And saw'st thou not  
 Mine argosy at Alexandria?  
 Thou couldst not come from Egypt, or by Caire,  
 But at the entry there into the sea,  
 Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,  
 Thou needs must sail by Alexandria.

*Merchant* —

I neither saw them, nor inquired of them:  
 But this we heard some of our seamen say,  
 They wondered how you durst with so much wealth  
 Trust such a crazèd vessel, and so far.

*Barabas* —

Tush, they are wise! I know her and her strength.  
 But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,  
 And bid my factor bring his loading in. [*Exit Merchant.*]  
 And yet I wonder at this argosy.

*Enter a second Merchant.*

*Second Merchant* —

Thine argosy from Alexandria,  
 Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta road,  
 Laden with riches, and exceeding store  
 Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl.

*Barabas* —

How chance you came not with those other ships  
 That sailed by Egypt?

*Second Merchant* —

Sir, we saw 'em not.

*Barabas* —

Belike they coasted round by Candy shore  
About their oils, or other businesses.  
But 'twas ill done of you to come so far  
Without the aid or conduct of their ships.

*Second Merchant* —

Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish fleet,  
That never left us till within a league,  
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase.

*Barabas* —

O! — they were going up to Sicily: —  
Well, go,  
And bid the merchants and my men dispatch  
And come ashore, and see the fraught discharged.

*Second Merchant* —

I go.

[*Exit*

*Barabas* —

Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,  
And thus are we on every side enriched:  
These are the blessings promised to the Jews,  
And herein was old Abram's happiness:  
What more may heaven do for earthly man  
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,  
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,  
Making the seas their servants, and the winds  
To drive their substance with successful blasts?  
Who hateth me but for my happiness?  
Or who is honored now but for his wealth?  
Rather had I a Jew be hated thus,  
Than pitied in a Christian poverty:  
For I can see no fruits in all their faith,  
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,  
Which methinks fits not their profession.  
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,  
And for his conscience lives in beggary.  
They say we are a scattered nation:  
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up  
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith. . . .  
I must confess we come not to be kings;  
That's not our fault: alas, our number's few,  
And crowns come either by succession,  
Or urged by force; and nothing violent,  
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.  
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christian kings,  
That thirst so much for principality.

PIERCE PENILESSÉ HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE  
DIVELL.

BY THOMAS NASHE.

[THOMAS NASHE was one of the ablest of the professional men of letters in Shakespeare's time — pamphleteer, poet, and playwright. He was born about 1564, and graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, 1585. He died about 1601. Of his numerous works, including a war of satire with Gabriel Harvey in which his wit and gayety are conspicuous, the "Supplication of Pierce Penilesse" is best remembered.]

## PREFACE.

HAVING spent manie yeeres in studying how to live, and livde a long time without mony: having tired my youth with follie, and surfetted my minde with vanitie, I began at length to looke backe to repentaunce, & addresse my endeavors to prosperitie: But all in vaine, I sate up late, and rose earely, contended with the colde, and conversed with scarcitie: for all my labours turned to losse, my vulgar Muse was despised and neglected, my paines not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I my selfe (in prime of my best wit) laid open to povertie. Whereupon (in a malecontent humor) I accused my fortune, raild on my patrones, bit my pen, rent my papers, & ragde in all points like a mad man. In which agony tormenting my selfe a long time, I grew by degrees to a milder discontent: and pausing a while over my standish, I resolved in verse to paynt forth my passion: which, best agreeing with the vaine of my unrest, I began to complaine in this sort: —

Why is't damnation to dispaire and dye,  
When life is my true happinesse disease?  
My soule, my soule, thy safetie makes me flie  
The faultie meanes, that might my paine appease.  
Divines and dying men may talke of hell,  
But in my heart, her severall torments dwell:

Ah worthlesse Wit, to traine me to this woe,  
Deceitfull Artes, that nourish Discontent:  
Ill thrive the Follie that bewicht me so:  
Vaine thoughts adieu, for now I will repent.  
And / yet my wantes perswade me to proceede,  
Since none takes pitie of a Scholler's neede.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,  
 And ban the aire, wherein I breathe a Wretch:  
 Since Miserie hath daunted all my mirth,  
 And I am quite undone through promise-breach.  
 Oh frends, no frends, that then ungently frowne,  
 When changing Fortune casts us head-long downe.

Without redresse complaynes my carelesse verse,  
 And Mydas-ears relent not at my moane:  
 In some farre Land will I my griefes reherse,  
 Mongst them that will be mov'd when I shall groane.  
 England (adiou) the Soyle that brought me foorth,  
 Adieu unkinde, where skill is nothing woorth.

These Rymes thus abruptly set downe, I tost my imagination a thousand waies, to see if I could finde any meanes to relieve my estate: But all my thoughts consorted to this conclusion, that the world was uncharitable, & I ordained to be miserable. Thereby I grew to consider how many base men that wanted those partes which I had, enjoyed content at will, & had wealth at command: I calde to minde a Cobler, that was worth five hundred pound, an Hostler that had built a goodly Inne, & might dispense forty pounds yerely by his Land, a Carre-man in a lether pilche, that had whipt out a thousand pound out of his horse taile: and have I more witte than all these (thought I to my selfe)? am I better borne? am I better brought up? yea, and better favored? and yet I am a begger? What is the cause? how am I crosst, or whence is this curse?

Even from hence, that men that should employ such as I am, are enamoured of their own wits, and think whatever they do is excellent, though it be never so scurvie; that Learning (of the ignorant) is rated after the value of the inke and paper: and a Scrivener better paid for an obligation, than a Scholler for the best Poeme he can make; that everie grosse brainde Idiot is suffered to come into print, who if he set foorth a Pamphlet of the praise of Pudding-pricks, or write a Treatise of Tom Thumme, or y<sup>e</sup> exploits of Untrusse; it is bought up thicke & three-folde, when better things lie dead. How then can we chuse but be needy, when ther are so many droans amongst us? or ever prove rich, y<sup>t</sup> toile a whole yeare for faire lookes?

Gentle Sir Philip Sidney, thou knewst what belongd to a Scholler, thou knewest what paines, what toile, what travell, conduct to perfection: wel couldst thou give every Vertue his

encouragement, every Art his due, every writer his desert : cause none more vertuous, witty, or learned than thy selfe.

But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory, too few to cherish the Sonn of the Muses, or water those budding hopes with their plentie, which thy bountie erst planted.

Beleeve me, Gentlemen, for some crosse mishappes, have taught me experience, there is not that strickt observation of honour, which hath bene heretofore. Men of great calling take it of merite, to have their names eternizde by Poets ; and whatsoever pamphlet or dedication encounters them, they put it up their sleeves, and scarce give him thanks that presents it. Much better is it for those golden Pens to raise such ungratefull Peasants from the Dung-hill of obscuritie, and make them equal in fame to the Worthies of olde, when their doting selfe-love shall challenge it of dutie, and not onely give them nothing themselves, but impoverish liberalitie in others.

This is the lamentable condition of our Times, that men of Arte must seek almes of Cormorants, & those that deserve best, be kept under by Dunces, who count it a policie to keep them bare, because they should follow their bookes the better : thinking belike, that, as preferment hath made themselves idle, that were earst painfull in meaner places, so it wold likewise slacken the endeavours of those Students, that as yet strive to excell in hope of advaancement. A good policie to suppress superfluous liberalitie. But, had it beene practised when they were promoted, the Yeomandry of the Realme had been better to passe than it is, and one Droane should not have driven so manie Bees from their hony-combes.

I, I, weele give loosers leave to talke: it is no matter what *Sic probo* and his penniless companions prate, whilst we have the gold in our coffers: this is it that will make a knave an honest man, & my neighbour Cramptons stripling a better Gentleman than his Grand sier. O it is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, & Shame, the father, followes after. Such presidents there are in our Cōmon-wealth a great many ; not so much of them whome learning & Industrie hath exalted, (whome I prefer before *Genus et proavos*) as of Carterly upstarts, that out-face Towne & Countrey in their velvets, when Sir Rowland Russet-coat, their dad, goes sagging every day in his round gascoynes of white cotton, & hath much a do (poore pennie-father) to keepe his unthrift elbowes in reparations.

Marry, happy are they, say I, that have such fathers to worke for them, whilst they plaie: for where other men turne over manie leaves to get bread and cheese in their olde age, and studie twentie yeares to distill golde out of incke, our yoong maisters doo nothing but devise how to spend and aske counsaile of the wine and capons, how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies. As for me, I live secure from all such perturbations: for (thanks bee to God) I am *vacuus viator* and care not, though I meete the Commissioners of New-market-heath at high midnight, for any crosses, Images, or pictures that I carry about mee, more than needes.

Than needes, quoth I, nay, I would be ashamde of it, if *Opus & Usus* were not knocking at my doore twentie times a weeke when I am not within: the more is the pitie, that such a franke Gentleman as I, should want; but, since the dice doo runne so untowardly on my side, I am partly provided of a remedy. For wheras, those that stand most on their honour, have shut up their purses, & shifft us off with court-hollie-bread: & on the other side, a number of hypoeriticall hot-spurres, that have GOD alwayes in their mouthes, will give nothing for Gods sake: I have clapt up a handsome supplication to the Divell, and sent it by a good fellow, that I know will deliver it.

And because you may beleewe mee the better, I care not if I acquaint you with the circumstance.

I was informd of late daies, that a certaine blinde Retailer called the Divell, used to lend money upon pawnes or any thing, and would let one for a neede have a thousand poundes uppon a Statute Merchaunt of his soule: or if a man plide him throughly, would trust him uppon a Bill of his hand, without any more circumstance. Besides, he was noted for a privie Benefactor to Traytors and Parasites, and to advaunce fooles and asses farre sooner than any: to be a greedie pursuer of newes, and so famous a Politician in Purchasing, that Hel, which at the beginning was but an obscure Village, is now become a huge citie, wherunto all countryes are Tributary.

These manifest conjectures of Plentie, assembled in one common-place of ability, I determined to clawe Avarice by the elboe, til his full belly gave me a full hand, and let him blood with my pen (if it might be) in the veine of liberality: and so (in short time) was this Paper-monster, Pierce Penilessé, begotten.

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE SUPPLICATION.

To the high and mightie Prince of Darknesse,  
 Donsell dell Lucifer, King of Acheron, Stix,  
 and Phlegeton, duke of Tartary, mar-  
 quesse of Cocytus, and Lord  
 high Regent of Lyngo:  
 his distressed

Orator, Pierce Penillesse, wisheth encrease of damna-  
 tyon and malediction eternall, per Jesum Christum  
 Dominum Nostrum.

MOST humbly sueth unto your sinfulness, your single soald  
 Orator, Pierce Penillesse : that whereas your impious excellence  
 hath had the poore tennement of his purse any time this halfe  
 yeer for your dauncing schoole, and he (notwithstanding) hath  
 received no penny nor crosse for farme, according to the usuall  
 manner, it may please your gracelesse Majestie to consider of  
 him, and give order to your servant Avarice he may be dis-  
 patched: insomuch as no man heere in London can have a  
 dauncing schoole without rent, and his wit and knavery cannot  
 be maintained with nothing. Or, if this be not so plausible to  
 your honourable infernalship, it might seeme good to your  
 helhood to make extent upon the soules of a number of unchari-  
 table Cormorants, who, having incurd the daunger of a Premu-  
 nire with meddling with matters that properly concerne your  
 owne person, deserve no longer to live (as men) amongst men,  
 but to bee incorporated in the society of divels. By which  
 meanes the mightie controller of fortune and imperious sub-  
 verter of destiny, delicious gold, the poore man's God, and  
 Idoll of Princes (that lookes pale and wanne through long  
 imprisonment) might at length be restored to his powrfull  
 Monarchie, and eftsoon bee sette at liberty, to helpe his friends  
 that have neede of him.

I knowe a great sort of good fellowes that would venture  
 farre for his freedom, and a number of needy Lawyers (who  
 now mourn in threedbare gownes for his thraldome) that would  
 goe neere to poison his keepers with false Latine, if that might  
 procure his enlargement: but inexorable yron detaines him in  
 the dungeon of the night, so that (poore creature) hee can  
 neither traffique with the Mereers and Tailers as he wont, nor  
 dominere in Tavernes as he ought.

Famine, Lent, and dessolation, sit in onyonskind jackets before the doore of his indurance, as a Chorus in the Tragedy of Hospitality, to tell hunger & poverty thers no reliefe for them there : and in the inner part of this ugly habitation stands Greedinesse, prepared to devoure all that enter, attyred in a Capouch of written parchment, buttond downe before with Labels of waxe, and lin'd with sheepes fells for warmenes : his cap furd with cats skines, after the Muscovie fashion, and all to be tasseld with Angle-hookes, in stead of Aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom hee shewes any humblenes : for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters pattents assured him and his heyres, to the utter overthrowe of Bowcases and cushin makers, and bumbasted they were, like Beere barrels, with statute Marchants and forfeitures : but of all, his shooes were the strangest, which, being nothing else but a couple of crab shells, were toothd at the toes with two sharp sixpennie nailes, that digd up every dunghill they came by for gold, and snarld at the stones as hee went in the street, because they weare so common for men, women, and children, to tread upon, and hee could not devise how to wrest an odde fine out of any of them.

Thus walks hee up and downe all his life time, with an yron crow in his hand instead of a staffe, and a Sarjants Mace in his mouth, (which night and day he gnaws upon) and either busies himselfe in setting silver lime twigs, to entangle yoong Gentlemen, and casting forth silken shraps, to catch Woodcocks, or in syving of Muckehills and shop-dust, whereof he will boulte a whole cartload to gaine a bowd Pinne.

On the other side, Dame Niggardize, his wife, in a sedge rugge kirtle, that had beene a mat time out of minde, a coarse hempen raile about her shoulders, borrowed of the one end of a hop-bag, an apron made of Almanackes out of date, (such as stand upon screens, or on the backside of a dore in a Chandlers shop) & an old wives pudding pan on her head, thrumd with the parings of her nailes, sate barrelling up the droppings of her nose, in steede of oil, to saime wool withall, and would not adventure to spit without halfe a dozen of porrengers at her elbow.

The house, (or rather the hell) where these two Earth-wormes encaptived this beautifull Substaunce, was vast, large, strong built, and well furnished, all save the Kitchin : for that was no bigger than the Cooks roome in a ship, with a little

court chimney, about the compasse of a Parenthesis in proclamation-print; then judge you what diminutive dishes came out of this doves-neast. So likewise, of the Buttrie: for whereas in houses of such stately foundation, that are built to outward shewe so magnificent, every Office is answerable to the Hall, which is principall, there the Buttrie was no more but a blind Cole-house, under a paire of stayres, wherein (uprising & down lying) was but one single kilderkin of small beere, that wold make a man, with a carrouse of a spooneful, runne through an Alphabet of faces. Nor usd they any glasses or cups (as other men), but onely little farthing ounce boxes, whereof one of them filld up with froath (in manner and forme of an Ale-house) was a meales allowance for the whole houshold. It were lamentable to tell what miserie the Rattes and Myce endured in this hard world: how, when all supply of vitualls failed them, they went a Boot-haling one night to Sinior Greedinesse bed-chamber, where finding nothing but emptines and vastitie, they encountred (after long inquisitiō) with a cod-peece. . . . Uppon that they set, and with a couragious assault rent it cleane away from the breeches, and then carried it in triumph, like a coffin, on their shoulders betwixt them. The verie spiders and dust weavers, that wont to set up their loomes in every windowe, decaied and undone through the extreame dearth of the place, (that afforded them no matter to worke on) were constrained to breake, against their wills, and goe dwell in the cuntry, out of the reach of the broome and the wing: and generally, not a flea nor a cricket that carried anie brave minde, that would stay there after he had once tasted the order of their fare. Onely unfortunate golde (a predestinat slave to drudges and fooles) lives in endlesse bondage ther amongst them, and may no way be releast, except you send the rot halfe a yeare amongst his keepers, and so make them away with murrion, one after another.

O but a far greater enormitie raigneth in the heart of the Court: Pride, the perverter of all Vertue, sitteth appareled in the Merchants spoiles, and ruine of yoong Citizens, and scorneth Learning, that gave their up-start Fathers titles of Gentry.

All malcontent sits the greasie sonne of a Cloathier, and complaines (like a decaied Earle) of the ruine of ancient houses: whereas, the Weavers loomes first framed the web of his honour, and the locks of wool, that bushes and brambles have tooke for

toule of insolent sheepe, that would needs strive for the wall of a fir-bush, have made him of the tenths of their tarre, a Squier of low degree : and of the collections of the scatterings, a Justice, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, of Peace and of Coram. Hee will bee humorous, forsooth, and have a broode of fashions by himselfe. Sometimes (because Love commonly weares the livery of Witte) hee will be an *Inamorato Poeta*, and sonnet a whole quire of paper in praise of Lady Swin-snout, his yeolow-fac'd Mistres, and weare a feather of her rain-beaten fanne for a favor, like a sore-horse. Al *Italionato* is his talke, and his spade peake is as sharpe as if he had been a Pioner before the walls of Roan. Hee will despise the barbarisme of his owne Countrey, and tell a whole Legend of lyes of his travailes unto Constantinople. If he be challenged to fight, for his delaterye excuse, hee objects that it is not the custome of the Spaniard, or the Germaine, to looke backe to every dog that barkes. You shall see a dapper Jacke, that hath bene but over at Deepe, wring his face round about, as a man would stirre up a mustard pot, and talk English through the teeth, like Jaques Scabd-hams, or Monsieur Mingo de Moustrap : when (poore slave) he hath but dipt his bread in wilde Boares greace, and come home againe : or bene bitten by the shinnes by a Wolfe : and faith, he hath adventured uppon the Barricadoes of Gurney, or Guingan, and fought with the yong Guise hand to hand.

Some thinke to be counted rare Politicians and Statesmen, by becing solitary : as who should say, I am a wise man, a brave man, *Secreta mea mihi : Frustra sapit, qui sibi non sapit* : and there is no man worthy of my companie or friendship : when, although he goes ungartred like a malecontent Cutpursse, and wearres his hat over his eies like one of the cursed erue, yet cannot his stabbing dagger, or his nittie love-locke, keepe him out of the Legend of fantasticall cockscombs. I pray ye, good Mounsier Divell, take some order, that the streetes be not pestered with them so as they are. Is it not a pitiful thing that a fellow that eates not a good meales meat in a weeke, but beggereth his belly quite and cleane, to make his backe a certaine kind of a brokerly Gentleman : and nowe & then (once or twice in a Tearme) comes to the eighteene pence Ordenary, because hee would be seen amongst Cavaliers and brave courtyers, living otherwise all the yeere long with salt Butter & Holland cheese in his chamber, should take uppe a scornfull melancholy in his gate and countenance, course

& talke, as though our common-welth were but a mockery of government, and our Majestrates fooles, who wronged him in not looking into his deserts, not imploying him in State matters, and that, if more regard were not had of him very shortly, the whole Realme should have a misse of him, & he would go (I mary would he) where he should be more accounted off.

Is it not wonderfull ill-provided, I say, that this disdainfull companion is not made one of the fraternity of Foole, to talke before great States, with some olde mothe-eaten Polititian, of mending high waies, and leading Armies into Fraunce?

A young Heyre, or Cockney, that is his Mothers darling, if he have playde the waste-good at the Innes of the Court, or about London, and that neither his Students pension, nor his unthriftes credite, will serve to maintaine his Collidge of whores any longer, falles in a quarrelling humor with his fortune, because she made him not King of the Indies, and swears and stares, after ten in the hundreth, that nere a such Pesant, as his Father or brother, shall keepe him under: hee will to the sea, and teare the gold out of the Spaniards throats, but he will have it, byrladie: and when he comes there, poore soule, hee lyes in brine, in Balist, and is lamentable sicke of the scurvies: his daintie fare is turned to a hungry feast of Dogs and Cats, or Haberdine and poore John, at the most, and which is the lamentablest of all, that without Mustard.

As a mad Russion, on a time, being in daunger of shipwraek by a tempest, and seeing all other at their vowes and praiers, that if it would please God, of his infinite goodnesse, to delyver them out of that imminent daunger, one woulde abjure this sinne whereunto he was adicted: an other, make satisfaction for that vyolence he had committed: he, in a desperate jest, began thus to reconcile his soule to heaven.

O Lord, if it may seeme good to thee to deliver me from this feare of untimely death, I vowe before thy Throne, and all thy starry Host, never to eate Haberdine more whilst I live.

Well, so it fell out, that the sky cleared and the tempest ceased, and this carelesse wretche, that made such a mockery of praier, readie to set foote a Land, cryed out: not without Mustard, good Lord, not without Mustard: as though it had been the greatest torment in the world, to have eaten Haberdine without Mustard. But this by the way, what pennance can be

greater for Pride, than to let it swinge in hys owne halter? *Dulce bellum inexpertis*: theres no man loves the smoake of his owne Countrey, that hath not been syngde in the flame of another soyle. It is a pleasant thing, over a full pot, to read the fable of thirstie Tantalus: but a hard matter to digest salt meates at Sea, with stinking water.

Anoth misery of Pride it is, when men that have good parts, and beare the name of deepe scholers, cannot be content to participate one faith with all Christendome, but, because they will get a name to their vaine-glory they will set their self-love to study to invent new sects of singularitie, thinking to live when they are dead, by having their sects called after their names, as Donatists of Donatus, Arrians of Arrius, & a number more new faith-founders, that have made England the exchange of Innovations, & almost as much confusion of Religion in every Quarter, as there was of tongues at the building of the Tower of Babell. Whence, a number that fetch the Articles of their Beleeve out of Aristotle, & thinke of heaven and hell as the Heathen Philosophers, take occasion to deride our Ecclesiasticall State, all ceremonies of Divine worship, as bug-beares and scar-crowes, because (like Herodes souldiers) we divide Christs garment amongst us in so many peeces, and of the vesture of salvation make some of us Babies & apes coates, and others straight trusses & Divells breeches: some gally-gascoines, or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists & adulterous Familists: others with the Martinists, a hood with two faces, to hide their hypocrisie: and, to conclude, some, like the Barrowists and Greenwodians, a garment full of the plague, which is not to be worne before it be new washt.

Hence Atheists triumph and rejoyce, and talke as prophanely of the Bible, as of Bevis of Hampton. I heare say there be Mathematitions abroad that will proove men before Adam, and they are harboured in high places, who will maintaine it to the death, that there are no divells.

It is a shame (senior Belzibub!) that you should suffer your selfe thus to be tearmed a bastard, or not approve to your pre-destinate children, not only that they have a father, but that you are hee that must owne them. These are but the suburbes of the sinne we have in hand: I must describe to you a large cittie, wholly inhabited with this damnable enormitie.

## THE GROATSWORTH OF WIT.

BY ROBERT GREENE.

[ROBERT GREENE, one of the band of bohemian *littérateurs*, wits, and adventurers who form a remarkable feature of Elizabeth's time, was born at Norwich in 1560, and died in 1592 of a debauch, wholly deserted, after a disreputable but not infertile life. He wrote plays, romances, and poems: the best are his songs and eclogues, but he is chiefly remembered now for the bitter attack on Shakespeare in the work published at his dying request, "Greene's Groatsworth of Wit purchased with a Million of Repentance," and the retraction it brought from the publisher later on. Both are given here.]

GREENE will send you now his groatsworth of wit, that never shewed a mites-worth in his life: and though no man now be by, to doe me good, yet ere I die, I will by my repentance indeavour to doe all men good.

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys,  
 Hast made my life the subject of thy scorne:  
 And scornest now to lend thy fading joyes,  
 To lengthen my life, whom friends have left forlorne.  
 How well are they that die ere they be borne,  
 And never see thy sleights, which few men shun,  
 Till unawares the hellesse are undon.

Oft have I sung of love, and of his fire;  
 But now I finde that Poet was advizde,  
 Which made full feasts increasers of desire,  
 And prooves weake love was with the poore despizde.  
 For when the life with foode is not suffizde,  
 What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,  
 What pleasance, can proceede from such a wight?

Witnessse my want, the murderer of my wit;  
 My ravisht sense, of woonted furie reft,  
 Wants such conceit, as should in Poims fit.  
 Set downe the sorrow wherein I am left:  
 But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft:  
 Because so long they lent them me to use,  
 And I so long their bountie did abuse.

O that a yeare were granted me to live,  
 And for that yeare my former wits restorde:  
 What rules of life, what counsell would I give?  
 How should my sinne with sorrow be deplorde?  
 But I must die of every man abhorde.

Time loosely spent will not againe be wonne,  
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

O *horrenda-fames*, how terrible are thy assaultes : but *Vermis conscientiaë*, more wounding are thy stings. Ah, gentlemen, that live to reade my broken and confused lines, looke not I should (as I was woont) delight you with vaine fantasies, but gather my follies altogether, and, as you would deale with so many parricides, cast them into the fire : call them Telegones, for now they kill their father, and everie lewd line in them written, is a deep piercing wound to my heart ; every idle houre spent by any in reading them, brings a million of sorrowes to my soule. O that the teares of a miserable man (for never any man was yet more miserable) might wash their memorie out with my death ; and that those works with me together might be interd. But sith they cannot, let this my last worke witnes against them with me, how I detest them. Blacke is the remembrance of my blacke works, blacker then night, blacker then death, blacker then hell.

Learne wit by my repentance (Gentlemen) and let these fewe rules following be regarded in your lives.

First, in all your actions set God before your eyes ; for the feare of the Lord is the beginning of wisdome : Let his word be a lanterne to your feete, and a light unto your paths, then shall you stand as firme rocks, and not be mocked.

Beware of looking backe, for God will not be mocked ; of him that hath received much, much shall be demanded. . . .

If thou be poore, be also patient, and strive not to grow rich by indirect means ; for goods so gotten shall vanish away like smoke. . . .

If thou be a sonne or servant, despise not reproofe ; for though correction be bitter at the first, it bringeth pleasure in the end.

Had I regarded the first of these rules, or beene obedient at the last ; I had not now at my last ende, beene left thus desolate. But now, though to my selfe I give *Consilium post facta* ; yet to others they may serve for timely precepts. And therefore (while life gives leave) will send warning to my olde con-sorts, which have lived as loosely as myselfe ; albeit weakenesse will scarce suffer me to write, yet to my fellowe Schollers about this Cittie, will I direct these few insuing lines.



*To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance,  
that spend their wits in making plaies, R. G.  
wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom  
to prevent his extremities.*

IF WOFULL experience may moove you (Gentlemen) to beware, or unheard of wretchednes intreate you to take heed: I doubt not but you will looke backe with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not, (for with thee will I first begin) thou famous gracer of Tragedians, that Greene, who hath said with thee, like the foole in his heart, There is no God, should now give glorie unto his greatnesse; for, penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavie upon me, he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder, and I have left, he is a God that can punish enimies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machivilian pollicie that thou hast studied? O punish follie! What are his rules but meere confused mockeries, able to extirpate in small time, the generation of mankind. For if *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, hold in those that are able to command: and if it be lawfull *Fas & nefas* to doe any thing that is beneficiall; onely Tyrants should possesse the earth; and they, striving to exceede in tyranny, should each to other bee a slaughter man; till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for Death, that in one age man's life should ende. The brother of this Diabolicall Atheisme is dead, and in his life had never the felicitie he aimed at: but as he began in craft, lived in feare, and ended in despaire. *Quum inscrutabilia sunt Dei judicia?* This murderer of many brethren, had his conscience seared like Caine: this betrayer of him that gave his life for him, inherited the portion of Judas: this Apostata perished as ill as Julian: and wilt thou, my friend, be his Disciple? Looke unto me, by him perswaded to that libertie, and thou shalt finde it an infernall bondage. I knowe the least of my demerits merit this miserable death; but wilfull striving against knowne truth, exceedeth al the terrors of my soule. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremitie; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.

With thee I joyne young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, that lastlie with mee together writ a Comedie. Sweete boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words: inveigh against vaine men, for thou canst do it, no

man better, no man so wel : thou hast a libertie to reprove all, and name none : for one being spoken to, al are offended ; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage ; tread on a worme, and it will turne : then blame not schollers vexed with sharpe lines, if they reprove thy too much libertie of reproofe.

And thou no lesse deserving then the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferiour ; driven (as my selfe) to extreame shifts ; a little have I to say to thee : and were it not an idolatrous oth, I would sweare by sweet S. George, thou art unworthie better hap, sith thou dependest on so meane a stay. Base minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned : for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave : those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they al have beene beholding : is it not like that you, to whome they all have beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken ? Yes, trust them not : for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyggers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you : and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might intreate your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses : & let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions. I know the best husband of you all will never prove an Usurer, and the kindest of them all wil never proove a kinde nurse : yet, whilst you may, seeke you better Masters ; for it is pittie men of such rare wits, should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram Gentlemen : but let their owne works serve to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they persever to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leave them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them : for the rest, if skills not though they make a jeast at them.

But now returne I againe to you three, knowing my miserie is to you no news : and let me heartily intreate you to bee warned by my harmes. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths ; for, from the blasphemers house, a curse

shall not depart. Despise drunkennes, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Flie lust, as the deathsmān of the soule, and defile not the Temple of the holy ghost. Abhorre those Epicures, whose loose life hath made religion lothsome to your eares; and when they sooth you with tearmes of Maistership, remember Robert Greene, whome they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many Tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintaine; these with wind-puft wrath may be extinguisht, which drunkennes put out, which negligence let fall; for mans time of it selfe is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin. The fire of my light is now at the last snuffe, and the want of wherewith to sustaine it; there is no substance left for life to feede on. Trust not then (I beseech yee) to such weake staies: for they are as changeable in minde, as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forst to leave where I would begin: for a whole booke cannot containe their wrongs, which I am forst to knit up in some few lines of words.

*Desirous that you should live, though  
himselſe be dying.*

ROBERT GREENE.

### CHETTLĒ'S APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING.

*To the Gentlemen Readers.*

IT HATH beene a custome, Gentle men, (in my mind commendable) among former Authors (whose workes are no lesse beautified with eloquente phrase, than garnished with excellent example) to begin an exordium to the Readers of their time: much more convenient I take it, should the writers in these daies (wherein that gravitie of enditing by the elder excercised, is not observ'd, nor that modest decorum kept, which they continued) submit their labours to the favourable censures of their learned overseers. For seeing nothing can be said, that hath not been before said, the singularitie of some mens conceits, (otherwayes excellent well deserving) are no more to be soothed, than the peremptorie posies of two very sufficient Translators commended. To come in print is not to seeke praise, but to crave pardon; I am urgd to the one; and bold

to begge the other : he that offendes, being forst, is more excusable than the wilfull faultie ; though both be guilty, there is difference in the guilt. To observe custome, and avoide as I may, cavill, opposing your favors against my feare, Ile shew reason for my present writing, and after proceed to sue for pardon. About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry Booke sellers hands, among other his Groatsworth of wit, in which a letter written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken ; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a living Author : and after tossing it two and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindred the bitter inveying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne ; and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently proove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be : The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have usde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the Author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than be exelent in the qualitie he professes : Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that approoves his Art. For the first, whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greenes Booke, stroke out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ ; or had it beene true, yet to publish it, was intollerable ; him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve. I had onely in the copy this share : it was il written, as sometimes Greenes hand was none of the best ; licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could never be if it might not be read. To be briefe, I writ it over ; and as neare as I could, followed the copy ; onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a worde in ; for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some unjustly have affirmed. Neither was he the writer of an Epistle to the second part of Gerileon, though by the workemans error T. N. were set to the end : that I confesse to be mine, and repent it not.

Thus Gentlemen, having noted the private causes that made me nominate my selfe in print ; being aswell to purge Maister Nashe of that he did not, as to justifie what I did, and withall

to confirme what M. Greene did : I beseech yee accept the publike cause, which is both the desire of your delight, and common benefite : for though the toye bee shadowed under the Title of Kind-hearts Dreame, it discovers the false hearts of divers that wake to commit mischiefe. Had not the former reasons been, it had come forth without a father : and then shuld I have had no cause to feare offending, or reason to sue for favor. Now am I in doubt of the one, though I hope of the other ; which if I obtaine, you shall bind me hereafter to bee silent, till I can present yee with something more acceptable.

HENRIE CHETTLÉ



POEMS OF JOHN DONNE.

[1573-1631.]

[JOHN DONNE, English clergyman and poet, son of a rich London merchant from an old Welsh Catholic family, was born in 1573 ; studied at Oxford from eleven to fourteen, at Cambridge later, but could not graduate on account of his religion. Studying for the bar at seventeen, he investigated points of faith and turned Protestant. He wrote nearly all his poems before coming of age. He traveled abroad 1594-1597, returned and became secretary to Lord Keeper Egerton (Lord Ellesmere), afterward lord chancellor ; but on the discovery of his secret marriage with Egerton's niece, the Lord Keeper discharged and imprisoned him, and he had to recover his wife by a suit at law. After various wanderings and random employments he wrote "The Pseudo-martyr," against the Catholics ; and James I., admiring it, advised him to take orders, and after sending him on an embassy to his daughter, the Queen of Bohemia, made him dean of St. Paul's and vicar of St. Dunstan's. He died in 1631.]

VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As VIRTUOUS men pass mildly away,  
 And whisper to their souls to go,  
 Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  
 "The breath goes now," and some say, "No";

So let us melt and make no noise,  
 No tear floods nor sigh tempests move,  
 'Twere profanation of our joys,  
 To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears ;  
 Men reckon what it did and meant ;

But trepidation of the spheres,  
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lover's love  
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
Absence, because it doth remove  
Those things which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refined  
That ourselves know not what it is,  
Inter-assurèd of the mind,  
Care less, eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
Though I must go, endure not yet  
A breach, but an expansion,  
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

#### THE UNDERTAKING.

I have done one braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did ;  
And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart  
The skill of specular stone,  
When he, which can have learned the art  
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
Others (because no more  
Such stuff to work upon there is)  
Would love but as before :

But he who loveliness within  
Hath found, all outward loathes ;  
For he who color loves, and skin,  
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do  
Virtue [attired] in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too,  
And forget the He and She ;

And if this love, though placèd so,  
From profane men you hide,

Which will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing  
Then all the Worthies did,  
And a braver thence will spring,  
Which is, to keep that hid.

## TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;  
Inn anywhere; continuance maketh Hell.  
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,  
Carrying his own house still, is still at home:  
Follow (for he's easy paced) this snail,  
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.  
But in the world's sea do not like cork sleep  
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep  
Sink like a lead without a line: but as  
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,  
Nor making sound, so closely thy course go;  
Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no:  
Only in this be no Galenist. To make  
Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not take  
A dram of country's dullness; do not add  
Correctives, but as chymics purge the bad.

## HIS WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,  
Great Love, some legacies; here I bequeath  
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,  
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;  
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;  
To women, or the sea, my tears;  
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore  
By making me serve her who had twenty more,  
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give,  
My truth to them who at the court do live;  
Mine ingenuity and openness  
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;  
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;  
My money to a Capuchin.  
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me

To love there, where no love received can be,  
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;  
All my good works unto the schismatics  
Of Amsterdam ; my best civility  
And courtship, to an university ;  
My modesty I give to shoulders bare ;  
My patience let gamesters share.  
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me  
Love her that holds my love disparity,  
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those  
Which were my friends ; my industry to foes ;  
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;  
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;  
To Nature, all that I in rhyme have writ ;  
And to my company my wit ;  
Thou, Love, by making me adore  
Her, who begot this love in me before,  
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls  
I give my physic books ; my written rolls  
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give ;  
My brazen medals, unto them which live  
In want of bread ; to them which pass among  
All foreigners, my English tongue,  
Thou, Love, by making me love one  
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion  
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo  
The world by dying ; because love dies too.  
Then all your beauties will be no more worth  
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth ;  
And all your graces no more use shall have  
Than a sun dial on a grave.  
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me  
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,  
To invent and practice this one way to annihilate all three.





Shylock after the Trial

From the painting by Sir John Gilbert, R. A.





## ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK: THE TRIAL.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

(From "The Merchant of Venice.")

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, April, 1564; died there, April 23, 1616. About 1587 he went to London and became an actor. By 1589 he collaborated in play-writing; about 1593 he began to work alone, later reviving his plays with others' work expunged. "Love's Labour's Lost" (1589) was his first, "King Henry VIII." (1613) his last. He was a theater manager for many years, but perhaps retired a year or two before death.]

*Scene: Venice. — A Court of Justice.*

*Present: DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, and others.*

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke —*

Make room, and let him stand before our face. —  
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,  
 Thou'lt show thy mercy, and remorse, more strange  
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:  
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty  
 (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh),  
 Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
 But, touched with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back;  
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never trained  
 To offices of tender courtesy.  
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shylock —*

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:

But, say, it is my humor: Is it answered?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?  
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;  
 Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat; —  
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose  
 Cannot contain their urine: For affection,  
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your answer:  
 As there is no firm reason to be rendered,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force  
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
 As to offend, himself being offended;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bassanio* —

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

*Shylock* —

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bassanio* —

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shylock* —

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bassanio* —

Every offense is not a hate at first.

*Shylock* —

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Antonio* —

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

Make no more offers, use no further means,  
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bassanio* —

For thy three thousand ducats here are six.

*Shylock* —

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

*Duke* —

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

*Shylock* —

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong ?  
 You have among you many a purchased slave,  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them: — Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?  
 Why sweat they under burdens ? Let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be seasoned with such viands. You will answer,  
 The slaves are ours: — So do I answer you:  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice:  
 I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it ?

*Duke* —

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

*Salarino* —

My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke* —

Bring us the letters; Call the messenger.

*Bassanio* —

Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!  
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Antonio* —

I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
 Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:

You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk. Presents a Letter.*

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

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

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Portia* —

I did, my lord.

*Duke* —

You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

*Portia* —

I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke* —

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Portia* —

Is your name Shylock?

*Shylock* —

Shylock is my name.

*Portia* —

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

[*To ANTONIO.*]

*Antonio* —

Ay, so he says.

*Portia* —

Do you confess the bond?

*Antonio* —

I do.



*Portia* — Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shylock* —

On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Portia* —

The quality of mercy is not strained;  
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
 The throned monarch better than his crown:  
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
 But mercy is above his sceptered sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke this much,  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
 Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shylock* —

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

*Portia* —

Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bassanio* —

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

*Portia* —

It must not be: there is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established:  
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shylock* —

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

*Portia* —

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shylock* —

Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Portia* —

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

*Shylock* —

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

*Portia* —

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

*Shylock* —

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

*Antonio* —

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

*Portia* —

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

*Shylock* —

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Portia* —

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

*Shylock* —

'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Portia* —

Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shylock* — Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond; — Doth it not, noble judge? —  
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

*Portia* —  
It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh.

*Shylock* — I have them ready.

*Portia* —  
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shylock* —  
Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Portia* —  
It is not so expressed: But what of that?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shylock* —  
I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Portia* —  
Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

*Antonio* —  
But little; I am armed, and well prepared. —  
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honorable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

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

*Portia* —

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

*Gratiano* —

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

*Nerissa* —

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

*Shylock* —

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

*Portia* —

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

*Shylock* —

Most rightful judge !

*Portia* —

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

*Shylock* —

Most learned judge ! — A sentence ; come, prepare.

*Portia* —

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

*Gratiano* —

O upright judge ! — Mark, Jew ; — O learned judge !

*Shylock* —

Is that the law ?

*Portia* —

Thyself shall see the act :  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,  
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.

*Gratiano* —

O learned judge ! — Mark, Jew ; — a learned judge !

*Shylock* —

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

*Bassanio* — Here is the money.

*Portia* —

Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! — no haste; —

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gratiano* —

O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Portia* —

Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,

But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,

Or less, than a just pound, — be it but so much

As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair, —

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gratiano* —

A second Daniel! a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Portia* —

Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shylock* —

Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bassanio* —

I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Portia* —

He hath refused it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gratiano* —

A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel —

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shylock* —

Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Portia* —

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shylock* —

Why then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

*Portia* —

Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice, —

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,  
 The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,  
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state;  
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
 Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
 In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:  
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
 That indirectly, and directly too,  
 Thou hast contrived against the very life  
 Of the defendant: and thou hast incurred  
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.  
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke



## IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

(From "As You Like It.")

*Duke* —

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
 This wide and universal theater  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaques* —

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,

With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

\* \* \* \* \*

CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

*Corin*—And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touchstone*—Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Corin*—No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touchstone*—Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*Corin*—No, truly.

*Touchstone*—Then thou art damned.

*Corin*—Nay, I hope.

*Touchstone*—Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Corin*—For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touchstone*—Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*Corin*—Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touchstone*—Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Corin* — Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touchstone* — Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Corin* — Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touchstone* — Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Corin* — And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touchstone* — Most shallow man! thou worm's meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Corin* — You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touchstone* — Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Corin* — Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touchstone* — That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

*Orlando* — Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Rosalind* — With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orlando* — Are you native of this place?

*Rosalind* — As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orlando* — Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Rosalind* — I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offenses as he hath generally taxed the whole sex withal.



*Orlando* — Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Rosalind* — There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orlando* — I prithee, recount some of them.

*Rosalind* — No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orlando* — I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Rosalind* — There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orlando* — What were his marks?

*Rosalind* — A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue; then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accouterments, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orlando* — Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Rosalind* — Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. . . .

*Orlando* — I would not be cured, youth.

*Rosalind* — I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orlando* — Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Rosalind* — Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orlando* — With all my heart, good youth.

*Rosalind* — Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

## HAMLET IN THE CHURCHYARD.

By SHAKESPEARE.

[Hamlet, for whose love Ophelia has gone mad and drowned herself, meets her funeral cortège at the burial ground.]

*Enter Two Clowns, with spades, etc.*

1 *Clown* — Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clown* — I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clown* — How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2 *Clown* — Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clown* — It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clown* — Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clown* — Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown* — But is this law?

1 *Clown* — Ay, marry, is't; Crowner's Quest law.

2 *Clown* — Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1 *Clown* — Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. — Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown* — Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown* — A' was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown* — Why, he had none.

1 *Clown* — What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says *Adam digged*: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clown* — Go to.

1 *Clown* — What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown* — The gallows maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown* — I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown* — *Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?*

1 *Clown* — Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown* — Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown* — To't.

2 *Clown* — Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off.*

1 *Clown* — Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say a *grave maker*: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Second Clown.*]

[*He digs and sings.*]

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, oh! the time, for, ah! my behoove,*

*Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Hamlet* — Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave making?

*Horatio* — Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Hamlet* — 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clown* [*sings*] —

*But age, with his stealing steps,*

*Hath clawed me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipped me intil the land,*

*As if I had never been such.*

[*Throws up a skull.*]

*Hamlet* — That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Horatio* — It might, my lord.

*Hamlet* — Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good morrow, sweet lord!* *How dost thou, sweet lord?* This might be my lord Such-a-

one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; — might it not?

*Horatio* — Ay, my lord.

*Hamlet* — Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clown* [*sings*] —

*A pickax, and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

[*Throws up another skull.*]

*Hamlet* — There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

*Horatio* — Not a jot more, my lord.

*Hamlet* — Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

*Horatio* — Ay, my lord, and of calfskins too.

*Hamlet* — They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. — Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clown* — Mine, sir. [*Sings.*]

*O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*Hamlet* — I think it be thine, indeed: for thou liest in't.

1 *Clown* — You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Hamlet* — Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clown* — 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Hamlet* — What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clown* — For no man, sir.

*Hamlet* — What woman, then?

1 *Clown* — For none, neither.

*Hamlet* — Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clown* — One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Hamlet* — How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 *Clown* — Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Hamlet* — How long is that since?

1 *Clown* — Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Hamlet* — Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clown* — Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover his wits there; or, if a' do not, it's no great matter there.

*Hamlet* — Why?

1 *Clown* — 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Hamlet* — How came he mad?

1 *Clown* — Very strangely, they say.

*Hamlet* — How *strangely*?

1 *Clown* — Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Hamlet* — Upon what ground?

1 *Clown* — Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Hamlet* — How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clown* — I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die, a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Hamlet* — Why he more than another?

1 *Clown* — Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that a' will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

*Hamlet* — Whose was it?

1 *Clown* — A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Hamlet* — Nay, I know not.

1 *Clown* — A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Hamlet* — This?

1 *Clown* — E'en that.

*Hamlet* — Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now

how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chopfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. — Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Horatio* — What's that, my lord?

*Hamlet* — Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Horatio* — E'en so.

*Hamlet* — And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

*Horatio* — E'en so, my lord.

*Hamlet* — To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Horatio* — 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Hamlet* — No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

Oh that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, etc., in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, etc.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

*Laertes* —

What ceremony else?

*Hamlet* —

That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

*Laertes* —

What ceremony else?



Lear in the Storm  
Photogravure from an old mezzotint







**1 Priest —**

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged  
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:  
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

**Laertes —**

Must there no more be done?

**1 Priest —**

No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead  
To sing a requiem and such rest to her  
As to peace parted souls.

**Laertes —**

Lay her i' the earth:

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

**Hamlet —**

What, the fair Ophelia!

**Queen —**

Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[*Scattering flowers.*]

---

## THE DEATH OF KING LEAR.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

*Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

**Lear —**

Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone forever!  
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

**Kent —**

Is this the promised end?

**Edgar —**

Or image of that horror?

*Albany* — Fall, and cease!

*Lear* —

This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent* — O my good master!

*Lear* —

Prithee, away.

*Edgar* — 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear* —

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have saved her! now she's gone forever!  
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!  
What is't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman. —  
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Captain* —

'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear* —

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip. I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?  
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

*Kent* —

If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear* —

This's a dull sight. — Are you not Kent?

*Kent* —

The same,

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

*Lear* —

He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten.

*Kent* —

No, my good lord; I am the very man, —

*Lear* —

I'll see that straight.

*Kent* —

That from your first of difference and decay  
Have followed your sad steps. —

*Lear* —

You are welcome hither.

*Kent* —

Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly.  
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear* —

Ay, so I think.

*Albany* —

He knows not what he says: and vain it is  
That we present us to him.

*Edgar* —

Very bootless.

*Enter a Captain.*

*Captain* —

Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Albany* —

That's but a trifle here.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power. — [*To EDGAR and KENT*] You, to

your rights;

With boot, and such addition as your honors

Have more than merited. All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

*Lear* —

And my poor Fool is hanged! No, no, no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,

And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!

Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.

Do you see this? Look on her, — look, — her lips, —

Look there, — look there! [*Dies.*]

*Edgar* —

He faints. — My lord, my lord.

*Kent* —

Break, heart; ⁊ prithee, break!

*Edgar* —

Look up, my lord.

*Kent* —

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

*Edgar* —

He is gone, indeed.

*Kent* —

The wonder is that he hath endured so long:

He but usurped his life.

*Albany* —

Bear them from hence. Our present business

Is general woe. — [*To KENT and EDGAR*] Friends of my

soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

*Kent* —

I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me, I must not say no.

*Albany*—

The weight of this sad time we must obey;  
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
 The oldest hath borne most; we that are young  
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long. [Dead march.



## CALIBAN AND THE SAILORS.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

(From "The Tempest.")

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.*

*Caliban*—

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
 By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid them; but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me:  
 Sometime like apes that moe and chatter at me,  
 And after, bite me; then like hedgehogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
 All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
 Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,  
 For bringing wood in slowly; I'll fall flat;  
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

*Trinculo*—Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any  
 weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the  
 wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul  
 bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did  
 before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud can-  
 not choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a  
 fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient

and fishlike smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver; there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is coming again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

*Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.*

*Stephano* — *I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I die ashore; —*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral:  
Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang:  
She loved not the savor of tar or of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*Caliban* — Do not torment me: O!

*Stephano* — What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

*Caliban* — The spirit torments me: O!

*Stephano* — This is some monster of the isle with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

*Caliban* — Do not torment me, prithee ;  
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Stephano* — He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit : If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him : he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Caliban* —  
Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt  
Anon, I know it by thy trembling :  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Stephano* — Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ; open your mouth : this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend : open your chaps again.

*Trinculo* — I should know that voice : It should be — But he is drowned ; and these are devils : O ! defend me ! —

*Stephano* — Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : Come, Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trinculo* — Stephano ! —

*Stephano* — Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster ! I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

*Trinculo* — Stephano ! — if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo ; — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

*Stephano* — If thou beest Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon calf ? Can he vent Trinculos ?

*Trinculo* — I took him to be killed with a thunder stroke : — But art thou not drowned, Stephano ? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown ? I hid me under the dead moon calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm : And art thou living, Stephano ? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped !

*Stephano* — Prithee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant.

*Caliban* —

These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.  
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor :  
I will kneel to him.

*Stephano* — How didst thou 'scape ? How cam'st thou hither ?



swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Caliban* —

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy  
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Stephano* — Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

*Trinculo* — Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Stephano* — Here, kiss the book: Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trinculo* — O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Stephano* — The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid. How now, moon calf? how does thine ague?

*Caliban* —

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

*Stephano* — Out o' the moon, I do assure thee; I was the man in the moon, when time was.

*Caliban* —

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;  
My mistress showed me thee, thy dog and bush.

*Stephano* — Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

*Trinculo* — By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: — I afear'd of him? — a very weak monster: — The man i' the moon? — a most poor credulous monster: — Well drawn, monster in good sooth.

*Caliban* —

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;  
And kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

*Trinculo* — By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

*Caliban* —

I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Stephano* — Come on, then; down and swear.

*Trinculo* — I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

*Stephano* — Come, kiss.

*Trinculo* — — but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

*Caliban* —

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

*Trinculo* — A most ridiculous monster! to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

*Caliban* —

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young sea-mells from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

*Stephano* — I prithee now lead the way, without any more talking. — *Trinculo*, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. — Here; bear my bottle. Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

*Caliban* — *Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.* [*Sings drunkenly.*]

*Trinculo* — A howling monster; a drunken monster.

*Caliban* —

*No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring,  
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban  
Has a new master — Get a new man.*



## PROSPERO'S FAREWELL.

(From "The Tempest.")

OUR revels now are ended: these our actors  
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, in<sup>t</sup>o thin air,  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.



Shakespeare's Epitaph

GOOD FRENDE FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,  
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE,  
BLESE BE Y<sup>e</sup> MAN Y<sup>e</sup> SPARES THES STONES,  
AND CVRST BE HE Y<sup>e</sup> MOVES MY BONES.



## TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

By BEN JONSON.

[BENJAMIN JONSON was born at Westminster about 1573, and received his early education at the Westminster School under William Camden. Becoming disgusted with the trade of bricklayer, to which his stepfather had trained him, he left home and served as a soldier in Flanders. Returning, by or before 1597 he became a player and playwright to "The Admiral's Men." "Every Man in his Humour" was successfully produced at the Globe in 1598, Shakespeare himself being in the cast, and Jonson thenceforth ranked with the foremost dramatists of the period. His first success was followed by "Cynthia's Revels," "The Poetaster," "Sejanus," "Volpone, or the Fox," "Epicœne, or the Silent Woman," "The Alchemist," "Catiline," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass." He wrote also masques and entertainments for James I. and Charles I., and received pensions from both. Palsy, dropsy, and perhaps Charles's embarrassments, cut off his resources, and he died poor in 1637. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, where a tablet bears the inscription,

"O rare Ben Jonson."]

*To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.*

TO DRAW no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;  
For silliest ignorance on these would light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.  
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off, to make thee room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,

I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :  
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
 Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.  
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
 From thence to honor thee I will not seek  
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,  
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,  
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone for the comparison  
 Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time !  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm !  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
 For though the poet's matter nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he  
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; tune the same,  
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;  
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;  
 For a good poet's made as well as born,  
 And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue, even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines :  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.



Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our water yet appear.  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
 That did so take Eliza and our James!  
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,  
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,  
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like  
 night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!



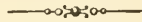
## BEN JONSON ON SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

I REMEMBER the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand," which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflamandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

There happened in my time one noble speaker [Bacon] who was full of gravity in his speaking; his language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His

hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end.

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want.



## TO CELIA.

BY BEN JONSON.

(From "The Forest.")

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
 Doth ask a drink divine:  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee,  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me;  
 Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.







1004  
10012  
8-3  
V. 12

**THE LIBRARY**  
**UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA**  
Santa Barbara

**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW.**

Series 9482

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY



AA

000 319 747 2

