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**“Words Made Out of Dreams”**

**An Anthology of Dreams in English Literature  
with an Introduction  
On Readings of Dreams in Non-interpretative Ways**

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## Introduction

### On Readings of Dreams in Non-Interpretative Ways

Around 1401 BC or 1400 BC Thutmose IV accessed the throne of the Egyptian Empire. At that time a stone monument was placed between the paws of the Sphinx. It tells how the young emperor was resting here, while the Sphinx promised him that he will be emperor. Since oldest time the dream was a part of literature. The dream was not a private issue of a single person. It served as an instrument of power. In ancient Egypt the emperors –not only Thutmose VI- legitimized their power as kings with monuments declaring that their power was destined by the gods. Between the paws of the Sphinx we can find such as document today called the ‘dream stela’ of Thutmose VI. The ability to interpret dreams also was of highest esteem. This capability of Joseph gave him the benevolence of the pharaoh and made him the second in the empire as told in the narratives of the Hebrews, the *Genesis*, and *Quran*. Dreams that foretell coming issues or important happenings and persons or gods are visions. Visions open the spiritual dimension of dreams. In the 21st century this term is used to declare a prospective future in management. The functions are the same as 3400 years ago: Illustration and establishment of power. The vision is connected to spirituality and meaningfulness and promises power. This sounds quite attractive and the arising question is: How can we read dreams?

If we see the following anthology as a selection of literary history and segments of comparative literature from a perspective of the English language, we can assume that the classification of the dream as ‘imagination’ is relatively young. In the last part of this anthology the lyrics of the destruction of the ‘American Dream’ are an example stating the awareness and doubts regarding a culture’s own belief system expressed in critical words and offensive language. Looking at the literary disposition of the dream in our anthology, we can say that it crosses all genres and forms of narratives as motive or as dream told in various forms. But in opposition to the myth the dream is always an individual experience – regardless of the case - if it is an emperor’s legitimation dream or the ‘American Dream’ we find expressed in Martin Luther King’s speech *I Have a Dream*. In other words: The dream can be the expression of a cultural belief system in the words of an author and a culture can establish its own phrases for this mind concept.

If we look at the British reception of dreams in literature we can see its close relation to other European cultural heritage. William Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night's Dream* –a meeting of Nord European fairies and Greek culture - is here an example par excellence; also Freud’s *Dream Psychology* relies on these ancient roots. Ellis Wynne’s *Vision of the World* is a local variant of the European spirituality.

When classifying the variety of literature into standard categories, we can mention:

- The Dream as a sensual Experience
- The Dream as literary Motive
- The Meta-discourse of Dreams
- Dream as a pragmatic Concept of an Idea

As a sensual experience the dream has been given less importance in literature. As a motive it described the interaction of the persons of the narrative. A culture can also be specifically described, when we look at its relation to the dream. The U.S.-American culture here uses the ‘American Dream’ as one of its founding myths. This anthology is not comprehensive in regard of the virtually endless amount of dream topics in literacy. We selected a number of extreme diverse literary forms to show the variety of literary frameworks of this topic. This way the anthology can serve as a reader for different mind concepts of reading literary dreams. This approach not only implies the awareness of the dream itself – also the form and the presentation of the narrative as a genre are features for each single document of the anthology that we can consider as unicate produced by an author at a specific time and place.

We said at the beginning that the dream is an individual expression in opposition to the myth. The dream is also not a document of a collective experience placed in the mythical sphere. The dream – and this sounds at the first look absurd- is related to historical experience. It is related to the past, present, or future of the individual. Dreams are not related to the imagination. Imagination is a mental capability. Words such as power of imagination stand for this capability that also requires willingness – or at least awareness. Dreams are not controlled – as literary dreams of course they become the outlet of will and wanting.

If asked “How to read literary dreams?” the shortest answer would be as the individual writing of an author neither related to biography or history nor myth, but an instance of the interaction between them. Here ‘sits’ the power of the dream as the instance between these three levels and as such an instance the dream is a playing instrument interacting between these spheres.

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The old technique of dream reading we find in many cultures can show us the function of the dream as a material that needs to be interpreted as a source for historical events. The etymology of the word ‘to read’ we can trace back to Old English *rædan* with the meanings ‘to explain’, ‘read’, ‘rule’, and ‘advise’. Within this field of connotations we find the meaning of the reading of dreams as an act of advisory interpretation. We can see here that the act of reading was considered an act of ruling, in other words – expressing power. The German verb ‘*raten*’ that also means ‘to advise’ is an example for various modern Germanic languages using this meaning. On the contrary, the Latin language uses the verb ‘*legere*’, which means in its basic meaning ‘to collect’. In the most primitive version this process is based upon free association, which –as a positive aspect- gives the option of a free play without methodological restrictions. In the most sophisticated way the reading follows the guidelines of interpretation and gives a statement regarding the methods, aims, and prodedures used to practice the interpretation. From this standpoint the reader is aware of his/her position and the results.

Our text corpus forces the reader to reflect regarding the variety of approaches that can be taken. It also shows that the variety of the sources derives from different times and cultures. It is also a testimony of the different media the wrtings concerning dreams where composed for. The lyrics rock and pop music of the 20th century can be traced back to the Aristotelian lyric genre that handles the stuff of dreams obviously in a different way than the 20th century novel.

Looking from a cultural-historical perspective back to the early documents of dreams, we can state that these dreams have a collective purpose. The documents stand in a cultural context. And they were taken seriously – like we can see in the pharaoh's reaction for the interpretation of his dream. In the Middle Ages the individual belief was expressed in the *visio* – a genre of personal spiritual Christian writing of individuals. It contained personal information about the believers and thus we can assume that here the vision again was an interplay between the individual and the spiritual worlds. Dreams are associated with desires, personal wanting of an individual. In a more sophisticated way they are expressions of a collective need. Freud saw his patients in relation to the sub-conscious area of a person. In literature the dream stands for a situation that is not existing. Thus we can ask why the dream was so important to place it in a story or make it the theme of a story or essay or any kind of narrative. To answer the question we must look both at the narrative and the conditions of the narrative. Does it serve as an allegory, as an utopic construct, as an allegory for the present time, as criticism? Also the possibility of the literary esthetical possibilities of a narrated dream we must take in consideration. A narrated dream can use extremely unrealistic forms that would not be considered as appropriate when applied to a historical narrative. The writer here has as the authority the power over the linguistic possibilities that he/she may use. At this point we come back to the functions of the dream as a legitimation of an authority.

The dream serves as an alternative for the *status quo* in reality. It can also serve as an instrument of alternation and change. The word dream in the English language since the 13th century is known in the sense of a sequence of sensations while sleeping. If we go further back in the etymology, we find the connotation with negative actions. Danish *drøm*, Swedish *drom*, Dutch *droom*, and German *traum* have the same root. In German from this root also derived *trügen* with the meaning 'to deceive'. Indian Avestan *druz-* means 'to lie', 'to deceive'. In Old English *dream* meant only 'joy', 'mirth', and 'music'. The meaning of dream as an ideal and an attribute for positive things came up in the 20th century in the English language.

It is interesting to see, if in different cultures the dream is associated with the activity of sleeping. The Turkic languages show a specific terminology for dreams separated from the process of sleeping. The etymology of the Turkic languages knows one root for 'to dream'. Derived are Old Turkic *tül*, Karakhanid *tüš*, Turkish *düş*, Tatar *tüš*, Uzbek *duš*, and Yakut *tül*. Derived from the Proto-Turkic stem *\*jor-* in the Altaic languages re-derivates have the meanings 'to explain' or 'to interpret a dream'. So in Russian *толковать (сон)*, in Karakhanid the stem *jor-*, in Turkish *jor-*, in Tatar *jura-*, in Turkmen *jor-*, in Kirghiz *□oro-*, *□oru-*, in Kazakh *žor-*, in Noghai *jorṭ-*, in Bashkir *jura-*, in Karaim *jor-*, *jora-*, and Karakalpak *žorṭ-*. (All etymological data from *StarLing Database Server*). In contemporary Turkish the *rüya tabirleri* are dream interpreters, a compound noun derived from *rüya* ('dream') and *tabir* (expression, interpretation). Dream in contemporary Turkish comprises *düş*, *rüya*, *hayal*, and *hülya*.

From Proto-Indo European *\*oner-* with the meaning 'dream' a visionary concept of dreaming developed. Old Greek *ónar* means dream, but also a visionary and false dream. The relation between sleep and dream we find in the personifications of Morpheus, the god of dreams, who was one of the children of the god of sleep Hypnos and the grace of brightness Aglaia. So here we find –expressed in the opposition between sleep associated with darkness and brightness– the dream situated in an in-between state. Morpheus was responsible for the dreams of kings and heroes shaping their dreams placed on an ebony bed in a cave surrounded by poppies. Hera asked Iris as her messenger to go to Hypnos and beg him send a dream of Ceyx drowned

to break the tidings to his wife Alcyone. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 11.585) Armenian *anur* means 'dream'. Albanian means *âdërë*, Russian uses *сон* (сновидение). From Proto-Indo-European \**der(e)-*, \**drē-* with the meaning 'to sleep' derived Old Indian *drāti*, *drāyati*, *-te* 'to sleep', *ni-drā* f. 'sleep, slumber', *ni-drita-* 'sleeping, asleep'. Old Greek *darthanō* means 'einschlafen'. Russian *спать*, Slavic \**drēmātī*, \**drēmlijō*; \**drēmā*, \**drēmь* and the Latin verb *dormire* have the same meaning. Proto-Indo-European \**g<sup>w</sup>reig-* has both meanings 'to sleep' and 'to dream'. Derived are Old Greek *brīzdō*, Slavic \**grēzā*, \**grъzā*, and Russian *спать*, and *видеть сны*.

In Latin we find less differentiation between dream and sleep. The verb *dormito* means 'to be dreaming', while *dormio* means 'to sleep'. In linguistic terms here the simpler verb stem is added by a suffixed *-t-* between stem and ending. *Quies* comprises the meanings rest, peace, a resting place, sleep, and dream. *Somnio* means 'to dream' and 'to imagine' with a negative connotation of a foolish behaviour and *somnio* 'imagine 'to dream foolishly'', literally 'through an image'. The noun *somnium* stands for a dream, and fancy foolish nonsense. Latin *sopor* is 'sleep' or 'sleepiness'. *Somnus* is in its first meaning 'sleep', while *somnium* is the 'dream'.

We can trace the roots of the word *somnium* back to Proto-Indo-European \**swepə-* with the meaning 'to sleep'. In Hittite *sup-*, *supparija-* means 'to sleep'. In Tokharian *spane* stands for the noun 'sleep'. Old Indian *svapiti*, *svapati* means 'to sleep' and 'fall asleep'. *Svapna* comprises both 'sleep' and 'dream', while *svapnya* is the 'vision in a dream'. In Avestan: *x<sup>w</sup>ap-* means 'to schlafen'; *x<sup>w</sup>afna-* comprises 'sleep', and 'dream'. In Armenian: *khun* is 'sleep'. Slavic has the related stems \**sr̥pātī*, \**sr̥pītь*; \**sr̥nōtī*, aor. \**sr̥pe*; \**sṛpātī*; \**sr̥nь*, and \**sr̥nьje*. Baltic has the stems \**sap-n-i-*, \**sap-n-a-*, *-ia-* c., and \**sap-en-a-*, *-an-*, *-i-* c. Germanic stems are \**swi[f]-a-*, \**swab-ja-*, \**swib-ē-*. In Celtic OIr *sūan* is 'sleep'; Cymr *hūn* is both 'sleep', and *an-hunedd* 'insomnia'. Albanian *gumë* and Russian *спать* are related.

The Proto-Afro-Asiatic languages show roots with either exclusive reference to one of the meanings or both of them. The Proto-Afro-Asiatic stem \**wisan-* ~ \**sawin-* has both meanings 'to sleep' and 'to dream'. Semitic \**wšVn-* means 'to sleep' ~ and \**ši/un(-at)-* means 'sleep' and 'dream'. Western Chadic \**wasin-* ~ means \**sawnin-* for both 'to sleep' and 'to dream'. Also Central Chadic and East Chadic have verbs with both meanings. In Saho-Afar the root \**son-* means just 'dream' as a noun. In Warazi \**šann-* means 'to lie', 'to repose'.

In the Semitic languages the stems for dream and sleep are clearly distinguished. The stem of dream shows reference to sexual ejaculation at night we can interpret as a linguistic concept for the sensual process of sleeping with its biological side effects in opposition to the intellectual concepts of dream contents we find in other language families and Sanskrit. The Proto-Semitic stem \**wšVn-* 1, ~ \**ši/un(-at)-* has both meanings 'to sleep' and 'to dream'. In Akkadian *šittu* (<\**šintu*) means the noun 'sleep', while *šuttu* (<\**šuntu*) means the noun 'dream'. In Ugaritic *yšn* and *šnt* mean 'sleep'. Hebrew *yšn* (*kal*) and *šēnā* mean 'sleep'. Aramaic *šint* means 'sleep'. Judaic Aramaic *šēntā*, *šēnā*, *šintā*, and *šənā* (*šāntā*) stand for the noun 'sleep'. Syrian Aramaic *šentā* and Mandaic Aramaic *šinta* mean sleep. Arabic *wsn* means 'to sleep'. The Proto-Semitic stem \**ḥlm* means 'to dream' and 'to have nocturnal ejaculations when dreaming'. Ugaritic *ḥlm*, Canaanite *ḥlm*, Hebrew *ḥlm* mean 'to dream'. *Ḳal* means 'to dream sexual dreams', and 'dreams in general'. Aramaic *ḥlm* means the noun 'dream'. Judaic Aramaic *ḥālam* means 'to sleep well'. In Mandaic Aramaic *ḥlm* means 'to dream', but also 'to be healthy, to recover health, to be cured'. In Arabic *ḥlm* means 'to dream' and 'having wet

dreams'. In Epigraphic South Arabian ḥlm means 'oracular dream' and ḥlmt is a 'seeress'. In Ethiopian ḥalama means simply 'to dream'. In Tigre ḥalmä means 'to dream', and tāḥallämä comprises both meanings 'to dream' and 'to have wet dreams'. In Mehri ḥáyləm (yəḥlōm) means 'to dream' and əḥtəlūm 'to have a nocturnal ejaculation while dreaming'. Also in Jibbali the expressions ḥélm (yaḥlúm) 'to dream' and ḥótləm, aḥtélim 'to have a nocturnal ejaculation while dreaming' associated with pollution exist. In Harsusi ḥáylem and in Soqotri ḥlm mean simply 'to dream'. This language family preserves the relation between sexuality and dreaming we find in our anthology expressed in the lyrics of Alice Coopers *Dirty Dreams* in 20th century-English.

In Sanskrit we can see the embedding concept of the dream in a philosophical concept for the the relations to reality, ethical approaches, and the question of truth. Sanskrit has a highly differentiated terminology regarding forms of sleep and dream. In Sanskrit svapa means sleep, dream, and numbness of a limb. Svapna comprises sleep and dream, but also rarely sleepiness, addiction to sleep, and sloth. Svapnaja darsana is the vision of a dream. Svapnaja bhāg means indulging in sleep and svapnaja mānavaka is dream-manikin, a kind of charm producing dreams that are realized. Svapnadyaya is a chapter on dreams. A svapnadyaya-vid is the interpreter of dreams. Svapnaya comprises the wish to sleep and to resemble a dream. Susukha means very agreeable or comfortable. Susukha-svapna is a beautiful dream. Satyaka-vāhana means conveying the truth in a dream. Rupa means appearance, colour, form, shape and dream or phantom shapes, likeness, image, reflexion. Yathartha means conformable to reality, appropriate, suitable, correct, and true and can also be used for a dream. Yatharthaka comprises correct and coming true of a dream. Prasvana is both a sound and noise. Prasvana-svāpa means inducing sleep, falling asleep, and dream. Duhstha is faring ill, badly off, wretched, and sad. Derived is duhstha-svapna, a bad dream. Duhstha-darsana is a bad vision in sleep. Duhsama-shvāpnaya is a bad dream or an uneasy sleep (Macdonell, Arthur Anthony. *A Practical Sanskrit Dictionary*. London: 1929). To conclude briefly: The connotations of the words for dream vary within cultures; but also within a culture historical changes of the meanings of one linguistic element occur. We will see this when looking at the English language.

In any case –as sensual experience and in literary form- the dream forces the reader or the dreamer to reflect between the dream and reality. Here the cognitive act of being interested in finding meanings is also an expression of the insufficiency of the dream itself. The category meaning we wouldn't apply for such a document like the ticket purchased for travelling via airplane to another destination. But in a dream this ticket could have a specific meaning, no longer related to the journey itself. It is interesting that the English language uses the term 'dream reading' that puts the dream on the same level like a linguistic written document. The processes of reading we must understand here as a cognitive capacity of the interpretation of visual encoded meanings similar to the single characters of a word and sentence the reader forms to a meaning. If under this premise the word and the dream have the same technique -reading- as tool for its understanding, the dream would mean for the reader the double enterprise of the decoding of the written text and the dream encoded.

The contents of a description of a historical event and the contents of a literary dream can be identical regarding all their linguistic features. For example the literary dream in a novel could be introduced by the words: She dreamt: and followed by the dream. The historical account could be introduced by a note regarding the writer of the account. Both dream and history are

mind concept. Literacy can claim to refer to reality, but products of literacy are only as physical objects reality.

In the U.S. American language we can see the metaphorization of the word 'dream' expanding to describe positive features. In contemporary U.S. American English dream has four meanings: The dream is a series of thoughts, images, or emotions occurring during sleep. It is also considered to be an experience of waking life having the characteristics of a dream. As something notable for its beauty, excellence, or enjoyable quality 'dream' is a positive attribute. As a strongly desired goal or purpose it is similar to ideal (Merriam-Webster Dictionary (online version)). In the edition of the year 1913 in Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary (ed. ARTFL Project online) dream had only two major meanings. The thoughts, or series of thoughts, or imaginary transactions, which occupy the mind during sleep and a sleeping vision are the first entry. As a visionary scheme, a wild conceit, an idle fancy, a vagary, and a revery the word 'dream' is applied to an imaginary or anticipated state of happiness. The use of the English language regarding the term vision spread meanings in highly diverse directions after its change of the basic meaning in the European culture: The Latin verb 'videre' meant simply 'to see'. From its spiritual meanings in the Middle Ages to the use of it in the 21st century the word became part of technology of television and mind concepts such as the leadership management of this era. Both words in their non-pragmatic dimension with their meanings are like the concept of the idea an abstract phenomenon with a relation to reality.

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The meaning of dreams are different in various cultures and when considering the linguistic changes of the word dream in the English language, we can assume that it extended its fields of meanings with attributes for favourable things. So the dream in this culture is positively connotated compared to its negative connotation when tracing back the Indo-European etymological history associated with the clear distinction between true and false dream and the common etymological root for dream tracing back to the word lie. Even in the English phrase 'a dream come true' we find this mind concept considering the general falseness of a dream. Vision in the 21st century comprises the visual perception via senses. As a technical feature it is predominant in television and computer vision. The oldest mind concept of the vision is the religious one comprising spiritual manifestations believed to come from a deity or supernatural power. Associated meanings are a visual hallucination and prediction. As an overview hypothesis the vision lacks scientific methodology and is closer related to an idea. In management it stands simply for a goal. The vision here has a strong ethical appeal in order to have an impact not only related to the goal, but also in order to affect the persons involved on lower hierarchical levels. This form of management is traditionally based upon different levels and is opposite to post-modern perspectives.

Questioning the reading of dreams last but not least we must not forget the techniques of reading. Critical techniques were established in order to indicate the way a text is understood. These techniques are the result from the experience that the reader – the subject reading-influences the results of the reading. The reader is intelligible – a linguistic program on the contrary would act in algorithms and gave a mathematically based output referencing to formulas applied to the text, a result without meaning, but within numbers and logical relations the reader had to interpret and not the text itself.



In the contemporary lexicon the words 'dream' and 'vision' are highly determined by the context they are presented in. We could describe this as a state of ambivalence regarding the meanings of the terms and their function. The awareness of these functions is an individual capacity of a person. The ambivalence of meanings as a state of the 21st century stands as a feature under the control of the pragmatic dimension behind them and this dimension opens to a reader the possibilities to analyse, recognise, and decide regarding these mind concepts. The last lyrics of our anthology – Eurythmics' minimalist New Wave song *Sweet Dreams* – is the representative of the postmodern perspective on dreams. What the sweet dreams are is neither said and nor will it be criticised. An egalitarian standpoint with reminiscence to an all-comprising world knowledge –“I travelled the world and the seven seas”- with the appeal to continue moving. It is also the step to the widest association of dreams in the English language by the ironical ignorance of any meanings. Travelling to the paws of the Sphinx we may learn why.

Fee-Alexandra Haase

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# I

## Dreams

Joseph Addison

### A Dream of the Painters

- Animum pictura pascit inani.  
VIRG., AEn. i. 464.

And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.

When the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without-doors, I frequently make a little party, with two or three select friends, to visit anything curious that may be seen under cover. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, insomuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes, into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions, which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the living, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was Vanity, with his hair tied behind him in a riband, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and Privy Councillors. In a word, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that sounded something like Stupidity.

The third artist that I looked over was Fantasque, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream: and one could say nothing more of his finest figures than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished that the beauty in the picture, which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity, faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to despatch his business that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was Avarice.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of Industry. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to show themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out "Fire!"

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was Envy.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once: for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. Raphael's pictures stood in one row, Titian's in another, Guido Rheni's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by Hannabal Carrache, another by Correggio, and another by Rubens. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man, who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery, creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or

intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be Time.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but, upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

## Francis William Bain

### The Substance of a Dream

#### I

#### On the Banks of Ganges

##### Benediction

*What! the Digit of the Moon on his brow, Gangá in his hair, and Gaurí on his knee, and yet proof against all Love's arrows! O wonder of wonders! who but the greatest of all the gods would not have melted long ago, like butter between three fires?*

Now, long ago, it happened, that Párvatí was left alone on Kailàs for a little while, as she waited for the Lord of the Moony Tire. And having nothing else to do, she amused herself by building an elephant of snow, with large ears and a little tail, made of a yak's hair. And when it was finished, she was so delighted with her toy, that she began to clap her hands: and then, not being able to endure waiting, she went off with impatience to fetch the Moony-crested god, to show him what she had done, and revel in his applause. And the moment that her back was turned, Nandi happened to come along: and just as he reached the elephant, which owing to his abstraction he never noticed, taking it for a mere hump, formed at random by the snowdrifts, he was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to roll. And so, over he rolled, and went from side to side, throwing up his legs into the air. And as luck would have it, exactly at that very moment the Daughter of the Snow returned, pulling Maheshwara along eagerly by the hand. And she looked and saw Nandi, rolling about on the flat snow just where she had left her elephant, which was gone. And she uttered a loud cry, and stood, aghast with rage and disappointment. And she opened her mouth to curse the author of the mischief, and was on the very verge of saying: Sink into a lower birth, thou insolent destroyer! when Maheshwara stopped her in the very act, guessing her intention, by putting his hand upon her mouth. And he exclaimed: Say nothing rash, O angry one, for Nandi did not do it on purpose, after all. And a good servant does not deserve cursing, for an accidental blunder.

And then, Párvatí burst into tears. And she exclaimed: Out of my sight, thou clumsy one! for I cannot bear to see thee. And she turned away, sobbing. And Maheshwara looked at her out of the corner of his eye, and he said to himself: Now, then, I must do something to console her for the elephant, and bring back her good humour. For ill humour in a woman spoils all. And presently he said: Come now, enough! for Nandi has gone off in disgrace, sufficiently punished by banishment for a time, and very sad to have been the unwitting cause of thy distress. And let us roam about awhile, in search of something new, that may help to obliterate recollection, and change thy gloom into a smile.

And he took the goddess in his arms, and set her as she sobbed upon his knee, and rose from the peak of Kailàs, and shot like a falling star down into the plain below. And coming to Haradwára, where Gangá issues from the hills, he began to follow the holy stream down its course, gliding along just above it like a cloud that was unable to refrain from watching its own beautiful reflection in the blue mirror of her wave. And so they went, until at last they reached an island that was nothing but a sandbank in the very middle of the river, covered with crocodiles lying basking in the sun. And then he said: See! we will go down, and rest awhile among the crocodiles on this sand, whose banks resemble nothing so much as the outline of thy own graceful limbs. And Umá said tearfully: Pish! what do I care for

crocodiles, that sit for hours never even moving, like a *yogí* in a trance? Then said the cunning god: None the less, we will go down: for it may be that the island contains something besides its crocodiles. And as they settled on it, he said again: Did I not say we should find something? for yonder it lies, and it is a very great curiosity indeed. And now, canst thou tell me what it is?

And she looked at it with scrutiny, and presently she said: I can tell this only, that it must have been in the water for a very long time, before it was washed up at last upon this bank by the river's flood: since it is but a shapeless lump, covered with sand and rust and dirt. Who but thyself could even guess what it might be? And Maheshwara said: It has had a very long journey, and been not only in the river, but in a crocodile too. For crocodiles swallow everything. And long ago, this was carried by a man, who was drowned in another stream by the upsetting of his boat, and became with all he carried the prey of an old crocodile, which died long ago, and rotted away, letting this at last escape out of its tomb, and roll along, till at last it got into the Ganges, and was thrown up here in the rainy season, only the other day. And when at last the water sank, lo! there it lay, as it has lain until this moment, as if expecting thy arrival, to provide thee with entertainment. And when all is over, thou wilt very likely bless Nandi, instead of cursing him; since but for his awkwardness in rolling on thy elephant, thou wouldst never have known anything about it.

And Párvatí said peevishly: Where is the entertainment in this foolish lump of flotsam, of which thou hast related the adventures without ever saying what it is? And the Moony-crested god said: Aha! Snowy One, do not be too sure. For many things hold in their heart things not to be anticipated, judging by their outside: and this lump which thou despisest is like a coconut, whose coarse skin is full of nectar. But it has been shut so long, that it would not easily be opened by anyone but me. And he touched it with his foot, saying, Open, and it opened like a shell. And he said: See! it has in it a very strange kernel, preserved safe and sound only because all its adventures added to its case, sheath after sheath. And all the leaves are still there, a very little mouldy, and the silk that tied them, and the seal. And the goddess said: But what is it after all? And Maheshwara said: It is a case of urgency, that all came to nothing in the end, being a letter that never even reached its destination, because the sender was in so great a hurry that he defeated his own object, bidding his messenger go so fast that in his haste his boat turned over, and he and his message were eaten on their way by a river beast. For those who go too fast often go so slow as never to arrive at all, as was the case here. Then said Umá: He that sent it must have been a fool. And Maheshwara said! Nay, O Snowy One, not at all: far from it: and yet he became, as many do, a fool for the occasion, under the influence of passion, which [8]blinds the eyes, and shuts up the ears, and twists the whole character awry, so that it acts in a manner contrary to itself, as if the man had been suddenly changed into another, or his body entered by a *Wetála*, in the temporary absence of his soul. And Párvatí said: What was the passion here? And the Moony-crested god said slowly: It was a threefold cord, and very strong: love, and love turned by intense disappointment into hatred, and rage against a rival: each by itself alone enough to turn reason into madness. But the whole story is told, by its hero himself, in the very letter: and if thou wilt, I will read it aloud to thee, exactly as he wrote it, word for word. And the goddess said: Thou knowest all: why not tell it in thy own way, without the trouble of reading? And Maheshwara said: Nay, on the contrary, it is far better to let him tell it for himself: for who knew everything better than he did? And moreover, every story told by a stranger is imperfect, since he is obliged to fill up the gaps in his knowledge by imagination or conjecture: whereas, when the actor in it all is himself the narrator, it is the very truth itself, unless he expressly desires to conceal it, which is not the case here. For he was very anxious indeed to tell his enemy everything, on purpose to offend

him: and he only made one mistake, which I will show thee in due time. So I will read it exactly as it stands, omitting absolutely nothing. And the Daughter of the Snow said: Read. But she thought: If it is not worth hearing, I will simply go to sleep as he reads. And Maheshwara said: Nay, O Snowy One, I will guarantee that thou dost not go to sleep. And then, the goddess suddenly threw her arms about his neck, and hid her face on his breast. And she said: What is the use of trying to hide anything at all from thee? Read. But for all that, I will go to sleep, if I choose. And the Moony-crested god said with a smile: Aye! but thou wilt not choose. And then he began to read, throwing away the leaves as they ended, one by one into the stream, which carried them away. And the crocodiles all lay round him in a circle, worshipping their Lord, as he read.

## Arthur Christopher Benson

### Dreams

There is a movement nowadays among the philosophers who study the laws of thought, to lay a strong emphasis upon the phenomena of dreams; what part of us is it that enacts with such strange zest and vividness, and yet with so mysterious a disregard of ordinary motives and conventions, the pageant of dreams? Like many other things which befall us in daily life, dreams are so familiar a fact, that we often forget to wonder at the marvellousness of it all. The two points about dreams which seem to me entirely inexplicable are: firstly, that they are so much occupied with visual impressions, and secondly, that though they are all self-invented and self-produced, they yet contrive to strike upon the mind with a marvellous freshness of emotion and surprise. Let us take these two points a little more in detail.

When one awakes from a vivid dream one generally has the impression of a scene of some kind, which has been mainly received through the medium of the eye. I suppose that this varies with different people, but my own dreams are rather sharply divided into certain classes. I am oftenest a silent spectator of landscapes of ineffable beauty, such as a great river, as blue as sapphire, rolling majestically down between vast sandstone cliffs, or among wooded hills, piled thick with trees rich in blossom; or I see stately buildings crowded together among woodlands, with long carved fronts of stone and airy towers. These dreams are peculiarly uplifting and stimulating, and I wake from them with an extraordinary sense of beauty and wonder; or else I see from some window or balcony a great ceremony of some quite unintelligible kind proceeding, a procession with richly dressed persons walking or riding, or a religious pomp taking place in a dim pillared interior. All such dreams pass by in absolute silence. I have no idea where I am, nor what is happening, nor am I curious to know. No voice is upraised, and there is no one at hand to converse with.

Then again there are dreams of which the substance is animated and vivid conversation. I have long and confidential talks with people like the Pope or the Tsar of Russia. They ask my advice, they quote my books, and I am surprised to find them so familiar and accessible. Or I am in a strange house with an unknown party of guests, and person after person comes up to tell me all kinds of interesting facts and details. Or else, as often happens to me, I meet people long since dead; I dream constantly, for instance, about my father. I see him by chance at a railway station, we congratulate ourselves upon the happy accident of meeting; he takes my arm, he talks smilingly and indulgently; and the only way in which the knowledge that he is dead affects the dream is that I feel bewildered at having seen so little of him of late, and even ask him where he has been for so long that we have not met oftener.

Very occasionally I hear music in a dream. I well remember hearing four musicians with little instruments like silver flutes play a quartet of infinite sweetness; but most of my adventures take place either among fine landscapes or in familiar conversation.

At one time, as a child, I had an often repeated dream. We were then living in an old house at Lincoln, called the Chancery. It was a large rambling place, with some interesting medieval features, such as a stone winding staircase, a wooden Tudor screen, built into a wall, and formerly belonging to the chapel of the house, There were, moreover, certain quite unaccountable spaces, where the external measurements of passages did not correspond with



the measurement of rooms within. This fact excited our childish imagination, and probably was the origin of the dream.

It always began in the same way. I would appear to be descending a staircase which led up into a lobby, and would find that a certain step rattled as I trod upon it. Upon examination the step proved to be hinged, and on opening it, the head of a staircase appeared, leading downwards. Though, as I say, the dream was often repeated, it was always with the same shock of surprise that I made the discovery. I used to squeeze in through the opening, close the step behind me, and go down the stairs; the place was dimly lighted with some artificial light, the source of which I could never discover. At the bottom a large vaulted room was visible, of great extent, fitted with iron-barred stalls as in a stable. These stalls were tenanted by animals; there were dogs, tigers, and lions. They were all very tame, and delighted to see me. I used to go into the stalls one by one, feed and play with the animals, and enjoy myself very much. There was never any custodian to be seen, and it never occurred to me to wonder how the animals had got there, nor to whom they belonged. After spending a long time with my menagerie, I used to return; and the only thing that seemed of importance to me was that I should not be seen leaving the place. I used to raise the step cautiously and listen, so as to be sure that there was no one about; generally in the dream some one came down the stairs over my head; and I then waited, crouched below, with a sense of delightful adventure, until the person had passed by, when I cautiously extricated myself. This dream became quite familiar to me, so that I used to hope in my mind, on going to bed, that I might be about to see the animals. but I was often disappointed, and dreamed of other things. This dream visited me at irregular intervals for I should say about two or three years, and then I had it no more; but the singular fact about it was that it always came with the same sense of wonder and delight, and while actually dreaming it, I never realised that I had seen it before.

The only other tendency to a recurring dream that I have ever noticed was in the course of the long illness of which I have written elsewhere; my dreams were invariably pleasant and agreeable at that time; but I constantly had the experience in the course of them of seeing something of a profound blackness. Sometimes it was a man in a cloak, sometimes an open door with an intensely black space within, sometimes a bird, like a raven or a crow; oftenest of all it took the shape of a small black cubical box, which lay on a table, without any apparent lid or means of opening it. This I used to take up in my hands, and find very heavy; but the predominance of some intensely black object, which I have never experienced before or since, was too marked to be a mere coincidence; and I have little doubt that it was some obscure symptom of my condition, and had some definite physical cause. Indeed, at the same time, I was occasionally aware of the presence of something black in waking hours, not a thing definitely seen, but existing dimly in a visual cell. After I recovered, this left me, and I have never seen it since.

These are the more coherent kind of dreams; but there is another kind of a vaguely anxious character, which consist of endless attempts to catch trains, or to fulfil social engagements, and are full of hurry and dismay. Or one dreams that one has been condemned to death for some unknown offence, and the time draws near; some little while ago I spent the night under these circumstances interviewing different members of the Government in a vain attempt to discover the reasons for my condemnation; they could none of them give me a specific account of the affair, and could only politely deplore that it was necessary to make an example. "Depend upon it," said Mr. Lloyd-George to me, "SUBSTANTIAL justice will be done!" "But that is no consolation to me," I said. "No," he replied kindly, "it would hardly amount to that!"

But out of all this there emerges the fact that after a vivid dream, one's memory is full of pictures of things seen quite as distinctly, indeed often more distinctly, than in real life. I have a clearer recollection of certain dream-landscapes than I have of many scenes actually beheld with the eye; and this sets me wondering how the effect is brought about, and how the memory is enabled to store what appears to be a visual impression, by some reflex action of the nerves of sight.

Then there is the second point, that of the lively emotions stirred by dreams. It would really appear that there must be two distinct personalities at work, without any connection between them, one unconsciously inventing and the other consciously observing. I dreamed not long ago that I was walking beside the lake at Riseholme, the former palace of the bishops of Lincoln, where I often went as a child. I saw that the level of the lake had sunk, and that there was a great bank of shingle between the water and the shore, on which I proceeded to pace. I was attracted by something sticking out of the bank, and on going up to it, I saw that it was the base of a curious metal cup. I pulled it out and saw that I had found a great golden chalice, much dimmed with age and weather. Then I saw that farther in the bank there were a number of cups, patens, candlesticks, flagons, of great antiquity and beauty. I then recollected that I had heard as a child (this was wholly imaginary, of course) that there had once been a great robbery of cathedral plate at Lincoln, and that one of the bishops had been vaguely suspected of being concerned in it; and I saw at once that I had stumbled on the hoard, stowed there no doubt by guilty episcopal hands--I even recollected the name of the bishop concerned.

Now as a matter of fact one part of my mind must have been ahead inventing this story, while the other part of the mind was apprehending it with astonishment and excitement. Yet the observant part of the mind was utterly unaware of the fact that I was myself originating it all. And the only natural inference would seem to be that there is a real duality of mind at work.

For when one is composing a story, in ordinary waking moments, one has the sense that one is inventing and controlling the incidents. In dreams this sense of proprietorship is utterly lost; one seems to have no power over the inventive part of the mind; one can only helplessly follow its lead, and be amazed at its creations. And yet, sometimes, in a dream of tragic intensity, as one begins to awake, a third person seems to intervene, and says reassuringly that it is only a dream. This intervention seems to disconcert the inventor, who then promptly retires, while it brings sudden relief to the timid and frightened observer. It would seem then that the rational self reasserts itself, and that the two personalities, one of which has been creating and the other observing, come in like dogs to heel.

Another very curious part of dreams is that they concern themselves so very little with the current thoughts of life. My dreams are mostly composed, as I have said, of landscapes, ceremonies, conversations, sensational adventures, muddling engagements. When I was a schoolmaster, I seldom dreamed of school; now that I am no longer a schoolmaster, I do sometimes dream of school, of trying to keep order in immense classrooms, or hurrying about in search of my form. When I had my long and dreary illness, lasting for two years, I invariably had happy dreams. Now that I am well again, I often have dreams of causeless and poignant melancholy. It is the rarest thing in the world for me to be able to connect my dreams with anything which has recently happened; I cannot say that marvellous landscapes, ceremonies, conversations with exalted personages, sensational incidents, play any considerable part in my life; and yet these are the constituent elements in my dreams. The scientific students of psychology say that the principal stuff of dreams seems to be furnished

by the early experience of life; and when they are dealing with mental ailments, they say that delusions and obsessions are often explained by the study of the dreams of diseased brains, which point as a rule either to some unfulfilled desire, or to some severe nervous shock sustained in childhood. But I cannot discern any predominant cause of my own elaborate visions; the only physical cause which seems to me to be very active in producing dreams is if I am either too hot or too cold in bed. A sudden change of temperature in the night is the one thing which seems to me quite certain to produce a great crop of dreams.

Another very curious fact about my dreams is that I am wholly deserted by any moral sense. I have stolen interesting objects, I have even killed people in dreams, without adequate cause; but I am then entirely devoid of remorse, and only anxious to escape detection. I have never felt anything of the nature of shame or regret in a dream. I find myself anxious indeed, but fertile in expedients for escaping unscathed. On the other hand, certain emotions are very active in dreams. I sometimes appear to go with a brother or sister through the rooms or gardens of a house, which on awaking proves to be wholly imaginary, and recall with my companion all sorts of pathetic and delightful incidents of childhood which seem to have taken place there.

Again, though much of my life is given to writing, I hardly ever find myself composing anything in a dream. Once I wrote a poem in my sleep, a curious Elizabethan lyric, which may be found in the Oxford Book of Verse, called "The Phoenix." It is not the sort of thing that I have ever written before or since. It came to me on the night before my birthday, in 1891, I think, when I was staying with a friend at the Dun Bull Hotel, by Hawes Water in Westmorland. I scribbled the lyric down on awaking. I afterwards added a verse, thinking the poem incomplete. I published it in a book of poems, and showed the proof to a friend, who said to me, pointing to the added stanza: "Ah, you must omit that stanza--it is quite out of keeping with the rest of the poem!"

But this is a quite unique experience, except that I once dreamed I was present at a confirmation service, at which a very singular hymn was sung, which I recollected on waking, and which is far too grotesque to write down, being addressed, as it was, to the bishop who was to perform the rite. At the time, however, it seemed to me both moving and appropriate.

It is often said that dreams only take place either when one is just going to sleep or beginning to awake. But that is not my experience. I have occasionally been awakened suddenly by some loud sound, and on those occasions I have come out of dreams of an intensity and vividness that I have never known equalled. Neither is it true in my experience that dreamful sleep is unrefreshing. I should say it was rather the other way. Profound and heavy sleep is generally to me a sign that I am not very well; but a sleep full of happy and interesting dreams is generally succeeded by a feeling of freshness and gaiety, as if one had been both rested and well entertained.

These are only a few scattered personal experiences, and I have no philosophy of dreams to suggest. It is in my case an inherited power. My father was the most vivid and persistent dreamer I have ever met, and his dreams had a quality of unexpectedness and interest of which I have never known the like. The dream of his, which I have told in his biography, of the finding of the grave of the horse of Titus Oates, seems to me one of the most extraordinary pieces of invention I have ever heard, because of the conversation which took place before he realised what the slab actually was.

He dreamed that he was standing in Westminster Abbey with Dean Stanley, looking at a small cracked slab of slate with letters on it. "We've found it," said Stanley. "Yes," said my father, "and how do you account for it?" "Why," said Stanley, "I suppose it is intended to commemorate the fact that the animal innocence was not affected by the villainies of the master." "Of course!" said my father, who was still quite unaware what the inscription referred to. He then saw on the slab the letters ITI CAPITANI, and knew that the stone was one that had marked the grave of Titus Oates' horse, and that the whole inscription must have been EQUUS TITI CAPITANI, - "The horse of Titus the Captain"--the "Captain" referring to the fact that my father then recollected that Titus Oates had been a Train-band Captain.

My only really remarkable dream containing a presentiment or rather a clairvoyance of a singular kind, hardly explicable as a mere coincidence, has occurred to me since I began this paper.

On the night of December 8, 1914, I dreamed that I was walking along a country road, between hedges. To the left was a little country house, in a park. I was proposing to call there, to see, I thought, an old friend of mine, Miss Adie Browne, who has been dead for some years, though in my dream I thought of her as alive.

I came up with four people, walking along the road in the same direction as myself. There was an elderly man, a younger man, red-haired, walking very lightly, in knickerbockers, and two boys whom I took to be the sons of the younger man. I recognised the elder man as a friend, though I cannot now remember who he appeared to be. He nodded and smiled to me, and I joined the party. Just as I did so, the younger man said, "I am going to call on a lady, an elderly cousin of mine, who lives here!" He said this to his companions, not to me, and I became aware that he was speaking of Miss Adie Browne. The older man said to me, "You have not been introduced," and then, presenting the younger man, he said, "This is Lord Radstock!" We shook hands and I said, "Do you know, I am very much surprised; I understood Lord Radstock to be a much older man!"

I do not remember any more of the dream; but it had been very vivid, and when I was called, I went over it in my mind. A few minutes later, the Times of December 9 was brought to my bedroom, and opening it, I saw the sudden death of Lord Radstock announced. I had not known that he was ill, and indeed had never thought of him for years; but the strange thing is this, that he was a cousin of Miss Adie Browne's, and she used to tell me interesting stories about him. I do not suppose that since her death I have ever heard his name mentioned, and I had never met him. So that, as a matter of fact, when I dreamed my dream, the old Lord Radstock was dead, and his son, who is a man of fifty-four, was the new Lord Radstock. The man I saw in my dream was not, I should say, more than about forty-five; but I remember little of him, except that he had red hair.

I do not take in an evening paper, but I do not think there was any announcement of Lord Radstock's illness, on the previous day; in fact his death seems to have been quite sudden and unexpected. Apart from coincidence, the rational explanation might be that my mind was in some sort of telepathic communication with that of my old and dear friend Miss Adie Browne, who is indeed often in my mind, and one would also have to presuppose that her spirit was likewise aware of her cousin Lord Radstock's death. I do not advance this as the only explanation, but it seems to me a not impossible one of a mysterious affair.

My conclusion, such as it is, would be that the rational and moral faculties are in suspense in dreams, and that it is a wholly primitive part of one's essence that is at work. The creative power seems to be very strong, and to have a vigorous faculty of combining and exaggerating the materials of memory; but it deals mainly with rather childish emotions, with shapes and colours, with impressive and distinguished people, with things marvellous and sensational, with troublesome and perplexed adventures. It does not go far in search of motives; in the train-catching dreams, for instance, I never know exactly where I am going, or what is the object of my journey; in the ceremonial dreams, I seldom have any notion of what is being celebrated.

But what I cannot in the least understand is the complete withdrawal of consciousness from the inventive part of the mind, especially when the observant part is so eagerly and alertly aware of all that is happening. Moreover, I can never understand the curious way in which dream-experiences, so vivid at the time, melt away upon awakening. If one rehearses a dream in memory the moment one awakes, it becomes a very distinct affair. If one does not do this, it fades swiftly, and though one has a vague sense of rich adventures, half an hour later there seems to be no power whatever of recovering them.

Strangest of all, the inventive power in dreams seems to have a range and an intensity which does not exist when one is awake. I have not the slightest power, in waking life, of conceiving and visualising the astonishing landscapes which I see in dreams. I can recall actual scenes with great distinctness, but the glowing colour and the prodigious forms of my landscape visions are wholly beyond my power of thought.

Lastly, I have never had any dream of any real or vital significance, any warning or presentiment, anything which bore in the least degree upon the issues of life.

There is a beautiful passage in the "Purgatorio" of Dante about the dawn: he writes

In that hour  
When near the dawn the swallow her sad song,  
Haply remembering ancient grief, renews;  
And when our minds, more wanderers from the flesh  
And less by thought restrained, are, as 't were, full  
Of holy divination in their dreams.

I suppose that it would be possible to interpret one's dreams symbolically; but in my own case my dream-experiences all seem to belong to a wholly different person from myself, a light-hearted, childish, careless creature, full of animation and inquisitiveness, buoyant and thoughtless, content to look neither forwards nor backwards, wholly without responsibility or intelligence, just borne along by the pleasure of the moment, perfectly harmless and friendly as a rule, a sort of cheerful butterfly. That is not in the least my waking temperament; but it fills me sometimes with an uneasy suspicion that it is more like myself than I know.

**William Shakespeare**  
**A Midsummer Night's Dream**

Scene II.

Another part of the wood

Enter TITANIA, with her train

TITANIA. Come now, a roundel and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back  
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The FAIRIES Sing

FIRST FAIRY. You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,  
Come not near our fairy Queen.

CHORUS. Philomel with melody  
Sing in our sweet lullaby.  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
Never harm  
Nor spell nor charm  
Come our lovely lady nigh.  
So good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence.  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail do no offence.

CHORUS. Philomel with melody, etc. [TITANIA Sleeps]

FIRST FAIRY. Hence away; now all is well.

One aloof stand sentinel. Exeunt FAIRIES

Enter OBERON and squeezes the flower on TITANIA'S eyelids

OBERON. What thou seest when thou dost wake,  
Do it for thy true-love take;  
Love and languish for his sake.  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

Exit

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA

LYSANDER. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;  
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way;  
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,  
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

HERMIA. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,  
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

LYSANDER. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;  
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

HERMIA. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

LYSANDER. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence!  
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it;  
Two bosoms interchained with an oath,  
So then two bosoms and a single troth.  
Then by your side no bed-room me deny,  
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

HERMIA. Lysander riddles very prettily.  
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,  
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied!  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off, in human modesty;  
Such separation as may well be said  
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.  
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!

LYSANDER. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer say I;  
And then end life when I end loyalty!

Here is my bed; sleep give thee all his rest!

HERMIA. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!

[They sleep]

Enter PUCK

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence- Who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,  
On the dank and dirty ground.

Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe:  
When thou wak'st let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.  
So awake when I am gone;  
For I must now to Oberon. Exit

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running

HELENA. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.  
DEMETRIUS. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.  
HELENA. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.  
DEMETRIUS. Stay on thy peril; I alone will go. Exit  
HELENA. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;  
If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;  
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?  
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!  
Dead, or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.  
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

LYSANDER. [Waking] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.

Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

HELENA. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.

LYSANDER. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia but Helena I love:  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season;  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of human skill,  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook



Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.  
HELENA. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well; perforce I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady of one man refus'd  
Should of another therefore be abus'd!                      Exit

LYSANDER. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;  
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,  
Or as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive,  
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,  
Of all be hated, but the most of me!  
And, all my powers, address your love and might  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight!                      Exit

HERMIA. [Starting] Help me, Lysander, help me; do thy best  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.  
Ay me, for pity! What a dream was here!  
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.  
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.  
Lysander! What, remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
What, out of hearing gone? No sound, no word?  
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;  
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.  
No? Then I well perceive you are not nigh.  
Either death or you I'll find immediately.

## Jerome K. Jerome

### Dreams

The most extraordinary dream I ever had was one in which I fancied that, as I was going into a theater, the cloak-room attendant stopped me in the lobby and insisted on my leaving my legs behind me.

I was not surprised; indeed, my acquaintanceship with theater harpies would prevent my feeling any surprise at such a demand, even in my waking moments; but I was, I must honestly confess, considerably annoyed. It was not the payment of the cloak-room fee that I so much minded--I offered to give that to the man then and there. It was the parting with my legs that I objected to.

I said I had never heard of such a rule being attempted to be put in force at any respectable theater before, and that I considered it a most absurd and vexatious regulation. I also said I should write to The Times about it.

The man replied that he was very sorry, but that those were his instructions. People complained that they could not get to and from their seats comfortably, because other people's legs were always in the way; and it had, therefore, been decided that, in future, everybody should leave their legs outside.

It seemed to me that the management, in making this order, had clearly gone beyond their legal right; and, under ordinary circumstances, I should have disputed it. Being present, however, more in the character of a guest than in that of a patron, I hardly like to make a disturbance; and so I sat down and meekly prepared to comply with the demand.

I had never before known that the human leg did unscrew. I had always thought it was a fixture. But the man showed me how to undo them, and I found that they came off quite asily.

The discovery did not surprise me any more than the original request that I should take them off had done. Nothing does surprise one in a dream.

I dreamed once that I was going to be hanged; but I was not at all surprised about it. Nobody was. My relations came to see me off, I thought, and to wish me "Good-by!" They all came, and were all very pleasant; but they were not in the least astonished--not one of them. Everybody appeared to regard the coming tragedy as one of the most-naturally-to-be-expected things in the world.

They bore the calamity, besides, with an amount of stoicism that would have done credit to a Spartan father. There was no fuss, no scene. On the contrary, an atmosphere of mild cheerfulness prevailed.

Yet they were very kind. Somebody--an uncle, I think--left me a packet of sandwiches and a little something in a flask, in case, as he said, I should feel peckish on the scaffold.

It is "those twin-jailers of the daring" thought, Knowledge and Experience, that teach us surprise. We are surprised and incredulous when, in novels and plays, we come across good men and women, because Knowledge and Experience have taught us how rare and

problematical is the existence of such people. In waking life, my friends and relations would, of course, have been surprised at hearing that I had committed a murder, and was, in consequence, about to be hanged, because Knowledge and Experience would have taught them that, in a country where the law is powerful and the police alert, the Christian citizen is usually pretty successful in withstanding the voice of temptation, prompting him to commit crime of an illegal character.

But into Dreamland, Knowledge and Experience do not enter. They stay without, together with the dull, dead clay of which they form a part; while the freed brain, released from their narrowing tutelage, steals softly past the ebon gate, to wanton at its own sweet will among the mazy paths that wind through the garden of Persephone.

Nothing that it meets with in that eternal land astonishes it because, unfettered by the dense conviction of our waking mind, that nought outside the ken of our own vision can in this universe be, all things to it are possible and even probable. In dreams, we fly and wonder not—except that we never flew before. We go naked, yet are not ashamed, though we mildly wonder what the police are about that they do not stop us. We converse with our dead, and think it was unkind that they did not come back to us before. In dreams, there happens that which human language cannot tell. In dreams, we see "the light that never was on sea or land," we hear the sounds that never yet were heard by waking ears.

It is only in sleep that true imagination ever stirs within us. Awake, we never imagine anything; we merely alter, vary, or transpose. We give another twist to the kaleidoscope of the things we see around us, and obtain another pattern; but not one of us has ever added one tiniest piece of new glass to the toy.

A Dean Swift sees one race of people smaller, and another race of people larger than the race of people that live down his own streets. And he also sees a land where the horses take the place of men. A Bulwer Lytton lays the scene of one of his novels inside the earth instead of outside. A Rider Haggard introduces us to a lady whose age is a few years more than the average woman would care to confess to; and pictures crabs larger than the usual shilling or eighteen-penny size. The number of so called imaginative writers who visit the moon is legion, and for all the novelty that they find, when they get there, they might just as well have gone to Putney. Others are continually drawing for us visions of the world one hundred or one thousand years hence. There is always a depressing absence of human nature about the place; so much so, that one feels great consolation in the thought, while reading, that we ourselves shall be comfortably dead and buried before the picture can be realized. In these prophesied Utopias everybody is painfully good and clean and happy, and all the work is done by electricity.

There is somewhat too much electricity, for my taste, in these worlds to come. One is reminded of those pictorial enamel-pain advertisements that one sees about so often now, in which all the members of an extensive household are represented as gathered together in one room, spreading enamel-paint over everything they can lay their hands upon. The old man is on a step-ladder, daubing the walls and ceiling with "cuckoo's-egg green," while the parlormaid and the cook are on their knees, painting the floor with "sealing-wax red." The old lady is doing the picture frames in "terra cotta." The eldest daughter and her young man are making sly love in a corner over a pot of "high art yellow," with which, so soon as they have finished wasting their time, they will, it is manifest, proceed to elevate the piano. Younger brothers and sisters are busy freshening up the chairs and tables with "strawberry-jam pink "

and "jubilee magenta." Every blessed thing in that room is being coated with enamel paint, from the sofa to the fire-irons, from the sideboard to the eight-day clock. If there is any paint left over, it will be used up for the family Bible and the canary.

It is claimed for this invention that a little child can make as much mess with it as can a grown-up person, and so all the children of the family are represented in the picture as hard at work, enameling whatever few articles of furniture and household use the grasping selfishness of their elders has spared to them. One is painting the toasting fork in a "skim-milk blue," while another is giving aesthetical value to the Dutch oven by means of a new shade of art green. The bootjack is being renovated in "old gold," and the baby is sitting on the floor, smothering its own cradle with "flush-upon-a-maiden's cheek peach color."

One feels that the thing is being overdone. That family, before another month is gone, will be among the strongest opponents of enamel paint that the century has produced. Enamel paint will be the ruin of that once happy home. Enamel paint has a cold, glassy, cynical appearance. Its presence everywhere about the place will begin to irritate the old man in the course of a week or so. He will call it, "This damn'd sticky stuff!" and will tell the wife that he wonders she didn't paint herself and the children with it while she was about it. She will reply, in an exasperatingly quiet tone of voice, that she does like that. Perhaps he will say next, that she did not warn him against it, and tell him what an idiot he was making of himself, spoiling the whole house with his foolish fads. Each one will persist that it was the other one who first suggested the absurdity, and they will sit up in bed and quarrel about it every night for a month.

The children having acquired a taste for smudging the concoction about, and there being nothing else left untouched in the house, will try to enamel the cat; and then there will be bloodshed, and broken windows, and spoiled infants, and sorrows and yells. The smell of the paint will make everybody ill; and the servants will give notice. Tradesmen's boys will lean up against places that are not dry and get their clothes enameled and claim compensation. And the baby will suck the paint off its cradle and have fits.

But the person that will suffer most will, of course, be the eldest daughter's young man. The eldest daughter's young man is always unfortunate. He means well, and he tries hard. His great ambition is to make the family love him. But fate is ever against him, and he only succeeds in gaining their undisguised contempt. The fact of his being "gone" on their Emily is, of itself, naturally sufficient to stamp him as an imbecile in the eyes of Emily's brothers and sisters. The father finds him slow, and thinks the girl might have done better; while the best that his future mother-in-law (his sole supporter) can say for him is, that he seems steady.

There is only one thing that prompts the family to tolerate him, and that is the reflection that he is going to take Emily away from them.

On that understanding they put up with him.

The eldest daughter's young man, in this particular case, will, you may depend upon it, choose that exact moment when the baby's life is hovering in the balance, and the cook is waiting for her wages with her box in the hall, and a coal-heaver is at the front door with a policeman, making a row about the damage to his trousers, to come in, smiling, with a specimen pot of some new high art, squashed-tomato-shade enamel paint, and suggest that they should try it on the old man's pipe.

Then Emily will go off into hysterics, and Emily's male progenitor will firmly but quietly lead that ill-starred yet true-hearted young man to the public side of the garden-gate; and the engagement will be "off."

Too much of anything is a mistake, as the man said when his wife presented him with four new healthy children in one day. We should practice moderation in all matters. A little enamel paint would have been good. They might have enameled the house inside and out, and have left the furniture alone. Or they might have colored the furniture, and let the house be. But an entirely and completely enameled home--a home, such as enamel-paint manufacturers love to picture on their advertisements, over which the yearning eye wanders in vain, seeking one single square inch of un-enameled matter--is, I am convinced, a mistake. It may be a home that, as the testimonials assure us, will easily wash. It may be an "artistic" home; but the average man is not yet educated up to the appreciation of it. The average man does not care for high art. At a certain point, the average man gets sick of high art.

So, in these coming Utopias, in which our unhappy grandchildren will have to drag out their colorless existence, there will be too much electricity. They will grow to loathe electricity.

Electricity is going to light them, warm them, carry them, doctor them, cook for them, execute them, if necessary. They are going to be weaned on electricity, rocked in their cradles by electricity, slapped by electricity, ruled and regulated and guided by electricity, buried by electricity. I may be wrong, but I rather think they are going to be hatched by electricity.

In the new world of our progressionist teachers, it is electricity that is the real motive-power. The men and women are only marionettes--worked by electricity.

But it was not to speak of the electricity in them, but of the originality in them, that I referred to these works of fiction. There is no originality in them whatever. Human thought is incapable of originality. No man ever yet imagined a new thing--only some variation or extension of an old thing.

The sailor, when he was asked what he would do with a fortune, promptly replied:

"Buy all the rum and 'baccy there is in the world."

"And what after that?" they asked him.

"Eh?"

"What would you buy after that--after you had bought up all the rum and tobacco there was in the world--what would you buy then?"

"After that? Oh! 'um!" (a long pause). "Oh!" (with inspiration) "why, more 'baccy!"

Rum and tobacco he knew something of, and could therefore imagine about. He did not know any other luxuries, therefore he could not conceive of any others.

So if you ask one of these Utopian-dreaming gentry what, after they had secured for their world all the electricity there was in the Universe, and after every mortal thing in their ideal

Paradise, was done and said and thought by electricity, they could imagine as further necessary to human happiness, they would probably muse for awhile, and then reply, "More electricity."

They know electricity. They have seen the electric light, and heard of electric boats and omnibuses. They have possibly had an electric shock at a railway station for a penny.

Therefore, knowing that electricity does three things, they can go on and "imagine" electricity doing three hundred things, and the very great ones among them can imagine it doing three thousand things; but for them, or anybody else, to imagine a new force, totally unconnected with and different from anything yet known in nature, would be utterly impossible.

Human thought is not a firework, ever shooting off fresh forms and shapes as it burns; it is a tree, growing very slowly--you can watch it long and see no movement--very silently, unnoticed. It was planted in the world many thousand years ago, a tiny, sickly plant. And men guarded it and tended it, and gave up life and fame to aid its growth. In the hot days of their youth, they came to the gate of the garden and knocked, begging to be let in, and to be counted among the gardeners. And their young companions without called to them to come back, and play the man with bow and spear, and win sweet smiles from rosy lips, and take their part amid the feast, and dance, not stoop with wrinkled brows, at weaklings' work. And the passers by mocked them and called shame, and others cried out to stone them. And still they stayed there laboring, that the tree might grow a little, and they died and were forgotten.

And the tree grew fair and strong. The storms of ignorance passed over it, and harmed it not. The fierce fires of superstition soared around it; but men leaped into the flames and beat them back, perishing, and the tree grew. With the sweat of their brow have men nourished its green leaves. Their tears have moistened the earth about it. With their blood they have watered its roots.

The seasons have come and passed, and the tree has grown and flourished. And its branches have spread far and high, and ever fresh shoots are bursting forth, and ever new leaves unfolding to the light. But they are all part of the one tree--the tree that was planted on the first birthday of the human race. The stem that bears them springs from the gnarled old trunk that was green and soft when white-haired Time was a little child; the sap that feeds them is drawn up through the roots that twine and twist about the bones of the ages that are dead.

The human mind can no more produce an original thought than a tree can bear an original fruit. As well might one cry for an original note in music as expect an original idea from a human brain.

One wishes our friends, the critics, would grasp this simple truth, and leave off clamoring for the impossible, and being shocked because they do not get it. When a new book is written, the high-class critic opens it with feelings of faint hope, tempered by strong conviction of coming disappointment. As he pores over the pages, his brow darkens with virtuous indignation, and his lip curls with the Godlike contempt that the exceptionally great critic ever feels for everybody in this world, who is not yet dead. Buoyed up by a touching, but totally fallacious, belief that he is performing a public duty, and that the rest of the community is waiting in breathless suspense to learn his opinion of the work in question, before forming any judgment concerning it themselves, he, nevertheless, wearily struggles through about a third of it. Then his long-suffering soul revolts, and he flings it aside with a cry of despair.

"Why, there is no originality whatever in this," he says. "This book is taken bodily from the Old Testament. It is the story of Adam and Eve all over again. The hero is a mere man! with two arms, two legs, and a head (so called). Why, it is only Moses's Adam under another name! And the heroine is nothing but a woman! and she is described as beautiful, and as having long hair. The author may call her 'Angelina,' or any other name he chooses; but he has evidently, whether he acknowledges it or not, copied her direct from Eve. The characters are barefaced plagiarisms from the book of Genesis! Oh! To find an author with originality!"

One spring I went a walking tour in the country. It was a glorious spring. Not the sort of spring they give us in these miserable times, under this shameless government--a mixture of east wind, blizzard, snow, rain, slush, fog, frost, hail, sleet and thunder-storms--but a sunny, blue-sky'd, joyous spring, such as we used to have regularly every year when I was a young man, and things were different.

It was an exceptionally beautiful spring, even for those golden days; and as I wandered through the waking land, and saw the dawning of the coming green, and watched the blush upon the hawthorn hedge, deepening each day beneath the kisses of the sun, and looked up at the proud old mother trees, dandling their myriad baby buds upon their strong fond arms, holding them high for the soft west wind to caress as he passed laughing by, and marked the primrose yellow creep across the carpet of the woods, and saw the new flush of the field and saw the new light on the hills, and heard the new-found gladness of the birds, and heard from copse and farm and meadow the timid callings of the little new-born things, wondering to find themselves alive, and smelt the freshness of the earth, and felt the promise in the air, and felt a strong hand in the wind, my spirit rose within me. Spring had come to me also, and stirred me with a strange new life, with a strange new hope I, too, was part of nature, and it was spring! Tender leaves and blossoms were unfolding from my heart. Bright flowers of love and gratitude were opening round its roots. I felt new strength in all my limbs. New blood was pulsing through my veins. Nobler thoughts and nobler longings were throbbing through my brain.

As I walked, Nature came and talked beside me, and showed me the world and myself, and the ways of God seemed clearer.

It seemed to me a pity that all the beautiful and precious thoughts and ideas that were crowding in upon me should be lost to my fellow-men, and so I pitched my tent at a little cottage, and set to work to write them down then and there as they came to me.

"It has been complained of me," I said to myself, "that I do not write literary and high class work--at least, not work that is exceptionally literary and high-class. This reproach shall be removed. I will write an article that shall be a classic. I have worked for the ordinary, everyday reader. It is right that I should do something now to improve the literature of my beloved country."

And I wrote a grand essay--though I say it who should not, though I don't see why I shouldn't--all about spring, and the way it made you feel, and what it made you think. It was simply crowded with elevated thoughts and high-class ideas and cultured wit, was that essay. There was only one fault about that essay: it was too brilliant. I wanted commonplace relief. It would have exhausted the average reader; so much cleverness would have wearied him.

I wish I could remember some of the beautiful things in that essay, and here set them down; because then you would be able to see what they were like for yourselves, and that would be so much more simpler than my explaining to you how beautiful they were. Unfortunately, however, I cannot now call to mind any of them.

I was very proud of this essay, and when I got back to town I called on a very superior friend of mine, a critic, and read it to him. I do not care for him to see any of my usual work, because he really is a very superior person indeed, and the perusal of it appears to give him pains inside. But this article, I thought, would do him good.

"What do you think of it?" I asked, when I had finished.

"Splendid," he replied, "excellently arranged. I never knew you were so well acquainted with the works of the old writers. Why, there is scarcely a classic of any note that you have not quoted from. But where--where," he added, musing, "did you get that last idea but two from? It's the only one I don't seem to remember. It isn't a bit of your own, is it?"

He said that, if so, he should advise me to leave it out. Not that it was altogether bad, but that the interpolation of a modern thought among so unique a collection of passages from the ancients seemed to spoil the scheme.

And he enumerated the various dead-and-buried gentlemen from whom he appeared to think I had collated my article.

"But," I replied, when I had recovered my astonishment sufficiently to speak, "it isn't a collection at all. It is all original. I wrote the thoughts down as they came to me. I have never read any of these people you mention, except Shakespeare."

Of course Shakespeare was bound to be among them. I am getting to dislike that man so. He is always being held up before us young authors as a model, and I do hate models. There was a model boy at our school, I remember, Henry Summers; and it was just the same there. It was continually, "Look at Henry Summers! he doesn't put the preposition before the verb, and spell business b-i-z!" or, "Why can't you write like Henry Summers? He doesn't get the ink all over the copy-book and half-way up his back!" We got tired of this everlasting "Look at Henry Summers!" after a while, and so, one afternoon, on the way home, a few of us lured Henry Summers up a dark court; and when he came out again he was not worth looking at.

Now it is perpetually, "Look at Shakespeare!" "Why don't you write like Shakespeare?" "Shakespeare never made that joke. Why don't you joke like Shakespeare?"

If you are in the play-writing line it is still worse for you. "Why don't you write plays like Shakespeare's?" they indignantly say. "Shakespeare never made his comic man a penny steamboat captain."

"Shakespeare never made his hero address the girl as 'duddy.' Why don't you copy Shakespeare?" If you do try to copy Shakespeare, they tell you that you must be a fool to attempt to imitate Shakespeare.

Oh, shouldn't I like to get Shakespeare up our street, and punch him!



"I cannot help that," replied my critical friend--to return to our previous question--"the germ of every thought and idea you have got in that article can be traced back to the writers I have named. If you doubt it, I will get down the books, and show you the passages for yourself."

But I declined the offer. I said I would take his word for it, and would rather not see the passages referred to. I felt indignant. "If," as I said, "these men--these Platos and Socrateses and Ciceros and Sophocleses and Aristophaneses and Aristotles and the rest of them had been taking advantage of my absence to go about the world spoiling my business for me, I would rather not hear any more about them."

And I put on my hat and came out, and I have never tried to write anything original since.

I dreamed a dream once. (It is the sort of thing a man would dream. You cannot very well dream anything else, I know. But the phrase sounds poetical and biblical, and so I use it.) I dreamed that I was in a strange country--indeed, one might say an extraordinary country. It was ruled entirely by critics.

The people in this strange land had a very high opinion of critics--nearly as high an opinion of critics as the critics themselves had, but not, of course, quite--that not being practicable--and they had agreed to be guided in all things by the critics. I stayed some years in that land. But it was not a cheerful place to live in, so I dreamed.

There were authors in this country, at first, and they wrote books. But the critics could find nothing original in the books whatever, and said it was a pity that men, who might be usefully employed hoeing potatoes, should waste their time and the time of the critics, which was of still more importance, in stringing together a collection of platitudes, familiar to every school-boy, and dishing up old plots and stories that had already been cooked and recooked for the public until everybody had been surfeited with them.

And the writers read what the critics said and sighed, and gave up writing books, and went off and hoed potatoes; as advised. They had had no experience in hoeing potatoes, and they hoed very badly; and the people whose potatoes they hoed strongly recommended them to leave hoeing potatoes, and to go back and write books. But you can't do what everybody advises.

There were artists also in this strange world, at first, and they painted pictures, which the critics came and looked at through eyeglasses.

"Nothing whatever original in them," said the critics; "same old colors, same old perspective and form, same old sunset, same old sea and land, and sky and figures. Why do these poor men waste their time, painting pictures, when they might be so much more satisfactorily employed on ladders painting houses?"

Nothing, by the by, you may have noticed, troubles your critic more than the idea that the artist is wasting his time. It is the waste of time that vexes the critic; he has such an exalted idea of the value of other people's time. "Dear, dear me!" he says to himself, "why, in the time the man must have taken to paint this picture or to write this book, he might have blacked fifteen thousand pairs of boots, or have carried fifteen thousand hods of mortar up a ladder. This is how the time of the world is lost!"

It never occurs to him that, but for that picture or book, the artist would, in all probability, have been mouching about with a pipe in his mouth, getting into trouble.

It reminds me of the way people used to talk to me when I was a boy. I would be sitting, as good as gold, reading "The Pirate's Lair," when some cultured relative would look over my shoulder and say: "Bah! what are you wasting your time with rubbish for? Why don't you go and do something useful?" and would take the book away from me. Upon which I would get up, and go out to "do something useful;" and would come home an hour afterward, looking like a bit out of a battle picture, having tumbled through the roof of Farmer Bate's greenhouse and killed a cactus, though totally unable to explain how I came to be on the roof of Farmer Bate's greenhouse. They had much better have left me alone, lost in "The Pirate's Lair!"

The artists in this land of which I dreamed left off painting pictures, after hearing what the critics said, and purchased ladders, and went off and painted houses.

Because, you see, this country of which I dreamed was not one of those vulgar, ordinary countries, such as exist in the waking world, where people let the critics talk as much as ever they like, and nobody pays the slightest attention to what they say. Here, in this strange land, the critics were taken seriously, and their advice followed.

As for the poets and sculptors, they were very soon shut up. The idea of any educated person wanting to read modern poetry when he could obtain Homer, or caring to look at any other statue while there was still some of the Venus de Medicis left, was too absurd. Poets and sculptors were only wasting their time

What new occupation they were recommended to adopt, I forget. Some calling they knew nothing whatever about, and that they were totally unfitted for, of course.

The musicians tried their art for a little while, but they, too, were of no use. "Merely a repetition of the same notes in different combinations," said the critics. "Why will people waste their time writing unoriginal music, when they might be sweeping crossings?"

One man had written a play. I asked what the critics had said about him. They showed me his tomb.

Then, there being no more artists or litterateurs or dramatists or musicians left for their beloved critics to criticise, the general public of this enlightened land said to themselves, "Why should not our critics come and criticise us? Criticism is useful to a man. Have we not often been told so? Look how useful it has been to the artists and writers--saved the poor fellows from wasting their time? Why shouldn't we have some of its benefits?"

They suggested the idea to the critics, and the critics thought it an excellent one, and said they would undertake the job with pleasure. One must say for the critics that they never shirk work. They will sit and criticise for eighteen hours a day, if necessary, or even, if quite unnecessary, for the matter of that. You can't give them too much to criticise. They will criticise everything and everybody in this world. They will criticise everything in the next world, too, when they get there. I expect poor old Pluto has a lively time with them all, as it is.

So, when a man built a house, or a farm-yard hen laid an egg, the critics were asked in to comment on it. They found that none of the houses were original. On every floor were passages that seemed mere copies from passages in other houses. They were all built on the same hackneyed plan; cellars underneath, ground floor level with the street, attic at the top. No originality anywhere!

So, likewise with the eggs. Every egg suggested reminiscences of other eggs.

It was heartrending work.

The critics criticised all things. When a young couple fell in love, they each, before thinking of marriage, called upon the critics for a criticism of the other one.

Needless to say that, in the result, no marriage ever came of it.

"My dear young lady," the critics would say, after the inspection had taken place, "I can discover nothing new whatever about the young man. You would simply be wasting your time in marrying him."

Or, to the young man, it would be:

"Oh, dear, no! Nothing attractive about the girl at all. Who on earth gave you that notion? Simply a lovely face and figure, angelic disposition, beautiful mind, stanch heart, noble character. Why, there must have been nearly a dozen such girls born into the world since its creation. You would be only wasting your time loving her."

They criticised the birds for their hackneyed style of singing, and the flowers for their hackneyed scents and colors. They complained of the weather that it lacked originality--(true, they had not lived out an English spring)--and found fault with the Sun because of the sameness of his methods.

They criticised the babies. When a fresh infant was published in a house, the critics would call in a body to pass their judgment upon it, and the young mother would bring it down for them to sample.

"Did you ever see a child anything like that in this world before?" she would say, holding it out to them. "Isn't it a wonderful baby? \_You\_ never saw a child with legs like that, I know. Nurse says he's the most extraordinary baby she ever attended. Bless him!"

But the critics did not think anything of it.

"Tut, tut," they would reply, "there is nothing extraordinary about that child--no originality whatever. Why, it's exactly like every other baby--bald head, red face, big mouth, and stumpy nose. Why, that's only a weak imitation of the baby next door. It's a plagiarism, that's what that child is. You've been wasting your time, madam. If you can't do anything more original than that, we should advise you to give up the business altogether."

That was the end of criticism in that strange land.

"Oh! look here, we've had enough of you and your originality," said the people to the critics, after that. "Why, you are not original, when one comes to think of it, and your criticisms are not original. You've all of you been saying exactly the same thing ever since the time of Solomon. We are going to drown you and have a little peace."

"What, drown a critic!" cried the critics, "never heard of such a monstrous proceeding in our lives!"

"No, we flatter ourselves it is an original idea," replied the public, brutally. "You ought to be charmed with it. Out you come!"

So they took the critics out and drowned them, and then passed a short act, making criticism a capital offense.

After that, the art and literature of the country followed, somewhat, the methods of the quaint and curious school, but the land, notwithstanding, was a much more cheerful place to live in, I dreamed.

But I never finished telling you about the dream in which I thought I left my legs behind me when I went into a certain theater.

I dreamed that the ticket the man gave me for my legs was No. 19, and I was worried all through the performance for fear No. 61 should get hold of them, and leave me his instead. Mine are rather a fine pair of legs, and I am, I confess, a little proud of them--at all events, I prefer them to anybody else's. Besides, number sixty-one's might be a skinny pair, and not fit me.

It quite spoiled my evening, fretting about this.

Another extraordinary dream I had was one in which I dreamed that I was engaged to be married to my Aunt Jane. That was not, however, the extraordinary part of it; I have often known people to dream things like that. I knew a man who once dreamed that he was actually married to his own mother-in-law! He told me that never in his life had he loved the alarm clock with more deep and grateful tenderness than he did that morning. The dream almost reconciled him to being married to his real wife. They lived quite happily together for a few days, after that dream.

No; the extraordinary part of my dream was, that I knew it was a dream. "What on earth will uncle say to this engagement?" I thought to myself, in my dream. "There's bound to be a row about it. We shall have a deal of trouble with uncle, I feel sure." And this thought quite troubled me until the sweet reflection came: "Ah! well, it's only a dream."

And I made up my mind that I would wake up as soon as uncle found out about the engagement, and leave him and Aunt Jane to fight the matter out between themselves.

It is a very great comfort, when the dream grows troubled and alarming, to feel that it is only a dream, and to know that we shall awake soon and be none the worse for it. We can dream out the foolish perplexity with a smile then.

Sometimes the dream of life grows strangely troubled and perplexing, and then he who meets dismay the bravest is he who feels that the fretful play is but a dream--a brief, uneasy dream of three score years and ten, or thereabouts, from which, in a little while, he will awake--at least, he dreams so.

How dull, how impossible life would be without dreams--waking dreams, I mean--the dreams that we call "castles in the air," built by the kindly hands of Hope! Were it not for the mirage of the oasis, drawing his footsteps ever onward, the weary traveler would lie down in the desert sand and die. It is the mirage of distant success, of happiness that, like the bunch of carrots fastened an inch beyond the donkey's nose, seems always just within our reach, if only we will gallop fast enough, that makes us run so eagerly along the road of Life.

Providence, like a father with a tired child, lures us ever along the way with tales and promises, until, at the frowning gate that ends the road, we shrink back, frightened. Then, promises still more sweet he stoops and whispers in our ear, and timid yet partly reassured, and trying to hide our fears, we gather up all that is left of our little stock of hope and, trusting yet half afraid, push out our groping feet into the darkness.

## **Gustavus Hindman Miller**

### **10,000 Dreams Interpreted**

Question--What is a dream?

Answer--A dream is an event transpiring in that world belonging to the mind when the objective senses have withdrawn into rest or oblivion.

Then the spiritual man is living alone in the future or ahead of objective life and consequently lives man's future first, developing conditions in a way that enables waking man to shape his actions by warnings, so as to make life a perfect existence.

Q.--What relationship is sustained between the average man and his dreams?

A.--A dream to the average or sensual person, bears the same relation to his objective life that it maintained in the case of the ideal dreamer, but it means pleasures, sufferings and advancements on a lower or material plane.

Q.--Then why is man not always able to correctly interpret his dreams?

A.--Just as words fail sometimes to express ideas, so dreams fail sometimes in their mind pictures to portray coming events.

Q.--If they relate to the future, why is it we so often dream of the past?

A.--When a person dreams of past events, those events are warnings of evil or good; sometimes they are stamped so indelibly upon the subjective mind that the least tendency of the waking mind to the past throws these pictures in relief on the dream consciousness.

Q.--Why is it that present environments often influence our dreams?

A.--Because the future of man is usually affected by the present, so if he mars the present by wilful wrongs, or makes it bright by right living it will necessarily have influence on his dreams, as they are forecastings of the future.

Q.--What is an apparition?

A.--It is the subjective mind stored with the wisdom gained from futurity, and in its strenuous efforts to warn its present habitation-- the corporal body--of dangers just ahead, takes on the shape of a dear one as the most effective method of imparting this knowledge.

Q.--How does subjectivity deal with time?

A.--There is no past and future to subjectivity. It is all one living present.

Q.--If that is so, why can't you tell us accurately of our future as you do of our past?

A.--Because events are like a procession; they pass a few at a time and cast a shadow on subjective minds, and those which have passed before the waking mind are felt by other minds also and necessarily make a more lasting impression on the subjective mind.

\* \* \* \*

Q.--To illustrate: A person on retiring or closing his eyes had a face appear to him, the forehead well formed but the lower parts distorted. Explain this phenomenon?

A.--A changed state from perfect sleep or waking possessed him.

Now, the man's face was only the expression of his real thoughts and the state of his business combined.

His thoughts were strong and healthy, but his business fagging, hence his own spirit is not a perfect likeness of his own soul, as it takes every atom of earthly composition perfectly normal to reproduce a perfect spirit picture of the soul or mortal man.

He would have seen a true likeness of himself had conditions been favorable; thus a man knows when a complete whole is his portion. Study to make surroundings always harmonious. Life is only being perfectly carried on when these conditions are in unison.

How to develop the power to dream

Keep the mind clear and as free from material rubbish as is possible and go to sleep in a negative condition (this will, of course, have to be cultivated by the subject). A person can, if he will, completely relax his mind and body to the receptive mood required for dreams to appear as realities, or true explanations of future events.

\* \* \* \*

To dream you are conversing with a dead relative, and that relative endeavors to extract a promise from you, warns you of coming distress unless you follow the advice given.

Disastrous consequences could be averted if minds could grasp the inner workings and sight of the higher or spiritual self. The voice of relatives is only that higher self taking form to approach more distinctly the mind that lives near the material plane. There is so little congeniality between common or material natures that persons should depend more largely upon their own subjectivity for true contentment and pleasure.

\* \* \* \*

Dreams exaggerated.

The will is suspended during sleep, so the dream mind is more a prey to excitability than the waking mind.

Thus when images appear upon the dream vision they are frequently distorted into hideous malformations that fill it with fear and excitement.

## Contrary dreams

The constant dwelling of the mind upon certain things distorts their shapes upon subjectivity, thus throwing dreams in exactly opposite channels to the waking reality. Yet the dreamer always feels a sense of being awake in dreams like these, and on awakening experiences no recuperation of mind or body after such contrary dreams, Sleep is not fully sustained while the dreamer is held by material ideas in the subjective state.

\* \* \* \*

## When dreams are less prescient

The cessation of the organs to perform healthful functions converts a man into a different person, and dreams while in this state would have no prophetic meaning, unless to warn the dreamer of this disorganization of his physical system.

Dreams are symbols used by subjectivity to impress the objective or material mind with a sense of coming good or evil. Subjectivity is the spiritual part of man. The soul is that circle of man lying just outside the gross materiality and partaking largely of it.

All thoughts and desires enter first the soul or material mind and then cast themselves on the spirit. Frequently the soul becomes so filled with material or present ideas, that the spiritual symbols are crowded out, and then it is that dreams seen to be contrary.

Material subjectivity, that is, all thoughts and ideas emanating from material sources, go to make up this circle; then the mind catches up the better thoughts of this section and weaves them into a broader and more comprehensive power, sustaining the owner in his own judgment.

And still another circle is formed of the finer compound of this, which is spiritual subjectivity, or the highest element of intelligence reached by man. [This circle is "the spiritual man" and relates in substance to the spiritual soul of the macrocosm or universe. It becomes strong or weak as we recognize or fail to recognize it as a factor of being. The process of spiritual development is similar to that of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The trees on the outer rim of the forest are more capable of resisting the wind than those more to the center, by reason of their exposure to storms; the roots have penetrated with double strength far into the earth, and the branches are braced with toughened bark and closely knitted ligaments.

The same may be said of the animal kingdom. The mind is developed by vigorous exercise just as are likewise the muscles of the body. The more these are cultivated by drawing from their parental affinities in the macrocosm, the more knowledge or power they take on.

Thus as a man simulates in thought and action an ape, a tiger, a goat, a snake or a lamb he takes on their characteristics and is swayed by like influences to enmity, meekness, covetousness and avariciousness.

To illustrate further. If he is cunning he draws on the fox of the microcosm and becomes, in action and thought, like that animal. If selfishness survives, the hog principle is aroused from its latent cells in the microcosm and he is dominated by material appetites.

In a similar way he may perceive the spiritual in himself. Nature's laws, with all their numberless and intricate ramifications are simple in their harmony of process and uniformity of purpose when applied to the physical and ethical developments of man.]



Possibilities for inner improvements or expansions rest with material man. If he entertains gross desires to the exclusion of spiritual germs, he will dwarf and degrade higher aspirations, and thus deprive subjective spirituality of her rightful possessions.

\* \* \* \*

Nature, in compounding the materials for the creation of the deaf man, inadvertently dropped the ingredient sound, hence making an imperfect being; and sound, being thus foreign to his nature, he can only be approached by signs even in dreams. Subjectivity uses nature's forces, while a normal person uses dreams to work on his waking consciousness.

As it is impossible to use with effect a factor which a man does not naturally possess, a deaf man rarely ever dreams of sound, or a blind man of light.

\* \* \* \*

Two Dreams are never that same, nor are two flowers ever alike

Whatever symbol is used to impress the dreamer is the one which is likely to warn him more definitely than any other. No two persons being ever in the same state at the same time, the same symbols would hardly convey identical impressions; neither will the same dream be as effective in all cases of business or love with the same dreamer.

A person's dream perception wavers, much as it does in waking hours. You fail to find the same fragrance in the rose at all times, though the same influences seemingly surround you; and thus it is that different dreams must be used for different persons to convey the same meaning.

Creation, confident of her power to perfect her designs, does not resort to that monotony in her work, which might result were the perception of man, or the petals and fragrance of flowers cast from one stereotyped mold of intelligence, beauty or sweetness. This variety of scheme runs through all creation. You think you have identical dreams, but there is always some variation, even if it be something dreamed immediately over. Nature is no sluggard and is forever changing her compounds, so that there is bound to be change in the details even of dreams. This change would not materially affect the approach of happiness or sorrow in different people, and hence the same dreams are reliable for all.

Persons of the same or similar temperament will be more deeply impressed by a certain dream than would people their opposite; and though the dream cannot be the same in detail yet it is apparently the same, just as two like flowers are called roses, though they are not identical.

If a young woman twenty-five and a girl of fifteen should each have a dream of marriage, the same definition would apply to each, just the same as if they would each approach a flower and smell of it differently. Different influences will possess them unconsciously, though the outward appearance be the same.

A young woman of a certain age is warned in a dream of trouble likely to befall her, while another of similar age and threatened trouble is warned also, but in different symbols, which

she fails to grasp and bring back to waking existence, and she thus believes she has had no warning dream.

There are those in the world who lack subjective strength, material or spiritual, and hence they fail to receive dreams, however symbolic, because there is no power within them to retain these impressions.

There are many reasons for this loss, utter material gross-ness, want of memory, physical weakness uncoupled from extreme nervousness, and total lack of faith in any warning or revelation purporting or coming from the dream consciousness.

To dream at night and the following day have the thing dreamed of actually take place, or come before your notice, is not allegorical. It is the higher or spiritual sense living or grasping the immediate future ahead of the physical mind. The spiritual body is always first to come into contact with the approaching future; it is present with it, while still future to the physical body. There is no reason why man should not grasp coming events earlier, only he does not cultivate inner sight as he does his outer senses. The allegorical is used because man weakens his spiritual force by catering to the material senses.

He clings to the pleasures and woes of the material world to the exclusion of spirituality.

## Mark Twain

### My Boyhood Dreams

The dreams of my boyhood? No, they have not been realised. For all who are old, there is something infinitely pathetic about the subject which you have chosen, for in no greyhead's case can it suggest any but one thing--disappointment. Disappointment is its own reason for its pain: the quality or dignity of the hope that failed is a matter aside. The dreamer's valuation of the thing lost--not another man's--is the only standard to measure it by, and his grief for it makes it large and great and fine, and is worthy of our reverence in all cases. We should carefully remember that. There are sixteen hundred million people in the world. Of these there is but a trifling number--in fact, only thirty-eight millions--who can understand why a person should have an ambition to belong to the French army; and why, belonging to it, he should be proud of that; and why, having got down that far, he should want to go on down, down, down till he struck the bottom and got on the General Staff; and why, being stripped of this livery, or set free and reinvested with his self-respect by any other quick and thorough process, let it be what it might, he should wish to return to his strange serfage. But no matter: the estimate put upon these things by the fifteen hundred and sixty millions is no proper measure of their value: the proper measure, the just measure, is that which is put upon them by Dreyfus, and is cipherable merely upon the littleness or the vastness of the disappointment which their loss cost him. There you have it: the measure of the magnitude of a dream-failure is the measure of the disappointment the failure cost the dreamer; the value, in others' eyes, of the thing lost, has nothing to do with the matter. With this straightening out and classification of the dreamer's position to help us, perhaps we can put ourselves in his place and respect his dream--Dreyfus's, and the dreams our friends have cherished and reveal to us. Some that I call to mind, some that have been revealed to me, are curious enough; but we may not smile at them, for they were precious to the dreamers, and their failure has left scars which give them dignity and pathos. With this theme in my mind, dear heads that were brown when they and mine were young together rise old and white before me now, beseeching me to speak for them, and most lovingly will I do it. Howells, Hay, Aldrich, Matthews, Stockton, Cable, Remus--how their young hopes and ambitions come flooding back to my memory now, out of the vague far past, the beautiful past, the lamented past! I remember it so well--that night we met together--it was in Boston, and Mr. Fiends was there, and Mr. Osgood, Ralph Keeler, and Boyle O'Reilly, lost to us now these many years--and under the seal of confidence revealed to each other what our boyhood dreams had been: reams which had not as yet been blighted, but over which was stealing the grey of the night that was to come--a night which we prophetically felt, and this feeling oppressed us and made us sad. I remember that Howells's voice broke twice, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able to go on; in the end he wept. For he had hoped to be an auctioneer. He told of his early struggles to climb to his goal, and how at last he attained to within a single step of the coveted summit. But there misfortune after misfortune assailed him, and he went down, and down, and down, until now at last, weary and disheartened, he had for the present given up the struggle and become the editor of the Atlantic Monthly. This was in 1830. Seventy years are gone since, and where now is his dream? It will never be fulfilled. And it is best so; he is no longer fitted for the position; no one would take him now; even if he got it, he would not be able to do himself credit in it, on account of his deliberateness of speech and lack of trained professional vivacity; he would be put on real estate, and would have the pain of seeing younger and abler men intrusted with the furniture and other such goods--goods which draw a mixed and intellectually low order of customers, who must be beguiled of their bids by a vulgar and

specialised humour and sparkle, accompanied with antics. But it is not the thing lost that counts, but only the disappointment the loss brings to the dreamer that had coveted that thing and had set his heart of hearts upon it, and when we remember this, a great wave of sorrow for Howells rises in our breasts, and we wish for his sake that his fate could have been different. At that time Hay's boyhood dream was not yet past hope of realisation, but it was fading, dimming, wasting away, and the wind of a growing apprehension was blowing cold over the perishing summer of his life. In the pride of his young ambition he had aspired to be a steamboat mate; and in fancy saw himself dominating a fore-castle some day on the Mississippi and dictating terms to roustabouts in high and wounding terms. I look back now, from this far distance of seventy years, and note with sorrow the stages of that dream's destruction. Hay's history is but Howells's, with differences of detail. Hay climbed high toward his ideal; when success seemed almost sure, his foot upon the very gang-plank, his eye upon the capstan, misfortune came and his fall began. Down--down--down--ever down: Private Secretary to the President; Colonel in the field; Charge d'Affaires in Paris; Charge d'Affaires in Vienna; Poet; Editor of the Tribune; Biographer of Lincoln; Ambassador to England; and now at last there he lies--Secretary of State, Head of Foreign Affairs. And he has fallen like Lucifer, never to rise again. And his dream--where now is his dream? Gone down in blood and tears with the dream of the auctioneer. And the young dream of Aldrich--where is that? I remember yet how he sat there that night fondling it, petting it; seeing it recede and ever recede; trying to be reconciled and give it up, but not able yet to bear the thought; for it had been his hope to be a horse-doctor. He also climbed high, but, like the others, fell; then fell again, and yet again, and again and again. And now at last he can fall no further. He is old now, he has ceased to struggle, and is only a poet. No one would risk a horse with him now. His dream is over. Has any boyhood dream ever been fulfilled? I must doubt it. Look at Brander Matthews. He wanted to be a cowboy. What is he to-day? Nothing but a professor in a university. Will he ever be a cowboy? It is hardly conceivable. Look at Stockton. What was Stockton's young dream? He hoped to be a barkeeper. See where he has landed. Is it better with Cable? What was Cable's young dream? To be ring-master in the circus, and swell around and crack the whip. What is he to-day? Nothing but a theologian and novelist. And Uncle Remus--what was his young dream? To be a buccaneer. Look at him now. Ah, the dreams of our youth, how beautiful they are, and how perishable! The ruins of these might-have-beens, how pathetic! The heart-secrets that were revealed that night now so long vanished, how they touch me as I give them voice! Those sweet privacies, how they endeared us to each other! We were under oath never to tell any of these things, and I have always kept that oath inviolate when speaking with persons whom I thought not worthy to hear them. Oh, our lost Youth--God keep its memory green in our hearts! for Age is upon us, with the indignity of its infirmities, and Death beckons!

## II

### Visions

George Berkeley

#### An Essay Towards a New Theory of Vision

80. For the better explaining the nature of vision, and setting the manner wherein we perceive magnitudes in a due light, I shall proceed to make some observations concerning matters relating thereto, whereof the want of reflexion, and duly separating between tangible and visible ideas, is apt to create in us mistaken and confused notions. And FIRST, I shall observe that the MINIMUM VISIBILE is exactly equal in all beings whatsoever that are endowed with the visive faculty. No exquisite formation of the eye, no peculiar sharpness of sight, can make it less in one creature than in another; for it not being distinguishable into parts, nor in any wise consisting of them, it must necessarily be the same to all. For suppose it otherwise, and that the MINIMUM VISIBILE of a mite, for instance, be less than the MINIMUM VISIBILE of a man: the latter therefore may by detraction of some part be made equal to the former: it doth therefore consist of parts, which is inconsistent with the notion of a MINIMUM VISIBILE or point.

81. It will perhaps be objected that the MINIMUM VISIBILE of a man doth really and in itself contain parts whereby it surpasses that of a mite, though they are not perceivable by the man. To which I answer, the MINIMUM VISIBILE having (in like manner as all other the proper and immediate objects of sight) been shown not to have any existence without the mind of him who sees it, it follows there cannot be any part of it that is not actually perceived, and therefore visible. Now for any object to contain distinct visible parts, and at the same time to be a MINIMUM VISIBILE, is a manifest contradiction.

82. Of these visible points we see at all times an equal number. It is every whit as great when our view is contracted and bounded by near objects as when it is extended to larger and remoter. For it being impossible that one MINIMUM VISIBILE should obscure or keep out of sight more than one other, it is a plain consequence that when my view is on all sides bounded by the walls of my study see just as many visible points as I could, in case that by the removal of the study-walls and all other obstructions, I had a full prospect of the circumjacent fields, mountains, sea, and open firmament: for so long as I am shut up within the walls, by their interposition every point of the external objects is covered from my view: but each point that is seen being able to cover or exclude from sight one only other corresponding point, it follows that whilst my sight is confined to those narrow walls I see as many points, or MINIMA VISIBILIA, as I should were those walls away, by looking on all the external objects whose prospect is intercepted by them. Whenever therefore we are said to have a greater prospect at one time than another, this must be understood with relation, not to the proper and immediate, but the secondary and mediate objects of vision, which, as hath been shown, properly belong to the touch. 83. The visive faculty considered with reference to its immediate objects may be found to labour of two defects. FIRST, in respect of the extent or number of visible points that are at once perceivable by it, which is narrow and limited to a certain degree. It can take in at one view but a certain determinate number of MINIMA

VISIBILIA, beyond which it cannot extend its prospect. Secondly, our sight is defective in that its view is not only narrow, but also for the most part confused: of those things that we take in at one prospect we can see but a few at once clearly and unconfusedly: and the more we fix our sight on any one object, by so much the darker and more indistinct shall the rest appear. 84. Corresponding to these two defects of sight, we may imagine as many perfections, to wit, 1ST, that of comprehending in one view a greater number of visible points. 2DLY, of being able to view them all equally and at once with the utmost clearness and distinction. That those perfections are not actually in some intelligences of a different order and capacity from ours it is impossible for us to know. 85. In neither of those two ways do microscopes contribute to the improvement of sight; for when we look through a microscope we neither see more visible points, nor are the collateral points more distinct than when we look with the naked eye at objects placed in a due distance. A microscope brings us, as it were, into a new world: it presents us with a new scene of visible objects quite different from what we behold with the naked eye. But herein consists the most remarkable difference, to wit, that whereas the objects perceived by the eye alone have a certain connexion with tangible objects, whereby we are taught to foresee what will ensue upon the approach or application of distant objects to the parts of our own body, which much conduceth to its preservation, there is not the like connexion between things tangible and those visible objects that are perceived by help of a fine microscope.

86. Hence it is evident that were our eyes turned into the nature of microscopes, we should not be much benefited by the change; we should be deprived of the forementioned advantage we at present receive by the visive faculty, and have left us only the empty amusement of seeing, without any other benefit arising from it. But in that case, it will perhaps be said, our sight would be endued with a far greater sharpness and penetration than it now hath. But it is certain from what we have already shown that the MINIMUM VISIBILE is never greater or lesser, but in all cases constantly the same: and in the case of microscopical eyes I see only this difference, to wit, that upon the ceasing of a certain observable connexion betwixt the divers perceptions of sight and touch, which before enabled us to regulate our actions by the eye, it would now be rendered utterly unserviceable to that purpose.

# Susan Glaspell

## The Visioning

### A Novel

#### Chapter I

Miss Katherine Wayneworth Jones was bunkered. Having been bunkered many times in the past, and knowing that she would be bunkered upon many occasions in the future, Miss Jones was not disposed to take a tragic view of the situation. The little white ball was all too secure down there in the sand; as she had played her first nine, and at least paid her respects to the game, she could now scale the hazard and curl herself into a comfortable position. It was a seductively lazy spring day, the very day for making arm-chairs of one's hazards. And let it be set down in the beginning that Miss Jones was more given to a comfortable place than to a tragic view.

Katherine Wayneworth Jones, affectionately known to many friends in many lands as Katie Jones, was an "army girl." And that not only for the obvious reasons: not because her people had been of the army, even unto the second and third generations, not because she had known the joys and jealousies of many posts, not even because bachelor officers were committed to the habit of proposing to her--those were but the trappings. She was an army girl because "Well, when you know her, you don't have to be told, and if you don't know her you can't be," a floundering friend had once concluded her exposition of why Katie was so "army." For her to marry outside the army would be regarded as little short of treason.

To-day she was giving a little undisturbing consideration to that thing of her marrying. For it was her twenty-fifth birthday, and twenty-fifth birthdays are prone to knock at the door of matrimonial possibilities. Just then the knock seemed answered by Captain Prescott. Unblushingly Miss Jones considered that doubtless before the summer was over she would be engaged to him. And quite likely she would follow up the engagement with a wedding. It seemed time for her to be following up some of her engagements.

She did not believe that she would at all mind marrying Harry Prescott. All his people liked all hers, which would facilitate things at the wedding; she would not be rudely plunged into a new set of friends, which would be trying at her time of life. Everything about him was quite all right: he played a good game of golf, not a maddening one of bridge, danced and rode in a sort of joy of living fashion. And she liked the way he showed his teeth when he laughed. She always thought when he laughed most unreservedly that he was going to show more of them; but he never did; it interested her.

And it interested her the way people said: "Prescott? Oh yes--he was in Cuba, wasn't he?" and then smiled a little, perhaps shrugged a trifle, and added:

"Great fellow--Prescott. Never made a mess of things, anyhow."

To have vague association with the mysterious things of life, and yet not to have "made a mess of things"--what more could one ask?

Of course, pounding irritably with her club, the only reason for not marrying him was that there were too many reasons for doing so. She could not think of a single person who would furnish the stimulus of an objection. Stupid to have every one so pleased! But there must always be something wrong, so let that be appeased in having everything just right. And then there was Cuba for one's adventurous sense.

She looked about her with satisfaction. It frequently happened that the place where one was inspired keen sense of the attractions of some other place. But this time there was no place she would rather be than just where she found herself. For she was a little tired, after a long round of visits at gay places, and this quiet, beautiful island out in the Mississippi--large, apart, serene--seemed a great lap into which to sink. She liked the quarters: big old-fashioned houses in front of which the long stretch of green sloped down to the river. There was something peculiarly restful in the spaciousness and stability, a place which the disagreeable or distressing things of life could not invade. Most of the women were away, which was the real godsend, for the dreariness and desolation of pleasure would be eliminated. A quiet post was charming until it tried to be gay--so mused Miss Katherine Wayneworth Jones.

And of various other things, mused she. Her brother, Captain Wayneworth Jones, was divorced from his wife and wedded to something he was hoping would in turn be wedded to a rifle; all the scientific cells of the family having been used for Wayne's brain, it was hard for Katie to get the nature of the attachment, but she trusted the ordnance department would in time solemnly legalize the affair--Wayne giving in marriage--destruction profiting happily by the union. Meanwhile Wayne was so consecrated to the work of making warfare more deadly that he scarcely knew his sister had arrived. But on the morrow, or at least the day after, would come young Wayneworth, called Worth, save when his Aunt Kate called him Wayne the Worthy. Wayne the Worthy was also engaged in perfecting a death-dealing instrument, the same being the interrogation point. Doubtless he would open fire on Aunt Kate with--Why didn't his mother and father live in the same place any more, and--Why did he have to live half the time with mama if he'd rather stay all the time with father? Poor Worth, he had only spent six years in a world of law and order, and had yet to learn about courts and incompatibilities and annoying things like that. It did not seem fair that the hardest part of the whole thing should fall to poor little Wayne the Worthy. He couldn't help it, certainly.

But how Worthie would love those collie pups! They would evolve all sorts of games to play with them. Picturing herself romping with the boy and dogs, prowling about on the river in Wayne's new launch, lounging under those great oak trees reading good lazying books, doing everything because she wanted to and nothing because she had to, flirting just enough with Captain Prescott to keep a sense of the reality of life, she lay there gloating over the happy prospect.

And then in that most irresponsible and unsuspecting of moments something whizzed into her consciousness like a bullet—something shot by her vision pierced the lazy, hazy, carelessly woven web of imagery--bullet-swift, bullet-true, bullet-terrible--striking the center clean and strong. The suddenness and completeness with which she sat up almost sent her from her place. For from the very instant that her eye rested upon the figure of the girl in pink organdie dress and big hat she knew something was wrong.



And when, within a few feet of the river the girl stopped running, shrank back, covered her face with her hands, then staggered on, she knew that that girl was going to the river to kill herself.

There was one frozen instant of powerlessness. Then--what to do? Call to her? She would only hurry on. Run after her? She could not get there. It was intuition--instinct--took the short cut a benumbed reason could not make; rolling headlong down the bunker, twisting her neck and mercilessly bumping her elbow, Katherine Wayneworth Jones emitted a shriek to raise the very dead themselves. And then three times a quick, wild "Help--Help--Help!" and a less audible prayer that no one else was near.

It reached; the girl stopped, turned, saw the rumpled, lifeless-looking heap of blue linen, turned back toward the river, then once more to the motionless Miss Jones, lying face downward in the sand. And then the girl who thought life not worth living, delaying her own preference, with rather reluctant feet--feet clad in pink satin slippers--turned back to the girl who wanted to live badly enough to call for help.

Through one-half of one eye Katie could see her; she was thinking that there was something fine about a girl who wanted to kill herself putting it off long enough to turn back and help some one who wanted to live.

Miss Jones raised her head just a trifle, showed her face long enough to roll her eyes in a grewsome way she had learned at school, and with a "Help me!" buried her face in the sand and lay there quivering.

The girl knelt down. "You sick?" she asked, and Katie had the fancy of her voice sounding as though she had not expected to use it any more.

"So ill!" panted Kate, rolling over on her back and holding her heart. "Here! My heart!"

The girl looked around uncertainly. It must be a jar, Katie conceded, being called back to life, expected to fight for the very thing one was running away from. Her rescuer was evidently considering going to the river for water--saving water (Katie missed none of those fine points)--but instead she pulled the patient to a sitting position, supporting her.

"You can breathe better this way, can't you?" she asked solicitously. "Have you had them before? Will it go away? Shall I call some one?"

Katie rolled her head about as she had seen people do who were dying on the stage. "Often--before. Go away--soon. But don't leave me!" she implored, clutching at the girl wildly.

"I will not leave you," the stranger assured her. "I have plenty of time."

Miss Jones made what the doctors would call a splendid recovery. Her breath began coming more naturally; her spine seemed to regain control of her head; her eyes rolled less wildly. "It's going," she panted; "but you'll have to help me to the house."

"Why of course," replied the girl who was being delayed. "Do you think I'd leave a sick girl sitting out here all alone?"

Kate felt like apologizing. It seemed rather small--that interrupting a death to save a life.

"Where do you live?" her companion was asking. She pointed to the quarters. "In one of those?"

"The second one," Katie told her. "And thank Heaven," she told herself, "the first one is closed!"

"Lean on me," directed the girl in pink, with a touch of the gentle authority of strong to weak. "Don't be afraid to lean on me."

Kate felt the quick warm tears against her eyelids. "You're very kind," she said, and the quiver in her voice was real.

They walked slowly on, silently. Katie was trembling now, and in earnest. "My name is Katherine Jones," she said at last, looking timidly at the girl who was helping her.

It wrought a change. The girl's mouth closed in a hard line. A hard, defending glitter seemed to seal her eyes. She did not respond.

"May I ask to whom I am indebted for this kindness?" It was asked with gentleness.

But for the moment it brought no response. "My name is Verna Woods," came at last with an unsteady defiance.

They had reached the steps of the big, hospitable porch. With deep relief Katie saw that there was no one about. Nora had gone out with one of her adorers from the barracks.

They turned, and were looking back to the river. It was May at May's loveliest: the grass and trees so tender a green, the river so gently buoyant, and a softly sympathetic sky over all. A soldier had appeared and was picking twigs from the putting green in front of them; another soldier was coming down the road with some eggs which he was evidently taking to Captain Prescott's quarters. He was whistling. Everything seemed to be going very smoothly. And a launch was coming down the river; a girl's laugh came musically across the water and the green; it inspired the joyful throat of a nearby robin. And into this had been shot--!

Katie turned to the intruder. "It's lovely, isn't it?" she asked in a queer, hushed way.

The girl looked at her, and at the fierce rush of things Kate took a frightened step backward. But quickly the other had turned away her face. Only her clenched hand and slightly moving shoulder told anything.

There was another call to make, and instinct alone could not reach this time. For the moment thought of it left her mute.

"You have been so kind to me," she began, her timidity serving well as helplessness, "so very kind. I wonder if I may ask one thing more? Am--am I keeping you from anything you should be doing?"

There was no response at first, just a little convulsive clenching of the hand, an accentuated movement of the shoulder. Then, "I have time enough," was the low, curt answer, face still averted.

"I am alone here, as you see. I am just a little afraid of a--a return attack. I wonder--would you be willing to come up to my room with me--help make a cup of tea for us and--stay with me a little while?"

Again for the minute, no reply. Then the girl turned hotly upon her, suspicion, resentment--was it hatred, too?--in her eyes. But what she saw was as a child's face--wide eyes, beseeching mouth. Women who wondered "what in the world men saw in Katie Jones" might have wondered less had they seen her then.

The girl did not seem to know what to say. Suddenly she was trembling from head to foot.

Kate laid a hand upon the quivering arm. "I've frightened you," she said regretfully and tenderly. "You need the tea, too. You'll come?"

The girl's eyes roved all around like the furtive eyes of a frightened animal. But they came back to Katie's steadying gaze. "Why yes--I'll come--if you want me to," she said in voice she was clearly making supreme effort to steady.

"I do indeed," said Kate simply and led the way into the house.

## Thomas Hardy

### Moments of Vision

That mirror  
Which makes of men a transparency,  
Who holds that mirror  
And bids us such a breast-bare spectacle see  
Of you and me?

That mirror  
Whose magic penetrates like a dart,  
Who lifts that mirror  
And throws our mind back on us, and our heart,  
Until we start?

That mirror  
Works well in these night hours of ache;  
Why in that mirror  
Are tincts we never see ourselves once take  
When the world is awake?

That mirror  
Can test each mortal when unaware;  
Yea, that strange mirror  
May catch his last thoughts, whole life foul or fair,  
Glassing it--where?

## **Anna Kingsford**

### **A Village of Seers - A Christmas Story**

A day or two before Christmas, a few years since, I found myself compelled by business to leave England for the Continent.

I am an American, junior partner in a London mercantile house having a large Swiss connection; and a transaction--needless to specify her--required immediate and personal supervision abroad, at a season of the year when I would gladly have kept festival in London with my friends. But my journey was destined to bring me an adventure of a very remarkable character, which made me full amends for the loss of Christmas cheer at home.

I crossed the Channel at night from Dover to Calais. The passage was bleak and snowy, and the passengers were very few. On board the steamboat I remarked one traveler whose appearance and manner struck me as altogether unusual and interesting, and I deemed it by no means a disagreeable circumstance that, on arriving at Calais, this man entered the compartment of the railway carriage in which I had already seated myself.

So far as the dim light permitted me a glimpse of the stranger's face, I judged him to be about fifty years of age. The features were delicate and refined in type, the eyes dark and deep-sunken, but full of intelligence and thought, and the whole aspect of the man denoted good birth, a nature given to study and meditation, and a life of much sorrowful experience.

Two other travelers occupied our carriage until Amiens was reached. They then left us, and the interesting stranger and I remained alone together.

"A bitter night," I said to him, as I drew up the window, "and the worst of it is yet to come! The early hours of dawn are always the coldest."

"I suppose so," he answered in a grave voice.

The voice impressed me as strongly as the face; it was subdued and restrained, the voice of a man undergoing great mental suffering.

"You will find Paris bleak at this season of the year," I continued, longing to make him talk. "It was colder there last winter than in London."

"I do not stay in Paris," he replied, "save to breakfast."

"Indeed; that is my case. I am going on to Bale."

"And I also," he said, "and further yet."

Then he turned his face to the window, and would say no more. My speculations regarding him multiplied with his taciturnity. I felt convinced that he was a man with a romance, and a desire to know its nature became strong in me. We breakfasted apart at Paris, but I watched him into his compartment for Bale, and sprang in after him. During the first part of our

journey we slept; but, as we neared the Swiss frontier, a spirit of wakefulness took hold of us, and fitful sentences were exchanged. My companion, it appeared, intended to rest but a single day at Bale. He was bound for far-away Alpine regions, ordinarily visited by tourists during the summer months only, and, one would think, impassable at this season of the year.

"And you go alone?" I asked him. "You will have no companions to join you?"

"I shall have guides," he answered, and relapsed into meditative silence.

Presently I ventured another question: "You go on business, perhaps- not on pleasure?"

He turned his melancholy eyes on mine. "Do I look as if I were traveling for pleasure's sake?" he asked gently.

I felt rebuked, and hastened to apologise. "Pardon me; I ought not to have said that. But you interest me greatly, and I wish, if possible, to be of service to you. If you are going into Alpine districts on business and alone, at this time of the year--"

There I hesitated and paused. How could I tell him that he interested me so much as to make me long to know the romance which, I felt convinced, attached to his expedition? Perhaps he perceived what was in my mind, for he questioned me in his turn. "And you--have you business in Bale?"

"Yes, and in other places. My accent may have told you my nationality. I travel in the interests of the American firm, Fletcher Bros., Roy, & Co., whose London house, no doubt, you know. But I need remain only twenty-four hours in Bale. Afterwards I go to Berne, then to Geneva. I must, however, wait for letters from England after doing my business at Bale, and I shall have some days free."

"How many?"

"From the 21st to the 26th."

He was silent for a minute, meditating. Then he took from his traveling-bag a porte-feuille, and from the porte-feuille a visiting-card, which he handed to me.

"That is my name," he said briefly.

I took the hint, and returned the compliment in kind. On his card I read:

MR CHARLES DENIS ST AUBYN,  
Grosvenor Square, London. St Aubyn's Court, Shrewsbury.

And mine bore the legend:

MR FRANK ROY,  
Merchants' Club, W. C.

"Now that we are no longer unknown to each other," said I, "may I ask, without committing an indiscretion, if I can use the free time at my disposal in your interests?"

"You are very good, Mr Roy. It is the characteristic of your nation to be kind-hearted and readily interested in strangers." Was this sarcastic? I wondered. Perhaps; but he said it quite courteously. "I am a solitary and unfortunate man. Before I accept your kindness, will you permit me to tell you the nature of the journey I am making? It is a strange one."

He spoke huskily, and with evident effort. I assented eagerly.

The following, recounted in broken sentences, and with many abrupt pauses, is the story to which I listened:

Mr St Aubyn was a widower. His only child, a boy twelve years of age, had been for a year past afflicted with loss of speech and hearing, the result of a severe typhoid fever, from which he barely escaped with life. Last summer, his father, following medical advice, brought him to Switzerland, in the hope that Alpine air, change of scene, exercise, and the pleasure of the trip, would restore him to his normal condition. One day father and son, led by a guide, were ascending a mountain pathway, not ordinarily regarded as dangerous, when the boy, stepping aside to view the snowy ranges above and around, slipped on a treacherous fragment of half-detached rock, and went sliding into the ravine beneath. The height of the fall was by no means great, and the level ground on which the boy would necessarily alight was overgrown with soft herbage and long grass, so that neither the father nor the guide at first conceived any serious apprehensions for the safety of the boy's life or limbs. He might be bruised, perhaps even a few cuts or a sprained wrist might disable him for a few days, but they feared nothing worse than these. As quickly as the slippery ground would permit, they descended the winding path leading to the meadow, but when they reached it, the boy was nowhere to be seen. Hours passed in vain and anxious quest; no track, no sound, no clue assisted the seekers, and the shouts of the guide, if they reached, as doubtless they did, the spot where the lost boy lay, fell on ears as dull and deadened as those of a corpse. Nor could the boy, if crippled by his fall, and unable to show himself, give evidence of his whereabouts by so much as a single cry. Both tongue and ears were sealed by infirmity, and any low sound such as that he might have been able to utter would have been rendered inaudible by the torrent rushing through the ravine hard by. At nightfall the search was suspended, to be renewed before daybreak with fresh assistance from the nearest village. Some of the new-comers spoke of a cave on the slope of the meadow, into which the boy might have crept. This was easily reached. It was apparently of but small extent; a few goats reposed in it, but no trace of the child was discoverable. After some days spent in futile endeavour, all hope was abandoned. The father returned to England to mourn his lost boy, and another disaster was added to the annual list of casualties in the Alps.

So far the story was sad enough, but hardly romantic. I clasped the hand of the narrator, and assured him warmly of my sympathy, adding, with as little appearance of curiosity as I could command:--

"And your object in coming back is only, then, to--to--be near the scene of your great trouble?"

"No, Mr Roy; that is not the motive of my journey. I do not believe either that my boy's corpse lies concealed among the grasses of the plateau, or that it was swept away, as has been

suggested, by the mountain cataract. Neither hypothesis seems to me tenable. The bed of the stream was followed and searched for miles; and though, when he fell, he was carrying over his shoulder a flask and a thick fur-lined cloak,--for we expected cold on the heights, and went provided against it,---not a fragment of anything belonging to him was found. Had he fallen into the torrent, it is impossible his clothing should not have become detached from the body and caught by the innumerable rocks in the shallow parts of the stream. But that is not all. I have another reason for the belief I cherish." He leaned forward, and added in firmer and slower tones: "I am convinced that my boy still lives, for--I have seen him."

"You have seen him!" I cried.

"Yes; again and again--in dreams. And always in the same way, and with the same look. He stands before me, beckoning to me, and making signs that I should come and help him. Not once or twice only, but many times, night after night I have seen the same thing!"

Poor father! Poor desolate man! Not the first driven distraught by grief; not the first deluded by the shadows of love and longing!

"You think I am deceived by hallucinations," he said, watching my face." It is you who are misled by the scientific idiots of the day, the wiseacres who teach us to believe, whenever soul speaks to soul, that the highest and holiest communion attainable by man is the product of physical disease! Forgive me the energy of my words; but had you loved and lost your beloved---wife and child--as I have done, you would comprehend the contempt and anger with which I regard those modern teachers whose cold and ghastly doctrines give the lie, not only to all human hopes and aspirations towards the higher life, but also to the possibility of that very progress from lower to nobler forms which is the basis of their own philosophy, and to the conception of which the idea of the soul and of love are essential! Evolution presupposes possible perfecting, and the conscious adaptation of means to ends in order to attain it. And both the ideal itself and the endeavour to reach it are incomprehensible without desire, which is love, and whose seat is in the interior self, the living soul--the maker of the outward form!"

He was roused from his melancholy now, and spoke connectedly and with enthusiasm. I was about to reassure him in regard to my own philosophical convictions, the soundness of which he seemed to question, when his voice sank again, and he added earnestly:--

"I tell you I have seen my boy, and that I know he lives,--not in any far-off sphere beyond the grave, but here on earth, among living men! Twice since his loss I have returned from England to seek him, in obedience to the vision, but in vain, and I have gone back home to dream the same dream. But--only last week--I heard a wonderful story. It was told me by a friend who is a great traveler, and who has but just returned from a lengthened tour in the south. I met him at my club, 'by accident,' as unthinking persons say. He told me that there exists, buried away out of common sight and knowledge, in the bosom of the Swiss Alps, a little village whose inhabitants possess, in varying degrees, a marvellous and priceless faculty. Almost all the dwellers in this village are mutually related, either bearing the same ancestral name, or being branches from one original stock. The founder of this community was a blind man, who, by some unexplained good fortune, acquired or became endowed with the psychic faculty called 'second sight,' or clairvoyance. This faculty, it appears, is now the hereditary property of the whole village, more developed in the blind man's immediate heirs than in his remoter relatives; but, strange to say, it is a faculty which, for a reason



connected with the history of its acquirement, they enjoy only once a year, and that is on Christmas Eve. I know well," continued Mr. St. Aubyn, "all you have it in your mind to say. Doubtless, you would hint to me that the narrator of the tale was amusing himself with my credulity; or that these Alpine villagers, if they exist, are not clairvoyants, but charlatans trading on the folly of the curious, or even that the whole story is a chimera of my own dreaming brain. I am willing that, if it please you, you should accept any of these hypotheses. As for me, in my sorrow and despair, I am resolved to leave no means untried to recover my boy; and it happens that the village in question is not far from the scene of the disaster which deprived me of him. A strange hope--a confidence even--grows in my heart as I approach the end of my journey. I believe I am about to verify the truth of my friend's story, and that, through the wonderful faculty possessed by these Alpine peasants, the promise of my visions will be realised."

His voice broke again, he ceased speaking, and turned his face away from me. I was greatly moved, and anxious to impress him with a belief in the sincerity of my sympathy, and in my readiness to accept the truth of the tale he had repeated.

"Do not think," I said with some warmth, "that I am disposed to make light of what you tell me, strange though it sounds. Out in the West, where I come from, I heard, when a boy, many a story at least as curious as yours. In our wild country, odd things chance at times, and queer circumstances, they say, happen in out of the way tracks in forest and prairie; aye, and there are strange creatures that haunt the bush, some tell, in places where no human foot is wont to tread. So that nothing of this sort comes upon me with an air of newness, at least! I mayn't quite trust it, as you do, but I am no scoffer. Look, now, Mr. St. Aubyn, I have a proposal to make. You are alone, and purpose undertaking a bitter and, it may be, a perilous journey in mountain ground at this season. What say you to taking me along with you? May be, I shall prove of some use; and at any rate, your adventure and your story interest me greatly!"

I was quite tremulous with apprehension lest he should refuse my request, but he did not. He looked earnestly and even fixedly at me for a minute, then silently held out his hand and grasped mine with energy. It was a sealed compact. After that we considered ourselves comrades, and continued our journey together.

Our day's rest at Bale being over, and the business which concerned me there transacted, we followed the route indicated by Mr. St. Aubyn, and on the evening of the 22nd of December arrived at a little hill station, where we found a guide who promised to conduct us the next morning to the village we sought. Sunrise found us on our way, and a tramp of several weary hours, with occasional breaks for rest and refreshment, brought us at last to the desired spot.

It was a quaint, picturesque little hamlet, embosomed in a mountain recess, a sheltered oasis in the midst of a wind-swept, snow-covered region. The usual Swiss trade of wood-carving appeared to be the principal occupation of the community. The single narrow street was thronged with goats, whose jingling many-toned bells made an incessant and agreeable symphony. Under the projecting roofs of the log-built chalets bundles of dried herbs swung in the frosty air; stacks of fir-wood, handy for use, were piled about the doorways, and here and there we noticed a huge dog of the St Bernard breed, with solemn face, and massive paws that left tracks like a lion's in the fresh-fallen snow. A rosy afternoon-radiance glorified the surrounding mountains and warmed the aspect of the little village as we entered it. It was not more than three o'clock, yet already the sun drew near the hilltops, and in a short space he

would sink behind them and leave the valleys immersed in twilight. Inn or hostelry proper there was none in this out of the world recess, but the peasants were right willing to entertain us, and the owner of the largest chalet in the place speedily made ready the necessary board and lodging. Supper--of goat's milk cheese, coarse bread, honey, and drink purporting to be coffee--being concluded, the villagers began to drop in by twos and threes to have a look at us; and presently, at the invitation of our host, we all drew our stools around the pinewood fire, and partook of a strange beverage served hot with sugar and toast, tasting not unlike elderberry wine. Meanwhile my English friend, more conversant than myself with the curiously mingled French and German patois of the district, plunged into the narration of his trouble, and ended with a frank and pathetic appeal to those present, that if there were any truth in the tale he had heard regarding the annual clairvoyance of the villagers, they would consent to use their powers in his service.

Probably they had never been so appealed to before. When my friend had finished speaking, silence, broken only by a few half-audible whispers, fell on the group. I began to fear that, after all, he had been either misinformed or misunderstood, and was preparing to help him out with an explanation to the best of my ability, when a man sitting in the chimney-corner rose and said that, if we pleased, he would fetch the grandsons of the original seer, who would give us the fullest information possible on the subject of our inquiry. This announcement was encouraging, and we assented with joy. He left the chalet, and shortly afterwards returned with two stalwart and intelligent-looking men of about thirty and thirty-five respectively, accompanied by a couple of St Bernards, the most magnificent dogs I had ever seen. I was reassured instantly, for the faces of these two peasants were certainly not those of rogues or fools. They advanced to the centre of the assembly, now numbering some twenty persons, men and women, and were duly introduced to us by our host as Theodor and Augustin Raoul. A wooden bench by the hearth was accorded them, the great dogs couched at their feet, pipes were lit here and there among the circle; and the scene, embellished by the ruddy glow of the flaming pine-logs, the unfamiliar costume of the peasantry, the quaint furniture of the chalet-kitchen in which we sat, and enhanced by the strange circumstances of our journey and the yet stranger story now recounted by the two Raouls, became to my mind every moment more romantic and unworld-like. But the intent and strained expression of St. Aubyn's features as he bent eagerly forward, hanging as if for life or death on the words which the brothers poured forth, reminded me that, in one respect at least, the spectacle before me presented a painful reality, and that for this desolate and lonely man every word of the Christmas tale told that evening was pregnant with import of the deepest and most serious kind. Here, in English guise, is the legend of the Alpine seer, recounted with much gesticulation and rugged dramatic force by his grandsons, the younger occasionally interpolating details which the elder forgot, confirming the data, and echoing with a sonorous interjection the exclamations of the listeners.

Augustin Franz Raoul, the grandfather of the men who addressed us, originally differed in no respect, save that of blindness, from ordinary people. One Christmas Eve, as the day drew towards twilight, and a driving storm of frozen snow raged over the mountains, he, his dog Hans, and his mule were fighting their way home up the pass in the teeth of the tempest. At a turn of the road they came on a priest carrying the Viaticum to a dying man who inhabited a solitary but in the valley below. The priest was on foot, almost spent with fatigue, and bewildered by the blinding snow which obscured the pathway and grew every moment more impenetrable and harder to face. The whirling flakes circled and danced before his sight, the winding path was well-nigh obliterated, his brain grew dizzy and his feet unsteady, and he felt that without assistance he should never reach his destination in safety. Blind Raoul,

though himself tired, and longing for shelter, listened with sympathy to the priest's complaint, and answered, "Father, you know well I am hardly a pious son of the Church; but if the penitent dying down yonder needs spiritual consolation from her, Heaven forbid that I should not do my utmost to help you to him! Sightless though I am, I know my way over these crags as no other man knows it, and the snowstorm which bewilders your eyes so much cannot daze mine. Come, mount my mule, Hans will go with us, and we three will take you to your journey's end safe and sound."

"Son," answered the priest, "God will reward you for this act of charity. The penitent to whom I go bears an evil reputation as a sorcerer, and we all know his name well enough in these parts. He may have some crime on his conscience which he desires to confess before death. But for your timely help I should not be able to fight my way through this tempest to his door, and he would certainly perish unshriven."

The fury of the storm increased as darkness came on. Dense clouds of snow obscured the whole landscape, and rendered sky and mountain alike indistinguishable. Terror seized the priest; but for the blind man, to whose sight day and night were indifferent, these horrors had no great danger. He and his dumb friends plodded quietly and slowly on in the accustomed path, and at length, close upon midnight, the valley was safely reached, and the priest ushered into the presence of his penitent. What the dying sorcerer's confession was the blind man never knew; but after it was over, and the Sacred Host had passed his lips, Raoul was summoned to his bedside, where a strange and solemn voice greeted him by name and thanked him for the service he had rendered.

"Friend," said the dying man, "you will never know how great a debt I owe you. But before I pass out of the world, I would fain do somewhat towards repayment. Sorcerer though I am by repute, I cannot give you that which, were it possible, I would give with all my heart,--the blessing of physical sight. But may God hear the last earthly prayer of a dying penitent, and grant you a better gift and a rarer one than even that of the sight of your outward eyes, by opening those of your spirit! And may the faculty of that interior vision be continued to you and yours so long as ye use it in deeds of mercy and human kindness such as this!"

The speaker laid his hand a moment on the blind man's forehead, and his lips moved silently awhile, though Raoul saw it not. The priest and he remained to the last with the penitent; and when the grey Christmas morning broke over the whitened plain they left the little but in which the corpse lay, to apprise the dwellers in the valley hamlet of the death of the wizard, and to arrange for his burial. And ever, since that Christmas Eve, said the two Raouls, their grandfather found himself when the sacred time came round again, year after year, possessed of a new and extraordinary power, that of seeing with the inward senses of the spirit whatever he desired to see, and this as plainly and distinctly, miles distant, as at his own threshold. The power of interior vision came upon him in sleep or in trance, precisely as with the prophets and sybils of old, and in this condition, sometimes momentary only, whole scenes were flashed before him, the faces of friends leagues away became visible, and he seemed to touch their hands. At these times nothing was hidden from him; it was necessary only that he should desire fervently to see any particular person or place, and that the intent of the wish should be innocent, and he became straightway clairvoyant. To the blind man, deprived in early childhood of physical sight, this miraculous power was an inestimable consolation, and Christmas Eve became to him a festival of illumination whose annual reminiscences and anticipations brightened the whole round of the year. And when at length he died, the faculty remained a family heritage, of which all his descendants partook in some degree, his two

grandsons, as his nearest kin, possessing the gift in its completest development. And--most strange of all--the two hounds which lay couched before us by the hearth, appeared to enjoy a share of the sorcerer's benison! These dogs, Fritz and Bruno, directly descended from Hans, had often displayed strong evidence of lucidity, and under its influence they had been known to act with acumen and sagacity wholly beyond the reach of ordinary dogs. Their immediate sire, Gluck, was the property of a community of monks living fourteen miles distant in the Arblen valley; and though the Raouls were not aware that he had yet distinguished himself by any remarkable exploit of a clairvoyant character, he was commonly credited with a goodly share of the family gift.

"And the mule?" I asked thoughtlessly.

"The mule, monsieur," replied the younger Raoul, with a smile, " has been dead many long years. Naturally he left no posterity."

Thus ended the tale, and for a brief space all remained silent, while many glances stole furtively towards St. Aubyn. He sat motionless, with bowed head and folded arms, absorbed in thought.

One by one the members of the group around us rose, knocked the ashes from their pipes, and with a few brief words quitted the chalet. In a few minutes there remained only our host, the two Raouls, with their dogs, my friend, and myself. Then St. Aubyn found his voice. He too rose, and in slow tremulous tones, addressing Theodor, asked,--

"You will have everything prepared for an expedition tomorrow, in case--you should have anything to tell us?"

"All shall be in readiness, monsieur. Pierre (the host) will wake you by sunrise, for with the dawn of Christmas Eve our lucid faculty returns to us, and if we should have good news to give, the start ought to be made early. We may have far to go, and the days are short."

He whistled to the great hounds, wished us goodnight, and the two brothers left the house together, followed by Fritz and Bruno.

Pierre lighted a lantern, and mounting a ladder in the corner of the room, invited us to accompany him. We clambered up this primitive staircase with some difficulty, and presently found ourselves in a bed-chamber not less quaint and picturesque than the kitchen below. Our beds were both prepared in this room, round the walls of which were piled goat's-milk cheeses, dried herbs, sacks of meal, and other winter provender.

Outside it was a starlit night, clear, calm, and frosty, with brilliant promise for the coming day. Long after I was in the land of dreams, I fancy St. Aubyn lay awake, following with restless eyes the stars in their courses, and wondering whether from some far-off, unknown spot his lost boy might not be watching them also. Dawn, grey and misty, enwrapped the little village when I was startled from my sleep by a noisy chorus of voices and a busy hurrying of footsteps. A moment later some one, heavily booted, ascended the ladder leading to our bedroom, and a ponderous knock resounded on our door. St. Aubyn sprang from his bed, lifted the latch, and admitted the younger Raoul, whose beaming eyes and excited manner betrayed, before he spoke, the good tidings in store.

"We have seen him!" he cried, throwing up his hands triumphantly above his head. "Both of us have seen your son, monsieur! Not half an hour ago, just as the dawn broke, we saw him in a vision, alive and well in a mountain cave, separated from the valley by a broad torrent. An Angel of the good Lord has ministered to him: it is a miracle! Courage, he will be restored to you. Dress quickly, and come down to breakfast. Everything is ready for the expedition, and there is no time to lose!"

These broken ejaculations were interrupted by the voice of the elder brother, calling from the foot of the ladder:

"Make haste, messieurs, if you please. The valley we have seen in our dream is fully twelve miles away, and to reach it we shall have to cut our way through the snow. It is bad at this time of the year, and the passes may be blocked! Come, Augustin!"

Everything was now hurry and commotion. All the village was astir; the excitement became intense. From the window we saw men running eagerly towards our chalet with pickaxes, ropes, hatchets, and other necessary adjuncts of Alpine adventure. The two great hounds, with others of their breed, were bounding joyfully about in the snow, and showing, I thought, by their intelligent glances and impatient behavior, that they already understood the nature of the intended day's work.

At sunrise we sat down to a hearty meal, and amid the clamor of voices and rattling of platters, the elder Raoul unfolded to us his plans for reaching the valley, which both he and his brother had recognized as the higher level of the Arblen, several thousand feet above our present altitude, and in mid-winter a perilous place to visit.

"The spot is completely shut off from the valley by the cataract," said he, "and last year a landslip blocked up the only route to it from the mountains. How the child got there is a mystery!"

"We must cut our way over the Thurgau Pass," cried Augustin.

"That is just my idea. Quick now, if you have finished eating, call Georges and Albert, and take the ropes with you!"

Our little party was speedily equipped, and amid the lusty cheers of the men and the sympathetic murmurs of the women, we passed swiftly through the little snow-carpeted street and struck into the mountain path. We were six in number, St. Aubyn and myself, the two Raouls, and a couple of villagers carrying the requisite implements of mountaineering, while the two dogs, Fritz and Bruno, trotted on before us.

At the outset there was some rough ground to traverse, and considerable work to be done with ropes and tools, for the slippery edges of the highland path afforded scarce any foothold, and in some parts the difficulties appeared well-nigh insurmountable. But every fresh obstacle overcome added a new zest to our resolution, and, cheered by the reiterated cry of the two seers, "Courage, messieurs! Avançons! The worst will soon be passed!" We pushed forward with right good will, and at length found ourselves on a broad rocky plateau.

All this time the two hounds had taken the lead, pioneering us with amazing skill round precipitous corners, and springing from crag to crag over the icy ravines with a daring and

precision which curdled my blood to witness. It was a relief to see them finally descend the narrow pass in safety, and halt beside us panting and exultant. All around lay glittering reaches of untrodden snow, blinding to look at, scintillant as diamond dust. We sat down to rest on some scattered boulders, and gazed with wonder at the magnificent vistas of glowing peaks towering above us, and the luminous expanse of purple gorge and valley, with the white, roaring torrents below, over which wreaths of foam-like filmy mist hovered and floated continually.

As I sat, lost in admiration, St. Aubyn touched my arm, and silently pointed to Theodor Raoul. He had risen, and now stood at the edge of the plateau over-hanging the lowland landscape, his head raised, his eyes wide-opened, his whole appearance indicative of magnetic trance. While we looked he turned slowly towards us, moved his hands to and fro with a gesture of uncertainty, as though feeling his way in the dark; and spoke with a slow dreamy utterance:

"I see the lad sitting in the entrance of the cavern, looking out across the valley, as though expecting some one. He is pallid and thin, and wears a dark-colored mantle--a large mantle--lined with sable fur."

St. Aubyn sprang from his seat. "True!" he exclaimed. "It is the mantle he was carrying on his arm when he slipped over the pass! O, thank God for that; it may have saved his life!"

"The place in which I see your boy," continued the mountaineer, "is fully three miles distant from the plateau on which we now stand. But I do not know how to reach it. I cannot discern the track. I am at fault!" He moved his hands impatiently to and fro, and cried in tones which manifested the disappointment he felt: "I can see no more! the vision passes from me. I can discover nothing but confused shapes merged in ever-increasing darkness!"

We gathered round him in some dismay, and St. Aubyn urged the younger Raoul to attempt an elucidation of the difficulty. But he too failed. The scene in the cave appeared to him with perfect distinctness; but when he strove to trace the path which should conduct us to it, profound darkness obliterated the vision.

"It must be underground," he said, using the groping action we had already observed on Theodor's part. "It is impossible to distinguish anything, save a few vague outlines of rock. Now there is not a glimmer of light; all is profound gloom!"

Suddenly, as we stood discussing the situation, one advising this, another that, a sharp bark from one of the hounds startled us all, and immediately arrested our consultation. It was Fritz who had thus interrupted the debate. He was running excitedly to and fro, sniffing about the edge of the plateau, and every now and then turning himself with an abrupt jerk, as if seeking something which eluded him. Presently Bruno joined in this mysterious quest, and the next moment, to our admiration and amazement, both dogs simultaneously lifted their heads, their eyes illumined with intelligence and delight, and uttered a prolonged and joyous cry that reverberated chorus-like from the mountain wall behind us.

"They know! They see! They have the clue!" cried the peasants, as the two hounds leapt from the plateau down the steep declivity leading to the valley, scattering the snowdrifts of the crevices pell-mell in their headlong career. In frantic haste we resumed our loads, and hurried after our flying guides with what speed we could. When the dogs had reached the

next level, they paused and waited, standing with uplifted heads and dripping tongues while we clambered down the gorge to join them. Again they took the lead; but this time the way was more intricate, and their progress slower. Single-file we followed them along a narrow winding track of broken ground, over which every moment a tiny torrent foamed and tumbled; and as we descended the air became less keen, the snow rarer, and a few patches of gentian and hardy plants appeared on the craggy sides of the mountain.

Suddenly a great agitation seized St. Aubyn. "Look look!" he cried, clutching me by the arm; "here, where we stand, is the very spot from which my boy fell! And below yonder is the valley!"

Even as he uttered the words, the dogs halted and came towards us, looking wistfully into St. Aubyn's face, as though they fain would speak to him. We stood still, and looked down into the green valley, green even in mid-winter, where a score of goats were browsing in the sunshine. Here my friend would have descended, but the Raouls bade him trust the leadership of the dogs.

"Follow them, monsieur," said Theodor, impressively; "they can see, and you cannot. It is the good God that conducts them. Doubtless they have brought us to this spot to show you they know it, and to inspire you with confidence in their skill and guidance. See! they are advancing! On! do not let us remain behind!"

Thus urged, we hastened after our canine guides, who, impelled by the mysterious influence of their strange faculty, were again pressing forward. This time the track ascended. Soon we lost sight of the valley, and an hour's upward scrambling over loose rocks and sharp crags brought us to a chasm, the two edges of which were separated by a precipitous gulf some twenty feet across. This chasm was probably about eight or nine hundred feet deep, and its sides were straight and sheer as those of a well. Our ladders were in requisition now, and with the aid of these and the ropes, all the members of our party, human and canine, were safely landed on the opposite brink of the abyss.

We had covered about two miles of difficult ground beyond the chasm, when once more, on the brow of a projecting eminence, the hounds halted for the last time, and drew near St. Aubyn, gazing up at him with eloquent exulting eyes, as though they would have said, "He whom you seek is here!"

It was a wild and desolate spot, strewn with tempest-torn branches, a spot hidden from the sun by dense masses of pine foliage, and backed by sharp peaks of granite. St. Aubyn looked around him, trembling with emotion.

"Shout," cried one of the peasants; "shout, the boy may hear you!"

"Alas," answered the father, "he cannot hear; you forget that my child is deaf and dumb!"

At that instant, Theodor, who for a brief while had stood apart, abstracted and silent, approached St. Aubyn and grasped his hand.

"Shout!" repeated he, with the earnestness of a command; "call your boy by his name!"

St Aubyn looked at him with astonishment; then in a clear piercing voice obeyed.

"Charlie!" he cried; "Charlie, my boy! where are you?"

We stood around him in dread silence and expectancy, a group for a picture. St. Aubyn in the midst, with white quivering face and clasped hands, the two Raouls on either side, listening intently, the dogs motionless and eager, their ears erect, their hair bristling round their stretched throats. You might have heard a pin drop on the rock at our feet, as we stood and waited after that cry. A minute passed thus, and then there was heard from below, at a great depth, a faint uncertain sound. One word only--uttered in the voice of a child,--tremulous, and intensely earnest: "Father!"

St Aubyn fell on his knees. "My God! my God!" he cried, sobbing; "it is my boy! He is alive, and can hear and speak!"

With feverish haste we descended the crag, and speedily found ourselves on a green sward, sheltered on three sides by high walls of cliff, and bounded on the fourth, southward, by a rushing stream some thirty feet from shore to shore. Beyond the stream was a wide expanse of pasture stretching down into the Arblen valley.

Again St. Aubyn shouted, and again the childlike cry replied, guiding us to a narrow gorge or fissure in the cliff almost hidden under exuberant foliage. This passage brought us to a turfy knoll, upon which opened a deep recess in the mountain rock; a picturesque cavern, carpeted with moss, and showing, from some ancient, half obliterated carvings which here and there adorned its walls, that it had once served as a crypt or chapel, possibly in some time of ecclesiastical persecution. At the mouth of this cave, with startled eyes and pallid parted lips, stood a fair-haired lad, wrapped in the mantle described by the elder Raoul. One instant only he stood there; the next he darted forward, and fell with weeping and inarticulate cries into his father's embrace.

We paused, and waited aloof in silence, respecting the supreme joy and emotion of a greeting so sacred as this. The dogs only, bursting into the cave, leapt and gambolled about, venting their satisfaction in sonorous barks and turbulent demonstrations of delight. But for them, as they seemed well to know, this marvellous discovery would have never been achieved, and the drama which now ended with so great happiness, might have terminated in a lifelong tragedy.

Therefore we were not surprised to see St. Aubyn, after the first transport of the meeting, turn to the dogs, and clasping each huge rough head in turn, kiss it fervently and with grateful tears.

It was their only guerdon for that day's priceless service: the dumb beasts that love us do not work for gold!

And now came the history of the three long months which had elapsed since the occurrence of the disaster which separated my friend from his little son.

Seated on the soft moss of the cavern floor, St. Aubyn in the midst and the boy beside him, we listened to the sequel of the strange tale recounted the preceding evening by Theodor and Augustin Raoul. And first we learnt that until the moment when his father's shout broke upon his ear that day, Charlie St. Aubyn had remained as insensible to sound and as mute of



voice as he was when his accident befell him. Even now that the powers of hearing and of speech were restored, he articulated uncertainly and with great difficulty, leaving many words unfinished, and helping out his phrases with gesticulations and signs, his father suggesting and assisting as the narrative proceeded. Was it the strong love in St. Aubyn's cry that broke through the spell of disease and thrilled his child's dulled nerves into life? Was it the shock of an emotion coming unexpected and intense after all those dreary weeks of futile watchfulness? or was the miracle an effect of the same Divine grace which, by means of a mysterious gift, had enabled us to track and to find this obscure and unknown spot?

It matters little; the spirit of man is master of all things, and the miracles of love are myriad-fold. For, where love abounds and is pure, the spirit of man is as the Spirit of God.

Little St. Aubyn had been saved from death, and sustained during the past three months by a creature dumb like himself,--a large dog exactly resembling Fritz and Bruno. This dog, he gave us to understand, came from "over the torrent," indicating with a gesture the Arblen Valley; and, from the beginning of his troubles, had been to him like a human friend. The fall from the hillside had not seriously injured, but only bruised and temporarily lamed the lad, and after lying for a minute or two a little stunned and giddy, he rose and with some difficulty made his way across the meadow slope on which he found himself, expecting to meet his father descending the path. But he miscalculated its direction, and speedily discovered he had lost his way. After waiting a long time in great suspense, and seeing no one but a few goatherds at a distance, whose attention he failed to attract, the pain of a twisted ankle, increased by continual movement, compelled him to seek a night's shelter in the cave subsequently visited by his father at the suggestion of the peasants who assisted in the search. These peasants were not aware that the cave was but the mouth of a vast and wandering labyrinth tunneled, partly by nature and partly by art, through the rocky heart of the mountain. A little before sunrise, on the morning after his accident, the boy, examining with minute curiosity the picturesque grotto in which he had passed the night, discovered in its darkest corner a moss-covered stone behind which had accumulated a great quantity of weeds, ivy, and loose rubbish. Boylike, he fell to clearing away these impedimenta and excavating the stone, until, after some industrious labour thus expended, he dismantled behind and a little above it a narrow passage, into which he crept, partly to satisfy his love of "exploring," partly in the hope that it might afford him an egress in the direction of the village. The aperture thus exposed had not, in fact, escaped the eye of St. Aubyn, when about an hour afterwards the search for the lost boy was renewed. But one of his guides, after a brief inspection, declared the recess into which it opened empty, and the party, satisfied with his report, left the spot, little thinking that all their labor had been lost by a too hasty examination. For, in fact, this narrow and apparently limited passage gradually widened in its darkest part, and, as little St. Aubyn found, became by degrees a tolerably roomy corridor, in which he could just manage to walk upright, and into which light from the outer world penetrated dimly through artificial fissures hollowed out at intervals in the rocky wall. Delighted at this discovery, but chilled by the vaultlike coldness of the place, the lad hastened back to fetch the fur mantle he had left in the cave, threw it over his shoulders, and returned to continue his exploration. The cavern gallery beguiled him with ever-new wonders at every step. Here rose a subterranean spring, there a rudely carved gargoyle grinned from the granite roof; curious and intricate windings enticed his eager steps, while all the time the deathlike and horrible silence which might have deterred an ordinary child from further advance, failed of its effect upon ears unable to distinguish between the living sounds of the outer world and the stillness of a sepulchre.

Thus he groped and wandered, until he became aware that the gloom of the corridor had gradually deepened, and that the tiny opening in the rock were now far less frequent than at the outset. Even to his eyes, by this time accustomed to obscurity, the darkness grew portentous, and at every step he stumbled against some unseen projection, or bruised his hands in vain efforts to discover a returning path. Too late he began to apprehend that he was nearly lost in the heart of the mountain. Either the windings of the labyrinth were hopelessly confusing, or some debris, dislodged by the unaccustomed concussion of footsteps, had fallen from the roof and choked the passage behind him. The account which the boy gave of his adventure, and of his vain and long-continued efforts to retrace his way, made the latter hypothesis appear to us the more acceptable, the noise occasioned by such a fall having of course passed unheeded by him. In the end, thoroughly baffled and exhausted, the lad determined to work on through the Cimmerian darkness in the hope of discovering a second terminus on the further side of the mountain. This at length he did. A faint starlike outlet finally presented itself to his delighted eyes; he groped painfully towards it; gradually it widened and brightened, till at length he emerged from the subterranean gulf which had so long imprisoned him into the mountain cave wherein he had ever since remained. How long it had taken him to accomplish this passage he could not guess, but from the sun's position it seemed to be about noon when he again beheld day. He sat down, dazzled and fatigued, on the mossy floor of the grotto, and watched the mountain torrent eddying and sweeping furiously past in the gorge beneath his retreat. After a while he slept, and awoke towards evening faint with hunger and bitterly regretting the affliction which prevented him from attracting help.

Suddenly, to his great amaze, a huge tawny head appeared above the rocky edge of the plateau, and in another moment a St. Bernard hound clambered up the steep bank and ran towards the cave. He was dripping wet, and carried, strapped across his broad back, a double pannier, the contents of which proved on inspection to consist of three flasks of goat's milk, and some half dozen rye loaves packed in a tin box.

The friendly expression and intelligent demeanour of his visitor invited little St. Aubyn's confidence and reanimated his sinking heart. Delighted at such evidence of human proximity, and eager for food, he drank of the goat's milk and ate part of the bread, afterwards emptying his pockets of the few sous he possessed and enclosing them with the remaining loaves in the tin case, hoping that the sight of the coins would inform the dog's owners of the incident. The creature went as he came, plunging into the deepest and least boisterous part of the torrent, which he crossed by swimming, regained the opposite shore, and soon disappeared from view.

But next day, at about the same hour, the dog reappeared alone, again bringing milk and bread, of which again the lad partook, this time, however, having no sous to deposit in the basket. And when, as on the previous day, his new friend rose to depart, Charlie St. Aubyn left the cave with him, clambered down the bank with difficulty, and essayed to cross the torrent ford. But the depth and rapidity of the current dismayed him, and with sinking heart the child returned to his abode. Every day the same thing happened, and at length the strange life became familiar to him, the trees, the birds, and the flowers became his friends, and the great hound a mysterious protector whom he regarded with reverent affection and trusted with entire confidence. At night he dreamed of home, and constantly visited his father in visions, saying always the same words, "Father, I am alive and well." "And now," whispered the child, nestling closer in St. Aubyn's embrace, "the wonderful thing is that today, for the first and only time since I have been in this cave, my dog has not come to me! It looks, does

it not, as if in some strange and fairylike way he really knew what was happening, and had known it all along from the very beginning! O father! can he be--do you think--can he be an Angel in disguise? And, to be sure, I patted him, and thought he was only a dog!"

As the boy, an awed expression in his lifted blue eyes, gave utterance to this naive idea, I glanced at St. Aubyn's face, and saw that, though his lips smiled, his eyes were grave and full of grateful wonder.

He turned towards the peasants grouped around us, and in their own language recited to them the child's story. They listened intently, from time to time exchanging among themselves intelligent glances and muttering interjections expressive of astonishment. When the last word of the tale was spoken, the elder Raoul, who stood at the entrance of the cave, gazing out over the sunlit valley of the Arblen, removed his hat with a reverent gesture and crossed himself.

"God forgive us miserable sinners," he said humbly, "and pardon us our human pride! The Angel of the Lord whom Augustin and I beheld in our vision, ministering to the lad, is no other than the dog Gluck who lives at the monastery out yonder! And while we men are lucid only once a year, he has the seeing gift all the year round, and the good God showed him the lad in this cave, when we, forsooth, should have looked for him in vain. I know that every day Gluck is sent from the monastery laden with food and drink to a poor widow living up yonder over the ravine. She is infirm and bedridden, and her little grand-daughter takes care of her. Doubtless the poor soul took the sous in the basket to be the gift of the brothers, and, as her portion is not always the same from day to day, but depends on what they can spare from the store set apart for almsgiving, she would not notice the diminished cakes and milk, save perhaps to grumble a little at the increase of the beggars who trespassed thus on her pension."

There was silence among us for a moment, then St Aubyn's boy spoke.

"Father," he asked, tremulously, "shall I not see that good Gluck again and tell the monks how he saved me, and how Fritz and Bruno brought you here?"

"Yes, my child," answered St Aubyn, rising, and drawing the boy's hand into his own, "we will go and find Gluck, who knows, no doubt, all that has passed today, and is waiting for us at the monastery."

"We must ford the torrent," said Augustin; "the bridge was carried off by last year's avalanche, but with six of us and the dogs it will be easy work."

Twilight was falling; and already the stars of Christmas Eve climbed the frosty heavens and appeared above the snowy far-off peaks.

Filled with gratitude and wonder at all the strange events of the day we betook ourselves to the ford, and by the help of ropes and stocks our whole party landed safely on the valley side. Another half-hour brought us into the warm glow of the monk's refectory fire, where, while supper was prepared, the worthy brothers listened to a tale at least as marvellous as any legend in their ecclesiastical repertory. I fancy they must have felt a pang of regret that holy

Mother Church would find it impossible to bestow upon Gluck and his two noble sons the dignity of canonisation.

### III

## Translations to English

### Bible

#### Apocalypse

1:1. The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to make known to his servants the things which must shortly come to pass: and signified, sending by his angel to his servant John,

The things which must shortly come... and again it is said, ver. 3, The time is at hand... This can not be meant of all the things prophesied in the Apocalypse, where mention is made also of the day of judgment, and of the glory of heaven at the end of the world. That some things were to come to pass shortly, is evident, by what is said to the Seven Churches, chap. 2 and 3, Or that the persecutions foretold should begin shortly. Or that these words signified, that all time is short, and that from the coming of Christ, we are now in the last age or last hour. See 1 John 2.18.

1:2. Who hath given testimony to the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ, what things soever he hath seen.

1:3. Blessed is he that readeth and heareth the words of this prophecy: and keepeth those things which are written in it. For the time is at hand.

1:4. John to the seven churches which are in Asia. Grace be unto you and peace, from him that is and that was and that is to come: and from the seven spirits which are before his throne:

1:5. And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, the first begotten of the dead and the prince of the kings of the earth, who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood,

1:6. And hath made us a kingdom, and priests to God and his Father. To him be glory and empire for ever and ever. Amen.

1:7. Behold, he cometh with the clouds, and every eye shall see him: and they also that pierced him. And all the tribes of the earth shall bewail themselves because of him. Even so. Amen.

1:8. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, saith the Lord God, who is and who was and who is to come, the Almighty.

I am Alpha and Omega... These are the names of the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, and signify the same as what follows: The beginning and the end: the first cause and last end of all beings: who is, and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty... These words signify the true God only, and are here applied to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is to come again to judge the living and the dead.

1:9. I, John, your brother and your partner in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience in Christ Jesus, was in the island which is called Patmos, for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus.

1:10. I was in the spirit on the Lord's day and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet,

1:11. Saying: What thou seest, write in a book and send to the seven churches which are in Asia: to Ephesus and to Smyrna and to Pergamus and to Thyatira and to Sardis and to Philadelphia and to Laodicea.

1:12. And I turned to see the voice that spoke with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks:

1:13. And in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like to the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

1:14. And his head and his hairs were white as white wool and as snow. And his eyes were as a flame of fire:

1:15. And his feet like unto fine brass, as in a burning furnace. And his voice as the sound of many waters.

1:16. And he had in his right hand seven stars. And from his mouth came out a sharp two-edged sword. And his face was as the sun shineth in his power.

1:17. And when I had seen him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying: Fear not. I am the First and the Last,

1:18. And alive, and was dead. And behold I am living for ever and ever and have the keys of death and of hell.

1:19. Write therefore the things which thou hast seen: and which are: and which must be done hereafter.

1:20. The mystery of the seven stars, which thou sawest in my right hand and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches. And the seven candlesticks are the seven churches.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 2

Directions what to write to the angels or bishops of Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamus and Thyatira.

2:1. Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus write: These things saith he who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks:

2:2. I know thy works and thy labour and thy patience and how thou canst not bear them that are evil. And thou hast tried them who say they are apostles and are not: and hast found them liars:

2:3. And thou hast patience and hast endured for my name and hast not fainted.

2:4. But I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first charity.

2:5. Be mindful therefore from whence thou art fallen: and do penance and do the first works. Or else I come to thee and will move thy candlestick out of its place, except thou do penance.

2:6. But this thou hast, that thou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaites, which I also hate.

2:7. He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches: To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life which is in the paradise of my God.

2:8. And to the angel of the church of Smyrna write: These things saith the First and the Last, who was dead and is alive:

2:9. I know thy tribulation and thy poverty: but thou art rich. And thou art blasphemed by them that say they are Jews and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.

2:10. Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold, the devil will cast some of you into prison, that you may be tried: and you shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death: and I will give thee the crown of life.

2:11. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches: He that shall overcome shall not be hurt by the second death.

2:12. And to the angel of the church of Pergamus write: These things saith he that hath the sharp two-edged sword:

2:13. I know where thou dwellest, where the seat of Satan is. And thou holdest fast my name and hast not denied my faith. Even in those days when Antipas was my faithful witness, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth.

2:14. But I have against thee a few things: because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam who taught Balac to cast a stumblingblock before the children of Israel, to eat and to commit fornication.

2:15. So hast thou also them that hold the doctrine of the Nicolaites.

2:16. In like manner do penance. If not, I will come to thee quickly and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth.

2:17. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches: To him that overcometh I will give the hidden manna and will give him a white counter: and in the counter, a new name written, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it.

2:18. And to the angel of the church of Thyatira write: These things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like to a flame of fire and his feet like to fine brass.

2:19. I know thy works and thy faith and thy charity and thy ministry and thy patience and thy last works, which are more than the former.

2:20. But I have against thee a few things: because thou sufferest the woman Jezabel, who calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants, to commit fornication and to eat of things sacrificed to idols.

2:21. And I gave her a time that she might do penance: and she will not repent of her fornication.

2:22. Behold, I will cast her into a bed: and they that commit adultery with her shall be in very great tribulation, except they do penance from their deeds,

2:23. And I will kill her children with death: and all the churches shall know that I am he that searcheth the reins and hearts. And I will give to every one of you according to your works. But to you I say,

2:24. And to the rest who are at Thyatira: Whosoever have not this doctrine and who have not known the depths of Satan, as they say: I will not put upon you any other burthen.

2:25. Yet that which you have, hold fast till I come.

2:26. And he that shall overcome and keep my words unto the end, I will give him power over the nations.

Power over the nations... This shews, that the saints, who are with Christ our Lord in heaven, receive power from him to preside over nations and provinces, as patrons; and shall come with him at the end of the world to execute his will against those who have not kept his commandments.

2:27. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and as the vessel of a potter they shall be broken:

2:28. As I also have received of my Father. And I will give him the morning star.

2:29. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches.

### Apocalypse Chapter 3

Directions what to write to Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea.

3:1. And to the angel of the church of Sardis write: These things saith he that hath the seven spirits of God and the seven stars: I know thy works, and that thou hast the name of being alive. And thou art dead.

3:2. Be watchful and strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die. For I find not thy works full before my God.

3:3. Have in mind therefore in what manner thou hast received and heard: and observe and do penance: If then thou shalt not watch, I will come to thee as a thief: and thou shalt not know at what hour I will come to thee.

3:4. But thou hast a few names in Sardis which have not defiled their garments: and they shall walk with me in white, because they are worthy.

3:5. He that shall overcome shall thus be clothed in white garments: and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life. And I will confess his name before my Father and before his angels.

3:6. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches.

3:7. And to the angel of the church of Philadelphia write: These things saith the Holy One and the true one, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth, shutteth and no man openeth:

3:8. I know thy works. Behold, I have given before thee a door opened, which no man can shut: because thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word and hast not denied my name.

3:9. Behold, I will bring of the synagogue of Satan, who say they are Jews and are not, but do lie. Behold, I will make them to come and adore before thy feet. And they shall know that I have loved thee.

3:10. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon the whole world to try them that dwell upon the earth.

3:11. Behold, I come quickly: hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

3:12. He that shall overcome, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God: and he shall go out no more. And I will write upon him the name of my God and the name of the city of my God, the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and my new name.

3:13. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches.

3:14. And to the angel of the church of Laodicea write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, who is the beginning of the creation of God:

The Amen... that is, the true one, the Truth itself; the Word and Son of God. The beginning, ἡ ἀρχὴ... that is, the principle, the source, and the efficient cause of the whole creation.

3:15. I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot.

3:16. But because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of my mouth.

3:17. Because thou sayest: I am rich and made wealthy and have need of nothing: and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked.

3:18. I counsel thee to buy of me gold, fire tried, that thou mayest be made rich and mayest be clothed in white garments: and that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear. And anoint thy eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.

3:19. Such as I love, I rebuke and chastise. Be zealous therefore and do penance.

3:20. Behold, I stand at the gate and knock. If any man shall hear my voice and open to me the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him: and he with me.

3:21. To him that shall overcome, I will give to sit with me in my throne: as I also have overcome and am set down with my Father in his throne.

3:22. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 4

The vision of the throne of God, the twenty-four ancients and the four living creatures.

4:1. Aftengs which must be done hereafter.

4:2. And immediately I was in the spirit. And behold, there was a throne set in heaven, and upon the throne one sitting.

4:3. And he that sat was to the sight like the jasper and the sardine stone. And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald.

4:4. And round about the throne were four and twenty seats: and upon the seats, four and twenty ancients sitting, clothed in white garments. And on their heads were crowns of gold.

4:5. And from the throne proceeded lightnings and voices and thunders. And there were seven lamps burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God.

4:6. And in the sight of the throne was, as it were, a sea of glass like to crystal: and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four living creatures, full of eyes before and behind.



4:7. And the first living creature was like a lion: and the second living creature like a calf: and the third living creature, having the face, as it were, of a man: and the fourth living creature was like an eagle flying.

4:8. And the four living creatures had each of them six wings: and round about and within they are full of eyes. And they rested not day and night, saying: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was and who is and who is to come.

4:9. And when those living creatures gave glory and honour and benediction to him that sitteth on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever:

4:10. The four and twenty ancients fell down before him that sitteth on the throne and adored him that liveth for ever and ever and cast their crowns before the throne, saying:

4:11. Thou art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honour and power. Because thou hast created all things: and for thy will they were and have been created.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 5

The book sealed with seven seals is opened by the Lamb, who thereupon receives adoration and praise from all.

5:1. And I saw, in the right hand of him that sat on the throne, a book, written within and without, sealed with seven seals.

5:2. And I saw a strong angel, proclaiming with a loud voice: Who is worthy to open the book and to loose the seals thereof?

5:3. And no man was able, neither in heaven nor on earth nor under the earth, to open the book, nor to look on it.

5:4. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open the book, nor to see it.

5:5. And one of the ancients said to me: Weep not: behold the lion of the tribe of Juda, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and to loose the seven seals thereof.

5:6. And I saw: and behold in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures and in the midst of the ancients, a Lamb standing, as it were slain, having seven horns and seven eyes: which are the seven Spirits of God, sent forth into all the earth.

5:7. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat on the throne.

5:8. And when he had opened the book, the four living creatures and the four and twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.

The prayers of saints... Here we see that the saints in heaven offer up to Christ the prayers of the faithful upon earth.

5:9. And they sung a new canticle, saying: Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and to open the seals thereof: because thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation:

5:10. And hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.

5:11. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the ancients (and the number of them was thousands of thousands),

5:12. Saying with a loud voice: The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power and divinity and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and benediction.

5:13. And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, I heard all saying: To him that sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb, benediction and honour and glory and power, for ever and ever.

5:14. And the four living creatures said: Amen. And the four and twenty ancients fell down on their faces and adored him that liveth for ever and ever.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 6

What followed upon opening six of the seals.

6:1. And I saw that the Lamb had opened one of the seven seals: and I heard one of the four living creatures, as it were the voice of thunder, saying: Come and see.

6:2. And I saw: and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow, and there was a crown given him, and he went forth conquering that he might conquer.

White horse... He that sitteth on the white horse is Christ, going forth to subdue the world by his gospel. The other horses that follow represent the judgments and punishment that were to fall on the enemies of Christ and his church. The red horse signifies war; the black horse, famine; and the pale horse (which has Death for its rider), plagues or pestilence.

6:3. And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second living creature saying: Come and see.

6:4. And there went out another horse that was red. And to him that sat thereon, it was given that he should take peace from the earth: and that they should kill one another. And a great sword was given to him.

6:5. And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third living creature saying: Come and see. And behold a black horse. And he that sat on him had a pair of scales in his hand.

6:6. And I heard, as it were a voice in the midst of the four living creatures, saying: Two pounds of wheat for a penny, and thrice two pounds of barley for a penny: and see thou hurt not the wine and the oil.

6:7. And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth living creature saying: Come and see.

6:8. And behold a pale horse: and he that sat upon him, his name was Death. And hell followed him. And power was given to him over the four parts of the earth, to kill with sword, with famine and with death and with the beasts of the earth.

6:9. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held.

Under the altar... Christ, as man, is this altar, under which the souls of the martyrs live in heaven, as their bodies are here deposited under our altars.

6:10. And they cried with a loud voice, saying: How long, O Lord (Holy and True), dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

Revenge our blood... They ask not this out of hatred to their enemies, but out of zeal for the glory of God, and a desire that the Lord would accelerate the general judgment, and the complete beatitude of all his elect.

6:11. And white robes were given to every one of them one; And it was said to them that they should rest for a little time till their fellow servants and their brethren, who are to be slain even as they, should be filled up.

6:12. And I saw, when he had opened the sixth seal: and behold there was a great earthquake. And the sun became black as sackcloth of hair: and the whole moon became as blood.

6:13. And the stars from heaven fell upon the earth, as the fig tree casteth its green figs when it is shaken by a great wind.

6:14. And the heaven departed as a book folded up. And every mountain, and the islands, were moved out of their places.

6:15. And the kings of the earth and the princes and tribunes and the rich and the strong and every bondman and every freeman hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of mountains:

6:16. And they say to the mountains and the rocks: Fall upon us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb.

6:17. For the great day of their wrath is come. And who shall be able to stand?

#### Apocalypse Chapter 7

The number of them that were marked with the seal of the living God and clothed in white robes.

7:1. After these things, I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that they should not blow upon the earth nor upon the sea nor on any tree.

7:2. And I saw another angel ascending from the rising of the sun, having the sign of the living God. And he cried with a loud voice to the four angels to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea,

7:3. Saying: Hurt not the earth nor the sea nor the trees, till we sign the servants of our God in their foreheads.

7:4. And I heard the number of them that were signed. An hundred forty- four thousand were signed, of every tribe of the children of Israel.

7:5. Of the tribe of Juda, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Ruben, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Gad, twelve thousand signed:

7:6. Of the tribe of Aser, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Nephthali, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Manasses, twelve thousand signed:

7:7. Of the tribe of Simeon, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Levi, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Issachar, twelve thousand signed:

7:8. Of the tribe of Zabulon, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Joseph, twelve thousand signed: Of the tribe of Benjamin, twelve thousand signed.

7:9. After this, I saw a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.

7:10. And they cried with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb.

7:11. And all the angels stood round about the throne and the ancients and the four living creatures. And they fell down before the throne upon their faces and adored God,

7:12. Saying: Amen. Benediction and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, honour and power and strength, to our God, for ever and ever. Amen.

7:13. And one of the ancients answered and said to me: These that are clothed in white robes, who are they? And whence came they?

7:14. And I said to him: My Lord, thou knowest. And he said to me: These are they who are come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

7:15. Therefore, they are before the throne of God: and they serve him day and night in his temple. And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell over them.

7:16. They shall no more hunger nor thirst: neither shall the sun fall on them, nor any heat.

7:17. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 8

The seventh seal is opened. The angels with the seven trumpets.

8:1. And when he had opened the seventh seal, there was silence in heaven, as it were for half an hour.

8:2. And I saw seven angels standing in the presence of God: and there were given to them seven trumpets.

8:3. And another angel came and stood before the altar, having a golden censer: and there was given to him much incense, that he should offer of the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar which is before the throne of God.

8:4. And the smoke of the incense of the prayers of the saints ascended up before God from the hand of the angel.

8:5. And the angel took the censer and filled it with the fire of the altar and cast it on the earth: and there were thunders and voices and lightnings and a great earthquake.

8:6. And the seven angels who had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound the trumpet.

8:7. And the first angel sounded the trumpet: and there followed hail and fire, mingled with blood: and it was cast on the earth. And the third part of the earth was burnt up: and the third part of the trees was burnt up: and all green grass was burnt up.

8:8. And the second angel sounded the trumpet: and, as it were, a great mountain, burning with fire, was cast into the sea. And the third part of the sea became blood.

8:9. And the third part of those creatures died which had life in the sea: and the third part of the ships was destroyed.

8:10. And the third angel sounded the trumpet: and a great star fell from heaven, burning as it were a torch. And it fell on the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters:

8:11. And the name of the star is called Wormwood. And the third part of the waters became wormwood. And many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.

8:12. And the fourth angel sounded the trumpet: and the third part of the sun was smitten, and the third part of the moon, and the third part of the stars, so that the third part of them was darkened. And the day did not shine for a third part of it: and the night in like manner.

8:13. And I beheld: and heard the voice of one eagle flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice: Woe, Woe, Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, by reason of the rest of the voices of the three angels, who are yet to sound the trumpet!

#### Apocalypse Chapter 9

Locusts come forth from the bottomless pit. The vision of the army of horsemen.

9:1. And the fifth angel sounded the trumpet: and I saw a star fall from heaven upon the earth. And there was given to him the key of the bottomless pit.

A star full... This may mean the fall and apostasy of great and learned men from the true faith. Or a whole nation falling into error and separating from the church, not having the sign of God in their foreheads. And there was given to him the key of the bottomless pit... That is, to the angel, not to the fallen star. To this angel was given the power, which is here signified by a key, of opening hell.

9:2. And he opened the bottomless pit: and the smoke of the pit arose, as the smoke of a great furnace. And the sun and the air were darkened with the smoke of the pit.

9:3. And from the smoke of the pit there came out locusts upon the earth. And power was given to them, as the scorpions of the earth have power.

There came out locusts... These may be devils in Antichrist's time, having the appearance of locusts, but large and monstrous, as here described. Or they may be real locusts, but of an extraordinary size and monstrous shape, such as were never before seen on earth, sent to torment those who have not the sign (or seal) of God on their foreheads. Some commentators by these locusts understand heretics, and especially those heretics, that sprung from Jews, and with them denied the divinity of Jesus Christ; as Theodotus, Praxeas, Noetus, Paul of Samosata, Sabellius, Arius, etc. These were great enemies of the Christian religion; they tormented and infected the souls of men, stinging them like scorpions, with the poison of their heresies. Others have explained these locusts, and other animals, mentioned in different places throughout this sacred and mystical book, in a most absurd, fanciful, and ridiculous manner; they make Abaddon the Pope, and the locusts to be friars mendicant, etc. Here it is thought proper, not to enter into any controversy upon that subject, as the inventors of these fancies have been already answered, and fully refuted by many controvertists: besides, those who might be imposed on by such chimerical writers, are in these days much better informed.

9:4. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth nor any green thing nor any tree: but only the men who have not the sign of God on their foreheads.

9:5. And it was given unto them that they should not kill them: but that they should torment them five months. And their torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man.

9:6. And in those days, men shall seek death and shall not find it. And they shall desire to die: and death shall fly from them.

9:7. And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle. And on their heads were, as it were, crowns like gold: and their faces were as the faces of men.  
9:8. And they had hair as the hair of women: and their teeth were as lions.  
9:9. And they had breastplates as breastplates of iron: and the noise of their wings was as the noise of chariots and many horses running to battle.  
9:10. And they had tails like to scorpions: and there were stings in their tails. And their power was to hurt men, five months. And they had over them  
9:11. A king, the angel of the bottomless pit (whose name in Hebrew is Abaddon and in Greek Apollyon, in Latin Exterminans).  
9:12. One woe is past: and behold there come yet two woes more hereafter.  
9:13. And the sixth angel sounded the trumpet: and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before the eyes of God,  
9:14. Saying to the sixth angel who had the trumpet: Loose the four angels who are bound in the great river Euphrates.  
9:15. And the four angels were loosed, who were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year: for to kill the third part of men.  
9:16. And the number of the army of horsemen was twenty thousand times ten thousand. And I heard the number of them.  
9:17. And thus I saw the horses in the vision. And they that sat on them had breastplates of fire and of hyacinth and of brimstone. And the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions: and from their mouths proceeded fire and smoke and brimstone.  
9:18. And by these three plagues was slain the third part of men, by the fire and by the smoke and by the brimstone which issued out of their mouths.  
9:19. For the power of the horses is in their mouths and in their tails. For, their tails are like to serpents and have heads: and with them they hurt.  
9:20. And the rest of the men, who were not slain by these plagues, did not do penance from the works of their hands, that they should not adore devils and idols of gold and silver and brass and stone and wood, which neither can see nor hear nor walk:  
9:21. Neither did they penance from their murders nor from their sorceries nor from their fornication nor from their thefts.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 10

The cry of a mighty angel. He gives John a book to eat.

10:1. And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud. And a rainbow was on his head: and his face, as the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire.  
10:2. And he had in his hand a little book, open. And he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth.  
10:3. And he cried with a loud voice as when a lion roareth. And when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices.  
10:4. And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write. And I heard a voice from heaven saying to me: Seal up the things which the seven thunders have spoken. And write them not.  
10:5. And the angel whom I saw standing upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven.  
10:6. And he swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things which are therein, and the earth and the things which are in it, and the sea and the things which are therein: That time shall be no longer.  
10:7. But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound the trumpet, the mystery of God shall be finished, as he hath declared by his servants the prophets.

Declared... literally evangelized, to signify the good tidings, agreeable to the Gospel, of the final victory of Christ, and of that eternal life, which should be the reward of the temporal sufferings of the martyrs and faithful servants of God.

10:8. And I heard a voice from heaven, again speaking to me and saying: Go and take the book that is open, from the hand of the angel who standeth upon the sea and upon the earth.

10:9. And I went to the angel, saying unto him that he should give me the book. And he said to me: Take the book and eat it up. And it shall make thy belly bitter: but in thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey.

10:10. And I took the book from the hand of the angel and ate it up: and it was in my mouth, sweet as honey. And when I had eaten it, my belly was bitter.

10:11. And he said to me: Thou must prophesy again to many nations and peoples and tongues and kings.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 11

He is ordered to measure the temple. The two witnesses.

11:1. And there was given me a reed, like unto a rod. And it was said to me: Arise, and measure the temple of God and the altar and them that adore therein.

11:2. But the court which is without the temple, cast out and measure it not: because it is given unto the Gentiles. And the holy city they shall tread under foot, two and forty months:

11:3. And I will give unto my two witnesses: and they shall prophesy, a thousand two hundred sixty days, clothed in sackcloth.

My two witnesses... It is commonly understood of Henoah and Elias.

11:4. These are the two olive trees and the two candlesticks that stand before the Lord of the earth.

11:5. And if any man will hurt them, fire shall come out of their mouths and shall devour their enemies. And if any man will hurt them, in this manner must he be slain.

11:6. These have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy: And they have power over waters, to turn them into blood and to strike the earth with all plagues, as often as they will.

11:7. And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the abyss shall make war against them and shall overcome them and kill them.

11:8. And their bodies shall lie in the streets of the great city which is called spiritually, Sodom and Egypt: where their Lord also was crucified.

11:9. And they of the tribes and peoples and tongues and nations shall see their bodies for three days and a half: and they shall not suffer their bodies to be laid in sepulchres.

11:10. And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them and make merry: and shall send gifts one to another, because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt upon the earth.

11:11. And after three days and a half, the spirit of life from God entered into them. And they stood upon their feet: and great fear fell upon them that saw them.

11:12. And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying to them: Come up hither. And they went up to heaven in a cloud: and their enemies saw them.

11:13. And at that hour there was made a great earthquake: and the tenth part of the city fell. And there were slain in the earthquake, names of men, seven thousand: and the rest were cast into a fear and gave glory to the God of heaven.

11:14. The second woe is past: and behold the third woe will come quickly.

11:15. And the seventh angel sounded the trumpet: and there were great voices in heaven, saying: The kingdom of this world is become our Lord's and his Christ's, and he shall reign for ever and ever. Amen.

11:16. And the four and twenty ancients who sit on their seats in the sight of God, fell on their faces and adored God, saying:

11:17. We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, who art and who wast and who art to come: because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and thou hast reigned.

11:18. And the nations were angry: and thy wrath is come. And the time of the dead, that they should be judged and that thou shouldest render reward to thy servants the prophets and the saints, and to them that fear thy name, little and great: and shouldest destroy them who have corrupted the earth.

11:19. And the temple of God was opened in heaven: and the ark of his testament was seen in his temple. And there were lightnings and voices and an earthquake and great hail.

Apocalypse Chapter 12

The vision of the woman clothed with the sun and of the great dragon her persecutor.

12:1. And a great sign appeared in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.

A woman... The church of God. It may also, by allusion, be applied to our blessed Lady. The church is clothed with the sun, that is, with Christ: she hath the moon, that is, the changeable things of the world, under her feet: and the twelve stars with which she is crowned, are the twelve apostles: she is in labour and pain, whilst she brings forth her children, and Christ in them, in the midst of afflictions and persecutions.

12:2. And being with child, she cried travailling in birth: and was in pain to be delivered.

12:3. And there was seen another sign in heaven. And behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns and on his heads seven diadems.

12:4. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the earth. And the dragon stood before the woman who was ready to be delivered: that, when she should be delivered, he might devour her son.

12:5. And she brought forth a man child, who was to rule all nations with an iron rod. And her son was taken up to God and to his throne.

12:6. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared by God, that there they should feed her, a thousand two hundred sixty days.

12:7. And there was a great battle in heaven: Michael and his angels fought with the dragon, and the dragon fought, and his angels.

12:8. And they prevailed not: neither was their place found any more in heaven.

12:9. And that great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, who is called the devil and Satan, who seduceth the whole world. And he was cast unto the earth: and his angels were thrown down with him.

12:10. And I heard a loud voice in heaven, saying: Now is come salvation and strength and the kingdom of our God and the power of his Christ: because the accuser of our brethren is cast forth, who accused them before our God day and night.

12:11. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of the testimony: and they loved not their lives unto death.

12:12. Therefore, rejoice, O heavens, and you that dwell therein. Woe to the earth and to the sea, because the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, knowing that he hath but a short time.

12:13. And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman who brought forth the man child.

12:14. And there were given to the woman two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the desert, unto her place, where she is nourished for a time and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.

12:15. And the serpent cast out of his mouth, after the woman, water, as it were a river: that he might cause her to be carried away by the river.

12:16. And the earth helped the woman: and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed up the river which the dragon cast out of his mouth.

12:17. And the dragon was angry against the woman: and went to make war with the rest of her seed, who keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.

12:18. And he stood upon the sand of the sea.

### Apocalypse Chapter 13

Of the beast with seven heads and of a second beast.

13:1. And I saw a beast coming up out the sea, having seven heads and ten horns: and upon his horns, ten diadems: and upon his heads, names of blasphemy.

A beast... This first beast with seven heads and ten horns, is probably the whole company of infidels, enemies and persecutors of the people of God, from the beginning to the end of the world. The seven heads are seven kings, that is, seven principal kingdoms or empires, which have exercised, or shall exercise, tyrannical power over the people of God; of these, five were then fallen, viz.: the Egyptian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian, and Grecian monarchies: one was present, viz., the empire of Rome: and the seventh and chiefest was to come, viz., the great Antichrist and his empire. The ten horns may be understood of ten lesser persecutors.

13:2. And the beast which I saw was like to a leopard: and his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth as the mouth of a lion. And the dragon gave him his own strength and great power.

13:3. And I saw one of his heads as it were slain to death: and his death's wound was healed. And all the earth was in admiration after the beast.

One of his heads, etc... Some understand this of the mortal wound, which the idolatry of the Roman empire (signified by the sixth head) received from Constantine; which was, as it were, healed again by Julian the Apostate.

13:4. And they adored the dragon which gave power to the beast. And they adored the beast, saying: Who is like to the beast? And who shall be able to fight with him?

13:5. And there was given to him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies: and power was given to him to do, two and forty months.

13:6. And he opened his mouth unto blasphemies against God, to blaspheme his name and his tabernacle and them that dwell in heaven.

His tabernacle, etc... That is, his church and his saints.

13:7. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints and to overcome them. And power was given him over every tribe and people and tongue and nation.

13:8. And all that dwell upon the earth adored him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb which was slain from the beginning of the world.

Slain from the beginning, etc... In the foreknowledge of God; and inasmuch as all mercy and grace, from the beginning, was given in view of his death and passion.

13:9. If any man have an ear, let him hear.

13:10. He that shall lead into captivity shall go into captivity: he that shall kill by the sword must be killed by the sword. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.

13:11. And I saw another beast coming up out of the earth: and he had two horns, like a lamb: and he spoke as a dragon.

Another beast... This second beast with two horns, may be understood of the heathenish priests and magicians; the principal promoters both of idolatry and persecution.

13:12. And he executed all the power of the former beast in his sight. And he caused the earth and them that dwell therein to adore the first beast, whose wound to death was healed.

13:13. And he did great signs, so that he made also fire to come down from heaven unto the earth, in the sight of men.

13:14. And he seduced them that dwell on the earth, for the signs which were given him to do in the sight of the beast: saying to them that dwell on the earth that they should make the image of the beast which had the wound by the sword and lived.



13:15. And it was given him to give life to the image of the beast: and that the image of the beast should speak: and should cause that whosoever will not adore the image of the beast should be slain.

13:16. And he shall make all, both little and great, rich and poor, freemen and bondmen, to have a character in their right hand or on their foreheads:

13:17. And that no man might buy or sell, but he that hath the character, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

13:18. Here is wisdom. He that hath understanding, let him count the number of the beast. For it is the number of a man: and the number of him is six hundred sixty-six.

Six hundred sixty-six... The numeral letters of his name shall make up this number.

Apocalypse Chapter 14

Of the Lamb and of the virgins that follow him. Of the judgments that shall fall upon the wicked.

14:1. And I beheld: and lo a Lamb stood upon mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty-four thousand, having his name and the name of his Father written on their foreheads.

14:2. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the noise of many waters and as the voice of great thunder. And the voice which I heard was as the voice of harpers, harping on their harps.

14:3. And they sung as it were a new canticle, before the throne and before the four living creatures and the ancients: and no man could say the canticle, but those hundred forty-four thousand who were purchased from the earth.

14:4. These are they who were not defiled with women: for they are virgins. These follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were purchased from among men, the firstfruits to God and to the Lamb.

14:5. And in their mouth there was found no lie: for they are without spot before the throne of God.

14:6. And I saw another angel flying through the midst of heaven, having the eternal gospel, to preach unto them that sit upon the earth and over every nation and tribe and tongue and people:

14:7. Saying with a loud voice: Fear the Lord and give him honour, because the hour of his judgment is come. And adore ye him that made heaven and earth, the sea and the fountains of waters.

14:8. And another angel followed, saying: That great Babylon is fallen, is fallen; which made all nations to drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication.

Babylon... By Babylon may be very probably signified all the wicked world in general, which God will punish, and destroy after the short time of this mortal life: or it may signify every great city wherein enormous sins and abominations are daily committed; and that when the measure of its iniquities is full, the punishments due to its crimes are poured on it. It may also be some city of the description in the text, that will exist, and be destroyed, as here described, towards the end of the world.

14:9. And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice: If any man shall adore the beast and his image and receive his character in his forehead or in his hand,

14:10. He also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is mingled with pure wine in the cup of his wrath: and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the sight of the holy angels and in the sight of the Lamb.

14:11. And the smoke of their torments, shall ascend up for ever and ever: neither have they rest day nor night, who have adored the beast and his image and whoever receiveth the character of his name.

14:12. Here is the patience of the saints, who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

14:13. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours. For their works follow them.

Die in the Lord... It is understood of the martyrs who die for the Lord.

14:14. And I saw: and behold a white cloud and upon the cloud one sitting like to the Son of man, having on his head a crown of gold and in his hand a sharp sickle.

14:15. And another angel came out from the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat upon the cloud: Thrust in thy sickle and reap, because the hour is come to reap. For the harvest of the earth is ripe.

14:16. And he that sat on the cloud thrust his sickle into the earth: and the earth was reaped.

14:17. And another angel came out of the temple which is in heaven, he also having a sharp sickle.

14:18. And another angel came out from the altar, who had power over fire. And he cried with a loud voice to him that had the sharp sickle, saying: Thrust in thy sharp sickle and gather the clusters of the vineyard of the earth, because the grapes thereof are ripe.

14:19. And the angel thrust in his sharp sickle into the earth and gathered the vineyard of the earth and cast it into the great press of the wrath of God:

14:20. And the press was trodden without the city, and blood came out of the press, up to the horses' bridles, for a thousand and six hundred furlongs.

Apocalypse Chapter 15

They that have overcome the beast glorify God. Of the seven angels with the seven vials.

15:1. And I saw another sign in heaven, great and wonderful: seven angels having the seven last plagues. For in them is filled up the wrath of God.

15:2. And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had overcome the beast and his image and the number of his name, standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God:

15:3. And singing the canticle of Moses, the servant of God, and the canticle of the Lamb, saying: Great and wonderful are thy works, O Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, O King of ages.

15:4. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and magnify thy name? For thou only art holy. For all nations shall come and shall adore in thy sight, because thy judgments are manifest.

15:5. And after these things, I looked: and behold, the temple of the tabernacle of the testimony in heaven was opened.

15:6. And the seven angels came out of the temple, having the seven plagues, clothed with clean and white linen and girt about the breasts with golden girdles.

15:7. And one of the four living creatures gave to the seven angels seven golden vials, full of the wrath of God, who liveth for ever and ever.

15:8. And the temple was filled with smoke from the majesty of God and from his power. And no man was able to enter into the temple, till the seven plagues of the seven angels were fulfilled.

Apocalypse Chapter 16

The seven vials are poured out. The plagues that ensue.

16:1. And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the seven angels: Go and pour out the seven vials of the wrath of God upon the earth.

16:2. And the first went and poured out his vial upon the earth. And there fell a sore and grievous wound upon men who had the character of the beast: and upon them that adored the image thereof.

16:3. And the second angel poured out his vial upon the sea. And there came blood as it were of a dead man: and every living soul died in the sea.

16:4. And the third poured out his vial upon the rivers and the fountains of waters. And there was made blood.

16:5. And I heard the angel of the waters saying: Thou art just, O Lord, who art and who wast, the Holy One, because thou hast judged these things.

16:6. For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets: and thou hast given them blood to drink. For they are worthy.

16:7. And I heard another, from the altar, saying: Yea, O Lord God Almighty, true and just are thy judgments.

16:8. And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun. And it was given unto him to afflict men with heat and fire.

16:9. And men were scorched with great heat: and they blasphemed the name of God, who hath power over these plagues. Neither did they penance to give him glory.

16:10. And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast. And his kingdom became dark: and they gnawed their tongues for pain.

16:11. And they blasphemed the God of heaven, because of their pains and wounds: and did not penance for their works.

16:12. And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon that great river Euphrates and dried up the water thereof, that a way might be prepared for the kings from the rising of the sun.

16:13. And I saw from the mouth of the dragon and from the mouth of the beast and from the mouth of the false prophet, three unclean spirits like frogs.

16:14. For they are the spirits of devils, working signs: and they go forth unto the kings of the whole earth, to gather them to battle against the great day of the Almighty God.

16:15. Behold, I come as a thief. Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.

16:16. And he shall gather them together into a place which in Hebrew is called Armagedon. Armagedon... That is, the hill of robbers.

16:17. And the seventh angel poured out his vial upon the air. And there came a great voice out of the temple from the throne, saying: It is done.

16:18. And there were lightnings and voices and thunders: and there was a great earthquake, such an one as never had been since men were upon the earth, such an earthquake, so great.

16:19. And the great city was divided into three parts: and the cities of the Gentiles fell. And great Babylon came in remembrance before God, to give her the cup of the wine of the indignation of his wrath.

16:20. And every island fled away: and the mountains were not found.

16:21. And great hail, like a talent, came down from heaven upon men: and men blasphemed God, for the plague of the hail: because it was exceeding great.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 17

The description of the great harlot and of the beast upon which she sits.

17:1. And there came one of the seven angels who had the seven vials and spoke with me, saying: Come, I will shew thee the condemnation of the great harlot, who sitteth upon many waters:

17:2. With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication. And they who inhabit the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her whoredom.

17:3. And he took me away in spirit into the desert. And I saw a woman sitting upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns.

17:4. And the woman was clothed round about with purple and scarlet, and gilt with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of the abomination and filthiness of her fornication.

17:5. And on her forehead a name was written: A mystery: Babylon the great, the mother of the fornications and the abominations of the earth.

A mystery... That is, a secret; because what follows of the name and title of the great harlot is to be taken in a mystical sense. Babylon... Either the city of the devil in general; or, if this place be to be understood of any particular city, pagan Rome, which then and for three hundred years persecuted the church; and was the principal seat both of empire and idolatry.

17:6. And I saw the woman drunk with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And I wondered, when I had seen her, with great admiration.

17:7. And the angel said to me: Why dost thou wonder? I will tell thee the mystery of the woman and of the beast which carrieth her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns.

17:8. The beast which thou sawest, was, and is not, and shall come up out of the bottomless pit and go into destruction. And the inhabitants on the earth (whose names are not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world) shall wonder, seeing the beast that was and is not.

The beast which thou sawest... This beast which supports Babylon, may signify the power of the devil: which was and is not, being much limited by the coming of Christ, but shall again exert itself under Antichrist. The seven heads of this beast are seven mountains or empires, instruments of his tyranny; of which five were then fallen. (See chap. 13.1, and below, ver. 10.) The beast itself is said to be the eighth, and is of the seven; because they all act under the devil, and by his instigation, so that his power is in them all, yet so as to make up, as it were, an eighth empire, distinct from them all.

17:9. And here is the understanding that hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, upon which the woman sitteth: and they are seven kings.

17:10. Five are fallen, one is, and the other is not yet come: and when he is come, he must remain a short time.

17:11. And the beast which was and is not: the same also is the eighth, and is of the seven, and goeth into destruction.

17:12. And the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings, who have not yet received a kingdom: but shall receive power as kings, one hour after the beast.

Ten kings... Ten lesser kingdoms, enemies also of the church of Christ: which, nevertheless, shall be made instruments of the justice of God for the punishment of Babylon. Some understand this of the Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other barbarous nations, that destroyed the empire of Rome.

17:13. These have one design: and their strength and power they shall deliver to the beast.

17:14. These shall fight with the Lamb. And the Lamb shall overcome them because he is Lord of lords and King of kings: and they that are with him are called and elect and faithful.

17:15. And he said to me: The waters which thou sawest, where the harlot sitteth, are peoples and nations and tongues.

17:16. And the ten horns which thou sawest in the beast: These shall hate the harlot and shall make her desolate and naked and shall eat her flesh and shall burn her with fire.

17:17. For God hath given into their hearts to do that which pleaseth him: that they give their kingdom to the beast, till the words of God be fulfilled.

17:18. And the woman which thou sawest is the great city which hath kingdom over the kings of the earth.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 18

The fall of Babylon. Kings and merchants lament over her.

18:1. And after these things, I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power: and the earth was enlightened with his glory.

18:2. And he cried out with a strong voice, saying: Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen: and is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every unclean spirit and the hold of every unclean and hateful bird:

18:3. Because all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication: and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her; And the merchants of the earth have been made rich by the power of her delicacies.

18:4. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying: Go out from her, my people; that you be not partakers of her sins and that you receive not of her plagues.

18:5. For her sins have reached unto heaven: and the Lord hath remembered her iniquities.

18:6. Render to her as she also hath rendered to you: and double unto her double, according to her works. In the cup wherein she hath mingled, mingle ye double unto her.

18:7. As much as she hath glorified herself and lived in delicacies, so much torment and sorrow give ye to her. Because she saith in her heart: I sit a queen and am no widow: and sorrow I shall not see.

18:8. Therefore, shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning and famine. And she shall be burnt with the fire: because God is strong, who shall judge her.

18:9. And the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication and lived in delicacies with her, shall weep and bewail themselves over her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning:

18:10. Standing afar off for fear of her torments, saying: Alas! alas! that great city, Babylon, that mighty city: for in one hour is thy judgment come.

18:11. And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her: for no man shall buy their merchandise any more.

18:12. Merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones: and of pearls and fine linen and purple and silk and scarlet: and all thyine wood: and all manner of vessels of ivory: and all manner of vessels of precious stone and of brass and of iron and of marble:

18:13. And cinnamon and odours and ointment and frankincense and wine and oil and fine flour and wheat and beasts and sheep and horses and chariots: and slaves and souls of men.

18:14. And the fruits of the desire of thy soul are departed from thee: and all fat and goodly things are perished from thee. And they shall find them no more at all.

18:15. The merchants of these things, who were made rich, shall stand afar off from her, for fear of her torments, weeping and mourning,

18:16. And saying: Alas! alas! that great city, which was clothed with fine linen and purple and scarlet and was gilt with gold and precious stones and pearls.

18:17. For in one hour are so great riches come to nought. And every shipmaster and all that sail into the lake, and mariners, and as many as work in the sea, stood afar off,

18:18. And cried, seeing the place of her burning, saying: What city is like to this great city?

18:19. And they cast dust upon their heads and cried, weeping and mourning, saying: Alas! alas! that great city, wherein all were made rich, that had ships at sea, by reason of her prices. For, in one hour she is made desolate.

18:20. Rejoice over her, thou heaven and ye holy apostles and prophets. For God hath judged your judgment on her.

18:21. And a mighty angel took up a stone, as it were a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying: With such violence as this, shall Babylon, that great city, be thrown down and shall be found no more at all.

18:22. And the voice of harpers and of musicians and of them that play on the pipe and on the trumpet shall no more be heard at all in thee: and no craftsman of any art whatsoever shall be found any more at all in thee: and the sound of the mill shall be heard no more at all in thee:

18:23. And the light of the lamp shall shine no more at all in thee: and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee. For thy merchants were the great men of the earth: for all nations have been deceived by thy enchantments.

18:24. And in her was found the blood of prophets and of saints and of all that were slain upon the earth.

Apocalypse Chapter 19

The saints glorify God for his judgments on the great harlot. Christ's victory over the beast and the kings of the earth.

19:1. After these things, I heard as it were the voice of much people in heaven, saying: Alleluia. Salvation and glory and power is to our God.

19:2. For true and just are his judgments, who hath judged the great harlot which corrupted the earth with her fornication and hath revenged the blood of his servants, at her hands.

19:3. And again they said: Alleluia. And her smoke ascendeth for ever and ever.

19:4. And the four and twenty ancients and the four living creatures fell down and adored God that sitteth upon the throne, saying: Amen. Alleluia.

19:5. And a voice came out from the throne, saying: Give praise to our God, all ye his servants: and you that fear him, little and great.

19:6. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunders, saying: Alleluia: for the Lord our God, the Almighty, hath reigned.

19:7. Let us be glad and rejoice and give glory to him. For the marriage of the Lamb is come: and his wife hath prepared herself.

19:8. And it is granted to her that she should clothe herself with fine linen, glittering and white. For the fine linen are the justifications of saints.

19:9. And he said to me: Write: Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. And he saith to me: These words of God are true.

19:10. And I fell down before his feet, to adore him. And he saith to me: See thou do it not. I am thy fellow servant and of thy brethren who have the testimony of Jesus. Adore God. For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

I fell down before, etc... St. Augustine (lib. 20, contra Faust, c. 21) is of opinion, that this angel appeared in so glorious a manner, that St. John took him to be God; and therefore would have given him divine honour had not the angel stopped him, by telling him he was but his fellow servant. St. Gregory (Hom. 8, in Evang.) rather thinks that the veneration offered by St. John, was not divine honour, or indeed any other than what might lawfully be given; but was nevertheless refused by the angel, in consideration of the dignity to which our human nature had been raised, by the incarnation of the Son of God, and the dignity of St. John, an apostle, prophet, and martyr.

19:11. And I saw heaven opened: and behold a white horse. And he that sat upon him was called faithful and true: and with justice doth he judge and fight.

19:12. And his eyes were as a flame of fire: and on his head were many diadems. And he had a name written, which no man knoweth but himself.

19:13. And he was clothed with a garment sprinkled with blood. And his name is called: THE WORD OF GOD.

19:14. And the armies that are in heaven followed him on white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.

19:15. And out of his mouth proceedeth a sharp two-edged sword, that with it he may strike the nations. And he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness of the wrath of God the Almighty.

19:16. And he hath on his garment and on his thigh written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

19:17. And I saw an angel standing in the sun: and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the birds that did fly through the midst of heaven: Come, gather yourselves together to the great supper of God:

19:18. That you may eat the flesh of kings and the flesh of tribunes and the flesh of mighty men and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them: and the flesh of all freemen and bondmen and of little and of great.

19:19. And I saw the beast and the kings of the earth and their armies, gathered together to make war with him that sat upon the horse and with his army.

19:20. And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet who wrought signs before him, wherewith he seduced them who received the character of the beast and who adored his image. These two were cast alive into the pool of fire burning with brimstone.

19:21. And the rest were slain by the sword of him that sitteth upon the horse, which proceedeth out of his mouth: and all the birds were filled with their flesh.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 20

Satan is bound for a thousand years. The souls of the martyrs reign with Christ in the first resurrection. The last attempts of Satan against the church. The last judgment.

20:1. And I saw an angel coming down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

20:2. And he laid hold on the dragon, the old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years.

Bound him, etc... The power of Satan has been very much limited by the passion of Christ: for a thousand years; that is, for the whole time of the New Testament; but especially from the time of the destruction of Babylon or pagan Rome, till the new efforts of Gog and Magog against the church, towards the end of the world. During which time the souls of the martyrs and saints live and reign with Christ in heaven, in the first resurrection, which is that of the soul to the life of glory; as the second resurrection will be that of the body, at the day of the general judgment.

20:3. And he cast him into the bottomless pit and shut him up and set a seal upon him, that he should no more seduce the nations till the thousand years be finished. And after that, he must be loosed a little time.

20:4. And I saw seats. And they sat upon them: and judgment was given unto them. And the souls of them that were beheaded for the testimony of Jesus and for the word of God and who had not adored the beast nor his image nor received his character on their foreheads or in their hands. And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years.

20:5. The rest of the dead lived not, till the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection.

20:6. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection. In these the second death hath no power. But they shall be priests of God and of Christ: and shall reign with him a thousand years.

20:7. And when the thousand years shall be finished, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison and shall go forth and seduce the nations which are over the four quarters of the earth, Gog and Magog: and shall gather them together to battle, the number of whom is as the sand of the sea.

20:8. And they came upon the breadth of the earth and encompassed the camp of the saints and the beloved city.

20:9. And there came down fire from God out of heaven and devoured them: and the devil, who seduced them, was cast into the pool of fire and brimstone, where both the beast

20:10. And the false prophet shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

20:11. And I saw a great white throne and one sitting upon it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away: and there was no place found for them.

20:12. And I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne. And the books were opened: and another book was opened, which was the book of life. And the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books, according to their works.

20:13. And the sea gave up the dead that were in it: and death and hell gave up their dead that were in them. And they were judged, every one according to their works.

20:14. And hell and death were cast into the pool of fire. This is the second death.

20:15. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the pool of fire.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 21

The new Jerusalem described.

21:1. I saw a new heaven and a new earth. For the first heaven and the first earth was gone: and the sea is now no more.

The first heaven and the first earth was gone, being changed, not as to their substance, but in their qualities.

21:2. And I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

21:3. And I heard a great voice from the throne, saying: Behold the tabernacle of God with men: and he will dwell with them. And they shall be his people: and God himself with them shall be their God.

21:4. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and death shall be no more. Nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away.

21:5. And he that sat on the throne, said: Behold, I make all things new. And he said to me: Write. For these words are most faithful and true.

21:6. And he said to me: It is done. I am Alpha and Omega: the Beginning and the End. To him that thirsteth, I will give of the fountain of the water of life, freely.

21:7. He that shall overcome shall possess these things. And I will be his God: and he shall be my son.

21:8. But the fearful and unbelieving and the abominable and murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars, they shall have their portion in the pool burning with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.

21:9. And there came one of the seven angels, who had the vials full of the seven last plagues, and spoke with me, saying: Come and I will shew thee the bride, the wife of the Lamb.

21:10. And he took me up in spirit to a great and high mountain: and he shewed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God,

21:11. Having the glory of God, and the light thereof was like to a precious stone, as to the jasper stone even as crystal.

21:12. And it had a wall great and high, having twelve gates, and in the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel.

21:13. On the east, three gates: and on the north, three gates: and on the south, three gates: and on the west, three gates.

21:14. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations: And in them, the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb,

21:15. And he that spoke with me had a measure of a reed of gold, to measure the city and the gates thereof and the wall.

21:16. And the city lieth in a four-square: and the length thereof is as great as the breadth. And he measured the city with the golden reed for twelve thousand furlongs: and the length and the height and the breadth thereof are equal.

21:17. And he measured the wall thereof an hundred forty-four cubits, the measure of a man, which is of an angel.

The measure of a man, i.e., According to the measure of men, and used by the angel... This seems to be the true meaning of these words.

21:18. And the building of the wall thereof was of jasper stone: but the city itself pure gold like to clear glass.

21:19. And the foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper: the second, sapphire: the third; a chalcedony: the fourth, an emerald:



21:20. The fifth, sardonyx: the sixth, sardius: the seventh, chrysolite: the eighth, beryl: the ninth, a topaz: the tenth, a chrysoprasus: the eleventh, a jacinth: the twelfth, an amethyst.

21:21. And the twelve gates are twelve pearls, one to each: and every several gate was of one several pearl. And the street of the city was pure gold, as it were, transparent glass.

21:22. And I saw no temple therein. For the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof, and the Lamb.

21:23. And the city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it: and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.

21:24. And the nations shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour into it.

21:25. And the gates thereof shall not be shut by day: for there shall be no night there.

21:26. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it.

21:27. There shall not enter into it any thing defiled or that worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they that are written in the book of life of the Lamb.

#### Apocalypse Chapter 22

The water and tree of life. The conclusion.

22:1. And he shewed me a river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

22:2. In the midst of the street thereof, and on both sides of the river, was the tree of life, bearing twelve fruits, yielding its fruits every month: the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations.

22:3. And there shall be no curse any more: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it. And his servants shall serve him.

22:4. And they shall see his face: and his name shall be on their foreheads.

22:5. And night shall be no more. And they shall not need the light of the lamp, nor the light of the sun, because the Lord God shall enlighten them. And they shall reign for ever and ever.

22:6. And he said to me: These words are most faithful and true. And the Lord God of the spirits of the prophets sent his angel to shew his servant the things which must be done shortly.

22:7. And: Behold I come quickly. Blessed is he that keepeth the words of the prophecy of this book.

22:8. And I, John, who have heard and seen these things. And, after I had heard and seen, I fell down to adore before the feet of the angel who shewed me the things.

22:9. And he said to me: See thou do it not. For I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets and of them that keep the words of the prophecy of this book. Adore God.

22:10. And he saith to me: Seal not the words of the prophecy of this book. For the time is at hand.

For the time is at hand... That is, when compared to eternity, all time and temporal things vanish, and are but of short duration. As to the time when the chief predictions should come to pass, we have no certainty, as appears by the different opinions, both of the ancient fathers and late interpreters. Many think that most things set down from the 4th chapter to the end, will not be fulfilled till a little time before the end of the world. Others are of opinion, that a great part of them, and particularly the fall of the wicked Babylon, happened at the destruction of paganism, by the destruction of heathen Rome, and its persecuting heathen emperors. Of these interpretations, see Aleazar, in his long commentary; see the learned Bossnet, bishop of Meaux, in his treatise on this Book; and P. Alleman, in his notes on the same Apocalypse, tom. 12, who in his Preface says, that this, in a great measure, may be now looked upon as the opinion followed by the learned men. In fine, others think that St. John's design was in a mystical way, by metaphors and allegories, to represent the attempts and persecutions of the wicked against the servants of God, the punishments that should in a short time fall upon

Babylon, that is, upon all the wicked in general: the eternal happiness and reward, which God had reserved for the pious inhabitants of Jerusalem, that is, for his faithful servants, after their short trials and the tribulations of this mortal life. In the mean time we meet with many profitable instructions and admonitions, which we may easily enough understand: but we have no certainty when we apply these predictions to particular events: for as St. Jerome takes notice, the Apocalypse has as many mysteries as words, or rather mysteries in every word. *Apocalypsis Joannis tot habet Sacramenta quot verba--parum dixi, in verbis singulis multiplices latent intelligentiae. Ep. ad Paulin, t. 4. p. 574. Edit. Benedict.*

22:11. He that hurteth, let him hurt still: and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is just, let him be justified still: and he that is holy, let him be sanctified still.

Let him hurt still... It is not an exhortation, or license to go on in sin; but an intimation, that how far soever the wicked may proceed, their progress shall quickly end, and then they must expect to meet with proportionable punishments.

22:12. Behold, I come quickly: and my reward is with me, to render to every, man according to his works.

22:13. I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End.

22:14. Blessed are they that wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb: that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in by the gates into the city.

22:15. Without are dogs and sorcerers and unchaste and murderers and servers of idols and every one that loveth and maketh a lie.

22:16. I, Jesus, have sent my angel, to testify to you these things in the churches. I am the root and stock of David, the bright and morning star.

22:17. And the spirit and the bride say: Come. And he that heareth, let him say: Come. And he that thirsteth, let him come. And he that will, let him take the water of life, freely.

22:18. For I testify to every one that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book: If any man shall add to these things, God shall add unto him the plagues written in this book.

22:19. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from these things that are written in this book.

22:20. He that giveth testimony of these things, saith: Surely, I come quickly: Amen. Come, Lord Jesus.

22:21. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

## Hans Christian Andersen

### The Dream of Little Tuk

Ah! yes, that was little Tuk: in reality his name was not Tuk, but that was what he called himself before he could speak plain: he meant it for Charles, and it is all well enough if one does but know it. He had now to take care of his little sister Augusta, who was much younger than himself, and he was, besides, to learn his lesson at the same time; but these two things would not do together at all. There sat the poor little fellow, with his sister on his lap, and he sang to her all the songs he knew; and he glanced the while from time to time into the geography-book that lay open before him. By the next morning he was to have learnt all the towns in Zealand by heart, and to know about them all that is possible to be known.

His mother now came home, for she had been out, and took little Augusta on her arm. Tuk ran quickly to the window, and read so eagerly that he pretty nearly read his eyes out; for it got darker and darker, but his mother had no money to buy a candle.

"There goes the old washerwoman over the way," said his mother, as she looked out of the window. "The poor woman can hardly drag herself along, and she must now drag the pail home from the fountain. Be a good boy, Tukey, and run across and help the old woman, won't you?"

So Tuk ran over quickly and helped her; but when he came back again into the room it was quite dark, and as to a light, there was no thought of such a thing. He was now to go to bed; that was an old turn-up bedstead; in it he lay and thought about his geography lesson, and of Zealand, and of all that his master had told him. He ought, to be sure, to have read over his lesson again, but that, you know, he could not do. He therefore put his geography-book under his pillow, because he had heard that was a very good thing to do when one wants to learn one's lesson; but one cannot, however, rely upon it entirely. Well, there he lay, and thought and thought, and all at once it was just as if someone kissed his eyes and mouth: he slept, and yet he did not sleep; it was as though the old washerwoman gazed on him with her mild eyes and said, "It were a great sin if you were not to know your lesson tomorrow morning. You have aided me, I therefore will now help you; and the loving God will do so at all times." And all of a sudden the book under Tuk's pillow began scraping and scratching.

"Kickery-ki! kluk! kluk! kluk!"--that was an old hen who came creeping along, and she was from Kjoge. "I am a Kjoger hen,"\* said she, and then she related how many inhabitants there were there, and about the battle that had taken place, and which, after all, was hardly worth talking about.

\* Kjoge, a town in the bay of Kjoge. "To see the Kjoge hens," is an expression similar to "showing a child London," which is said to be done by taking his head in both hands, and so lifting him off the ground. At the invasion of the English in 1807, an encounter of a no very glorious nature took place between the British troops and the undisciplined Danish militia.

"Kribledy, krabledy--plump!" down fell somebody: it was a wooden bird, the popinjay used at the shooting-matches at Prastoe. Now he said that there were just as many inhabitants as he

had nails in his body; and he was very proud. "Thorwaldsen lived almost next door to me.\* Plump! Here I lie capitally."

\* Prastoe, a still smaller town than Kjøge. Some hundred paces from it lies the manor-house Ny Soe, where Thorwaldsen, the famed sculptor, generally sojourned during his stay in Denmark, and where he called many of his immortal works into existence.

But little Tuk was no longer lying down: all at once he was on horseback. On he went at full gallop, still galloping on and on. A knight with a gleaming plume, and most magnificently dressed, held him before him on the horse, and thus they rode through the wood to the old town of Bordingborg, and that was a large and very lively town. High towers rose from the castle of the king, and the brightness of many candles streamed from all the windows; within was dance and song, and King Waldemar and the young, richly-attired maids of honor danced together. The morn now came; and as soon as the sun appeared, the whole town and the king's palace crumbled together, and one tower after the other; and at last only a single one remained standing where the castle had been before,\* and the town was so small and poor, and the school boys came along with their books under their arms, and said, "2000 inhabitants!" but that was not true, for there were not so many.

\*Bordingborg, in the reign of King Waldemar, a considerable place, now an unimportant little town. One solitary tower only, and some remains of a wall, show where the castle once stood.

And little Tukey lay in his bed: it seemed to him as if he dreamed, and yet as if he were not dreaming; however, somebody was close beside him.

"Little Tukey! Little Tukey!" cried someone near. It was a seaman, quite a little personage, so little as if he were a midshipman; but a midshipman it was not.

"Many remembrances from Corsor.\* That is a town that is just rising into importance; a lively town that has steam-boats and stagecoaches: formerly people called it ugly, but that is no longer true. I lie on the sea," said Corsor; "I have high roads and gardens, and I have given birth to a poet who was witty and amusing, which all poets are not. I once intended to equip a ship that was to sail all round the earth; but I did not do it, although I could have done so: and then, too, I smell so deliciously, for close before the gate bloom the most beautiful roses."

\*Corsor, on the Great Belt, called, formerly, before the introduction of steam-vessels, when travellers were often obliged to wait a long time for a favorable wind, "the most tiresome of towns." The poet Baggesen was born here.

Little Tuk looked, and all was red and green before his eyes; but as soon as the confusion of colors was somewhat over, all of a sudden there appeared a wooded slope close to the bay, and high up above stood a magnificent old church, with two high pointed towers. From out the hill-side spouted fountains in thick streams of water, so that there was a continual splashing; and close beside them sat an old king with a golden crown upon his white head: that was King Hroar, near the fountains, close to the town of Roeskilde, as it is now called. And up the slope into the old church went all the kings and queens of Denmark, hand in hand, all with their golden crowns; and the organ played and the fountains rustled. Little Tuk saw all, heard all. "Do not forget the diet," said King Hroar.\*

\*Roeskilde, once the capital of Denmark. The town takes its name from King Hroar, and the many fountains in the neighborhood. In the beautiful cathedral the greater number of the kings

and queens of Denmark are interred. In Roeskilde, too, the members of the Danish Diet assemble.

Again all suddenly disappeared. Yes, and whither? It seemed to him just as if one turned over a leaf in a book. And now stood there an old peasant-woman, who came from Soroe,\* where grass grows in the market-place. She had an old grey linen apron hanging over her head and back: it was so wet, it certainly must have been raining. "Yes, that it has," said she; and she now related many pretty things out of Holberg's comedies, and about Waldemar and Absalon; but all at once she cowered together, and her head began shaking backwards and forwards, and she looked as she were going to make a spring. "Croak! croak!" said she. "It is wet, it is wet; there is such a pleasant deathlike stillness in Sorbe!" She was now suddenly a frog, "Croak"; and now she was an old woman. "One must dress according to the weather," said she. "It is wet; it is wet. My town is just like a bottle; and one gets in by the neck, and by the neck one must get out again! In former times I had the finest fish, and now I have fresh rosy-cheeked boys at the bottom of the bottle, who learn wisdom, Hebrew, Greek--Croak!"

\* Sorbe, a very quiet little town, beautifully situated, surrounded by woods and lakes. Holberg, Denmark's Moliere, founded here an academy for the sons of the nobles. The poets Hauch and Ingemann were appointed professors here. The latter lives there still.

When she spoke it sounded just like the noise of frogs, or as if one walked with great boots over a moor; always the same tone, so uniform and so tiring that little Tuk fell into a good sound sleep, which, by the bye, could not do him any harm.

But even in this sleep there came a dream, or whatever else it was: his little sister Augusta, she with the blue eyes and the fair curling hair, was suddenly a tall, beautiful girl, and without having wings was yet able to fly; and she now flew over Zealand--over the green woods and the blue lakes.

"Do you hear the cock crow, Tukey? Cock-a-doodle-doo! The cocks are flying up from Kjoge! You will have a farm-yard, so large, oh! so very large! You will suffer neither hunger nor thirst! You will get on in the world! You will be a rich and happy man! Your house will exalt itself like King Waldemar's tower, and will be richly decorated with marble statues, like that at Prastoe. You understand what I mean. Your name shall circulate with renown all round the earth, like unto the ship that was to have sailed from Corsor; and in Roeskilde--"

"Do not forget the diet!" said King Hroar.

"Then you will speak well and wisely, little Tukey; and when at last you sink into your grave, you shall sleep as quietly--"

"As if I lay in Soroe," said Tuk, awaking. It was bright day, and he was now quite unable to call to mind his dream; that, however, was not at all necessary, for one may not know what the future will bring.

And out of bed he jumped, and read in his book, and now all at once he knew his whole lesson. And the old washerwoman popped her head in at the door, nodded to him friendly, and said, "Thanks, many thanks, my good child, for your help! May the good ever-loving God fulfil your loveliest dream!"

Little Tukey did not at all know what he had dreamed, but the loving God knew it.

## Pedro Calderon de la Barca

### Life Is A Dream

#### Dramatis Personae

Basilio	King of Poland.
Segismund	his Son.
Astolfo	his Nephew.
Estrella	his Niece.
Clotaldo	a General in Basilio's Service.
Rosaura	a Muscovite Lady.
Fife	her Attendant.

Chamberlain, Lords in Waiting, Officers,  
Soldiers, etc., in Basilio's Service.

The Scene of the first and third Acts lies on the Polish frontier: of the second Act, in Warsaw. As this version of Calderon's drama is not for acting, a higher and wider mountain-scene than practicable may be imagined for Rosaura's descent in the first Act and the soldiers' ascent in the last. The bad watch kept by the sentinels who guarded their state-prisoner, together with much else (not all!) that defies sober sense in this wild drama, I must leave Calderon to answer for; whose audience were not critical of detail and probability, so long as a good story, with strong, rapid, and picturesque action and situation, was set before them.

#### Act I

Scene I—A pass of rocks, over which a storm is rolling away,  
and the sun setting: in the foreground, half-way down, a fortress.

(Enter first from the topmost rock Rosaura, as from horseback, in  
man's attire; and, after her, Fife.)

ROSAURA.

There, four-footed Fury, blast  
Engender'd brute, without the wit  
Of brute, or mouth to match the bit  
Of man—art satisfied at last?  
Who, when thunder roll'd aloof,  
Tow'rd the spheres of fire your ears  
Pricking, and the granite kicking  
Into lightning with your hoof,  
Among the tempest-shatter'd crags  
Shattering your luckless rider  
Back into the tempest pass'd?  
There then lie to starve and die,  
Or find another Phaeton  
Mad-mettled as yourself; for I,  
Wearied, worried, and for-done,

Alone will down the mountain try,  
That knits his brows against the sun.

FIFE (as to his mule).  
There, thou mis-begotten thing,  
Long-ear'd lightning, tail'd tornado,  
Griffin-hoof-in hurricano,  
(I might swear till I were almost  
Hoarse with roaring Asonante)  
Who forsooth because our betters  
Would begin to kick and fling  
You forthwith your noble mind  
Must prove, and kick me off behind,  
Tow'rd the very centre whither  
Gravity was most inclined.  
There where you have made your bed  
In it lie; for, wet or dry,  
Let what will for me betide you,  
Burning, blowing, freezing, hailing;  
Famine waste you: devil ride you:  
Tempest baste you black and blue:  
(To Rosaura.)  
There! I think in downright railing  
I can hold my own with you.

ROS.  
Ah, my good Fife, whose merry loyal pipe,  
Come weal, come woe, is never out of tune  
What, you in the same plight too?

FIFE.  
Ay; And madam—sir—hereby desire,  
When you your own adventures sing  
Another time in lofty rhyme,  
You don't forget the trusty squire  
Who went with you Don-quixoting.

ROS.  
Well, my good fellow—to leave Pegasus  
Who scarce can serve us than our horses worse—  
They say no one should rob another of  
The single satisfaction he has left  
Of singing his own sorrows; one so great,  
So says some great philosopher, that trouble  
Were worth encount'ring only for the sake  
Of weeping over—what perhaps you know  
Some poet calls the 'luxury of woe.'

FIFE.  
Had I the poet or philosopher



In the place of her that kick'd me off to ride,  
I'd test his theory upon his hide.  
But no bones broken, madam—sir, I mean?—

ROS.  
A scratch here that a handkerchief will heal—  
And you?—

FIFE.  
A scratch in *quiddity*, or kind:  
But not in '*quo*'—my wounds are all behind.  
But, as you say, to stop this strain,  
Which, somehow, once one's in the vein,  
Comes clattering after—there again!—  
What are we twain—deuce take't!—we two,  
I mean, to do—drench'd through and through—  
Oh, I shall choke of rhymes, which I believe  
Are all that we shall have to live on here.

ROS.  
What, is our victual gone too?—

FIFE.  
Ay, that brute  
Has carried all we had away with her,  
Clothing, and cate, and all.

ROS.  
And now the sun,  
Our only friend and guide, about to sink  
Under the stage of earth.

FIFE.  
And enter Night,  
With Capa y Espada—and—pray heaven!  
With but her lanthorn also.

ROS.  
Ah, I doubt  
To-night, if any, with a dark one—or  
Almost burnt out after a month's consumption.  
Well! well or ill, on horseback or afoot,  
This is the gate that lets me into Poland;  
And, sorry welcome as she gives a guest  
Who writes his own arrival on her rocks  
In his own blood—  
Yet better on her stony threshold die,  
Than live on unrevenged in Muscovy.

FIFE.

Oh, what a soul some women have—I mean  
Some men—

ROS.  
Oh, Fife, Fife, as you love me, Fife,  
Make yourself perfect in that little part,  
Or all will go to ruin!

FIFE.  
Oh, I will,  
Please God we find some one to try it on.  
But, truly, would not any one believe  
Some fairy had exchanged us as we lay  
Two tiny foster-children in one cradle?

ROS.  
Well, be that as it may, Fife, it reminds me  
Of what perhaps I should have thought before,  
But better late than never—You know I love you,  
As you, I know, love me, and loyally  
Have follow'd me thus far in my wild venture.  
Well! now then—having seen me safe thus far  
Safe if not wholly sound—over the rocks  
Into the country where my business lies  
Why should not you return the way we came,  
The storm all clear'd away, and, leaving me  
(Who now shall want you, though not thank you,  
less,  
Now that our horses gone) this side the ridge,  
Find your way back to dear old home again;  
While I—Come, come!—  
What, weeping my poor fellow?

FIFE.  
Leave you here  
Alone—my Lady—Lord! I mean my Lord—  
In a strange country—among savages—  
Oh, now I know—you would be rid of me  
For fear my stumbling speech—

ROS.  
Oh, no, no, no!—  
I want you with me for a thousand sakes  
To which that is as nothing—I myself  
More apt to let the secret out myself  
Without your help at all—Come, come, cheer up!  
And if you sing again, 'Come weal, come woe,'  
Let it be that; for we will never part  
Until you give the signal.

FIFE.  
'Tis a bargain.

ROS.  
Now to begin, then. 'Follow, follow me,  
'You fairy elves that be.'

FIFE.  
Ay, and go on—  
Something of 'following darkness like a dream,'  
For that we're after.

ROS.  
No, after the sun;  
Trying to catch hold of his glittering skirts  
That hang upon the mountain as he goes.

FIFE.  
Ah, he's himself past catching—as you spoke  
He heard what you were saying, and—just so—  
Like some scared water-bird,  
As we say in my country, *dove* below.

ROS.  
Well, we must follow him as best we may.  
Poland is no great country, and, as rich  
In men and means, will but few acres spare  
To lie beneath her barrier mountains bare.  
We cannot, I believe, be very far  
From mankind or their dwellings.

FIFE.  
Send it so!  
And well provided for man, woman, and beast.  
No, not for beast. Ah, but my heart begins  
To yearn for her—

ROS.  
Keep close, and keep your feet  
From serving you as hers did.

FIFE.  
As for beasts,  
If in default of other entertainment,  
We should provide them with ourselves to eat—  
Bears, lions, wolves—

ROS.  
Oh, never fear.

FIFE.  
Or else,  
Default of other beasts, beastlier men,  
Cannibals, Anthropophagi, bare Poles  
Who never knew a tailor but by taste.

ROS.  
Look, look! Unless my fancy misconceive  
With twilight—down among the rocks there, Fife—  
Some human dwelling, surely—  
Or think you but a rock torn from the rocks  
In some convulsion like to-day's, and perch'd  
Quaintly among them in mock-masonry?

FIFE.  
Most likely that, I doubt.

ROS.  
No, no—for look!  
A square of darkness opening in it—

FIFE.  
Oh, I don't half like such openings!—

ROS.  
Like the loom  
Of night from which she spins her outer gloom—

FIFE.  
Lord, Madam, pray forbear this tragic vein  
In such a time and place—

ROS.  
And now again  
Within that square of darkness, look! a light  
That feels its way with hesitating pulse,  
As we do, through the darkness that it drives  
To blacken into deeper night beyond.

FIFE.  
In which could we follow that light's example,  
As might some English Bardolph with his nose,  
We might defy the sunset—Hark, a chain!

ROS.  
And now a lamp, a lamp! And now the hand  
That carries it.

FIFE.  
Oh, Lord! that dreadful chain!

ROS.

And now the bearer of the lamp; indeed  
As strange as any in Arabian tale,  
So giant-like, and terrible, and grand,  
Spite of the skin he's wrapt in.

FIFE.

Why, 'tis his own:  
Oh, 'tis some wild man of the woods; I've heard  
They build and carry torches—

ROS.

Never Ape  
Bore such a brow before the heavens as that—  
Chain'd as you say too!—

FIFE.

Oh, that dreadful chain!

ROS.

And now he sets the lamp down by his side,  
And with one hand clench'd in his tangled hair  
And with a sigh as if his heart would break—

(During this Segismund has entered from the  
fortress, with a  
torch.)

SEGISMUND.

Once more the storm has roar'd itself away,  
Splitting the crags of God as it retires;  
But sparing still what it should only blast,  
This guilty piece of human handiwork,  
And all that are within it. Oh, how oft,  
How oft, within or here abroad, have I  
Waited, and in the whisper of my heart  
Pray'd for the slanting hand of heaven to strike  
The blow myself I dared not, out of fear  
Of that Hereafter, worse, they say, than here,  
Plunged headlong in, but, till dismissal waited,  
To wipe at last all sorrow from men's eyes,  
And make this heavy dispensation clear.  
Thus have I borne till now, and still endure,  
Crouching in sullen impotence day by day,  
Till some such out-burst of the elements  
Like this rouses the sleeping fire within;  
And standing thus upon the threshold of  
Another night about to close the door  
Upon one wretched day to open it

On one yet wretcheder because one more;—  
Once more, you savage heavens, I ask of you—  
I, looking up to those relentless eyes  
That, now the greater lamp is gone below,  
Begin to muster in the listening skies;  
In all the shining circuits you have gone  
About this theatre of human woe,  
What greater sorrow have you gazed upon  
Than down this narrow chink you witness still;  
And which, did you yourselves not fore-devise,  
You registered for others to fulfil!

FIFE.  
This is some Laureate at a birthday ode;  
No wonder we went rhyming.

ROS.  
Hush! And now  
See, starting to his feet, he strides about  
Far as his tether'd steps—

SEG.  
And if the chain  
You help'd to rivet round me did contract  
Since guiltless infancy from guilt in act;  
Of what in aspiration or in thought  
Guilty, but in resentment of the wrong  
That wreaks revenge on wrong I never wrought  
By excommunication from the free  
Inheritance that all created life,  
Beside myself, is born to—from the wings  
That range your own immeasurable blue,  
Down to the poor, mute, scale-imprison'd things,  
That yet are free to wander, glide, and pass  
About that under-sapphire, whereinto  
Yourselves transfusing you yourselves englass!

ROS.  
What mystery is this?

FIFE.  
Why, the man's mad:  
That's all the mystery. That's why he's chain'd—  
And why—

SEG.  
Nor Nature's guiltless life alone—  
But that which lives on blood and rapine; nay,  
Charter'd with larger liberty to slay  
Their guiltless kind, the tyrants of the air

Soar zenith-upward with their screaming prey,  
Making pure heaven drop blood upon the stage  
Of under earth, where lion, wolf, and bear,  
And they that on their treacherous velvet wear  
Figure and constellation like your own,  
With their still living slaughter bound away  
Over the barriers of the mountain cage,  
Against which one, blood-guiltless, and endued  
With aspiration and with aptitude  
Transcending other creatures, day by day  
Beats himself mad with unavailing rage!

FIFE.

Why, that must be the meaning of my mule's  
Rebellion—

ROS.

Hush!

SEG.

But then if murder be  
The law by which not only conscience-blind  
Creatures, but man too prospers with his kind;  
Who leaving all his guilty fellows free,  
Under your fatal auspice and divine  
Compulsion, leagued in some mysterious ban  
Against one innocent and helpless man,  
Abuse their liberty to murder mine:  
And sworn to silence, like their masters mute  
In heaven, and like them twirling through the mask  
Of darkness, answering to all I ask,  
Point up to them whose work they execute!

ROS.

Ev'n as I thought, some poor unhappy wretch,  
By man wrong'd, wretched, unrevenged, as I!  
Nay, so much worse than I, as by those chains  
Cleft of the means of self-revenge on those  
Who lay on him what they deserve. And I,  
Who taunted Heaven a little while ago  
With pouring all its wrath upon my head—  
Alas! like him who caught the cast-off husk  
Of what another bragg'd of feeding on,  
Here's one that from the refuse of my sorrows  
Could gather all the banquet he desires!  
Poor soul, poor soul!

FIFE.

Speak lower—he will hear you.

ROS.

And if he should, what then? Why, if he would,  
He could not harm me—Nay, and if he could,  
Methinks I'd venture something of a life  
I care so little for—

SEG.

Who's that? Clotaldo? Who are you, I say,  
That, venturing in these forbidden rocks,  
Have lighted on my miserable life,  
And your own death?

ROS.

You would not hurt me, surely?

SEG.

Not I; but those that, iron as the chain  
In which they slay me with a lingering death,  
Will slay you with a sudden—Who are you?

ROS.

A stranger from across the mountain there,  
Who, having lost his way in this strange land  
And coming night, drew hither to what seem'd  
A human dwelling hidden in these rocks,  
And where the voice of human sorrow soon  
Told him it was so.

SEG.

Ay? But nearer—nearer—  
That by this smoky supplement of day  
But for a moment I may see who speaks  
So pitifully sweet.

FIFE.

Take care! take care!

ROS.

Alas, poor man, that I, myself so helpless,  
Could better help you than by barren pity,  
And my poor presence—

SEG.

Oh, might that be all!  
But that—a few poor moments—and, alas!  
The very bliss of having, and the dread  
Of losing, under such a penalty  
As every moment's having runs more near,  
Stifles the very utterance and resource  
They cry for quickest; till from sheer despair



Of holding thee, methinks myself would tear  
To pieces—

FIFE.

There, his word's enough for it.

SEG.

Oh, think, if you who move about at will,  
And live in sweet communion with your kind,  
After an hour lost in these lonely rocks  
Hunger and thirst after some human voice  
To drink, and human face to feed upon;  
What must one do where all is mute, or harsh,  
And ev'n the naked face of cruelty  
Were better than the mask it works beneath?—  
Across the mountain then! Across the mountain!  
What if the next world which they tell one of  
Be only next across the mountain then,  
Though I must never see it till I die,  
And you one of its angels?

ROS.

Alas; alas!

No angel! And the face you think so fair,  
'Tis but the dismal frame-work of these rocks  
That makes it seem so; and the world I come from—  
Alas, alas, too many faces there  
Are but fair vizors to black hearts below,  
Or only serve to bring the wearer woe!  
But to yourself—If haply the redress  
That I am here upon may help to yours.  
I heard you tax the heavens with ordering,  
And men for executing, what, alas!  
I now behold. But why, and who they are  
Who do, and you who suffer—

SEG. (pointing upwards).

Ask of them,  
Whom, as to-night, I have so often ask'd,  
And ask'd in vain.

ROS.

But surely, surely—

SEG.

Hark!

The trumpet of the watch to shut us in.  
Oh, should they find you!—Quick! Behind the  
rocks!

To-morrow—if to-morrow—

ROS. (flinging her sword toward him).  
Take my sword!

(Rosaura and Fife hide in the rocks; Enter Clotaldo)

CLOTALDO.  
These stormy days you like to see the last of  
Are but ill opiates, Segismund, I think,  
For night to follow: and to-night you seem  
More than your wont disorder'd. What! A sword?  
Within there!

(Enter Soldiers with black vizors and torches)

FIFE.  
Here's a pleasant masquerade!

CLO.  
Whosever watch this was  
Will have to pay head-reckoning. Meanwhile,  
This weapon had a wearer. Bring him here,  
Alive or dead.

SEG.  
Clotaldo! good Clotaldo!—

CLO. (to Soldiers who enclose Segismund; others  
searching the rocks).  
You know your duty.

SOLDIERS (bringing in Rosaura and Fife).  
Here are two of them,  
Whoever more to follow—

CLO.  
Who are you,  
That in defiance of known proclamation  
Are found, at night-fall too, about this place?

FIFE.  
Oh, my Lord, she—I mean he—

ROS.  
Silence, Fife,  
And let me speak for both.—Two foreign men,  
To whom your country and its proclamations  
Are equally unknown; and had we known,  
Ourselves not masters of our lawless beasts  
That, terrified by the storm among your rocks,

Flung us upon them to our cost.

FIFE.  
My mule—

CLO.  
Foreigners? Of what country?

ROS.  
Muscovy.

CLO.  
And whither bound?

ROS.  
Hither—if this be Poland;  
But with no ill design on her, and therefore  
Taking it ill that we should thus be stopt  
Upon her threshold so uncivilly.

CLO.  
Whither in Poland?

ROS.  
To the capital.

CLO.  
And on what errand?

ROS.  
Set me on the road,  
And you shall be the nearer to my answer.

CLO. (aside).  
So resolute and ready to reply,  
And yet so young—and—  
(Aloud.)  
Well,—  
Your business was not surely with the man  
We found you with?

ROS.  
He was the first we saw,—  
And strangers and benighted, as we were,  
As you too would have done in a like case,  
Accosted him at once.

CLO.  
Ay, but this sword?

ROS.  
I flung it toward him.

CLO.  
Well, and why?

ROS.  
And why? But to revenge himself on those who thus  
Injuriouslly misuse him.

CLO.  
So—so—so!  
'Tis well such resolution wants a beard  
And, I suppose, is never to attain one.  
Well, I must take you both, you and your sword,  
Prisoners.

FIFE. (offering a cudgel).  
Pray take mine, and welcome, sir;  
I'm sure I gave it to that mule of mine  
To mighty little purpose.

ROS.  
Mine you have;  
And may it win us some more kindness  
Than we have met with yet.

CLO (examining the sword).  
More mystery!  
How came you by this weapon?

ROS.  
From my father.

CLO.  
And do you know whence he?

ROS.  
Oh, very well:  
From one of this same Polish realm of yours,  
Who promised a return, should come the chance,  
Of courtesies that he received himself  
In Muscovy, and left this pledge of it—  
Not likely yet, it seems, to be redeem'd.

CLO (aside).  
Oh, wondrous chance—or wondrous Providence!  
The sword that I myself in Muscovy,  
When these white hairs were black, for keepsake left  
Of obligation for a like return

To him who saved me wounded as I lay  
Fighting against his country; took me home;  
Tended me like a brother till recover'd,  
Perchance to fight against him once again  
And now my sword put back into my hand  
By his—if not his son—still, as so seeming,  
By me, as first devoir of gratitude,  
To seem believing, till the wearer's self  
See fit to drop the ill-dissembling mask.

(Aloud.)

Well, a strange turn of fortune has arrested  
The sharp and sudden penalty that else  
Had visited your rashness or mischance:  
In part, your tender youth too—pardon me,  
And touch not where your sword is not to answer—  
Commends you to my care; not your life only,  
Else by this misadventure forfeited;  
But ev'n your errand, which, by happy chance,  
Chimes with the very business I am on,  
And calls me to the very point you aim at.

ROS.

The capital?

CLO.

Ay, the capital; and ev'n  
That capital of capitals, the Court:  
Where you may plead, and, I may promise, win  
Pardon for this, you say unwilling, trespass,  
And prosecute what else you have at heart,  
With me to help you forward all I can;  
Provided all in loyalty to those  
To whom by natural allegiance  
I first am bound to.

ROS.

As you make, I take  
Your offer: with like promise on my side  
Of loyalty to you and those you serve,  
Under like reservation for regards  
Nearer and dearer still.

CLO.

Enough, enough;  
Your hand; a bargain on both sides. Meanwhile,  
Here shall you rest to-night. The break of day  
Shall see us both together on the way.

ROS.

Thus then what I for misadventure blamed,

Directly draws me where my wishes aim'd.

(Exeunt.)

## Xueqin Cao

### Hung Lou Meng Or, the Dream of the Red Chamber

#### Chapter I.

Chen Shih-yin, in a vision, apprehends perception and spirituality. Chia Yü-ts'un, in the (windy and dusty) world, cherishes fond thoughts of a beautiful maiden.

This is the opening section; this the first chapter. Subsequent to the visions of a dream which he had, on some previous occasion, experienced, the writer personally relates, he designedly concealed the true circumstances, and borrowed the attributes of perception and spirituality to relate this story of the Record of the Stone. With this purpose, he made use of such designations as Chen Shih-yin (truth under the garb of fiction) and the like. What are, however, the events recorded in this work? Who are the dramatis personae?

Wearied with the drudgery experienced of late in the world, the author speaking for himself, goes on to explain, with the lack of success which attended every single concern, I suddenly bethought myself of the womankind of past ages. Passing one by one under a minute scrutiny, I felt that in action and in lore, one and all were far above me; that in spite of the majesty of my manliness, I could not, in point of fact, compare with these characters of the gentle sex. And my shame forsooth then knew no bounds; while regret, on the other hand, was of no avail, as there was not even a remote possibility of a day of remedy.

On this very day it was that I became desirous to compile, in a connected form, for publication throughout the world, with a view to (universal) information, how that I bear inexorable and manifold retribution; inasmuch as what time, by the sustenance of the benevolence of Heaven, and the virtue of my ancestors, my apparel was rich and fine, and as what days my fare was savory and sumptuous, I disregarded the bounty of education and nurture of father and mother, and paid no heed to the virtue of precept and injunction of teachers and friends, with the result that I incurred the punishment, of failure recently in the least trifle, and the reckless waste of half my lifetime. There have been meanwhile, generation after generation, those in the inner chambers, the whole mass of whom could not, on any account, be, through my influence, allowed to fall into extinction, in order that I, unfilial as I have been, may have the means to screen my own shortcomings.

Hence it is that the thatched shed, with bamboo mat windows, the bed of tow and the stove of brick, which are at present my share, are not sufficient to deter me from carrying out the fixed purpose of my mind. And could I, furthermore, confront the morning breeze, the evening moon, the willows by the steps and the flowers in the courtyard, methinks these would moisten to a greater degree my mortal pen with ink; but though I lack culture and erudition, what harm is there, however, in employing fiction and unrecondite language to give utterance to the merits of these characters? And were I also able to induce the inmates of the inner chamber to understand and diffuse them, could I besides break the weariness of even so much as a single moment, or could I open the eyes of my contemporaries, will it not forsooth prove a boon?

This consideration has led to the usage of such names as Chia Yü-ts'un and other similar appellations.

More than any in these pages have been employed such words as dreams and visions; but these dreams constitute the main argument of this work, and combine, furthermore, the design of giving a word of warning to my readers.

Reader, can you suggest whence the story begins?

The narration may border on the limits of incoherency and triviality, but it possesses considerable zest. But to begin.

The Empress Nü Wo, (the goddess of works,) in fashioning blocks of stones, for the repair of the heavens, prepared, at the Ta Huang Hills and Wu Ch'i cave, 36,501 blocks of rough stone, each twelve chang in height, and twenty-four chang square. Of these stones, the Empress Wo only used 36,500; so that one single block remained over and above, without being turned to any account. This was cast down the Ch'ing Keng peak. This stone, strange to say, after having undergone a process of refinement, attained a nature of efficiency, and could, by its innate powers, set itself into motion and was able to expand and to contract.

When it became aware that the whole number of blocks had been made use of to repair the heavens, that it alone had been destitute of the necessary properties and had been unfit to attain selection, it forthwith felt within itself vexation and shame, and day and night, it gave way to anguish and sorrow.

One day, while it lamented its lot, it suddenly caught sight, at a great distance, of a Buddhist bonze and of a Taoist priest coming towards that direction. Their appearance was uncommon, their easy manner remarkable. When they drew near this Ch'ing Keng peak, they sat on the ground to rest, and began to converse. But on noticing the block newly-polished and brilliantly clear, which had moreover contracted in dimensions, and become no larger than the pendant of a fan, they were greatly filled with admiration. The Buddhist priest picked it up, and laid it in the palm of his hand.

"Your appearance," he said laughingly, "may well declare you to be a supernatural object, but as you lack any inherent quality it is necessary to inscribe a few characters on you, so that every one who shall see you may at once recognise you to be a remarkable thing. And subsequently, when you will be taken into a country where honour and affluence will reign, into a family cultured in mind and of official status, in a land where flowers and trees shall flourish with luxuriance, in a town of refinement, renown and glory; when you once will have been there..."

The stone listened with intense delight.

"What characters may I ask," it consequently inquired, "will you inscribe? and what place will I be taken to? pray, pray explain to me in lucid terms." "You mustn't be inquisitive," the bonze replied, with a smile, "in days to come you'll certainly understand everything." Having concluded these words, he forthwith put the stone in his sleeve, and proceeded leisurely on his journey, in company with the Taoist priest. Whither, however, he took the stone, is not divulged. Nor can it be known how many centuries and ages elapsed, before a Taoist priest, K'ung K'ung by name, passed, during his researches after the eternal reason and his quest after



immortality, by these Ta Huang Hills, Wu Ch'i cave and Ch'ing Keng Peak. Suddenly perceiving a large block of stone, on the surface of which the traces of characters giving, in a connected form, the various incidents of its fate, could be clearly deciphered, K'ung K'ung examined them from first to last. They, in fact, explained how that this block of worthless stone had originally been devoid of the properties essential for the repairs to the heavens, how it would be transmuted into human form and introduced by Mang Mang the High Lord, and Miao Miao, the Divine, into the world of mortals, and how it would be led over the other bank (across the San Sara). On the surface, the record of the spot where it would fall, the place of its birth, as well as various family trifles and trivial love affairs of young ladies, verses, odes, speeches and enigmas was still complete; but the name of the dynasty and the year of the reign were obliterated, and could not be ascertained.

On the obverse, were also the following enigmatical verses:

Lacking in virtues meet the azure skies to mend,  
In vain the mortal world full many a year I wend,  
Of a former and after life these facts that be,  
Who will for a tradition strange record for me?

K'ung K'ung, the Taoist, having pondered over these lines for a while, became aware that this stone had a history of some kind.

"Brother stone," he forthwith said, addressing the stone, "the concerns of past days recorded on you possess, according to your own account, a considerable amount of interest, and have been for this reason inscribed, with the intent of soliciting generations to hand them down as remarkable occurrences. But in my own opinion, they lack, in the first place, any data by means of which to establish the name of the Emperor and the year of his reign; and, in the second place, these constitute no record of any excellent policy, adopted by any high worthies or high loyal statesmen, in the government of the state, or in the rule of public morals. The contents simply treat of a certain number of maidens, of exceptional character; either of their love affairs or infatuations, or of their small deserts or insignificant talents; and were I to transcribe the whole collection of them, they would, nevertheless, not be estimated as a book of any exceptional worth."

"Sir Priest," the stone replied with assurance, "why are you so excessively dull? The dynasties recorded in the rustic histories, which have been written from age to age, have, I am fain to think, invariably assumed, under false pretences, the mere nomenclature of the Han and T'ang dynasties. They differ from the events inscribed on my block, which do not borrow this customary practice, but, being based on my own experiences and natural feelings, present, on the contrary, a novel and unique character. Besides, in the pages of these rustic histories, either the aspersions upon sovereigns and statesmen, or the strictures upon individuals, their wives, and their daughters, or the deeds of licentiousness and violence are too numerous to be computed. Indeed, there is one more kind of loose literature, the wantonness and pollution in which work most easy havoc upon youth.

"As regards the works, in which the characters of scholars and beauties is delineated their allusions are again repeatedly of Wen Chün, their theme in every page of Tzu Chien; a thousand volumes present no diversity; and a thousand characters are but a counterpart of each other. What is more, these works, throughout all their pages, cannot help bordering on extreme licence. The authors, however, had no other object in view than to give utterance to a

few sentimental odes and elegant ballads of their own, and for this reason they have fictitiously invented the names and surnames of both men and women, and necessarily introduced, in addition, some low characters, who should, like a buffoon in a play, create some excitement in the plot.

"Still more loathsome is a kind of pedantic and profligate literature, perfectly devoid of all natural sentiment, full of self-contradictions; and, in fact, the contrast to those maidens in my work, whom I have, during half my lifetime, seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. And though I will not presume to estimate them as superior to the heroes and heroines in the works of former ages, yet the perusal of the motives and issues of their experiences, may likewise afford matter sufficient to banish dulness, and to break the spell of melancholy.

"As regards the several stanzas of doggerel verse, they may too evoke such laughter as to compel the reader to blurt out the rice, and to spurt out the wine.

"In these pages, the scenes depicting the anguish of separation, the bliss of reunion, and the fortunes of prosperity and of adversity are all, in every detail, true to human nature, and I have not taken upon myself to make the slightest addition, or alteration, which might lead to the perversion of the truth.

"My only object has been that men may, after a drinking bout, or after they wake from sleep or when in need of relaxation from the pressure of business, take up this light literature, and not only expunge the traces of antiquated books, and obtain a new kind of distraction, but that they may also lay by a long life as well as energy and strength; for it bears no point of similarity to those works, whose designs are false, whose course is immoral. Now, Sir Priest, what are your views on the subject?"

K'ung K'ung having pondered for a while over the words, to which he had listened intently, re-perused, throughout, this record of the stone; and finding that the general purport consisted of nought else than a treatise on love, and likewise of an accurate transcription of facts, without the least taint of profligacy injurious to the times, he thereupon copied the contents, from beginning to end, to the intent of charging the world to hand them down as a strange story.

Hence it was that K'ung K'ung, the Taoist, in consequence of his perception, (in his state of) abstraction, of passion, the generation, from this passion, of voluptuousness, the transmission of this voluptuousness into passion, and the apprehension, by means of passion, of its unreality, forthwith altered his name for that of "Ch'ing Tseng" (the Voluptuous Bonze), and changed the title of "the Memoir of a Stone" (Shih-t'ou-chi,) for that of "Ch'ing Tseng Lu," The Record of the Voluptuous Bonze; while K'ung Mei-chi of Tung Lu gave it the name of "Feng Yüeh Pao Chien," "The Precious Mirror of Voluptuousness." In later years, owing to the devotion by Tsao Hsüeh-ch'in in the Tao Hung study, of ten years to the perusal and revision of the work, the additions and modifications effected by him five times, the affix of an index and the division into periods and chapters, the book was again entitled "Chin Ling Shih Erh Ch'ai," "The Twelve Maidens of Chin Ling." A stanza was furthermore composed for the purpose. This then, and no other, is the origin of the Record of the Stone. The poet says aptly:--

Pages full of silly litter,  
Tears a handful sour and bitter;

All a fool the author hold,  
But their zest who can unfold?

You have now understood the causes which brought about the Record of the Stone, but as you are not, as yet, aware what characters are depicted, and what circumstances are related on the surface of the block, reader, please lend an ear to the narrative on the stone, which runs as follows:--

In old days, the land in the South East lay low. In this South-East part of the world, was situated a walled town, Ku Su by name. Within the walls a locality, called the Ch'ang Men, was more than all others throughout the mortal world, the centre, which held the second, if not the first place for fashion and life. Beyond this Ch'ang Men was a street called Shih-li-chieh (Ten \_Li\_ street); in this street a lane, the Jen Ch'ing lane (Humanity and Purity); and in this lane stood an old temple, which on account of its diminutive dimensions, was called, by general consent, the Gourd temple. Next door to this temple lived the family of a district official, Chen by surname, Fei by name, and Shih-yin by style. His wife, née Feng, possessed a worthy and virtuous disposition, and had a clear perception of moral propriety and good conduct. This family, though not in actual possession of excessive affluence and honours, was, nevertheless, in their district, conceded to be a clan of well-to-do standing. As this Chen Shih-yin was of a contented and unambitious frame of mind, and entertained no hankering after any official distinction, but day after day of his life took delight in gazing at flowers, planting bamboos, sipping his wine and conning poetical works, he was in fact, in the indulgence of these pursuits, as happy as a supernatural being.

One thing alone marred his happiness. He had lived over half a century and had, as yet, no male offspring around his knees. He had one only child, a daughter, whose infant name was Ying Lien. She was just three years of age. On a long summer day, on which the heat had been intense, Shih-yin sat leisurely in his library. Feeling his hand tired, he dropped the book he held, leant his head on a teapoy, and fell asleep.

Of a sudden, while in this state of unconsciousness, it seemed as if he had betaken himself on foot to some spot or other whither he could not discriminate. Unexpectedly he espied, in the opposite direction, two priests coming towards him: the one a Buddhist, the other a Taoist. As they advanced they kept up the conversation in which they were engaged. "Whither do you purpose taking the object you have brought away?" he heard the Taoist inquire. To this question the Buddhist replied with a smile: "Set your mind at ease," he said; "there's now in maturity a plot of a general character involving mundane pleasures, which will presently come to a denouement. The whole number of the votaries of voluptuousness have, as yet, not been quickened or entered the world, and I mean to avail myself of this occasion to introduce this object among their number, so as to give it a chance to go through the span of human existence." "The votaries of voluptuousness of these days will naturally have again to endure the ills of life during their course through the mortal world," the Taoist remarked; "but when, I wonder, will they spring into existence? and in what place will they descend?"

"The account of these circumstances," the bonze ventured to reply, "is enough to make you laugh! They amount to this: there existed in the west, on the bank of the Ling (spiritual) river, by the side of the San Sheng (thrice-born) stone, a blade of the Chiang Chu (purple pearl) grass. At about the same time it was that the block of stone was, consequent upon its rejection by the goddess of works, also left to ramble and wander to its own gratification, and to roam about at pleasure to every and any place. One day it came within the precincts of the Ching

Huan (Monitory Vision) Fairy; and this Fairy, cognizant of the fact that this stone had a history, detained it, therefore, to reside at the Ch'ih Hsia (purple clouds) palace, and apportioned to it the duties of attendant on Shen Ying, a fairy of the Ch'ih Hsia palace.

"This stone would, however, often stroll along the banks of the Ling river, and having at the sight of the blade of spiritual grass been filled with admiration, it, day by day, moistened its roots with sweet dew. This purple pearl grass, at the outset, tarried for months and years; but being at a later period imbued with the essence and luxuriance of heaven and earth, and having incessantly received the moisture and nurture of the sweet dew, divested itself, in course of time, of the form of a grass; assuming, in lieu, a human nature, which gradually became perfected into the person of a girl.

"Every day she was wont to wander beyond the confines of the Li Hen (divested animosities) heavens. When hungry she fed on the Pi Ch'ing (hidden love) fruit--when thirsty she drank the Kuan ch'ou (discharged sorrows,) water. Having, however, up to this time, not shewn her gratitude for the virtue of nurture lavished upon her, the result was but natural that she should resolve in her heart upon a constant and incessant purpose to make suitable acknowledgment.

"I have been," she would often commune within herself, "the recipient of the gracious bounty of rain and dew, but I possess no such water as was lavished upon me to repay it! But should it ever descend into the world in the form of a human being, I will also betake myself thither, along with it; and if I can only have the means of making restitution to it, with the tears of a whole lifetime, I may be able to make adequate return."

"This resolution it is that will evolve the descent into the world of so many pleasure-bound spirits of retribution and the experience of fantastic destinies; and this crimson pearl blade will also be among the number. The stone still lies in its original place, and why should not you and I take it along before the tribunal of the Monitory Vision Fairy, and place on its behalf its name on record, so that it should descend into the world, in company with these spirits of passion, and bring this plot to an issue?"

"It is indeed ridiculous," interposed the Taoist. "Never before have I heard even the very mention of restitution by means of tears! Why should not you and I avail ourselves of this opportunity to likewise go down into the world? and if successful in effecting the salvation of a few of them, will it not be a work meritorious and virtuous?"

"This proposal," remarked the Buddhist, "is quite in harmony with my own views. Come along then with me to the palace of the Monitory Vision Fairy, and let us deliver up this good-for-nothing object, and have done with it! And when the company of pleasure-bound spirits of wrath descend into human existence, you and I can then enter the world. Half of them have already fallen into the dusty universe, but the whole number of them have not, as yet, come together."

"Such being the case," the Taoist acquiesced, "I am ready to follow you, whenever you please to go."

But to return to Chen Shih-yin. Having heard every one of these words distinctly, he could not refrain from forthwith stepping forward and paying homage. "My spiritual lords," he said, as he smiled, "accept my obeisance." The Buddhist and Taoist priests lost no time in responding

to the compliment, and they exchanged the usual salutations. "My spiritual lords," Shih-yin continued; "I have just heard the conversation that passed between you, on causes and effects, a conversation the like of which few mortals have forsooth listened to; but your younger brother is sluggish of intellect, and cannot lucidly fathom the import! Yet could this dulness and simplicity be graciously dispelled, your younger brother may, by listening minutely, with undefiled ear and careful attention, to a certain degree be aroused to a sense of understanding; and what is more, possibly find the means of escaping the anguish of sinking down into Hades."

The two spirits smiled, "The conversation," they added, "refers to the primordial scheme and cannot be divulged before the proper season; but, when the time comes, mind do not forget us two, and you will readily be able to escape from the fiery furnace."

Shih-yin, after this reply, felt it difficult to make any further inquiries. "The primordial scheme," he however remarked smiling, "cannot, of course, be divulged; but what manner of thing, I wonder, is the good-for-nothing object you alluded to a short while back? May I not be allowed to judge for myself?"

"This object about which you ask," the Buddhist Bonze responded, "is intended, I may tell you, by fate to be just glanced at by you." With these words he produced it, and handed it over to Shih-yin.

Shih-yin received it. On scrutiny he found it, in fact, to be a beautiful gem, so lustrous and so clear that the traces of characters on the surface were distinctly visible. The characters inscribed consisted of the four "T'ung Ling Pao Yü," "Precious Gem of Spiritual Perception." On the obverse, were also several columns of minute words, which he was just in the act of looking at intently, when the Buddhist at once expostulated.

"We have already reached," he exclaimed, "the confines of vision." Snatching it violently out of his hands, he walked away with the Taoist, under a lofty stone portal, on the face of which appeared in large type the four characters: "T'ai Hsü Huan Ching," "The Visionary limits of the Great Void." On each side was a scroll with the lines:

When falsehood stands for truth, truth likewise becomes false,  
Where naught be made to aught, aught changes into naught.

Shih-yin meant also to follow them on the other side, but, as he was about to make one step forward, he suddenly heard a crash, just as if the mountains had fallen into ruins, and the earth sunk into destruction. As Shih-yin uttered a loud shout, he looked with strained eye; but all he could see was the fiery sun shining, with glowing rays, while the banana leaves drooped their heads. By that time, half of the circumstances connected with the dream he had had, had already slipped from his memory.

He also noticed a nurse coming towards him with Ying Lien in her arms. To Shih-yin's eyes his daughter appeared even more beautiful, such a bright gem, so precious, and so lovable. Forthwith stretching out his arms, he took her over, and, as he held her in his embrace, he coaxed her to play with him for a while; after which he brought her up to the street to see the great stir occasioned by the procession that was going past.

He was about to come in, when he caught sight of two priests, one a Taoist, the other a Buddhist, coming hither from the opposite direction. The Buddhist had a head covered with mange, and went barefooted. The Taoist had a limping foot, and his hair was all dishevelled.

Like maniacs, they jostled along, chattering and laughing as they drew near.

As soon as they reached Shih-yin's door, and they perceived him with Ying Lien in his arms, the Bonze began to weep aloud.

Turning towards Shih-yin, he said to him: "My good Sir, why need you carry in your embrace this living but luckless thing, which will involve father and mother in trouble?"

These words did not escape Shih-yin's ear; but persuaded that they amounted to raving talk, he paid no heed whatever to the bonze.

"Part with her and give her to me," the Buddhist still went on to say.

Shih-yin could not restrain his annoyance; and hastily pressing his daughter closer to him, he was intent upon going in, when the bonze pointed his hand at him, and burst out in a loud fit of laughter.

He then gave utterance to the four lines that follow:

You indulge your tender daughter and are laughed at as inane;  
Vain you face the snow, oh mirror! for it will evanescent wane,  
When the festival of lanterns is gone by, guard 'gainst your doom,  
'Tis what time the flames will kindle, and the fire will consume.

Shih-yin understood distinctly the full import of what he heard; but his heart was still full of conjectures. He was about to inquire who and what they were, when he heard the Taoist remark,--"You and I cannot speed together; let us now part company, and each of us will be then able to go after his own business. After the lapse of three ages, I shall be at the Pei Mang mount, waiting for you; and we can, after our reunion, betake ourselves to the Visionary Confines of the Great Void, there to cancel the name of the stone from the records."

"Excellent! first rate!" exclaimed the Bonze. And at the conclusion of these words, the two men parted, each going his own way, and no trace was again seen of them.

"These two men," Shih-yin then pondered within his heart, "must have had many experiences, and I ought really to have made more inquiries of them; but at this juncture to indulge in regret is anyhow too late." While Shih-yin gave way to these foolish reflections, he suddenly noticed the arrival of a penniless scholar, Chia by surname, Hua by name, Shih-fei by style and Yü-ts'un by nickname, who had taken up his quarters in the Gourd temple next door. This Chia Yü-ts'un was originally a denizen of Hu-Chow, and was also of literary and official parentage, but as he was born of the youngest stock, and the possessions of his paternal and maternal ancestors were completely exhausted, and his parents and relatives were dead, he remained the sole and only survivor; and, as he found his residence in his native place of no avail, he therefore entered the capital in search of that reputation, which would enable him to put the family estate on a proper standing. He had arrived at this place since the year before last, and had, what is more, lived all along in very straitened circumstances. He had made the

temple his temporary quarters, and earned a living by daily occupying himself in composing documents and writing letters for customers. Thus it was that Shih-yin had been in constant relations with him.

As soon as Yü-ts'un perceived Shih-yin, he lost no time in saluting him. "My worthy Sir," he observed with a forced smile; "how is it you are leaning against the door and looking out? Is there perchance any news astir in the streets, or in the public places?"

"None whatever," replied Shih-yin, as he returned the smile. "Just a while back, my young daughter was in sobs, and I coaxed her out here to amuse her. I am just now without anything whatever to attend to, so that, dear brother Chia, you come just in the nick of time. Please walk into my mean abode, and let us endeavour, in each other's company, to while away this long summer day."

After he had made this remark, he bade a servant take his daughter in, while he, hand-in-hand with Yü-ts'un, walked into the library, where a young page served tea. They had hardly exchanged a few sentences, when one of the household came in, in flying haste, to announce that Mr. Yen had come to pay a visit.

Shih-yin at once stood up. "Pray excuse my rudeness," he remarked apologetically, "but do sit down; I shall shortly rejoin you, and enjoy the pleasure of your society." "My dear Sir," answered Yü-ts'un, as he got up, also in a conceding way, "suit your own convenience. I've often had the honour of being your guest, and what will it matter if I wait a little?" While these apologies were yet being spoken, Shih-yin had already walked out into the front parlour. During his absence, Yü-ts'un occupied himself in turning over the pages of some poetical work to dispel ennui, when suddenly he heard, outside the window, a woman's cough. Yü-ts'un hurriedly got up and looked out. He saw at a glance that it was a servant girl engaged in picking flowers. Her deportment was out of the common; her eyes so bright, her eyebrows so well defined. Though not a perfect beauty, she possessed nevertheless charms sufficient to arouse the feelings. Yü-ts'un unwittingly gazed at her with fixed eye. This waiting-maid, belonging to the Chen family, had done picking flowers, and was on the point of going in, when she of a sudden raised her eyes and became aware of the presence of some person inside the window, whose head-gear consisted of a turban in tatters, while his clothes were the worse for wear. But in spite of his poverty, he was naturally endowed with a round waist, a broad back, a fat face, a square mouth; added to this, his eyebrows were swordlike, his eyes resembled stars, his nose was straight, his cheeks square.

This servant girl turned away in a hurry and made her escape.

"This man so burly and strong," she communed within herself, "yet at the same time got up in such poor attire, must, I expect, be no one else than the man, whose name is Chia Yü-ts'un or such like, time after time referred to by my master, and to whom he has repeatedly wished to give a helping hand, but has failed to find a favourable opportunity. And as related to our family there is no connexion or friend in such straits, I feel certain it cannot be any other person than he. Strange to say, my master has further remarked that this man will, for a certainty, not always continue in such a state of destitution."

As she indulged in this train of thought, she could not restrain herself from turning her head round once or twice.

When Yü-ts'un perceived that she had looked back, he readily interpreted it as a sign that in her heart her thoughts had been of him, and he was frantic with irrepressible joy.

"This girl," he mused, "is, no doubt, keen-eyed and eminently shrewd, and one in this world who has seen through me."

The servant youth, after a short time, came into the room; and when Yü-ts'un made inquiries and found out from him that the guests in the front parlour had been detained to dinner, he could not very well wait any longer, and promptly walked away down a side passage and out of a back door.

When the guests had taken their leave, Shih-yin did not go back to rejoin Yü-ts'un, as he had come to know that he had already left.

In time the mid-autumn festivities drew near; and Shih-yin, after the family banquet was over, had a separate table laid in the library, and crossed over, in the moonlight, as far as the temple and invited Yü-ts'un to come round.

The fact is that Yü-ts'un, ever since the day on which he had seen the girl of the Chen family turn twice round to glance at him, flattered himself that she was friendly disposed towards him, and incessantly fostered fond thoughts of her in his heart. And on this day, which happened to be the mid-autumn feast, he could not, as he gazed at the moon, refrain from cherishing her remembrance. Hence it was that he gave vent to these pentameter verses:

Alas! not yet divined my lifelong wish,  
And anguish ceaseless comes upon anguish  
I came, and sad at heart, my brow I frowned;  
She went, and oft her head to look turned round.  
Facing the breeze, her shadow she doth watch,  
Who's meet this moonlight night with her to match?  
The lustrous rays if they my wish but read  
Would soon alight upon her beauteous head!

Yü-ts'un having, after this recitation, recalled again to mind how that throughout his lifetime his literary attainments had had an adverse fate and not met with an opportunity (of reaping distinction), went on to rub his brow, and as he raised his eyes to the skies, he heaved a deep sigh and once more intoned a couplet aloud:

The gem in the cask a high price it seeks,  
The pin in the case to take wing it waits.

As luck would have it, Shih-yin was at the moment approaching, and upon hearing the lines, he said with a smile: "My dear Yü-ts'un, really your attainments are of no ordinary capacity."

Yü-ts'un lost no time in smiling and replying. "It would be presumption in my part to think so," he observed. "I was simply at random humming a few verses composed by former writers, and what reason is there to laud me to such an excessive degree? To what, my dear Sir, do I owe the pleasure of your visit?" he went on to inquire. "Tonight," replied Shih-yin, "is the mid-autumn feast, generally known as the full-moon festival; and as I could not help thinking that living, as you my worthy brother are, as a mere stranger in this Buddhist temple,



you could not but experience the feeling of loneliness. I have, for the express purpose, prepared a small entertainment, and will be pleased if you will come to my mean abode to have a glass of wine. But I wonder whether you will entertain favourably my modest invitation?" Yü-ts'un, after listening to the proposal, put forward no refusal of any sort; but remarked complacently: "Being the recipient of such marked attention, how can I presume to repel your generous consideration?"

As he gave expression to these words, he walked off there and then, in company with Shih-yin, and came over once again into the court in front of the library. In a few minutes, tea was over.

The cups and dishes had been laid from an early hour, and needless to say the wines were luscious; the fare sumptuous.

The two friends took their seats. At first they leisurely replenished their glasses, and quietly sipped their wine; but as, little by little, they entered into conversation, their good cheer grew more genial, and unawares the glasses began to fly round, and the cups to be exchanged.

At this very hour, in every house of the neighbourhood, sounded the fife and lute, while the inmates indulged in music and singing. Above head, the orb of the radiant moon shone with an all-pervading splendour, and with a steady lustrous light, while the two friends, as their exuberance increased, drained their cups dry so soon as they reached their lips.

Yü-ts'un, at this stage of the collation, was considerably under the influence of wine, and the vehemence of his high spirits was irrepressible. As he gazed at the moon, he fostered thoughts, to which he gave vent by the recital of a double couplet.

'Tis what time three meets five, Selene is a globe!  
Her pure rays fill the court, the jadelike rails enrobe!  
Lo! in the heavens her disk to view doth now arise,  
And in the earth below to gaze men lift their eyes.

"Excellent!" cried Shih-yin with a loud voice, after he had heard these lines; "I have repeatedly maintained that it was impossible for you to remain long inferior to any, and now the verses you have recited are a prognostic of your rapid advancement. Already it is evident that, before long, you will extend your footsteps far above the clouds! I must congratulate you! I must congratulate you! Let me, with my own hands, pour a glass of wine to pay you my compliments."

Yü-ts'un drained the cup. "What I am about to say," he explained as he suddenly heaved a sigh, "is not the maudlin talk of a man under the effects of wine. As far as the subjects at present set in the examinations go, I could, perchance, also have well been able to enter the list, and to send in my name as a candidate; but I have, just now, no means whatever to make provision for luggage and for travelling expenses. The distance too to Shen Ching is a long one, and I could not depend upon the sale of papers or the composition of essays to find the means of getting there."

Shih-yin gave him no time to conclude. "Why did you not speak about this sooner?" he interposed with haste. "I have long entertained this suspicion; but as, whenever I met you, this conversation was never broached, I did not presume to make myself officious. But if such be

the state of affairs just now, I lack, I admit, literary qualification, but on the two subjects of friendly spirit and pecuniary means, I have, nevertheless, some experience. Moreover, I rejoice that next year is just the season for the triennial examinations, and you should start for the capital with all despatch; and in the tripos next spring, you will, by carrying the prize, be able to do justice to the proficiency you can boast of. As regards the travelling expenses and the other items, the provision of everything necessary for you by my own self will again not render nugatory your mean acquaintance with me."

Forthwith, he directed a servant lad to go and pack up at once fifty taels of pure silver and two suits of winter clothes.

"The nineteenth," he continued, "is a propitious day, and you should lose no time in hiring a boat and starting on your journey westwards. And when, by your eminent talents, you shall have soared high to a lofty position, and we meet again next winter, will not the occasion be extremely felicitous?"

Yü-ts'un accepted the money and clothes with but scanty expression of gratitude. In fact, he paid no thought whatever to the gifts, but went on, again drinking his wine, as he chattered and laughed.

It was only when the third watch of that day had already struck that the two friends parted company; and Shih-yin, after seeing Yü-ts'un off, retired to his room and slept, with one sleep all through, never waking until the sun was well up in the skies.

Remembering the occurrence of the previous night, he meant to write a couple of letters of recommendation for Yü-ts'un to take along with him to the capital, to enable him, after handing them over at the mansions of certain officials, to find some place as a temporary home. He accordingly despatched a servant to ask him to come round, but the man returned and reported that from what the bonze said, "Mr. Chia had started on his journey to the capital, at the fifth watch of that very morning, that he had also left a message with the bonze to deliver to you, Sir, to the effect that men of letters paid no heed to lucky or unlucky days, that the sole consideration with them was the nature of the matter in hand, and that he could find no time to come round in person and bid good-bye."

Shih-yin after hearing this message had no alternative but to banish the subject from his thoughts.

In comfortable circumstances, time indeed goes by with easy stride. Soon drew near also the happy festival of the 15th of the 1st moon, and Shih-yin told a servant Huo Ch'i to take Ying Lien to see the sacrificial fires and flowery lanterns.

About the middle of the night, Huo Ch'i was hard pressed, and he forthwith set Ying Lien down on the doorstep of a certain house. When he felt relieved, he came back to take her up, but failed to find anywhere any trace of Ying Lien. In a terrible plight, Huo Ch'i prosecuted his search throughout half the night; but even by the dawn of day, he had not discovered any clue of her whereabouts. Huo Ch'i, lacking, on the other hand, the courage to go back and face his master, promptly made his escape to his native village.

Shih-yin--in fact, the husband as well as the wife--seeing that their child had not come home during the whole night, readily concluded that some mishap must have befallen her. Hastily they despatched several servants to go in search of her, but one and all returned to report that there was neither vestige nor tidings of her.

This couple had only had this child, and this at the meridian of their life, so that her sudden disappearance plunged them in such great distress that day and night they mourned her loss to such a point as to well nigh pay no heed to their very lives.

A month in no time went by. Shih-yin was the first to fall ill, and his wife, Dame Feng, likewise, by dint of fretting for her daughter, was also prostrated with sickness. The doctor was, day after day, sent for, and the oracle consulted by means of divination.

Little did any one think that on this day, being the 15th of the 3rd moon, while the sacrificial oblations were being prepared in the Hu Lu temple, a pan with oil would have caught fire, through the want of care on the part of the bonze, and that in a short time the flames would have consumed the paper pasted on the windows.

Among the natives of this district bamboo fences and wooden partitions were in general use, and these too proved a source of calamity so ordained by fate (to consummate this decree).

With promptness (the fire) extended to two buildings, then enveloped three, then dragged four (into ruin), and then spread to five houses, until the whole street was in a blaze, resembling the flames of a volcano. Though both the military and the people at once ran to the rescue, the fire had already assumed a serious hold, so that it was impossible for them to afford any effective assistance for its suppression.

It blazed away straight through the night, before it was extinguished, and consumed, there is in fact no saying how many dwelling houses. Anyhow, pitiful to relate, the Chen house, situated as it was next door to the temple, was, at an early part of the evening, reduced to a heap of tiles and bricks; and nothing but the lives of that couple and several inmates of the family did not sustain any injuries.

Shih-yin was in despair, but all he could do was to stamp his feet and heave deep sighs. After consulting with his wife, they betook themselves to a farm of theirs, where they took up their quarters temporarily. But as it happened that water had of late years been scarce, and no crops been reaped, robbers and thieves had sprung up like bees, and though the Government troops were bent upon their capture, it was anyhow difficult to settle down quietly on the farm. He therefore had no other resource than to convert, at a loss, the whole of his property into money, and to take his wife and two servant girls and come over for shelter to the house of his father-in-law.

His father-in-law, Feng Su, by name, was a native of Ta Ju Chou. Although only a labourer, he was nevertheless in easy circumstances at home. When he on this occasion saw his son-in-law come to him in such distress, he forthwith felt at heart considerable displeasure. Fortunately Shih-yin had still in his possession the money derived from the unprofitable realization of his property, so that he produced and handed it to his father-in-law, commissioning him to purchase, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself, a house and land as a provision for food and raiment against days to come. This Feng Su, however, only

expended the half of the sum, and pocketed the other half, merely acquiring for him some fallow land and a dilapidated house.

Shih-yin being, on the other hand, a man of books and with no experience in matters connected with business and with sowing and reaping, subsisted, by hook and by crook, for about a year or two, when he became more impoverished.

In his presence, Feng Su would readily give vent to specious utterances, while, with others, and behind his back, he on the contrary expressed his indignation against his improvidence in his mode of living, and against his sole delight of eating and playing the lazy.

Shih-yin, aware of the want of harmony with his father-in-law, could not help giving way, in his own heart, to feelings of regret and pain. In addition to this, the fright and vexation which he had undergone the year before, the anguish and suffering (he had had to endure), had already worked havoc (on his constitution); and being a man advanced in years, and assailed by the joint attack of poverty and disease, he at length gradually began to display symptoms of decline.

Strange coincidence, as he, on this day, came leaning on his staff and with considerable strain, as far as the street for a little relaxation, he suddenly caught sight, approaching from the off side, of a Taoist priest with a crippled foot; his maniac appearance so repulsive, his shoes of straw, his dress all in tatters, muttering several sentiments to this effect:

All men spiritual life know to be good,  
But fame to disregard they ne'er succeed!  
From old till now the statesmen where are they?  
Waste lie their graves, a heap of grass, extinct.  
All men spiritual life know to be good,  
But to forget gold, silver, ill succeed!  
Through life they grudge their hoardings to be scant,  
And when plenty has come, their eyelids close.  
All men spiritual life hold to be good,  
Yet to forget wives, maids, they ne'er succeed!  
Who speak of grateful love while lives their lord,  
And dead their lord, another they pursue.  
All men spiritual life know to be good,  
But sons and grandsons to forget never succeed!  
From old till now of parents soft many,  
But filial sons and grandsons who have seen?

Shih-yin upon hearing these words, hastily came up to the priest, "What were you so glibly holding forth?" he inquired. "All I could hear were a lot of hao liao (excellent, finality.)"

"You may well have heard the two words 'hao liao,'" answered the Taoist with a smile, "but can you be said to have fathomed their meaning? You should know that all things in this world are excellent, when they have attained finality; when they have attained finality, they are excellent; but when they have not attained finality, they are not excellent; if they would be excellent, they should attain finality. My song is entitled Excellent-finality (hao liao)."

Shih-yin was gifted with a natural perspicacity that enabled him, as soon as he heard these remarks, to grasp their spirit.

"Wait a while," he therefore said smilingly; "let me unravel this excellent-finality song of yours; do you mind?"

"Please by all means go on with the interpretation," urged the Taoist; whereupon Shih-yin proceeded in this strain:

Sordid rooms and vacant courts,  
Replete in years gone by with beds where statesmen lay;  
Parched grass and withered banyan trees,  
Where once were halls for song and dance!  
Spiders' webs the carved pillars intertwine,  
The green gauze now is also pasted on the straw windows!  
What about the cosmetic fresh concocted or the powder just scented;  
Why has the hair too on each temple become white like hoarfrost!  
Yesterday the tumulus of yellow earth buried the bleached bones,  
To-night under the red silk curtain reclines the couple!  
Gold fills the coffers, silver fills the boxes,  
But in a twinkle, the beggars will all abuse you!  
While you deplore that the life of others is not long,  
You forget that you yourself are approaching death!  
You educate your sons with all propriety,  
But they may some day, 'tis hard to say become thieves;  
Though you choose (your fare and home) the fatted beam,  
You may, who can say, fall into some place of easy virtue!  
Through your dislike of the gauze hat as mean,  
You have come to be locked in a cangue;  
Yesterday, poor fellow, you felt cold in a tattered coat,  
To-day, you despise the purple embroidered dress as long!  
Confusion reigns far and wide! you have just sung your part, I come on  
the boards,  
Instead of yours, you recognise another as your native land;  
What utter perversion!  
In one word, it comes to this we make wedding clothes for others!  
(We sow for others to reap.)

The crazy limping Taoist clapped his hands. "Your interpretation is explicit," he remarked with a hearty laugh, "your interpretation is explicit!"

Shih-yin promptly said nothing more than,--"Walk on;" and seizing the stole from the Taoist's shoulder, he flung it over his own. He did not, however, return home, but leisurely walked away, in company with the eccentric priest.

The report of his disappearance was at once bruited abroad, and plunged the whole neighbourhood in commotion; and converted into a piece of news, it was circulated from mouth to mouth.

Dame Feng, Shih-yin's wife, upon hearing the tidings, had such a fit of weeping that she hung between life and death; but her only alternative was to consult with her father, and to despatch servants on all sides to institute inquiries. No news was however received of him, and she had nothing else to do but to practise resignation, and to remain dependent upon the support of her parents for her subsistence. She had fortunately still by her side, to wait upon her, two servant girls, who had been with her in days gone by; and the three of them, mistress as well as servants, occupied themselves day and night with needlework, to assist her father in his daily expenses.

This Feng Su had after all, in spite of his daily murmurings against his bad luck, no help but to submit to the inevitable.

On a certain day, the elder servant girl of the Chen family was at the door purchasing thread, and while there, she of a sudden heard in the street shouts of runners clearing the way, and every one explain that the new magistrate had come to take up his office.

The girl, as she peeped out from inside the door, perceived the lictors and policemen go by two by two; and when unexpectedly in a state chair, was carried past an official, in black hat and red coat, she was indeed quite taken aback.

"The face of this officer would seem familiar," she argued within herself; "just as if I had seen him somewhere or other ere this."

Shortly she entered the house, and banishing at once the occurrence from her mind, she did not give it a second thought. At night, however, while she was waiting to go to bed, she suddenly heard a sound like a rap at the door. A band of men boisterously cried out: "We are messengers, deputed by the worthy magistrate of this district, and come to summon one of you to an enquiry."

Feng Su, upon hearing these words, fell into such a terrible consternation that his eyes stared wide and his mouth gaped.

What calamity was impending is not as yet ascertained, but, reader, listen to the explanation contained in the next chapter.

## Anton Chekhov

### Dreams

Two peasant constables—one a stubby, black-bearded individual with such exceptionally short legs that if you looked at him from behind it seemed as though his legs began much lower down than in other people; the other, long, thin, and straight as a stick, with a scanty beard of dark reddish colour—were escorting to the district town a tramp who refused to remember his name. The first waddled along, looking from side to side, chewing now a straw, now his own sleeve, slapping himself on the haunches and humming, and altogether had a careless and frivolous air; the other, in spite of his lean face and narrow shoulders, looked solid, grave, and substantial; in the lines and expression of his whole figure he was like the priests among the Old Believers, or the warriors who are painted on old-fashioned ikons. "For his wisdom God had added to his forehead"—that is, he was bald—which increased the resemblance referred to. The first was called Andrey Ptaha, the second Nikandr Sapozhnikov. The man they were escorting did not in the least correspond with the conception everyone has of a tramp. He was a frail little man, weak and sickly-looking, with small, colourless, and extremely indefinite features. His eyebrows were scanty, his expression mild and submissive; he had scarcely a trace of a moustache, though he was over thirty. He walked along timidly, bent forward, with his hands thrust into his sleeves. The collar of his shabby cloth overcoat, which did not look like a peasant's, was turned up to the very brim of his cap, so that only his little red nose ventured to peep out into the light of day. He spoke in an ingratiating tenor, continually coughing. It was very, very difficult to believe that he was a tramp concealing his surname. He was more like an unsuccessful priest's son, stricken by God and reduced to beggary; a clerk discharged for drunkenness; a merchant's son or nephew who had tried his feeble powers in a theatrical career, and was now going home to play the last act in the parable of the prodigal son; perhaps, judging by the dull patience with which he struggled with the hopeless autumn mud, he might have been a fanatical monk, wandering from one Russian monastery to another, continually seeking "a peaceful life, free from sin," and not finding it....

The travellers had been a long while on their way, but they seemed to be always on the same small patch of ground. In front of them there stretched thirty feet of muddy black-brown mud, behind them the same, and wherever one looked further, an impenetrable wall of white fog. They went on and on, but the ground remained the same, the wall was no nearer, and the patch on which they walked seemed still the same patch. They got a glimpse of a white, clumsy-looking stone, a small ravine, or a bundle of hay dropped by a passer-by, the brief glimmer of a great muddy puddle, or, suddenly, a shadow with vague outlines would come into view ahead of them; the nearer they got to it the smaller and darker it became; nearer still, and there stood up before the wayfarers a slanting milestone with the number rubbed off, or a wretched birch-tree drenched and bare like a wayside beggar. The birch-tree would whisper something with what remained of its yellow leaves, one leaf would break off and float lazily to the ground.... And then again fog, mud, the brown grass at the edges of the road. On the grass hung dingy, unfriendly tears. They were not the tears of soft joy such as the earth weeps at welcoming the summer sun and parting from it, and such as she gives to drink at dawn to the corncrakes, quails, and graceful, long-beaked crested snipes. The travellers' feet stuck in the heavy, clinging mud. Every step cost an effort.

Andrey Ptaha was somewhat excited. He kept looking round at the tramp and trying to understand how a live, sober man could fail to remember his name.

"You are an orthodox Christian, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," the tramp answered mildly.

"H'm... then you've been christened?"

"Why, to be sure! I'm not a Turk. I go to church and to the sacrament, and do not eat meat when it is forbidden. And I observe my religious duties punctually...."

"Well, what are you called, then?"

"Call me what you like, good man."

Ptaha shrugged his shoulders and slapped himself on the haunches in extreme perplexity. The other constable, Nikandr Sapozhnikov, maintained a staid silence. He was not so naive as Ptaha, and apparently knew very well the reasons which might induce an orthodox Christian to conceal his name from other people. His expressive face was cold and stern. He walked apart and did not condescend to idle chatter with his companions, but, as it were, tried to show everyone, even the fog, his sedateness and discretion.

"God knows what to make of you," Ptaha persisted in addressing the tramp. "Peasant you are not, and gentleman you are not, but some sort of a thing between.... The other day I was washing a sieve in the pond and caught a reptile—see, as long as a finger, with gills and a tail. The first minute I thought it was a fish, then I looked—and, blow it! if it hadn't paws. It was not a fish, it was a viper, and the deuce only knows what it was.... So that's like you.... What's your calling?"

"I am a peasant and of peasant family," sighed the tramp. "My mamma was a house serf. I don't look like a peasant, that's true, for such has been my lot, good man. My mamma was a nurse with the gentry, and had every comfort, and as I was of her flesh and blood, I lived with her in the master's house. She petted and spoiled me, and did her best to take me out of my humble class and make a gentleman of me. I slept in a bed, every day I ate a real dinner, I wore breeches and shoes like a gentleman's child. What my mamma ate I was fed on, too; they gave her stuffs as a present, and she dressed me up in them.... We lived well! I ate so many sweets and cakes in my childish years that if they could be sold now it would be enough to buy a good horse. Mamma taught me to read and write, she instilled the fear of God in me from my earliest years, and she so trained me that now I can't bring myself to utter an unrefined peasant word. And I don't drink vodka, my lad, and am neat in my dress, and know how to behave with decorum in good society. If she is still living, God give her health; and if she is dead, then, O Lord, give her soul peace in Thy Kingdom, wherein the just are at rest." The tramp bared his head with the scanty hair standing up like a brush on it, turned his eyes upward and crossed himself twice.

"Grant her, O Lord, a verdant and peaceful resting-place," he said in a drawling voice, more like an old woman's than a man's. "Teach Thy servant Xenia Thy justifications, O Lord! If it had not been for my beloved mamma I should have been a peasant with no sort of understanding! Now, young man, ask me about anything and I understand it all: the holy Scriptures and profane writings, and every prayer and catechism. I live according to the Scriptures.... I don't injure anyone, I keep my flesh in purity and continence, I observe the fasts, I eat at fitting times. Another man will take no pleasure in anything but vodka and lewd talk, but when I have time I sit in a corner and read a book. I read and I weep and weep."

"What do you weep for?"

"They write so pathetically! For some books one gives but a five-kopeck piece, and yet one weeps and sighs exceedingly over it."

"Is your father dead?" asked Ptaha.

"I don't know, good man. I don't know my parent; it is no use concealing it. I judge that I was mamma's illegitimate son. My mamma lived all her life with the gentry, and did not want to marry a simple peasant...."

"And so she fell into the master's hands," laughed Ptaha.



"She did transgress, that's true. She was pious, God-fearing, but she did not keep her maiden purity. It is a sin, of course, a great sin, there's no doubt about it, but to make up for it there is, maybe, noble blood in me. Maybe I am only a peasant by class, but in nature a noble gentleman."

The "noble gentleman" uttered all this in a soft, sugary tenor, wrinkling up his narrow forehead and emitting creaking sounds from his red, frozen little nose. Ptaha listened and looked askance at him in wonder, continually shrugging his shoulders.

After going nearly five miles the constables and the tramp sat down on a mound to rest.

"Even a dog knows his name," Ptaha muttered. "My name is Andryushka, his is Nikandr; every man has his holy name, and it can't be forgotten. Nohow."

"Who has any need to know my name?" sighed the tramp, leaning his cheek on his fist. "And what advantage would it be to me if they did know it? If I were allowed to go where I would—but it would only make things worse. I know the law, Christian brothers. Now I am a tramp who doesn't remember his name, and it's the very most if they send me to Eastern Siberia and give me thirty or forty lashes; but if I were to tell them my real name and description they would send me back to hard labour, I know!"

"Why, have you been a convict?"

"I have, dear friend. For four years I went about with my head shaved and fetters on my legs."

"What for?"

"For murder, my good man! When I was still a boy of eighteen or so, my mamma accidentally poured arsenic instead of soda and acid into my master's glass. There were boxes of all sorts in the storeroom, numbers of them; it was easy to make a mistake over them."

The tramp sighed, shook his head, and said:

"She was a pious woman, but, who knows? another man's soul is a slumbering forest! It may have been an accident, or maybe she could not endure the affront of seeing the master prefer another servant.... Perhaps she put it in on purpose, God knows! I was young then, and did not understand it all... now I remember that our master had taken another mistress and mamma was greatly disturbed. Our trial lasted nearly two years.... Mamma was condemned to penal servitude for twenty years, and I, on account of my youth, only to seven."

"And why were you sentenced?"

"As an accomplice. I handed the glass to the master. That was always the custom. Mamma prepared the soda and I handed it to him. Only I tell you all this as a Christian, brothers, as I would say it before God. Don't you tell anybody...."

"Oh, nobody's going to ask us," said Ptaha. "So you've run away from prison, have you?"

"I have, dear friend. Fourteen of us ran away. Some folks, God bless them! ran away and took me with them. Now you tell me, on your conscience, good man, what reason have I to disclose my name? They will send me back to penal servitude, you know! And I am not fit for penal servitude! I am a refined man in delicate health. I like to sleep and eat in cleanliness. When I pray to God I like to light a little lamp or a candle, and not to have a noise around me. When I bow down to the ground I like the floor not to be dirty or spat upon. And I bow down forty times every morning and evening, praying for mamma."

The tramp took off his cap and crossed himself.

"And let them send me to Eastern Siberia," he said; "I am not afraid of that."

"Surely that's no better?"

"It is quite a different thing. In penal servitude you are like a crab in a basket: crowding, crushing, jostling, there's no room to breathe; it's downright hell—such hell, may the Queen of Heaven keep us from it! You are a robber and treated like a robber—worse than any dog. You can't sleep, you can't eat or even say your prayers. But it's not like that in a settlement. In a settlement I shall be a member of a commune like other people. The authorities are bound

by law to give me my share... ye-es! They say the land costs nothing, no more than snow; you can take what you like! They will give me corn land and building land and garden.... I shall plough my fields like other people, sow seed. I shall have cattle and stock of all sorts, bees, sheep, and dogs.... A Siberian cat, that rats and mice may not devour my goods.... I will put up a house, I shall buy ikons.... Please God, I'll get married, I shall have children...."

The tramp muttered and looked, not at his listeners, but away into the distance. Naive as his dreams were, they were uttered in such a genuine and heartfelt tone that it was difficult not to believe in them. The tramp's little mouth was screwed up in a smile. His eyes and little nose and his whole face were fixed and blank with blissful anticipation of happiness in the distant future. The constables listened and looked at him gravely, not without sympathy. They, too, believed in his dreams.

"I am not afraid of Siberia," the tramp went on muttering. "Siberia is just as much Russia and has the same God and Tsar as here. They are just as orthodox Christians as you and I. Only there is more freedom there and people are better off. Everything is better there. Take the rivers there, for instance; they are far better than those here. There's no end of fish; and all sorts of wild fowl. And my greatest pleasure, brothers, is fishing. Give me no bread to eat, but let me sit with a fishhook. Yes, indeed! I fish with a hook and with a wire line, and set creels, and when the ice comes I catch with a net. I am not strong to draw up the net, so I shall hire a man for five kopecks. And, Lord, what a pleasure it is! You catch an eel-pout or a roach of some sort and are as pleased as though you had met your own brother. And would you believe it, there's a special art for every fish: you catch one with a live bait, you catch another with a grub, the third with a frog or a grasshopper. One has to understand all that, of course! For example, take the eel-pout. It is not a delicate fish—it will take a perch; and a pike loves a gudgeon, the *shilishper* likes a butterfly. If you fish for a roach in a rapid stream there is no greater pleasure. You throw the line of seventy feet without lead, with a butterfly or a beetle, so that the bait floats on the surface; you stand in the water without your trousers and let it go with the current, and tug! the roach pulls at it! Only you have got to be artful that he doesn't carry off the bait, the damned rascal. As soon as he tugs at your line you must whip it up; it's no good waiting. It's wonderful what a lot of fish I've caught in my time. When we were running away the other convicts would sleep in the forest; I could not sleep, but I was off to the river. The rivers there are wide and rapid, the banks are steep—awfully! It's all slumbering forests on the bank. The trees are so tall that if you look to the top it makes you dizzy. Every pine would be worth ten roubles by the prices here."

In the overwhelming rush of his fancies, of artistic images of the past and sweet presentiments of happiness in the future, the poor wretch sank into silence, merely moving his lips as though whispering to himself. The vacant, blissful smile never left his lips. The constables were silent. They were pondering with bent heads. In the autumn stillness, when the cold, sullen mist that rises from the earth lies like a weight on the heart, when it stands like a prison wall before the eyes, and reminds man of the limitation of his freedom, it is sweet to think of the broad, rapid rivers, with steep banks wild and luxuriant, of the impenetrable forests, of the boundless steppes. Slowly and quietly the fancy pictures how early in the morning, before the flush of dawn has left the sky, a man makes his way along the steep deserted bank like a tiny speck: the ancient, mast-like pines rise up in terraces on both sides of the torrent, gaze sternly at the free man and murmur menacingly; rocks, huge stones, and thorny bushes bar his way, but he is strong in body and bold in spirit, and has no fear of the pine-trees, nor stones, nor of his solitude, nor of the reverberating echo which repeats the sound of every footstep that he takes.

The peasants called up a picture of a free life such as they had never lived; whether they vaguely recalled the images of stories heard long ago or whether notions of a free life had been handed down to them with their flesh and blood from far-off free ancestors, God knows!

The first to break the silence was Nikandr Sapozhnikov, who had not till then let fall a single word. Whether he envied the tramp's transparent happiness, or whether he felt in his heart that dreams of happiness were out of keeping with the grey fog and the dirty brown mud—anyway, he looked sternly at the tramp and said:

"It's all very well, to be sure, only you won't reach those plenteous regions, brother. How could you? Before you'd gone two hundred miles you'd give up your soul to God. Just look what a weakling you are! Here you've hardly gone five miles and you can't get your breath."

The tramp turned slowly toward Nikandr, and the blissful smile vanished from his face. He looked with a scared and guilty air at the peasant's staid face, apparently remembered something, and bent his head. A silence followed again.... All three were pondering. The peasants were racking their brains in the effort to grasp in their imagination what can be grasped by none but God—that is, the vast expanse dividing them from the land of freedom. Into the tramp's mind thronged clear and distinct pictures more terrible than that expanse. Before him rose vividly the picture of the long legal delays and procrastinations, the temporary and permanent prisons, the convict boats, the wearisome stoppages on the way, the frozen winters, illnesses, deaths of companions....

The tramp blinked guiltily, wiped the tiny drops of sweat from his forehead with his sleeve, drew a deep breath as though he had just leapt out of a very hot bath, then wiped his forehead with the other sleeve and looked round fearfully.

"That's true; you won't get there!" Ptaha agreed. "You are not much of a walker! Look at you—nothing but skin and bone! You'll die, brother!"

"Of course he'll die! What could he do?" said Nikandr. "He's fit for the hospital now.... For sure!"

The man who had forgotten his name looked at the stern, unconcerned faces of his sinister companions, and without taking off his cap, hurriedly crossed himself, staring with wide-open eyes.... He trembled, his head shook, and he began twitching all over, like a caterpillar when it is stepped upon....

"Well, it's time to go," said Nikandr, getting up; "we've had a rest."

A minute later they were stepping along the muddy road. The tramp was more bent than ever, and he thrust his hands further up his sleeves. Ptaha was silent.

## Marcus Tullius Cicero

### De Amicitia. Scipio's Dream

I Quintus Mucius, the Augur, used to repeat from memory, and in the most pleasant way, many of the sayings of his father-in-law Caius Laelius, never hesitating to apply to him in all that he said his surname of The Wise. When I first put on the robe of manhood my father took me to Scaevola and so commended me to his kind offices, that thenceforward, so far as was possible and fitting I kept my place at the old man's side. I thus laid up in my memory many of his elaborate discussions of important subjects, as well as many of his utterances that had both brevity and point, and my endeavor was to grow more learned by his wisdom. After his death I stood in a similar relation to the high-priest Scaevola, whom I venture to call the foremost man of our city both in ability and in uprightness. But of him I will speak elsewhere. I return to the Augur. While I recall many similar occasions, I remember in particular that at a certain time when I and a few of his more intimate associates were sitting with him in the semicircular apartment in his house where he was wont to receive his friends, the conversation turned on a subject about which almost every one was then talking, and which you, Atticus, certainly recollect, as you were much in the society of Publius Sulpicius; namely, the intense hatred with which Sulpicius, when Tribune of the people, opposed Quintus Pompeius, then Consul, with whom he had lived in the closest and most loving union,--a subject of general surprise and regret. Having incidentally mentioned this affair, Scaevola proceeded to give us the substance of a conversation on friendship, which Laelius had with him and his other son-in-law, Caius Fannius, the son of Marcus, a few days after the death of Africanus. I committed to memory the sentiments expressed in that discussion, and I bring them out in the book which I now send you. I have put them into the form of a dialogue, to avoid the too frequent repetition of "said I" and "says he," and that the discussion may seem as if it were held in the hearing of those who read it. While you, indeed, have often urged me to write something about friendship, the subject seems to me one of universal interest, and at the same time specially appropriate to our intimacy. I have therefore been very ready to seek the profit of many by complying with your request. But as in the *Cato Major*, the work on Old Age inscribed to you, I introduced the old man Cato as leading the discussion, because there seemed to be no other person better fitted to talk about old age than one who had been an aged man so long, and in his age had been so exceptionally vigorous, so, as we had heard from our fathers of the peculiarly memorable intimacy of Caius Laelius and Publius Scipio, it appeared appropriate to put into the mouth of Laelius what Scaevola remembered as having been said by him when friendship was the subject in on the authority of men of an earlier generation, and illustrious in their time, seems somehow to be of specially commanding influence on the reader's mind. Thus, as I read my own book on Old Age, I am sometimes so affected that I feel as if not I, but Cato, were talking. But as I then wrote as an old man to an old man about old age, so in this book I write as the most loving of friends to a friend about friendship. Then Cato was the chief speaker, than whom there was in his time scarcely any one older, and no one his superior in intellect, now Laelius shall hold the first place, both as a wise man (for so he was regarded), and as excelling in all that can do honor to friendship. I want you for the while to turn your mind away from me, and to imagine that it is Laelius who is speaking. Caius Fannius and Quintus Mucius come to their father-in-law after the death of Africanus. They commence the conversation, Laelius answers them. In reading all that he says about friendship, you will recognize the picture of your own friendship for me.

# **Sigmund Freud**

## **Dream Psychology**

### **I**

#### **Dreams Have A Meaning**

In what we may term "prescientific days" people were in no uncertainty about the interpretation of dreams. When they were recalled after awakening they were regarded as either the friendly or hostile manifestation of some higher powers, demoniacal and Divine. With the rise of scientific thought the whole of this expressive mythology was transferred to psychology; to-day there is but a small minority among educated persons who doubt that the dream is the dreamer's own psychical act.

But since the downfall of the mythological hypothesis an interpretation of the dream has been wanting. The conditions of its origin; its relationship to our psychical life when we are awake; its independence of disturbances which, during the state of sleep, seem to compel notice; its many peculiarities repugnant to our waking thought; the incongruence between its images and the feelings they engender; then the dream's evanescence, the way in which, on awakening, our thoughts thrust it aside as something bizarre, and our reminiscences mutilating or rejecting it—all these and many other problems have for many hundred years demanded answers which up till now could never have been satisfactory. Before all there is the question as to the meaning of the dream, a question which is in itself double-sided. There is, firstly, the psychical significance of the dream, its position with regard to the psychical processes, as to a possible biological function; secondly, has the dream a meaning—can sense be made of each single dream as of other mental syntheses?

Three tendencies can be observed in the estimation of dreams. Many philosophers have given currency to one of these tendencies, one which at the same time preserves something of the dream's former over-valuation. The foundation of dream life is for them a peculiar state of psychical activity, which they even celebrate as elevation to some higher state. Schubert, for instance, claims: "The dream is the liberation of the spirit from the pressure of external nature, a detachment of the soul from the fetters of matter." Not all go so far as this, but many maintain that dreams have their origin in real spiritual excitations, and are the outward manifestations of spiritual powers whose free movements have been hampered during the day ("Dream Phantasies," Scherner, Volkelt). A large number of observers acknowledge that dream life is capable of extraordinary achievements—at any rate, in certain fields ("Memory").

In striking contradiction with this the majority of medical writers hardly admit that the dream is a psychical phenomenon at all. According to them dreams are provoked and initiated exclusively by stimuli proceeding from the senses or the body, which either reach the sleeper from without or are accidental disturbances of his internal organs. The dream has no greater claim to meaning and importance than the sound called forth by the ten fingers of a person quite unacquainted with music running his fingers over the keys of an instrument. The dream is to be regarded, says Binz, "as a physical process always useless, frequently morbid." All the peculiarities of dream life are explicable as the incoherent effort, due to some physiological stimulus, of certain organs, or of the cortical elements of a brain otherwise asleep.

But slightly affected by scientific opinion and untroubled as to the origin of dreams, the popular view holds firmly to the belief that dreams really have got a meaning, in some way they do foretell the future, whilst the meaning can be unravelled in some way or other from its

oft bizarre and enigmatical content. The reading of dreams consists in replacing the events of the dream, so far as remembered, by other events. This is done either scene by scene, *according to some rigid key*, or the dream as a whole is replaced by something else of which it was a *symbol*. Serious-minded persons laugh at these efforts—"Dreams are but sea-foam!"

One day I discovered to my amazement that the popular view grounded in superstition, and not the medical one, comes nearer to the truth about dreams. I arrived at new conclusions about dreams by the use of a new method of psychological investigation, one which had rendered me good service in the investigation of phobias, obsessions, illusions, and the like, and which, under the name "psycho-analysis," had found acceptance by a whole school of investigators. The manifold analogies of dream life with the most diverse conditions of psychical disease in the waking state have been rightly insisted upon by a number of medical observers. It seemed, therefore, *a priori*, hopeful to apply to the interpretation of dreams methods of investigation which had been tested in psychopathological processes. Obsessions and those peculiar sensations of haunting dread remain as strange to normal consciousness as do dreams to our waking consciousness; their origin is as unknown to consciousness as is that of dreams. It was practical ends that impelled us, in these diseases, to fathom their origin and formation. Experience had shown us that a cure and a consequent mastery of the obsessing ideas did result when once those thoughts, the connecting links between the morbid ideas and the rest of the psychical content, were revealed which were heretofore veiled from consciousness. The procedure I employed for the interpretation of dreams thus arose from psychotherapy.

This procedure is readily described, although its practice demands instruction and experience. Suppose the patient is suffering from intense morbid dread. He is requested to direct his attention to the idea in question, without, however, as he has so frequently done, meditating upon it. Every impression about it, without any exception, which occurs to him should be imparted to the doctor. The statement which will be perhaps then made, that he cannot concentrate his attention upon anything at all, is to be countered by assuring him most positively that such a blank state of mind is utterly impossible. As a matter of fact, a great number of impressions will soon occur, with which others will associate themselves. These will be invariably accompanied by the expression of the observer's opinion that they have no meaning or are unimportant. It will be at once noticed that it is this self-criticism which prevented the patient from imparting the ideas, which had indeed already excluded them from consciousness. If the patient can be induced to abandon this self-criticism and to pursue the trains of thought which are yielded by concentrating the attention, most significant matter will be obtained, matter which will be presently seen to be clearly linked to the morbid idea in question. Its connection with other ideas will be manifest, and later on will permit the replacement of the morbid idea by a fresh one, which is perfectly adapted to psychical continuity.

This is not the place to examine thoroughly the hypothesis upon which this experiment rests, or the deductions which follow from its invariable success. It must suffice to state that we obtain matter enough for the resolution of every morbid idea if we especially direct our attention to the *unbidden associations which disturb our thoughts*—those which are otherwise put aside by the critic as worthless refuse. If the procedure is exercised on oneself, the best plan of helping the experiment is to write down at once all one's first indistinct fancies. I will now point out where this method leads when I apply it to the examination of dreams. Any dream could be made use of in this way. From certain motives I, however, choose a dream of my own, which appears confused and meaningless to my memory, and one which has the advantage of brevity. Probably my dream of last night satisfies the requirements. Its content, fixed immediately after awakening, runs as follows:

*"Company; at table or table d'hôte.... Spinach is served. Mrs. E.L., sitting next to me, gives me her undivided attention, and places her hand familiarly upon my knee. In defence I remove her hand. Then she says: 'But you have always had such beautiful eyes.'.... I then distinctly see something like two eyes as a sketch or as the contour of a spectacle lens...."*

This is the whole dream, or, at all events, all that I can remember. It appears to me not only obscure and meaningless, but more especially odd. Mrs. E.L. is a person with whom I am scarcely on visiting terms, nor to my knowledge have I ever desired any more cordial relationship. I have not seen her for a long time, and do not think there was any mention of her recently. No emotion whatever accompanied the dream process.

Reflecting upon this dream does not make it a bit clearer to my mind. I will now, however, present the ideas, without premeditation and without criticism, which introspection yielded. I soon notice that it is an advantage to break up the dream into its elements, and to search out the ideas which link themselves to each fragment.

*Company; at table or table d'hôte.* The recollection of the slight event with which the evening of yesterday ended is at once called up. I left a small party in the company of a friend, who offered to drive me home in his cab. "I prefer a taxi," he said; "that gives one such a pleasant occupation; there is always something to look at." When we were in the cab, and the cab-driver turned the disc so that the first sixty hellers were visible, I continued the jest. "We have hardly got in and we already owe sixty hellers. The taxi always reminds me of the table d'hôte. It makes me avaricious and selfish by continuously reminding me of my debt. It seems to me to mount up too quickly, and I am always afraid that I shall be at a disadvantage, just as I cannot resist at table d'hôte the comical fear that I am getting too little, that I must look after myself." In far-fetched connection with this I quote:

"To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,  
To guilt ye let us heedless go."

Another idea about the table d'hôte. A few weeks ago I was very cross with my dear wife at the dinner-table at a Tyrolese health resort, because she was not sufficiently reserved with some neighbors with whom I wished to have absolutely nothing to do. I begged her to occupy herself rather with me than with the strangers. That is just as if I had *been at a disadvantage at the table d'hôte*. The contrast between the behavior of my wife at the table and that of Mrs. E.L. in the dream now strikes me: *"Addresses herself entirely to me."*

Further, I now notice that the dream is the reproduction of a little scene which transpired between my wife and myself when I was secretly courting her. The caressing under cover of the tablecloth was an answer to a wooer's passionate letter. In the dream, however, my wife is replaced by the unfamiliar E.L.

Mrs. E.L. is the daughter of a man to whom I *owed money!* I cannot help noticing that here there is revealed an unsuspected connection between the dream content and my thoughts. If the chain of associations be followed up which proceeds from one element of the dream one is soon led back to another of its elements. The thoughts evoked by the dream stir up associations which were not noticeable in the dream itself.

Is it not customary, when some one expects others to look after his interests without any advantage to themselves, to ask the innocent question satirically: "Do you think this will be done *for the sake of your beautiful eyes?*" Hence Mrs. E.L.'s speech in the dream. "You have always had such beautiful eyes," means nothing but "people always do everything to you for love of you; you have had *everything for nothing.*" The contrary is, of course, the truth; I have always paid dearly for whatever kindness others have shown me. Still, the fact that *I had a ride for nothing* yesterday when my friend drove me home in his cab must have made an impression upon me.

In any case, the friend whose guests we were yesterday has often made me his debtor. Recently I allowed an opportunity of requiting him to go by. He has had only one present

from me, an antique shawl, upon which eyes are painted all round, a so-called Occhiale, as a *charm* against the *Malocchio*. Moreover, he is an *eye specialist*. That same evening I had asked him after a patient whom I had sent to him for *glasses*.

As I remarked, nearly all parts of the dream have been brought into this new connection. I still might ask why in the dream it was *spinach* that was served up. Because spinach called up a little scene which recently occurred at our table. A child, whose *beautiful eyes* are really deserving of praise, refused to eat spinach. As a child I was just the same; for a long time I loathed *spinach*, until in later life my tastes altered, and it became one of my favorite dishes. The mention of this dish brings my own childhood and that of my child's near together. "You should be glad that you have some spinach," his mother had said to the little gourmet. "Some children would be very glad to get spinach." Thus I am reminded of the parents' duties towards their children. Goethe's words—

"To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,  
To guilt ye let us heedless go"—  
take on another meaning in this connection.

Here I will stop in order that I may recapitulate the results of the analysis of the dream. By following the associations which were linked to the single elements of the dream torn from their context, I have been led to a series of thoughts and reminiscences where I am bound to recognize interesting expressions of my psychical life. The matter yielded by an analysis of the dream stands in intimate relationship with the dream content, but this relationship is so special that I should never have been able to have inferred the new discoveries directly from the dream itself. The dream was passionless, disconnected, and unintelligible. During the time that I am unfolding the thoughts at the back of the dream I feel intense and well-grounded emotions. The thoughts themselves fit beautifully together into chains logically bound together with certain central ideas which ever repeat themselves. Such ideas not represented in the dream itself are in this instance the antitheses *selfish*, *unselfish*, *to be indebted*, *to work for nothing*. I could draw closer the threads of the web which analysis has disclosed, and would then be able to show how they all run together into a single knot; I am debarred from making this work public by considerations of a private, not of a scientific, nature. After having cleared up many things which I do not willingly acknowledge as mine, I should have much to reveal which had better remain my secret. Why, then, do not I choose another dream whose analysis would be more suitable for publication, so that I could awaken a fairer conviction of the sense and cohesion of the results disclosed by analysis? The answer is, because every dream which I investigate leads to the same difficulties and places me under the same need of discretion; nor should I forgo this difficulty any the more were I to analyze the dream of some one else. That could only be done when opportunity allowed all concealment to be dropped without injury to those who trusted me.

The conclusion which is now forced upon me is that the dream is a *sort of substitution* for those emotional and intellectual trains of thought which I attained after complete analysis. I do not yet know the process by which the dream arose from those thoughts, but I perceive that it is wrong to regard the dream as psychically unimportant, a purely physical process which has arisen from the activity of isolated cortical elements awakened out of sleep.

I must further remark that the dream is far shorter than the thoughts which I hold it replaces; whilst analysis discovered that the dream was provoked by an unimportant occurrence the evening before the dream.

Naturally, I would not draw such far-reaching conclusions if only one analysis were known to me. Experience has shown me that when the associations of any dream are honestly followed such a chain of thought is revealed, the constituent parts of the dream reappear correctly and sensibly linked together; the slight suspicion that this concatenation was merely an accident of a single first observation must, therefore, be absolutely relinquished. I regard it, therefore, as



my right to establish this new view by a proper nomenclature. I contrast the dream which my memory evokes with the dream and other added matter revealed by analysis: the former I call the dream's *manifest content*; the latter, without at first further subdivision, its *latent content*. I arrive at two new problems hitherto unformulated: (1) What is the psychical process which has transformed the latent content of the dream into its manifest content? (2) What is the motive or the motives which have made such transformation exigent? The process by which the change from latent to manifest content is executed I name the *dream-work*. In contrast with this is the *work of analysis*, which produces the reverse transformation. The other problems of the dream—the inquiry as to its stimuli, as to the source of its materials, as to its possible purpose, the function of dreaming, the forgetting of dreams—these I will discuss in connection with the latent dream-content.

I shall take every care to avoid a confusion between the *manifest* and the *latent content*, for I ascribe all the contradictory as well as the incorrect accounts of dream-life to the ignorance of this latent content, now first laid bare through analysis.

The conversion of the latent dream thoughts into those manifest deserves our close study as the first known example of the transformation of psychical stuff from one mode of expression into another. From a mode of expression which, moreover, is readily intelligible into another which we can only penetrate by effort and with guidance, although this new mode must be equally reckoned as an effort of our own psychical activity. From the standpoint of the relationship of latent to manifest dream-content, dreams can be divided into three classes. We can, in the first place, distinguish those dreams which have a *meaning* and are, at the same time, *intelligible*, which allow us to penetrate into our psychical life without further ado. Such dreams are numerous; they are usually short, and, as a general rule, do not seem very noticeable, because everything remarkable or exciting surprise is absent. Their occurrence is, moreover, a strong argument against the doctrine which derives the dream from the isolated activity of certain cortical elements. All signs of a lowered or subdivided psychical activity are wanting. Yet we never raise any objection to characterizing them as dreams, nor do we confound them with the products of our waking life.

A second group is formed by those dreams which are indeed self-coherent and have a distinct meaning, but appear strange because we are unable to reconcile their meaning with our mental life. That is the case when we dream, for instance, that some dear relative has died of plague when we know of no ground for expecting, apprehending, or assuming anything of the sort; we can only ask ourself wonderingly: "What brought that into my head?" To the third group those dreams belong which are void of both meaning and intelligibility; they are *incoherent, complicated, and meaningless*. The overwhelming number of our dreams partake of this character, and this has given rise to the contemptuous attitude towards dreams and the medical theory of their limited psychical activity. It is especially in the longer and more complicated dream-plots that signs of incoherence are seldom missing.

The contrast between manifest and latent dream-content is clearly only of value for the dreams of the second and more especially for those of the third class. Here are problems which are only solved when the manifest dream is replaced by its latent content; it was an example of this kind, a complicated and unintelligible dream, that we subjected to analysis. Against our expectation we, however, struck upon reasons which prevented a complete cognizance of the latent dream thought. On the repetition of this same experience we were forced to the supposition that there is an *intimate bond, with laws of its own, between the unintelligible and complicated nature of the dream and the difficulties attending communication of the thoughts connected with the dream*. Before investigating the nature of this bond, it will be advantageous to turn our attention to the more readily intelligible dreams of the first class where, the manifest and latent content being identical, the dream work seems to be omitted.

The investigation of these dreams is also advisable from another standpoint. The dreams of *children* are of this nature; they have a meaning, and are not bizarre. This, by the way, is a further objection to reducing dreams to a dissociation of cerebral activity in sleep, for why should such a lowering of psychical functions belong to the nature of sleep in adults, but not in children? We are, however, fully justified in expecting that the explanation of psychical processes in children, essentially simplified as they may be, should serve as an indispensable preparation towards the psychology of the adult.

I shall therefore cite some examples of dreams which I have gathered from children. A girl of nineteen months was made to go without food for a day because she had been sick in the morning, and, according to nurse, had made herself ill through eating strawberries. During the night, after her day of fasting, she was heard calling out her name during sleep, and adding: "*Tawberry, eggs, pap.*" She is dreaming that she is eating, and selects out of her menu exactly what she supposes she will not get much of just now.

The same kind of dream about a forbidden dish was that of a little boy of twenty-two months. The day before he was told to offer his uncle a present of a small basket of cherries, of which the child was, of course, only allowed one to taste. He woke up with the joyful news: "Hermann eaten up all the cherries."

A girl of three and a half years had made during the day a sea trip which was too short for her, and she cried when she had to get out of the boat. The next morning her story was that during the night she had been on the sea, thus continuing the interrupted trip.

A boy of five and a half years was not at all pleased with his party during a walk in the Dachstein region. Whenever a new peak came into sight he asked if that were the Dachstein, and, finally, refused to accompany the party to the waterfall. His behavior was ascribed to fatigue; but a better explanation was forthcoming when the next morning he told his dream: *he had ascended the Dachstein*. Obviously he expected the ascent of the Dachstein to be the object of the excursion, and was vexed by not getting a glimpse of the mountain. The dream gave him what the day had withheld. The dream of a girl of six was similar; her father had cut short the walk before reaching the promised objective on account of the lateness of the hour. On the way back she noticed a signpost giving the name of another place for excursions; her father promised to take her there also some other day. She greeted her father next day with the news that she had dreamt that *her father had been with her to both places*.

What is common in all these dreams is obvious. They completely satisfy wishes excited during the day which remain unrealized. They are simply and undisguisedly realizations of wishes.

The following child-dream, not quite understandable at first sight, is nothing else than a wish realized. On account of poliomyelitis a girl, not quite four years of age, was brought from the country into town, and remained over night with a childless aunt in a big—for her, naturally, huge—bed. The next morning she stated that she had dreamt that *the bed was much too small for her, so that she could find no place in it*. To explain this dream as a wish is easy when we remember that to be "big" is a frequently expressed wish of all children. The bigness of the bed reminded Miss Little-Would-be-Big only too forcibly of her smallness. This nasty situation became righted in her dream, and she grew so big that the bed now became too small for her.

Even when children's dreams are complicated and polished, their comprehension as a realization of desire is fairly evident. A boy of eight dreamt that he was being driven with Achilles in a war-chariot, guided by Diomedes. The day before he was assiduously reading about great heroes. It is easy to show that he took these heroes as his models, and regretted that he was not living in those days.

From this short collection a further characteristic of the dreams of children is manifest—*their connection with the life of the day*. The desires which are realized in these dreams are left over

from the day or, as a rule, the day previous, and the feeling has become intently emphasized and fixed during the day thoughts. Accidental and indifferent matters, or what must appear so to the child, find no acceptance in the contents of the dream.

Innumerable instances of such dreams of the infantile type can be found among adults also, but, as mentioned, these are mostly exactly like the manifest content. Thus, a random selection of persons will generally respond to thirst at night-time with a dream about drinking, thus striving to get rid of the sensation and to let sleep continue. Many persons frequently have these comforting *dreams* before waking, just when they are called. They then dream that they are already up, that they are washing, or already in school, at the office, etc., where they ought to be at a given time. The night before an intended journey one not infrequently dreams that one has already arrived at the destination; before going to a play or to a party the dream not infrequently anticipates, in impatience, as it were, the expected pleasure. At other times the dream expresses the realization of the desire somewhat indirectly; some connection, some sequel must be known—the first step towards recognizing the desire. Thus, when a husband related to me the dream of his young wife, that her monthly period had begun, I had to bethink myself that the young wife would have expected a pregnancy if the period had been absent. The dream is then a sign of pregnancy. Its meaning is that it shows the wish realized that pregnancy should not occur just yet. Under unusual and extreme circumstances, these dreams of the infantile type become very frequent. The leader of a polar expedition tells us, for instance, that during the wintering amid the ice the crew, with their monotonous diet and slight rations, dreamt regularly, like children, of fine meals, of mountains of tobacco, and of home.

It is not uncommon that out of some long, complicated and intricate dream one specially lucid part stands out containing unmistakably the realization of a desire, but bound up with much unintelligible matter. On more frequently analyzing the seemingly more transparent dreams of adults, it is astonishing to discover that these are rarely as simple as the dreams of children, and that they cover another meaning beyond that of the realization of a wish.

It would certainly be a simple and convenient solution of the riddle if the work of analysis made it at all possible for us to trace the meaningless and intricate dreams of adults back to the infantile type, to the realization of some intensely experienced desire of the day. But there is no warrant for such an expectation. Their dreams are generally full of the most indifferent and bizarre matter, and no trace of the realization of the wish is to be found in their content. Before leaving these infantile dreams, which are obviously unrealized desires, we must not fail to mention another chief characteristic of dreams, one that has been long noticed, and one which stands out most clearly in this class. I can replace any of these dreams by a phrase expressing a desire. If the sea trip had only lasted longer; if I were only washed and dressed; if I had only been allowed to keep the cherries instead of giving them to my uncle. But the dream gives something more than the choice, for here the desire is already realized; its realization is real and actual. The dream presentations consist chiefly, if not wholly, of scenes and mainly of visual sense images. Hence a kind of transformation is not entirely absent in this class of dreams, and this may be fairly designated as the dream work. An idea merely existing in the region of possibility is replaced by a vision of its accomplishment.

## Guy de Maupassant

### Dreams

They had just dined together, five old friends, a writer, a doctor and three rich bachelors without any profession.

They had talked about everything, and a feeling of lassitude came over them, that feeling which precedes and leads to the departure of guests after festive gatherings. One of those present, who had for the last five minutes been gazing silently at the surging boulevard dotted with gas-lamps, with its rattling vehicles, said suddenly:

"When you've nothing to do from morning till night, the days are long."

"And the nights too," assented the guest who sat next to him. "I sleep very little; pleasures fatigue me; conversation is monotonous. Never do I come across a new idea, and I feel, before talking to any one, a violent longing to say nothing and to listen to nothing. I don't know what to do with my evenings."

The third idler remarked:

"I would pay a great deal for anything that would help me to pass just two pleasant hours every day."

The writer, who had just thrown his overcoat across his arm, turned round to them, and said:

"The man who could discover a new vice and introduce it among his fellow creatures, even if it were to shorten their lives, would render a greater service to humanity than the man who found the means of securing to them eternal salvation and eternal youth."

The doctor burst out laughing, and, while he chewed his cigar, he said:

"Yes, but it is not so easy to discover it. Men have however crudely, been seeking for--and working for the object you refer to since the beginning of the world. The men who came first reached perfection at once in this way. We are hardly equal to them."

One of the three idlers murmured:

"What a pity!"

Then, after a minute's pause, he added:

"If we could only sleep, sleep well, without feeling hot or cold, sleep with that perfect unconsciousness we experience on nights when we are thoroughly fatigued, sleep without dreams."

"Why without dreams?" asked the guest sitting next to him.

The other replied:

"Because dreams are not always pleasant; they are always fantastic, improbable, disconnected; and because when we are asleep we cannot have the sort of dreams we like. We ought to dream waking."

"And what's to prevent you?" asked the writer.

The doctor flung away the end of his cigar.

"My dear fellow, in order to dream when you are awake, you need great power and great exercise of will, and when you try to do it, great weariness is the result. Now, real dreaming, that journey of our thoughts through delightful visions, is assuredly the sweetest experience in the world; but it must come naturally, it must not be provoked in a painful, manner, and must be accompanied by absolute bodily comfort. This power of dreaming I can give you, provided you promise that you will not abuse it."

The writer shrugged his shoulders:

"Ah! yes, I know--hasheesh, opium, green tea—artificial paradises. I have read Baudelaire, and I even tasted the famous drug, which made me very sick."

But the doctor, without stirring from his seat, said:

"No; ether, nothing but ether; and I would suggest that you literary men should use it sometimes."

The three rich bachelors drew closer to the doctor.

One of them said:

"Explain to us the effects of it."

And the doctor replied:

"Let us put aside big words, shall we not? I am not talking of medicine or morality; I am talking of pleasure. You give yourselves up every day to excesses which consume your lives. I want to indicate to you a new sensation, possible only to intelligent men--let us say even very intelligent men--dangerous, like everything else that overexcites our organs, but exquisite. I might add that you would require a certain preparation, that is to say, practice, to feel in all their completeness the singular effects of ether.

"They are different from the effects of hasheesh, of opium, or morphia, and they cease as soon as the absorption of the drug is interrupted, while the other generators of day dreams continue their action for hours.

"I am now going to try to analyze these feelings as clearly as possible. But the thing is not easy, so facile, so delicate, so almost imperceptible, are these sensations.

"It was when I was attacked by violent neuralgia that I made use of this remedy, which since then I have, perhaps, slightly abused.

"I had acute pains in my head and neck, and an intolerable heat of the skin, a feverish restlessness. I took up a large bottle of ether, and, lying down, I began to inhale it slowly.

"At the end of some minutes I thought I heard a vague murmur, which ere long became a sort of humming, and it seemed to me that all the interior of my body had become light, light as air, that it was dissolving into vapor.

"Then came a sort of torpor, a sleepy sensation of comfort, in spite of the pains which still continued, but which had ceased to make themselves felt. It was one of those sensations which we are willing to endure and not any of those frightful wrenches against which our tortured body protests.

"Soon the strange and delightful sense of emptiness which I felt in my chest extended to my limbs, which, in their turn, became light, as light as if the flesh and the bones had been melted and the skin only were left, the skin necessary to enable me to realize the sweetness of living, of bathing in this sensation of well-being. Then I perceived that I was no longer suffering. The pain had gone, melted away, evaporated. And I heard voices, four voices, two dialogues, without understanding what was said. At one time there were only indistinct sounds, at another time a word reached my ear. But I recognized that this was only the humming I had heard before, but emphasized. I was not asleep; I was not awake; I comprehended, I felt, I reasoned with the utmost clearness and depth, with extraordinary energy and intellectual pleasure, with a singular intoxication arising from this separation of my mental faculties.

"It was not like the dreams caused by hasheesh or the somewhat sickly visions that come from opium; it was an amazing acuteness of reasoning, a new way of seeing, judging and appreciating the things of life, and with the certainty, the absolute consciousness that this was the true way.

"And the old image of the Scriptures suddenly came back to my mind. It seemed to me that I had tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, that all the mysteries were unveiled, so much did I find myself under the sway of a new, strange and irrefutable logic. And arguments, reasonings, proofs rose up in a heap before my brain only to be immediately displaced by some stronger proof, reasoning, argument. My head had, in fact, become a battleground of ideas. I was a superior being, armed with invincible intelligence, and I experienced a huge delight at the manifestation of my power.

"It lasted a long, long time. I still kept inhaling the ether from my flagon. Suddenly I perceived that it was empty."

The four men exclaimed at the same time:

"Doctor, a prescription at once for a liter of ether!"

But the doctor, putting on his hat, replied:

"As to that, certainly not; go and let some one else poison you!"

And he left them.

Ladies and gentlemen, what is your opinion on the subject?

## Emile Zola

### The Dream

#### Chapter I

During the severe winter of 1860 the river Oise was frozen over and the plains of Lower Picardy were covered with deep snow. On Christmas Day, especially, a heavy squall from the north-east had almost buried the little city of Beaumont. The snow, which began to fall early in the morning, increased towards evening and accumulated during the night; in the upper town, in the Rue des Orfevres, at the end of which, as if enclosed therein, is the northern front of the cathedral transept, this was blown with great force by the wind against the portal of Saint Agnes, the old Romanesque portal, where traces of Early Gothic could be seen, contrasting its florid ornamentation with the bare simplicity of the transept gable.

The inhabitants still slept, wearied by the festive rejoicings of the previous day. The town-clock struck six. In the darkness, which was slightly lightened by the slow, persistent fall of flakes, a vague living form alone was visible: that of a little girl, nine years of age, who, having taken refuge under the archway of the portal, had passed the night there, shivering, and sheltering herself as well as possible. She wore a thin woollen dress, ragged from long use, her head was covered with a torn silk handkerchief, and on her bare feet were heavy shoes much too large for her. Without doubt she had only gone there after having well wandered through the town, for she had fallen down from sheer exhaustion. For her it was the end of the world; there was no longer anything to interest her. It was the last surrender; the hunger that gnaws, the cold which kills; and in her weakness, stifled by the heavy weight at her heart, she ceased to struggle, and nothing was left to her but the instinctive movement of preservation, the desire of changing place, of sinking still deeper into these old stones, whenever a sudden gust made the snow whirl about her.

Hour after hour passed. For a long time, between the divisions of this double door, she leaned her back against the abutting pier, on whose column was a statue of Saint Agnes, the martyr of but thirteen years of age, a little girl like herself, who carried a branch of palm, and at whose feet was a lamb. And in the tympanum, above the lintel, the whole legend of the Virgin Child betrothed to Jesus could be seen in high relief, set forth with a charming simplicity of faith. Her hair, which grew long and covered her like a garment when the Governor, whose son she had refused to marry, gave her up to the soldiers; the flames of the funeral pile, destined to destroy her, turning aside and burning her executioners as soon as they lighted the wood; the miracles performed by her relics; Constance, daughter of the Emperor, cured of leprosy; and the quaint story of one of her painted images, which, when the priest Paulinus offered it a very valuable emerald ring, held out its finger, then withdrew it, keeping the ring, which can be seen at this present day. At the top of the tympanum, in a halo of glory, Agnes is at last received into heaven, where her betrothed, Jesus, marries her, so young and so little, giving her the kiss of eternal happiness.

But when the wind rushed through the street, the snow was blown in the child's face, and the threshold was almost barred by the white masses; then she moved away to the side, against the virgins placed above the base of the arch. These are the companions of Agnes, the saints who served as her escort: three at her right—Dorothea, who was fed in prison by miraculous bread; Barbe, who lived in a tower; and Genevieve, whose heroism saved Paris: and three at her left—Agatha, whose breast was torn; Christina, who was put to torture by her father; and Cecilia, beloved by the angels. Above these were statues and statues; three close ranks



mounting with the curves of the arches, decorating them with chaste triumphant figures, who, after the suffering and martyrdom of their earthly life, were welcomed by a host of winged cherubim, transported with ecstasy into the Celestial Kingdom.

There had been no shelter for the little waif for a long time, when at last the clock struck eight and daylight came. The snow, had she not trampled it down, would have come up to her shoulders. The old door behind her was covered with it, as if hung with ermine, and it looked as white as an altar, beneath the grey front of the church, so bare and smooth that not even a single flake had clung to it. The great saints, those of the sloping surface especially, were clothed in it, and were glistening in purity from their feet to their white beards. Still higher, in the scenes of the tympanum, the outlines of the little saints of the arches were designed most clearly on a dark background, and this magic sect continued until the final rapture at the marriage of Agnes, which the archangels appeared to be celebrating under a shower of white roses. Standing upon her pillar, with her white branch of palm and her white lamp, the Virgin Child had such purity in the lines of her body of immaculate snow, that the motionless stiffness of cold seemed to congeal around her the mystic transports of victorious youth. And at her feet the other child, so miserable, white with snow—she also grew so stiff and pale that it seemed as if she were turning to stone, and could scarcely be distinguished from the great images above her.

At last, in one of the long line of houses in which all seemed to be sleeping, the noise from the drawing up of a blind made her raise her eyes. It was at her right hand, in the second story of a house at the side of the Cathedral. A very handsome woman, a brunette about forty years of age, with a placid expression of serenity, was just looking out from there, and in spite of the terrible frost she kept her uncovered arm in the air for a moment, having seen the child move. Her calm face grew sad with pity and astonishment. Then, shivering, she hastily closed the window. She carried with her the rapid vision of a fair little creature with violet-coloured eyes under a head-covering of an old silk handkerchief. The face was oval, the neck long and slender as a lily, and the shoulders drooping; but she was blue from cold, her little hands and feet were half dead, and the only thing about her that still showed life was the slight vapour of her breath.

The child remained with her eyes upturned, looking at the house mechanically. It was a narrow one, two stories in height, very old, and evidently built towards the end of the fifteenth century. It was almost sealed to the side of the Cathedral, between two buttresses, like a wart which had pushed itself between the two toes of a Colossus. And thus supported on each side, it was admirably preserved, with its stone basement, its second story in wooden panels, ornamented with bricks, its roof, of which the framework advanced at least three feet beyond the gable, its turret for the projecting stairway at the left corner, where could still be seen in the little window the leaden setting of long ago. At times repairs had been made on account of its age. The tile-roofing dated from the reign of Louis XIV, for one easily recognised the work of that epoch; a dormer window pierced in the side of the turret, little wooden frames replacing everywhere those of the primitive panes; the three united openings of the second story had been reduced to two, that of the middle being closed up with bricks, thus giving to the front the symmetry of the other buildings on the street of a more recent date.

In the basement the changes were equally visible, an oaken door with mouldings having taken the place of the old one with iron trimmings that was under the stairway; and the great central arcade, of which the lower part, the sides, and the point had been plastered over, so as to leave only one rectangular opening, was now a species of large window, instead of the triple-pointed one which formerly came out on to the street.

Without thinking, the child still looked at this venerable dwelling of a master-builder, so well preserved, and as she read upon a little yellow plate nailed at the left of the door these words, "Hubert, chasuble maker," printed in black letters, she was again attracted by the sound of the

opening of a shutter. This time it was the blind of the square window of the ground floor. A man in his turn looked out; his face was full, his nose aquiline, his forehead projecting, and his thick short hair already white, although he was scarcely yet five-and-forty. He, too, forgot the air for a moment as he examined her with a sad wrinkle on his great tender mouth. Then she saw him, as he remained standing behind the little greenish-looking panes. He turned, beckoned to someone, and his wife reappeared. How handsome she was! They both stood side by side, looking at her earnestly and sadly.

For four hundred years, the line of Huberts, embroiderers from father to son, had lived in this house. A noted maker of chasubles had built it under Louis XI, another had repaired it under Louis XIV, and the Hubert who now occupied it still embroidered church vestments, as his ancestors had always done. At twenty years of age he had fallen in love with a young girl of sixteen, Hubertine, and so deep was their affection for each other, that when her mother, widow of a magistrate, refused to give her consent to their union, they ran away together and were married. She was remarkably beautiful, and that was their whole romance, their joy, and their misfortune.

When, a year later, she went to the deathbed of her mother, the latter disinherited her and gave her her curse. So affected was she by the terrible scene, that her infant, born soon after, died, and since then it seemed as if, even in her coffin in the cemetery, the willful woman had never pardoned her daughter, for it was, alas! a childless household. After twenty-four years they still mourned the little one they had lost.

Disturbed by their looks, the stranger tried to hide herself behind the pillar of Saint Agnes. She was also annoyed by the movement which now commenced in the street, as the shops were being opened and people began to go out. The Rue des Orfevres, which terminates at the side front of the church, would be almost impassable, blocked in as it is on one side by the house of the Huberts, if the Rue du Soleil, a narrow lane, did not relieve it on the other side by running the whole length of the Cathedral to the great front on the Place du Cloître. At this hour there were few passers, excepting one or two persons who were on their way to early service, and they looked with surprise at the poor little girl, whom they did not recognise as ever having seen at Beaumont. The slow, persistent fall of snow continued. The cold seemed to increase with the wan daylight, and in the dull thickness of the great white shroud which covered the town one heard, as if from a distance, the sound of voices. But timid, ashamed of her abandonment, as if it were a fault, the child drew still farther back, when suddenly she recognised before her Hubertine, who, having no servant, had gone out to buy bread.

"What are you doing there, little one? Who are you?"

She did not answer, but hid her face. Then she was no longer conscious of suffering; her whole being seemed to have faded away, as if her heart, turned to ice, had stopped beating. When the good lady turned away with a pitying look, she sank down upon her knees completely exhausted, and slipped listlessly into the snow, whose flakes quickly covered her. And the woman, as she returned with her fresh rolls, seeing that she had fallen, again approached her.

"Look up, my child! You cannot remain here on this doorstep."

Then Hubert, who had also come out, and was standing near the threshold, took the bread from his wife, and said:

"Take her up and bring her into the house."

Hubertine did not reply, but, stooping, lifted her in her strong arms. And the child shrank back no longer, but was carried as if inanimate; her teeth closely set, her eyes shut, chilled through and through, and with the lightness of a little bird that had just fallen from its nest.

They went in. Hubert shut the door, while Hubertine, bearing her burden, passed through the front room, which served as a parlour, and where some embroidered bands were spread out for show before the great square window. Then she went into the kitchen, the old servants'

hall, preserved almost intact, with its heavy beams, its flagstone floor mended in a dozen places, and its great fireplace with its stone mantelpiece. On shelves were the utensils, the pots, kettles, and saucepans, that dated back one or two centuries; and the dishes were of old stone, or earthenware, and of pewter. But on the middle of the hearth was a modern cooking-stove, a large cast-iron one, whose copper trimmings were wondrously bright. It was red from heat, and the water was bubbling away in its boiler. A large porringer, filled with coffee-and-milk, was on one corner of it.

"Oh! how much more comfortable it is here than outside," said Hubert, as he put the bread down on a heavy table of the style of Louis XIII, which was in the centre of the room. "Now, seat this poor little creature near the stove that she may be thawed out!"

Hubertine had already placed the child close to the fire, and they both looked at her as she slowly regained consciousness. As the snow that covered her clothes melted it fell in heavy drops. Through the holes of her great shoes they could see her little bruised feet, whilst the thin woollen dress designed the rigidity of her limbs and her poor body, worn by misery and pain. She had a long attack of nervous trembling, and then opened her frightened eyes with the start of an animal which suddenly awakes from sleep to find itself caught in a snare. Her face seemed to sink away under the silken rag which was tied under her chin. Her right arm appeared to be helpless, for she pressed it so closely to her breast.

"Do not be alarmed, for we will not hurt you. Where did you come from? Who are you?"

But the more she was spoken to the more frightened she became, turning her head as if someone were behind her who would beat her. She examined the kitchen furtively, the flaggings, the beams, and the shining utensils; then her glance passed through the irregular windows which were left in the ancient opening, and she saw the garden clear to the trees by the Bishop's house, whose white shadows towered above the wall at the end, while at the left, as if astonished at finding itself there, stretched along the whole length of the alley the Cathedral, with its Romanesque windows in the chapels of its apses. And again, from the heat of the stove which began to penetrate her, she had a long attack of shivering, after which she turned her eyes to the floor and remained quiet.

"Do you belong to Beaumont? Who is your father?"

She was so entirely silent that Hubert thought her throat must be too dry to allow her to speak. Instead of questioning her he said: "We would do much better to give her a cup of coffee as hot as she can drink it."

That was so reasonable that Hubertine immediately handed her the cup she herself held. Whilst she cut two large slices of bread and buttered them, the child, still mistrustful, continued to shrink back; but her hunger was too great, and soon she ate and drank ravenously. That there need not be a restraint upon her, the husband and wife were silent, and were touched to tears on seeing her little hand tremble to such a degree that at times it was difficult for her to reach her mouth. She made use only of her left hand, for her right arm seemed to be fastened to her chest. When she had finished, she almost broke the cup, which she caught again by an awkward movement of her elbow.

"Have you hurt your arm badly?" Hubertine asked. "Do not be afraid, my dear, but show it to me."

But as she was about to touch it the child rose up hastily, trying to prevent her, and as in the struggle she moved her arm, a little pasteboard-covered book, which she had hidden under her dress, slipped through a large tear in her waist. She tried to take it, and when she saw her unknown hosts open and begin to read it, she clenched her fist in anger.

It was an official certificate, given by the Administration des Enfants Assistés in the Department of the Seine. On the first page, under a medallion containing a likeness of Saint Vincent de Paul, were the printed prescribed forms. For the family name, a simple black line filled the allotted space. Then for the Christian names were those of Angelique Marie; for the

dates, born January 22, 1851, admitted the 23rd of the same month under the registered number of 1,634. So there was neither father nor mother; there were no papers; not even a statement of where she was born; nothing but this little book of official coldness, with its cover of pale red pasteboard. No relative in the world! and even her abandonment numbered and classed!

"Oh! then she is a foundling!" exclaimed Hubertine.

In a paroxysm of rage the child replied: "I am much better than all the others—yes—yes! I am better, better, better. I have never taken anything that did not belong to me, and yet they stole all I had. Give me back, now, that which you also have stolen from me!"

Such powerless passion, such pride to be above the others in goodness, so shook the body of the little girl, that the Huberts were startled. They no longer recognised the blonde creature, with violet eyes and graceful figure. Now her eyes were black, her face dark, and her neck seemed swollen by a rush of blood to it. Since she had become warm, she raised her head and hissed like a serpent that had been picked up on the snow.

"Are you then really so naughty?" asked Hubert gently. "If we wish to know all about you, it is because we wish to help you."

And looking over the shoulders of his wife he read as the latter turned the leaves of the little book. On the second page was the name of the nurse. "The child, Angelique Marie, had been given, on January 25, 1851, to the nurse, Francoise, sister of Mr. Hamelin, a farmer by profession, living in the parish of Soulanges, an arrondissement of Nevers. The aforesaid nurse had received on her departure the pay for the first month of her care, in addition to her clothing." Then there was a certificate of her baptism, signed by the chaplain of the Asylum for Abandoned Children; also that of the physician on the arrival and on the departure of the infant. The monthly accounts, paid in quarterly installments, filled farther on the columns of four pages, and each time there was the illegible signature of the receiver or collector.

"What! Nevers!" asked Hubertine. "You were brought up near Nevers?"

Angelique, red with anger that she could not prevent them from reading, had fallen into a sullen silence. But at last she opened her mouth to speak of her nurse.

"Ah! you may be sure that Maman Nini would have beaten you. She always took my part against others, she did, although sometimes she struck me herself. Ah! it is true I was not so unhappy over there, with the cattle and all!"

Her voice choked her and she continued, in broken, incoherent sentences, to speak of the meadow where she drove the great red cow, of the broad road where she played, of the cakes they cooked, and of a pet house-dog that had once bitten her.

Hubert interrupted her as he read aloud: "In case of illness, or of bad treatment, the superintendent is authorised to change the nurses of the children." Below it was written that the child Angelique Marie had been given on June 20 to the care of Theresa, wife of Louis Franchomme, both of them makers of artificial flowers in Paris.

"Ah! I understand," said Hubertine. "You were ill, and so they took you back to Paris."

But no, that was not the case, and the Huberts did not know the whole history until they had drawn it, little by little from Angelique. Louis Franchomme, who was a cousin of Maman Nini, went to pass a month in his native village when recovering from a fever. It was then that his wife, Theresa, became very fond of the child, and obtained permission to take her to Paris, where she could be taught the trade of making flowers. Three months later her husband died, and she herself, being delicate in health, was obliged to leave the city and to go to her brother's, the tanner Rabier, who was settled at Beaumont. She, alas! died in the early days of December, and confided to her sister-in-law the little girl, who since that time had been injured, beaten, and, in short, suffered martyrdom.

"The Rabiers?" said Hubert. "The Rabiers? Yes, yes! They are tanners on the banks of the Ligneul, in the lower town. The husband is lame, and the wife is a noted scold."

"They treated me as if I came from the gutter," continued Angelique, revolted and enraged in her mortified pride. "They said the river was the best place for me. After she had beaten me nearly to death, the woman would put something on the floor for me to eat, as if I were a cat, and many a time I went to bed suffering from hunger. Oh! I could have killed myself, at last!" She made a gesture of furious despair.

"Yesterday, Christmas morning, they had been drinking, and, to amuse themselves, they threatened to put out my eyes. Then, after a while, they began to fight with each other, and dealt such heavy blows that I thought they were dead, as they both fell on the floor of their room. For a long time I had determined to run away. But I was anxious to have my book. Maman Nini had often said, in showing it to me: 'Look, this is all that you own, and if you do not keep this you will not even have a name.' And I know that since the death of Maman Theresa they had hid it in one of the bureau drawers. So stepping over them as quietly as possible, while they were lying on the floor, I got the book, hid it under my dress-waist, pressing it against me with my arm. It seemed so large that I fancied everyone must see it, and that it would be taken from me. Oh! I ran, and ran, and ran, and when night came it was so dark! Oh! how cold I was under the poor shelter of that great door! Oh dear! I was so cold, it seemed as if I were dead. But never mind now, for I did not once let go of my book, and here it is." And with a sudden movement, as the Huberts closed it to give it back to her, she snatched it from them. Then, sitting down, she put her head on the table, sobbing deeply as she laid her cheek on the light red cover. Her pride seemed conquered by an intense humility. Her whole being appeared to be softened by the sight of these few leaves with their rumped corners—her solitary possession, her one treasure, and the only tie which connected her with the life of this world. She could not relieve her heart of her great despair; her tears flowed continually, and under this complete surrender of herself she regained her delicate looks and became again a pretty child. Her slightly oval face was pure in its outlines, her violet eyes were made a little paler from emotion, and the curve of her neck and shoulders made her resemble a little virgin on a church window. At length she seized the hand of Hubertine, pressed it to her lips most caressingly, and kissed it passionately.

The Huberts were deeply touched, and could scarcely speak. They stammered: "Dear, dear child!"

She was not, then, in reality bad! Perhaps with affectionate care she could be corrected of this violence of temper which had so alarmed them.

In a tone of entreaty the poor child exclaimed: "Do not send me back to those dreadful people! Oh, do not send me back again!"

The husband and wife looked at each other for a few moments. In fact, since the autumn they had planned taking as an apprentice some young girl who would live with them, and thus bring a little brightness into their house, which seemed so dull without children. And their decision was soon made.

"Would you like it, my dear?" Hubert asked.

Hubertine replied quietly, in her calm voice: "I would indeed."

Immediately they occupied themselves with the necessary formalities. The husband went to the Justice of Peace of the northern district of Beaumont, who was cousin to his wife, the only relative with whom she had kept up an acquaintance, and told him all the facts of the case. He took charge of it, wrote to the Hospice of Abandoned Children—where, thanks to the registered number, Angelique was easily recognised—and obtained permission for her to remain as apprentice with the Huberts, who were well known for their honourable position.

The Sub-Inspector of the Hospice, on coming to verify the little book, signed the new contract as witness for Hubert, by which the latter promised to treat the child kindly, to keep her tidy, to send her to school and to church, and to give her a good bed to herself. On the other side,

the Administration agreed to pay him all indemnities, and to give the child certain stipulated articles of clothing, as was their custom.

In ten days all was arranged. Angelique slept upstairs in a room under the roof, by the side of the garret, and the windows of which overlooked the garden. She had already taken her first lessons in embroidery. The first Sunday morning after she was in her new home, before going to mass, Hubertine opened before her the old chest in the working-room, where she kept the fine gold thread. She held up the little book, then, placing it in that back part of one of the drawers, said: "Look! I have put it here. I will not hide it, but leave it where you can take it if you ever wish to do so. It is best that you should see it, and remember where it is."

On entering the church that day, Angelique found herself again under the doorway of Saint Agnes. During the week there had been a partial thaw, then the cold weather had returned to so intense a degree that the snow which had half melted on the statues had congealed itself in large bunches or in icicles. Now, the figures seemed dressed in transparent robes of ice, with lace trimmings like spun glass. Dorothea was holding a torch, the liquid droppings of which fell upon her hands. Cecilia wore a silver crown, in which glistened the most brilliant of pearls. Agatha's nude chest was protected by a crystal armour. And the scenes in the tympanum, the little virgins in the arches, looked as if they had been there for centuries, behind the glass and jewels of the shrine of a saint. Agnes herself let trail behind her her court mantle, threaded with light and embroidered with stars. Her lamb had a fleece of diamonds, and her palm-branch had become the colour of heaven. The whole door was resplendent in the purity of intense cold.

Angelique recollected the night she had passed there under the protection of these saints. She raised her head and smiled upon them.

## Ellis Wynne

### Vision of the World

On the fine evening of a warm and mellow summer I betook me up one of the mountains of Wales, spy-glass in hand, to enable my feeble sight to see the distant near, and to make the little to loom large. Through the clear, tenuous air and the calm, shimmering heat, I beheld far, far away over the Irish Sea many a fair scene. At last, when mine eyes had taken their fill of all the beauty around me, and the sun well nigh had reached his western ramparts, I lay down on the sward, musing how fair and lovely compared with mine own land were the distant lands of whose delightful plains I had just obtained a glimpse; how fine it would be to have full view thereof, and how happy withal are they, besides me and my sort, who have seen the world's course. So, from the long journeying of mine eye, and afterwards of my mind, came weariness, and beneath the cloak of weariness came my good Master Sleep stealthily to bind me, and with his leaden keys safe and sound he locked the windows of mine eyes and all mine other senses. But it was in vain he tried to lock up the soul which can exist and travel without the body; for upon the wings of fancy my spirit soared free from out the straitened corpse, and the first thing I perceived close by was a dancing-knoll and such a fantastic rout in blue petticoats and red caps, briskly footing a sprightly dance. I stood awhile hesitating whether I should approach them or not, for in my confusion I feared they were a pack of hungry gipsies and that the least they would do, would be to kill me for their supper, and devour me saltless. But gazing steadfastly upon them I perceived that they were of better and fairer complexion than that lying, tawny crew; so I plucked up courage and drew near them, slowly, like a hen treading on hot coals, in order to find out what they might be; and at last I addressed them over my shoulder, thus, "Pray you, good friends, I understand that ye come from afar, would ye take into your midst a bard who wishes to travel?" Whereupon the din instantly ceased, every eye was turned upon me, and in shrill tones "a bard" quoth one, "to travel," said another, "into our midst," a third exclaimed. By then I had recognised those who were looking at me most fiercely, and they commenced whispering one to another some secret charms, still keeping their gaze upon me; the hubbub then broke out again and everyone laying hands upon me, lifted me shoulder-high, like a knight of the shire, and off like the wind we go, over houses and lands, cities and realms, seas and mountains, unable to notice aught so swiftly were they flying. And to make matters worse, I began to have doubts of my companions from the way they frowned and scowled when I refused to lampoon my king at their bidding.

"Well, now," said I to myself, "farewell to life; these accursed, arrant sorcerers will bear me to some nobleman's larder or cellar and leave me there to pay penalty by my neck for their robbery, or peradventure they will leave me stark-naked and benumbed on Chester Marsh or some other bleak and remote place." But on considering that those whose faces I knew had long been buried, and that some were thrusting me forward, and others upholding me above every ravine, it dawned upon me that they were not witches but what are called the Fairies. Without delay I found myself close to a huge castle, the finest I had ever seen, with a deep moat surrounding it, and here they began discussing my doom. "Let us take him as a gift to the castle," suggested one. "Nay, let us throw the obstinate gallows-bird into the moat, he is not worth showing to our great prince," said another. "Will he say his prayers before sleeping," asked a third. At the mention of prayer, I breathed a groaning sigh heavenwards asking pardon and aid; and no sooner had I thought the prayer than I saw a light, Oh! so beautiful, breaking forth in the distance. As this light approached, my companions grew dark

and vanished, and in a trice the Shining One made for us straight over the castle: whereupon they let go their hold of me and departing, turned upon me a hellish scowl, and had not the Angel supported me I should have been ground fine enough to make a pie long before reaching the earth.

“What is thy errand here?” asked the Angel. “In sooth, my lord,” cried I, “I wot not what place here is, nor what mine errand, nor what I myself am, nor what has made off with mine other part; I had a head and limbs and body, but whether I left ’em at home or whether the Fairies, if fair their deed, have cast me into some deep pit (for I mind my passing over many a rugged gorge) an’ I be hanged, Sir, I know not.” “Fairly, indeed,” said he, “they would have dealt with thee, had I not come in time to save thee from the toasting-forks of the brood of hell. Since thou hast such a great desire to see the course of this little world, I am commanded to give thee the opportunity to realize thy wish, so that thou mayest see the folly of thy discontent with thine own lot and country. Come now!” he bade, and at the word, with the dawn just breaking, he snatched me up far away above the castle; and upon a white cloudledge we rested in the empyrean to see the sun rising, and to look at my heavenly companion, who was far brighter than the sun, save that his radiance only shone upwards, being hidden from all beneath by a veil. When the sun waxed strong, I beheld in the refulgence of the two our great, encircled earth as a tiny ball in the distance below. “Look again,” said the Angel, and he gave me a better spy-glass than the one I had on the mountain-side. When I looked through this I saw things in a different light and clearer than ever before.

I could see one city of enormous magnitude, with thousands of cities and kingdoms within it, the wide ocean like a whirlpool around it, and other seas, like rivers, dividing it into parts. After gazing a longwhile, I observed that it was made up of three tremendously long streets, with a large and splendid gateway at the lower end of each street; on each gateway, a magnificent tower, and on each tower, in sight of all the street, a woman of exceeding beauty; and the three towers at the back of the ramparts reached to the foot of that great castle. Of the same length as these immense streets, but running in a contrary direction, I saw another street which was but narrow and mean compared with them, though it was clean and upon higher ground than they, and leading upwards to the east, whilst the other three led downwards northerly to the great towers. I could no longer withhold from asking my friend’s permission to speak. “What then,” said the Angel, “if thou wilt speak, listen carefully, so that there be no need of telling thee a thing twice.” “I will, my lord, and prithee,” asked I, “what castle is that, away yonder to the north?” “That castle aloft in the sky,” said he, “belongs to Belial, prince of the power of the air, and ruler of all that vast city below; it is called Castle Delusive: for an arch-deluder is Belial, and it is through delusion that he is able to keep under his sway all that thou see’st with the exception of that little bye-street yonder. He is a powerful prince, with thousands of princes under him. What was Cæsar or Alexander the Great compared with him? What are the Turk and old Lewis of France but his servants? Great, aye, exceedingly great is the might, craftiness and diligence of Prince Belial and of the countless hosts he hath in the lower region.” “Why do those women stand there?” I asked, “and who are they?” “Slowly,” cried the Angel, “one question at a time; they stand there in order to be loved and worshipped.” “No wonder, in sooth,” said I, “so lovely are they that were I the possessor of hands and feet as once I was, I too would go and love or worship them.” “Hush! hush!” cried he, “if that is what thou wouldst do with thy members ’tis well thou’rt wanting them: know, foolish spirit, that these three princesses are no other than three destroying enchantresses, daughters of Prince Belial; and that all the beauty and gentleness which dazzles the streets, is nought else but a gloss over ugliness and cruelty; the three within are like their sire, full of deadly venom.” “Woe’s me, is’t possible,” cried I sorrowfully, “that their love wounds?”



“’Tis true, the more the pity,” said he, “thou art delighted with the way the three beam on their adorers: well, there is in that ray of light many a wondrous charm, it blinds them so that they cannot see the hook; it stupifies them so that they pay no heed to their danger, and consumes them with an insatiate lust for more, even though it be a deadly poison, breeding diseases which no physician, yea, not death itself can ever heal, nor aught at all unless a heavenly medicine called Repentance be had to purge the evil in good time ere it become too deeply rooted, through gazing upon them too long.” “Wherefore will not Belial have this adoration to himself?” asked I. “It is the same thing,” said he, “for so long as a man adheres to these or to one of them, that man is sure to bear the mark of Belial and wear his livery.”

“By what names are these three enchantresses called?” “The furthest away is called Pride, the eldest daughter of Belial; the second is Pleasure, and the nearest to us is Lucre; these three are the trinity the world adores.” “I would fain know the name of this vast, madding city,” said I, “hath it a better name than great Bedlam?” “Yea, ’tis called the City of Destruction.” “Alas!” I cried, “are all that dwell therein ruined and lost?” “All,” said he, “save a few that flee from it into yon upper city which is King Emmanuel’s.” “Woe is me and mine! how shall they escape while ever staring at what makes them more and more blind, and preys upon them in their blindness?” “It would be utterly impossible for any man to escape hence were it not that Emmanuel sends his ministers from on high, night and morn, to persuade them to leave the rebels and turn to Him, their true Sovereign, and sends to some a gift of precious ointment called Faith to anoint their eyes, and whoso obtains that genuine ointment (for there is an imitation of this as of everything else in the City of Destruction) and anoints himself therewith, at once becomes aware of his own wounds and madness, and will not tarry here a moment longer, even though Belial gave him his three daughters, yea, or his fourth who is greatest of all, for staying.”

“What are the names of these immense streets?” I enquired. “They are called, each according to the name of the princess who rules therein; furthest is the Street of Pride, the middle, the Street of Pleasure, and next, the Street of Lucre.” “Who, prithee, dwell in these streets? What tongue is spoken there? Wherefrom and of what nations are their inhabitants?” “Many people,” answered he, “of every language, religion, and nation under the sun dwell there; many a one lives in each of the three streets at different seasons, and everyone as near the gateway as he can; and very often do they change about, being unable to stay long in the one because they so greatly love the princess of the other street. And the old renard, slyly looking on, lets everyone love whichever he prefers, or the three if he will - all the more certain is he of him.”

“Come nearer to them,” said the Angel, snatching me downwards in the veil through the noxious vapours rising from the city. We alighted in the Street of Pride, on the top of a great, roofless mansion with its eyes picked out by the dogs and crows, and its owners gone to England or France, there to seek what might be gotten with far less trouble at home; thus in place of the good old country-family of days gone by, so full of charity and benevolence, none keep possession now but the stupid owl, the greedy crows, or the proud-pied magpies or the like, to proclaim the deeds of the present owners. There were thousands of such deserted palaces, which but for pride might still be the resort of noblemen, a refuge for the weak, a school of peace and all goodness, and a blessing to the thousands of cottages surrounding them. From the top of these ruins we had plenty of room and quietness to see the whole street on both sides. The houses were very fine, and of wonderful height and grandeur, and good reason why, for emperors and kings lived there, princes in hundreds, noblemen and gentlemen in thousands, and a great many women of all grades. I could see many a horned coquette, like

a full-rigged ship, strutting as if set in a frame with a fair store of pedlery about her, and pearls in her ears to the value of a good-sized farm: some were singing so as to be praised for their voices, some dancing, to show their figures; others coloring, to improve their complexion, others having been a good three hours before a mirror trimming themselves, learning to smile, pinning and unpinning, making grimaces and striking attitudes. Many a coy wench was there who knew not how to open her lips to speak, much less to eat, or from very ceremony, how to look under foot; and many a ragged shrew who would contend that she was equal to the best lady in the street, and many an ambling fop who might winnow beans by the wind of his train.

Whilst I was looking from afar at these and a hundred similar things, lo! there came by us a gaudy, strapping quean of arrogant mien, and after whom a hundred eyes were turned; some made obeisance, as if in worship of her, a few put something in her hand. I could not make out what she was, and so I enquired. "Oh," said my friend, "she is one whose entire dowry is on show, and yet thou see'st how many fools there are who seek her, and the meanest is received notwithstanding all the demand there is for her; whom she will, she cannot have, and whom she can, she will not; she will only speak to her betters because her mother told her that a young woman can make no greater mistake than to be humble in courtship." Thereupon a burly Falstaff, who had been alderman and in many offices, came out from beneath us, spreading out his wings as if to fly, when he could scarcely limp along like a pack-horse, on account of his huge paunch, and the gout, and many other gentlemanly complaints; but for all that you could not get a single glance from him except as a great favour, remembering the while to address him by all his title and offices. From him I turned my eyes to the other side of the street, and saw a bluff young nobleman with a numerous following, smiling graciously and bowing low to everyone he met. "It is strange," said I, "that these two should belong to the same street." "It is the same princess - Pride, who governs them both," answered he, "this one's errand is but to speak fair; he is now making a bid for fame with the intent thereby to attain the highest office in the State; he is most ready to weep with the people, and tell them how greatly they are wronged through the oppression of wicked ministers; yet it is his own exaltation, and not the common weal that is the main object of his pursuit."

After looking for a longwhile I saw close by the Porch of Pride a fair city on seven hills, and over its magnificent court the triple crown, the swords and cross-keys. "Well, here is Rome," quoth I, "here lives the Pope, is it not?" "Yes, most often," said the Angel, "but he hath a court in each of the other streets." Over against Rome I could see a city with a very fine court, whereon was raised on high a crescent on a golden banner, by which I knew the Turk was there. After these came the court of Lewis XIV. of France, as I perceived by his arms - the three fleur-de-lys on a silver banner reared high. Whilst admiring the loftiness and magnificence of these palaces, I observed that there was much traversing from one court to another, and asked the reason. "Oh, there is many a dark reason," said the Angel, "existing between these three potent and crafty monarchs, but though they deem themselves fitting peers to the three princesses up yonder, their power and guile is nought compared with theirs. Yea more, great Belial deems the whole city, notwithstanding the number of its kings, unsuitable for his daughters. Although he offers them in marriage to everybody, he has never actually given them to anyone. Keen rivalry has existed between these three for their hands; the Turk, who calls himself the god of earth, would have the eldest, Pride, to wife. "Nay," said the king of France, "she is mine, for I keep all my subjects in her street, and bring her many from England and many other realms." Spain would have the Princess of Lucre, spite of Holland and all the Jews, and England, the Princess of Pleasure in spite of the Pagans. But the Pope claimed the three, and for better reasons than all the others; and Belial admits him next to them in each street." "Is that the cause of this commerce?" said I. "No," said he,

“Belial has made peace between them upon that matter long ago. But now he has bid the three put their heads together to consider how they can the soonest destroy yon bye-street; that is the City of Emmanuel, and especially one great mansion therein, out of mere jealousy, perceiving it to be a finer edifice than any in all the City of Destruction. And Belial promises half his kingdom during his life, and the whole on his decease, to him who succeeds in doing so. But notwithstanding the magnitude of his power, the depth of his wiles, and the number of emperors, kings and crafty rulers that are beneath his sceptre in that huge City of Destruction, notwithstanding the courage of his countless hosts beyond the gates in the lower region, that task will prove too difficult for them; however great, powerful and untiring his majesty may be, in yon small street is a greater than he.”

I was not able to give very close attention to his angelic reasons, being occupied in watching the frequent falls people were having on the slippery street. Some I could see with ladders scaling the tower, and having reached the highest rung, falling headlong to the bottom. “Where do those fools try to get to?” I asked. “To a place that is high enough - they are endeavouring to break into the treasury of the princess.” “I warrant it be full,” quoth I. “Yes,” answered he, “of everything that belongs to this street, to be distributed among its denizens: all kinds of weapons for invading and extending territories; all kinds of coats-of-arms, banners, escutcheons, books of genealogy, sayings of the ancients, and poems, all sorts of gorgeous raiments, boastful tales and flattering mirrors; every pigment and lotion to beautify the face; every high office and title - in short, everything is there which makes a man think better of himself and worse of others than he ought. The chief officers of this treasury are masters of the ceremonies, roysters, heralds, bards, orators, flatterers, dancers, tailors, gamblers, seamstresses and the like.”

From this street we went to the next where the Princess of Lucre rules supreme; this street was crowded and enormously wealthy; yet not half so magnificent and clean as the Street of Pride, nor its people so foolishly haughty, for here they were for the most part skulking and sly. Thousands of Spaniards, Dutchmen, Venetians, and Jews were here, and also a great many aged people. “Prithee, sir,” said I, “what manner of men might these be?” “They are pinchfists one and all. In the lower end thou shalt see the Pope once more together with conquerors of kingdoms and their soldiery, oppressors, foresters, obstructors of public paths, justices and their bribers, and all their progeny from the barrister to the constable; on the other side, physicians, apothecaries, leeches, misers, merchants, extortioners, money lenders, withholders of tithes, wages, rents or doles left to schools, almshouses and the like; drovers, dealers who regulate the market for their own benefit; shopmen (or rather, sharpers) who profit on the need or ignorance of their customers; stewards of all grades; clippers and innkeepers who despoil the idlers’ family of their goods and the country of its barley, which would otherwise be made into bread for the poor. All these are arrant robbers, the others in the upper end of the street are mostly small fry, such as highwaymen, tailors, weavers, millers, grocers and so on.”

In the midst of this I could hear a terrible commotion towards the far end of the street, and a great crowd of people thronging the gate, and such pushing and quarelling as made me think that there was a general riot afoot, until I asked my friend what was the matter. “There is very valuable treasure in that tower,” said the Angel, “and the reason for this tumult is that they are about to choose a treasurer for the Princess, instead of the Pope, who has been driven from office.” So we went to see the election.

The candidates for the post were the stewards, the money-lenders, the lawyers, and the

merchants, and it was the wealthiest of these that was to have it (for the more thou hast, the more wilt thou have and seek for - an insatiate complaint pertaining to this street). The stewards were rejected at the outset, lest they might impoverish the whole street and, just as they had erected their mansions upon their masters' ruins, in the end dispossess the princess herself. The contest then lay between the other three. The merchants had more silk, the lawyers more mortgages on land, and the money-lenders more bills and bonds and fuller purses. "Ho, they won't agree this night," said the Angel, "come away; the lawyers are richer than the merchants, the money-lenders than the lawyers, the stewards than the money-lenders, and Belial richer than all; for they and all that belongs to them are his." "Why does the princess keep these robbers about her?" "What more befitting, seeing that she herself is arch-robber?" I was amazed to hear him call the princess by such name, and the proudest gentry in the land arrant robbers. "Why, pray my lord," said I, "do you consider these great noblemen worse thieves than highwaymen?" "Thou art a simpleton - think on that knave who roves the wide world over, sword in hand, and with his ravagers at his back, slaying and burning, and depriving the true possessors of their states, and afterwards expecting to be worshipped as conqueror; is he not worse than the petty thief who takes a purse on the highway? What is a tailor who filches a piece of cloth compared to a squire who steals from the mountain-side half a parish? Ought the latter not be called a worse robber than the former, who only takes a shred from him, while he deprives the poor of pasture for his beast, and consequently of the means of livelihood for himself, and those depending upon him? What is the stealing a handful of flour in the mill compared with the storing up of a hundred bushels to rot, in order to obtain later on for one bushel the price of four? What is a threadbare soldier who robs thee of thy clothes at the swords' point when compared with the lawyer who despoils thee of thy whole estate with the stroke of a quill, and against whom thou canst claim no recompense or remedy? What is a pickpocket who steals a five-pound in comparison to a dice-sharper who robs thee of a hundred pounds in the third part of a night? And what the swindler that deceives thee in a worthless old hack compared with the apothecary who swindles thee of thy money and life too, for some effete, medicinal stuff? And moreover, what are all these robbers compared with that great arch-robber who deprives them all of everything, yea, of their hearts and souls after the fair is over?"

From this foul and disorderly street we proceeded to the street of the Princess of Pleasure wherein I saw many English, French, Italians and Paynims. The Princess is very fair to behold, with mixed wine in one hand, and a fiddle and a harp in the other; and in her treasury, innumerable pleasures and toys to gain the custom of everybody, and retain them in her father's service. Yea, many were wont to escape to this pleasant street to drown their grief for losses and debts they had incurred in the others. It was exceedingly crowded, especially with young people; whilst the Princess is careful to please everyone, and to have an arrow ready for every mark. If thou art thirsty, here thou wilt find thy favorite beverage; if thou lovest song and dance, here thou shalt have thy fill. If the beauty of the Princess has kindled thy lust, thou need'st but beckon one of her sire's officers (who, although invisible, always surround her) and they will immediately attend thy behest. There are here fair mansions, fine gardens, full orchards, shady groves fit for every secret intrigue, or to trap birds or a white rabbit or twain; clear streams, most pleasant to fish in; rich, boundless plains, whereon to hunt the hare and fox. Along the street we could see them playing interludes, juggling and conjuring, singing lewd songs to the sound of the harp and ballads, and all manner of jesting. Men and women of handsome appearance danced and sang, and many came hither from the Street of Pride in order to be praised and worshipped. Within the houses we perceived some on silken beds wallowing in debauchery; some at the gaming-table, cursing and swearing, others tossing dice and shuffling cards. Some from the Street of Lucre, having a room here,

ran hither to count their money, but stayed not long lest aught of the countless geegaws that are here should entice them to part with their money without interest. Others I saw at tables feasting with somewhat of every created thing before them; and when everyone, mess after mess, had guzzled as much of the dainties as would afford a moderate man a feast for a whole week, grace followed in the form of blasphemous howling; then the king's health was called for, and that of every boon companion, and so on to quench the taste of the viands, and drown their cares. Then came tobacco, and then each one began to talk scandal of his neighbour - whether true or false it mattered not as long as it was humorous or fresh, or, best of all, degrading. At last, what with a round of blasphemy, and the whole crowd with clay pistols belching smoke and fire and slander of their neighbours, and the floor already befouled with dregs and spittle, I feared lest viler deeds should happen, and craved to depart.

Thence we went where we heard a loud noise, beating and clamouring, crying and laughing, shouting and singing. "Well, here's Bedlam and no mistake," quoth I. By the time we got in, the turmoil had ceased; one man lay like a log on the ground, another was vomiting, another nodding his head over a hearth full of battered flagons, and broken pipes and mugs. On enquiring, what should it be but a carousal of seven thirsty neighbours - a tinker, a dyer, a blacksmith, a miner, a chimney-sweep, a bard, and a parson who had come to preach sobriety, and to show in his own person how repulsive drunkenness is; and the beginning of the recent altercation was a discussion and dispute they had as to which of the seven callings loved best the pot and pipe; the bard had beaten all but the parson and, due regard being observed for the cloth, he was adjudged victor and worthy to be leader of his good comrades, and so the bard wound up the discussion thus:

"Where can ye find such thirsty seven,  
"Search every clime and land?  
"And quaffing off the ruddy ale,  
"Bard and parson lead the band."

Thoroughly tired of these drunken swine, we drew nearer the gate in order to spy out the blemishes in the magnificent court of Love, the purblind king, wherein it is easy to enter, but difficult to get out again, and where are chambers innumerable. In the hall opposite the door stood giddy Cupid, with two arrows in his bow, darting a languishing venom called lust. Along the floor I saw many fair and comely women walking with measured steps, and following them, wretched youths gazing upon their beauty, and each one begging a glance from his mistress, fearing a frown even more than death; now and then one, bowing to the ground, would place a letter in his goddess' hand, and another a sonnet, the while in fear expectant, like schoolboys showing their task to the master. They in return would favour their adorers with a simpering smile or two, just to keep their desires on edge, but granting nought more lest their lust be sated and they depart healed of the disease. Going on into the parlour I saw them having lessons in dancing and singing, with voice and hand, in order to make their lovers sevenfold madder than before; on again into the dining hall where they were taught coy smartness in eating; into the cellar, where potent love philtres were being mixed of nail parings and the like; in the upper rooms we could see one in a secret chamber twisting himself into all shapes, practising gentlemanly behaviour when in his mistress' presence; another before a mirror learning how to smile correctly without showing his teeth too prominently to his ladylove; another preparing his tale to tell her, repeating the same thing an hundred times. Wearied with this insipid babbling we came to another cell: here a nobleman had sent for a poet from the Street of Pride to indite him a sonnet of praise to his angel, and an eulogy of

himself; the bard was discoursing of his art: "I can," said he, "liken her to everything red and everything white under the sun, and her tresses to an hundred things more yellow than gold, and as for your poem, I can trace your lineage through many knights and princes, and through the water of the deluge right up to Adam." "Well, here's a poet," quoth I, "who is a better genealogist than I." "Come, come," said the Angel, "their intention is to deceive the woman, but, once in her presence, you may be sure they will have to meet trick with trick."

Upon leaving these we had a glimpse of cells where fouler deeds were being done than modesty permits to mention, and which caused my companion to snatch me away in anger from this fatuous court into the princess' treasury (for we went where we list notwithstanding doors and locks). There we saw myriads of fair women, all kinds of beverages, fruits and dainties, stringed instruments and books of songs, - harps, pipes, odes and carols, all sorts of games, - backgammon, dice and cards; pictures of various lands, towns and persons, inventions and amusing tricks; all kinds of waters, perfumes, pigments and spots to make the ugly fair, and the old look young, and the leman's malodorous bones smell sweet for the nonce. In short, the shadow of pleasure and the guise of happiness in every conceivable form was to be found there; and sooth to say, I almost think I too had been enticed by the place had not my friend instantly hurried me away far from the three alluring towers to the top end of the streets, and set me down near an immense palatial castle, the front view of which seemed fair, but the further side was mean and terribly ugly, though it was scarcely to be seen at all. It had a myriad portals - all splendid without but rotten within. "An't please you, my lord," asked I, "what is this wondrous place?" "This is the court of Belials' second daughter whose name is Hypocrisy; here she keeps her school, and there is no man or woman throughout the whole city who has not been a pupil of hers, and most of them have imbibed their learning remarkably well; so that her lessons are discernible as a second nature intertwined with all their thoughts, words, and deeds from very childhood almost." I had been looking awhile on the falsity of every part of the edifice when a funeral came by with many weeping and sighing, and many men and horses in mourning trappings; and shortly the poor widow, veiled so as not to see this cruel world any more, came along with piping voice and weary sighs, and fainting fits at intervals. In truth, I could not help but weep a little out of pity for her. "Nay, nay," said the Angel, "keep thy tears for a more worthy occasion; these voices are only what Hypocrisy has taught, and these mourning weeds were fashioned in her great school. Not one of these weep sincerely; the widow, even before the body had left the house, let in another husband to her heart; were she rid of the expenses connected with the corpse she would not care a straw if his soul were at the bottom of hell; nor do his own kindred care any more than she: for when it went hardest with him, instead of giving him good counsel and earnestly praying for mercy upon him, they were talking of his property, his will or his pedigree; or what a handsome robust man he was, and such talk; and now this wailing on the part of some is for mere ceremony and custom, on the part of others for company's sake or for pay."

Scarcely had these gone by than another throng came in sight: a most gallant lord with his lady at his side, slowly advancing in state, to whom many men of position doffed, and many were on tiptoe with eagerness to show him obeisance and reverence. "Here is a noble lord," said I, "who is worthy such respect from all these!" "Wert thou to take everything to consideration thou wouldst speak differently. This lord comes from the Street of Pleasure, she is of the Street of Pride, and yon old man who is conversing with him comes from the Street of Lucre, and has a mortgage on almost every acre of my lord's, and is come to-day to complete the loan." We drew nigh to hear the conversation. "In sooth, sir," Old Money-bags was saying, "I would not for all that I possess that you should lack anything which lies in my power to enable you to appear your own true self this day, especially seeing that you have met

so beautiful and lovely a lady as madam here” (the wily dog knowing full well what she was). “By the --- by the --- ,” said the lord, “next to gazing at her beauty, my greatest pleasure was to hearken to your fair reasons; I had liefer pay you interest than get money elsewhere free.” “Indeed, my lord,” said one of his chief friends called Flatterer, “nuncle pays you not a whit less respect than is due to you, but an it please you, he has bestowed upon her ladyship scarce the half her mead of praise. I defy any man,” quoth he, “to show a lovelier woman in all the Street of Pride, or a nobler than you in all the Street of Pleasure, or a kinder than you, good mine uncle, in all the Street of Lucre.” “Ah, that is your good opinion,” said my lord, “but I cannot believe that any couple were ever more united in the bonds of love than we twain.” As they went on the crowd increased, and everyone had a pleasant smile and low bow for the other, and hastened to salute each other with their noses to the ground, like a pair of gamecocks on the point of striking. “Know then,” said the Angel, “that thou hast seen naught of civility nor heard one word which Hypocrisy has not taught. There is no one here, after all this gentleness, who has a hap’orth of love one to another, yea, many of them are sworn foes. This lord is the butt of everybody, and all have their dig at him. The lady looks only to his greatness and high degree, so that she may thereby ascend a step above many of her neighbours. Old Money-bags has his eye on my lord’s lands for his own son, and all the others on the money he received as dowry; for they are all his dependants, his merchants, tailors, cobblers and other craftsmen, who have decked him out and maintained him in this splendor, and have never had a brass farthing for it, nor are likely to get aught save smooth words and sometimes threats perhaps. How many layers, how many folds had Hypocrisy laid over the face of Truth! He, promising greatness to his love, while his lands were on the point of being sold; she, promising him dower and beauty, while her beauty is but artificial, and cancer is consuming both her dowry and her body.” “Well, this teaches us,” said I, “never to judge by appearances.” “Yes verily,” said he, “but come on and I will show thee more.”

At the word he transported me up to where the churches of the City of Destruction were; for everyone therein, even the unbelieving, has a semblance of religion. And it was to the temple of the unbelievers that we first came, and there I saw some worshipping a human form, others the sun, the moon and a countless other like gods down to onions and garlic; and a great goddess called Deceit was universally worshipped. However, there were some traces of the influence of Christianity to be found in most of these religions. Thence we came to a congregation of mutes, where there was nothing but sighing and quaking and beating the breast. “Here,” said the Angel, “is the appearance of great repentance and humility, but which in reality is perversity, stubbornness, pride and utter darkness; although they talk much about the light within, they have not even the spectacles of nature which the heathen thou erstwhile saw, possess.”

From these dumb dogs we chanced to turn into an immense, roofless church, with thousands of shoes lying at the porch, whereby I learnt it was a Turkish mosque. These had but very dark and misty spectacles called the Koran; yet through these they gazed intently from the summit of their church for their prophet, who falsely promised to return and visit them long ago, but has left his promise unfulfilled.

From thence we entered the Jewish synagogue - these too were unable to flee from the City of Destruction, although they had grey-tinted spectacles, for when they look a film comes over their eyes from want of anointing them with that precious ointment - faith.

Next we came to the Papists. “Here is the church that beguiles the nations,” exclaimed the Angel, “it was Hypocrisy that built this church at her own cost. For the Papists encourage,

yea, command men to break an oath with a heretic even though sworn on the sacraments.” From the chancel we went through the keyholes, up to the top of a certain cell which was full of candles, though it was broad daylight, and where we could see a tonsured priest walking about as if expecting someone to come to him; and ere long there comes a buxom matron, with a fair maid in her wake, bending their knees before him to confess their sins. “My spiritual father,” said the good wife, “I have a burthen too heavy to bear unless I obtain your mercy to lighten it: I married a member of the Church of England!” “What!” cried the shorn-pate, “married a heretic! wedded to an enemy? forgiveness can never be obtained!” At these words she fainted, while he kept calling down imprecations upon her head. “Woe’s me, and what is worse,” cried she when come to herself, “I killed him!” “Oh ho! thou hast killed him? Well, that’s something towards gaining the reconciliation of the Church; I tell thee now, hadst thou not slain him, thou wouldst never have obtained absolution nor purgatory, but a straight gate and a leaden weight to the devil. But where’s your offering, you jade?” he demanded with a snarl. “Here,” said she, handing him a considerable bag of money. “Well,” said he, “now I’ll make your reconciliation: your penance is to remain always a widow lest you should make another bad bargain.” When she was gone, the maiden also came forward to make her confession. “Your pardon, father confessor,” cried she, “I conceived a child and slew it.” “A fair deed, i’faith,” said the confessor, “and who might the father be?” “Indeed ’twas one of your monks.” “Hush, hush,” he cried, “speak no ill of churchmen. What satisfaction have you for the Church?” “Here it is,” said she and handed him a gold trinket. “You must repent, and your penance will be to watch at my bedside to-night,” he said with a leer. Hereupon four other shavelings entered, dragging before the confessor a poor wretch, who came about as willingly as he would to the gallows. “Here’s for you a rogue,” cried one of the four, “who must do penance for disclosing the secrets of the Catholic Church.” “What!” exclaimed the confessor, looking towards a dark cell near at hand: “but come, villain, confess what thou hast said?” “Indeed,” began the poor fellow, “a neighbour asked me whether I had seen the souls that were groaning underneath the altar on All-souls’ day; and I said I had heard the voice, but had seen nothing.” “So, sirrah, come now, tell everything.” “I said moreover,” he continued, “that I had heard that you were playing tricks on us unlettered hinds, that, instead of souls, there was nothing but crabs making a row under the carpet.” “Oh, thou hell-hound! cursed knave!” cried the confessor, “but, proceed, mastiff.” “And that it was a wire that turned the image of St. Peter, and that it was along a wire the Holy Ghost descended from the roodloft upon the priest.” “Thou heir of hell!” cried the shriver, “Ho there, torturers, take him and cast him into that smoky chimney for tale-bearing.” “Well, this is the church Hypocrisy insists upon calling the Catholic Church, and she avers that these only are saved,” said the Angel; “they once had the proper spectacles, but they cut the glass into a thousand forms; they once had true faith, but they mixed that salve with substances of their own, so that they see no better than the unbelieving.”

Leaving the cell we came to a barn where someone was delivering a mock sermon extempore, sometimes repeating the same thing thrice in succession. “These,” said the Angel, “have the right sort of spectacles to see ‘the things which belong unto their peace,’ but there is wanting in their ointment one of the most necessary ingredients, namely, perfect love. People come hither for various reasons; some out of respect to their elders, some from ignorance, and many for worldly gain. One would think, looking at their faces, that they are on the point of choking, but they will swallow frogs sooner than starve; for so does Princess Hypocrisy teach those meeting in barns.

“Pray tell,” said I, “where may the Church of England be?” “Oh, it is yonder in the upper city, forming a large part of the Catholic Church, but there are in this city a few probationary



churches belonging to the Church of England, where the Welsh and English stay for a time on probation, so that they may become fit to have their names enrolled as members of the Catholic Church, and ever blessed be he who shall have his name so enrolled. Yet, more's the pity, there are but few who befit themselves for its citizenship. For too many, instead of looking thitherwards, allow themselves to be blinded by the three princesses down below; Hypocrisy too, keeps many with one eye on the upper city and the other on the lower; yea, Hypocrisy is clever enough to beguile many who have withstood the other enchantresses. Enter here, and thou shalt see more," he said, and snatched me up into the roodloft in one of the Welsh churches, when the people were at service; there we saw some busily whispering, some laughing, some staring at pretty women, others prying their neighbour's dress from top to toe; others, in eagerness for the position due to their rank, keep shoving forward and showing their teeth at one another, others dozing, others assiduous at their devotions, and many of these too, dissimulating. "Thou hast not yet seen, nay, not even among infidels shamelessness so barefaced and public as this," said the Angel, "but so it is, I am sorry to say, there is no worse corruption than the corruption of the best." Then they went to communion, and everybody appeared fairly reverent before the altar; yet through my friend's glass I could see one taking unto himself with the bread the form of a mastiff, another, that of a mole, another, that of an eagle, a pig or a winged serpent, and a few, ah, how few, received a ray of bright light with the bread and wine. "There," he pointed out, "is a Roundhead, who is going to be sheriff, and because the law calls upon a man to receive the sacrament in the Church before taking office he has come here rather than lose it, and although there are some here who rejoice on seeing him, we have felt no joy at his conversion, because he has only become converted for the occasion. Thus thou perceivest that Hypocrisy, with exceeding boldness, approaches the altar in the presence of the God that cannot be deceived. But though she wields great power in the City of Destruction, she is of no avail in the City of Emmanuel beyond those ramparts."

Upon that we turned our faces from the great City of Destruction and ascended towards the other city, which was considerably less; and on our way we met several at the upper end of the streets who had made a move as of turning away from the temptations of the gates of Destruction, and making for the gate of life. But they either failed to find it or grew weary on the way; very few went through - one man of rueful countenance, ran in earnest while crowds on all sides derided him, some mocking, some threatening him, and his kindred clinging to him, begging him not to condemn himself to lose the whole world at one stroke. "I lose but a small portion of it, and were I to lose all, what loss, I pray you, would it be? For what is there in the world to be desired, unless it be deceit, oppression and squalor, wickedness, folly and madness? Contentment and rest is man's supreme happiness - this is not to be found in your city. For who of you is content? 'Higher, higher,' is the aim of all in the Street of Pride, 'More, more' cry all that dwell in the Street of Lucre, 'Sweet, sweet, yet more' is the voice of everybody in the Street of Pleasure. And as for rest, where is it, and who hath obtained it? If a man is of high degree, adulation and envy almost kill him; if poor, everybody is ready to trample and despise him. If one would prosper, he must set his mind upon being an intriguer; if one would gain respect, let him be a boaster or braggart; if one would be godly, and attend church and approach the altar, he is dubbed a hypocrite, if he abstain from doing so, he becomes at once an antichrist or a heretic; if he is light-hearted, he is called a scoffer, if silent, a morose cur; if he practises honesty, he is but a good-for-nothing fool; if well dressed, he is proud, if not, he is a pig; if gentle of speech, he is double-faced and a rogue, whom none can fathom; if rough, he is an arrogant and froward devil. This is the world you make so much of, and pray you take my share of it and welcome," and at the word he shook himself free of them all, and away he sped boldly to the narrow gate, and spite of all, pushing onwards he

entered, and we too at his heels. Upon the battlements on either side of the gate were many men dressed in black, encouraging the man and applauding him. "Who are those in black up yonder?" I asked. "They are the watchmen of King Emmanuel," answered he, "who in their sovereign's name invite men hither and help them through the gate."

By this we were at the gate: it was very low and narrow, and mean, compared with the lower gates; around the door the Ten Commandments were graven - the first table on the right hand and above it, "Thou shalt love God with all thy heart," and above the other table on the left, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and above the whole "Love not the world neither the things that are in the world." I had not been looking on long before the watchmen began calling in a loud voice upon the condemned men: "Flee, flee for your lives!" But it was few that gave any heed at all to them, though some enquired, "What are we to flee from?" "From the prince of this world, who ruleth in the children of disobedience; from the corruption that is in the world through the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life; from the wrath that is coming upon you." "What is your beloved city?" cried a watchman, "but a huge charred roof over the mouth of hell, and were ye here ye should see the conflagration beyond your walls ready to burst in and consume you even unto the bottomless pit." Some mocked, others, menacing, bade them have done with their wicked nonsense; yet one here and there would ask, "Whither shall we flee?" "Hither," answered the watchmen, "flee hither to your rightful king, who through us still offers you reconciliation, if ye return to your allegiance, and leave that rebel Belial and his bewitching daughters. However fair they appear, it is all sham; Belial is but a very poor prince at home; he has nought but you as faggots for the fire and for food, both roast and boiled, and never will ye suffice him; never will his hunger be appeased or your pain cease. Who would ever in a moment of madness enter the service of such a malignant slaughterer, and suffer eternal torments, when he might live well under a king who is merciful and kind to his subjects, and who hath never done them aught but good on all sides, and kept them from Belial, so that in the end he might give to each one a kingdom in the realm of light. Oh, ye fools, will ye have that terrible foe, whose lips are parched with thirst for your blood, and reject the compassionate prince who hath given his own blood to save you?" Yet these reasons which would melt the rock seemed to have no good effect upon them, and chiefly because few had the time to listen to them, the others were too intently gazing at the gates; and of those listening, very few reflected thereon, and of these again, many soon forgot them; some would not believe they served Belial, others would not have it that this untrodden little hole was the gate of Life, and that the other bright portals, and this castle, were a delusion to prevent them seeing their doom before coming face to face with it.

Just then, behold a troop of people from the Street of Pride, knocking boldly enough at the gate; but they were all so stiff-necked that they could never enter a place so low without soiling their periwigs and horns, so they sulkily retraced their steps. In their wake there came up a group from the Street of Lucre: "And is this the Gate of Life?" asked one; "Yea," said the watchman overhead. "What must be done to enter?" he enquired. "Read what is inscribed above the doorway and ye shall know." The miser read the Ten Commandments through: "Who will say that I have broken one of these?" he exclaimed. But when he looked up, and saw the words, "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world," he was amazed, and could not swallow that hard saying. There was one, green-eyed and envious, who turned back when he read: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." There was a gossip and a slanderer who became dazed on reading: "Thou shalt not bear false witness." When he read, "Thou shalt not kill," "This is not the place for me" quoth the physician. In short, everybody saw something which troubled him, and so they all returned together to

consider the matter. I saw no one yet come back who had conned his lesson; they had so many bags and scripts tightly bound to them, that they could never have got through such a narrow needle's eye, even if they had tried to. After that a drove from the Street of Pleasure walked up to the gate. "Where, pray, does this road lead to?" asked one of the watchmen. "This," answered he, "is the way that leads to eternal joy and happiness." Whereupon all strove to enter, but failed, for some were too stout to pass through such a strait opening; others too weak to struggle, being enfeebled through debauchery. "Oh, ye must not attempt to take your baubles with you," said the watchman, observing them; "ye must leave behind your pots and dishes, your minions, and all other things, and then hasten on." "How shall we live?" asked the fiddler, who would have been through long since but that he feared to smash his fiddle. "Ye must trust the king's promise to send after you as many of these things as will do you good," said the watchman. This made them all prick their ears, "Oh, oh!" said one, "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush," and at that they with one accord turned back.

"Let us enter then," said the Angel, and drew me in; and there in the porch I first of all perceived a large baptismal font, and hard by, a well of salt water. "What is this doing in the middle of the road?" I asked. "Because everybody must wash therein before obtaining citizenship in the Court of Emmanuel; it is called the well of repentance." Overhead I could see inscribed "This is the gate of the Lord." The gateway, and street also, widened and became less steep as we went on, and after proceeding a short distance I heard a voice behind me slowly saying, "That is the way, walk ye in it." The street trended upwards, but was very clean and straight, and though the houses there were not so lofty as those in the City of Destruction, they were fairer to behold; if there was less wealth, there was also less dissension and care; if the choice dishes were fewer, pain was more rare; if there was less turmoil, there was less grief and more undoubtedly of true joy. I wondered at the silence and sweet tranquility there, when thinking of what was going on below. Instead of the cursing and swearing, the scoffing, debauchery and drunkenness, instead of the pride and vanity, the torpitude of one quarter and the violence of another, yea, for all the bustle and the pomp, the hurly-burly and the brawl which there unceasingly bewildered men, and for the innumerable and unvarying sins, there was nothing to be seen here but sobriety, kindness and cheerfulness, peace and thankfulness, compassion, innocence and contentment stamped upon the face of every man, except where one or two silently wept, grieving that they had tarried so long in the enemy's city. There was no hatred or anger, except towards sin, and this was certain to be overcome; no fear, but of displeasing their king, who was more ready to be reconciled than to be angry with his subjects; no sound, but that of psalms of praise to their Saviour. By this we had come in sight of an exceedingly fine building, oh, so magnificent! No one in the City of Destruction, neither the Turk nor the Mogul nor any one else, has anything equal to it. "This is the Catholic Church," said the Angel. "Is it here Emmanuel holds his court?" asked I. "Yes, this is the only royal court he has on earth." "Are there many crowned heads beneath his sway?" "A few - thy queen, some of the princes of Scandinavia and Germany, and a few other petty princes." "What is that compared with those over whom great Belial rules - emperors and kings without number?" "For all that," said the Angel, "not one of them can move a finger without Emmanuel's permission - no, not even Belial himself. For Emmanuel is his rightful liege too, only that he rebelled, and was in consequence bound in chains to all eternity; although he is still allowed for a short period to visit the City of Destruction where he entices all he can into like rebellion, and to bear a share of his punishment; and though he well knows that by so doing he increases his own penalty, yet malice and envy urge him on whenever he has a pretext, and so much does he love evil that he seeks to destroy this city and this edifice, although he knows of yore that its Saviour is invincible."

“Prithee, my lord,” said I, “may we approach so as to obtain a better view of this magnificent royal court (for my heart waxed warm towards the place since first I had beheld it). “Oh yes, easily,” answered the Angel, “for therein is my place, my duty and my work.” The nearer I came thereto the more I wondered at the height, strength, splendour, grandeur, and beauty of its every part, how skilful the work was, and how apt the materials. Its base was an enormous rock wondrously fashioned, and of strength impregnable; upon it were living stones, laid and joined in such perfect order that no stone could possibly appear finer elsewhere than in its own place. One part of the church projected in the form of a wonderfully handsome cross, and the Angel saw me looking at it, and said, “Dost thou recognise that part?” I knew not what to answer. “That is the Church of England,” he said. I was somewhat startled, and looking up beheld Queen Anne on the church-top enthroned, with a sword in each hand - the one in the left called “Justice,” to defend her subjects against the inhabitants of the City of Destruction, the one in the right, to preserve them from Belial and his spiritual evils, and this was called “the sword of the Spirit,” or the Word of God. Beneath the left sword lay the statute book of England, and beneath the other, a big Bible. The sword of the Spirit was fiery, and of immense length, and would kill further away than the other would touch. I could see the other princes with like arms defending their part of the church, but I deemed mine own queen fairest of all, and her arms the brightest. At her right hand I observed throngs clad in black - archbishops, bishops, and learned men upholding with her the sword of the Spirit, while soldiers and officials, with a few lawyers, supported the other sword. I was allowed to rest awhile, by one of the magnificent doors where people came in to obtain membership in the Universal Church, and whereat a tall angel was doorkeeper. The interior of the church was lit up so brilliantly that Hypocrisy dared not show her face therein, and though sometimes she appeared at the threshold she never entered. Just as I saw, in the space of a quarter of an hour, a Papist, who thought that the Catholic Church belonged to the Pope, came and claimed its freedom. “What have you to prove your right?” demanded the porter. “I have plenty of the traditions of the fathers, and of councils of the church,” he answered, “but what need I more certain than the word of the Pope, who sits in the infallible chair?” Then the doorkeeper opened a huge Bible - a load in itself; “This,” said he, “is our only statute book - prove your right from this or go.” And he straightway departed.

Then came a flock of Quakers, who wished to enter with their hats on, but were turned away for being so ill-mannered. After them some of the barn-folk, who had been there only a short while, began to speak: “We have the same statute book as ye have,” they averred, “and therefore show us our privileged place.” “Stay,” said the bright porter, steadfastly gazing on their foreheads, “I will show you something: see yon mark of the rent ye made in the church when leaving it without cause or reason? And would ye now have a place therein? Get ye back to the narrow gate, and wash thoroughly in the well of repentance, to see if ye will reach some of the royal blood ye erstwhile drank and bring some of the water of that well to moisten the clay, so as to make up yonder rent and then ye are welcome.”

Before we had gone a rood westward I heard a noise coming from above, from among the princes, and everybody, great and small, was taking up arms and donning his armour as if for war, and ere I had time to cast about me for a refuge, the whole sky became black, and the city darker than when an eclipse befalls; the thunder roared, the lightning flashed to and fro, and ceaseless showers of deadly shafts were directed from the lower gates against the Catholic Church, and had there not been in each man’s hand a shield to receive the fiery darts, and had the foundation rock not been so strong that nothing could ever harm it, we all would have become one burning mass. But alack, this was but a prologue or foretaste of what was to

follow; for suddenly the darkness became sevenfold more intense, and Belial himself advanced in the densest cloud, and around him his chief officers both earthly and infernal, ready to receive and accomplish his behest at their several posts. He had entrusted the Pope and his other son of France with the destruction of the Church of England and its queen; the Turks and Muscovites were to strike at the other sections of the Church, and slay the people, and especially the queen and the other princes, and above all to burn the Bible. The first thing the queen and the other saints did was to bend the knee and tell of their wrongs to the King of Kings in these words: "The stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, oh Emmanuel." And immediately a voice replied: "Resist the devil and he will flee from you." And then commenced the greatest and most terrible conflict that ever took place on earth. When the sword of the Spirit began to be whirled round, Belial and his infernal hosts began to retreat; then the Pope began to waver, while the King of France still held out, though he too was almost giving up heart, seeing the queen and her subjects so united, while he himself was losing ships and men on the one hand, and on the other many of his subjects were in open revolt; and the onslaught of the Turk also was becoming less fierce. Just then, woe's me, I saw my beloved companion shooting away from me into the welkin to join a myriad other bright princes. Thereupon the Pope and the other earthly commanders began to slink off and become prostrate through fear, and the infernal princes to fall by the thousands. The noise of each one falling seemed to me as if a great mountain fell into the depths of the sea, and between this noise and the agitation on losing my friend, I awoke from sleep, and returned to this oppressive sod, most unwillingly, so pleasant and enjoyable it was to be a free spirit, and above all to be in such company, notwithstanding the great danger I was in. Now I had no one to comfort me save the Muse, and she was rather moody - scarcely could I get her to bray out these lines that follow:-

Behold this wondrous edifice,  
Both heaven and earth comprising,  
The universe and all that is  
At God's command arising -  
This world, with ramparts wide from pole to pole,  
Down from its starry, brilliant dome,  
E'en to the depths where angry billows roll,  
And beasts that through the forest roam -  
All things that sea and sky afford,  
Thy faithful subjects eke to be;  
A lesser heaven, a home for thee  
Oh! man, creation's lord.

But once that thou desired to know  
The ways of sin, seductive,  
The hellish tempter, to our woe,  
Became a power destructive;  
He cursed our earth and ruin brought on all,  
Yea, very nature felt the bane -  
Its blighted walls now totter to their fall,  
And soon disorder rules again.  
This earthly palace then at last,  
Unroofed, dismantled and decayed,

A hideous, barren waste is laid  
By desolation's blast.

Behold oh, man! this glorious place  
In the empyrean hovering  
While all is but a treach'rous face  
Foul swamps and quagmires covering.  
Thy sin, that whelmed this earth in days of yore,  
Shall draw upon it quenchless fire  
With flaming torrents wildly rushing o'er -  
A prey to conflagration dire;  
If thou wouldst 'scape this dreadful fate,  
I pray thee counsel take from me,  
To Mercy's city straightway flee  
For life within its gate.

Behold that city's peerless might  
Withstanding all oppression -  
Then flee thereto in thy sad plight,  
Be free from sin's possession.  
Behold thy refuge in this dreary land  
Where all may find true, peaceful rest,  
A rock, impregnable on every hand,  
Where perfect love reigns ever blest;  
We sinful men, the way must search,  
And there in faith for pardon pray,  
And live a blissful, tranquil day  
Within the Holy Church.

## IV

### Popular 20th Century Lyrics

#### Aerosmith

#### Dream On

Everytime that I look in the mirror  
All these lines on my face gettin clearer  
The past is gone  
It went by like dust to dawn  
Isnt that the way  
Everybodys got their dues in life to pay

I know what nobody knows  
Where it comes and where it goes  
I know its everybodys sin  
You got to lose to know how to win

Half my life is in books written pages  
Live and learn from fools and from sages  
You know its true  
All the things come back to you

Sing with me, sing for the years  
Sing for the laughter, sing for the tears  
Sing with me, if its just for today  
Maybe tomorrow the good lord will take you away  
(x2)

Dream on, dream on  
Dream yourself a dream come true  
Dream on, dream on  
Dream until your dream come true  
Dream on, dream on, dream on...

Sing with me, sing for the years  
Sing for the laughter and sing for the tears  
Sing with me, if its just for today  
Maybe tomorrow the good lord will take you away

**R.E.M.**

**All I Have To Do Is Dream**

Dream, dream dream dream, dream, dream dream dream

When I want you in my arms, when I want you and all your charms  
Whenever I want you, all I have to do, is

Dream, dream dream dream

When I feel blue in the night, and I need you to hold me tight  
Whenever I want you, all I have to do, is

I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any time, night or day  
Only trouble is, gee wiz, I'm dreamin' my life away

I need you so that I could die, I love you so, and that is why  
Whenever I want you, all I have to do, is

Dream, dream dream dream, dream

I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any time, night or day  
Only trouble is, gee wiz, I'm dreamin' my life away

I need you so that I could die, I love you so, and that is why  
Whenever I want you, all I have to do, is

Dream, dream dream dream (repeats out)



## **System of A Down**

### **A.D.D. (American Dream Denial)**

We fought your wars with all our hearts,  
You sent us back in body parts,  
You took our wills with the truth you stole,  
We offer prayers for your long lost soul.

The remainder is,  
An unjustifiable, egotistical, power struggle,  
At the expense of the American Dream,  
Of the American dream, of the American, of the American.

We don't give a damn about your world,  
With all your global profits and all your jeweled pearls,  
We don't give a damn about your world,  
Right now, right now.

We don't give a fuck about your world,  
With all your global profits, and all your jeweld pearls,  
We don't give a fuck about your world,  
Right now, right now.

There is no flag that is large enough,  
To hide the shame of a man in cuffs,  
You switched the signs then you closed our blinds,  
You changed the channel then you changed our minds.

You bring about the stick,  
We bring about the confusion,  
Bring about the solution,  
Bring about the fusion,  
Bring about the collusion,  
Bring about revolution,  
Bring about revolution,  
Bring it about.

We don't give a damn about your world,  
With all your global profits and all your jeweled pearls,  
We don't give a damn about your world,  
Right now, right now.

We don't give a fuck about your world,  
With all your global profits, and all your jeweld pearls,  
We don't give a fuck about your world,  
Right now, right now.

No flag large enoguh,  
Shame on a man un cuffs,  
You closed our blinds.

The remainder is,  
An unjustifiable, egotistical, power struggle,  
At the expense of the American Dream,  
Of the American dream, of the American, of the American.

We don't give a damn about your world,  
With all your global profits and all your jeweled pearls,  
We don't give a damn about your world,  
Right now, right now.

We don't give a fuck about your world,  
With all your global profits, and all your jeweld pearls,  
We don't give a fuck about your world,  
Right now, right now, right now, right now, right now, right now,  
right now, pararara...

## **Bon Jovi**

### **American Dream**

I used to see you on every T.V  
Your smiling face looked back at me.  
I used to see you on every T.V  
Your smiling face looked back at me.

Then they caught you with the girl next door,  
People's money piled on the floor,  
Accusations that you try to deny,  
Revelations and rumours begin to fly.

Now you think about reaching out  
Try to get some help from above.  
Now you think about reaching out  
Try to get some help from above.

Reporters crowd around your house.  
Going through your garbage like a pack of hounds,  
Speculating what they may find out,  
It don't matter now, you're all washed up.

You wake up in the middle of the night.  
Your sheets are wet and your face is white,  
You tried to make a good thing last,  
How could something so good, go bad, so fast?

American dream, American dream American dream, American dream.

Don't know when things went wrong,  
Might have been when you were young and strong.  
Don't know when things went wrong,  
Might have been when you were young and strong.

Reporters crowd around your house.  
Going through your garbage like a pack of hounds,  
Speculating what they may find out,  
It don't matter now, you're all washed up.

Don't know when things went wrong,  
Might have been when you were young and strong.  
American dream, American dream.  
Don't know when things went wrong,  
Might have been when you were young and strong.  
American dream, American dream.

## **Bad Religion**

### **American Dream**

I hate my family, hate my school, speed limits and the golden rule.  
Hate people who aren't what they seem, more than anything else, American  
Dream.  
American Dream's gonna swallow you whole, it's bursting at the seam,  
It'll sweep you away, so enjoy it today, tomorrow you'll be old thus useless.  
American Dream... American Dream...  
American Dream, that's ok, 'cause no one dare give you away.  
I hate my job, I hate your god, I hate hypocrites and common slobs.  
Hate people who aren't what they seem, more than anything else, American  
Dream.  
Promise me today I'll have a Chevrolet, with whitewalls on the side,  
One boy, one girl, comfortable lies  
The American Dream... American Dream...  
American Dream, that's ok, 'cause no one dare give you away.  
American Dream!  
(bleah!)

**David Bowie**  
**An Occasional Dream**

I recall how we lived  
On the corner of a bed  
And we'd speak of a Swedish room  
Of hessian and wood  
And we'd talk with our eyes  
Of the sweetness in our lives  
And tomorrows of rich surprise...  
Some things we could do.

In our madness  
We burnt one hundred days,  
Time takes time to pass  
And I still hold some ashes to me,  
An Occasional Dream.

And we'd sleep, oh so close,  
But not really close our eyes  
'Tween the sheets of summer bathed in blue...  
Gently weeping nights  
It was long, long ago  
And I can't touch your name.  
For the days of fate were strong for you...  
Danced you far from me.

In my madness  
I see your face in mine.  
I keep a photograph,  
It burns my wall with time  
Time,  
An Occasional Dream  
Of mine.  
An Occasional Dream  
Of mine.  
An Occasional Dream  
Of mine.

**Kate Bush**  
**And Dream of Sheep**

Little light shining,  
Little light will guide them to me.  
My face is all lit up,  
My face is all lit up.  
If they find me racing white horses,  
They'll not take me for a buoy.

Let me be weak,  
Let me sleep  
And dream of sheep.

"Attention shipping information in sea areas...Bell Rock, Tiree,  
Cromaty, gale east...Malin, Sellafield..."

"Come here with me now."

Oh, I'll wake up  
To any sound of engines,  
Ev'ry gull a seeking craft.  
I can't keep my eyes open--  
Wish I had my radio.

I tune in to some friendly voices  
Talking 'bout stupid things.  
I can't be left to my imagination.

Let me be weak,  
Let me sleep  
And dream of sheep.

Ooh, their breath is warm  
And they smell like sleep,  
And they say they take me home.  
Like poppies heavy with seed  
They take me deeper and deeper.

**Suzanne Vega**

**Book of Dreams**

In my book of dreams

I took your urgent whisper  
Stole the arc of a white wing  
Rode like foam on the river of pity  
Turned its tide to strength  
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams

The spine is bound to last a life  
Tough enough to take the pounding  
Pages made of days of open hand

In my book of dreams

Number every page in silver  
Underline in magic marker  
Take the name of every prisoner  
Yours is there my word of honor

I took your urgent whisper  
Stole the arc of a white wing  
Rode like foam on the river of pity  
Healed the hole that ripped in living

In my book of dreams

## Alice Cooper

### Dirty Dreams

Well, I wake up burnin' in a soaking sweat  
My pillows are drippin' and the sheets are wet  
I jump out of bed and I turn on the light  
This happens to me every night  
Sometimes you turn into a snake with long black hair  
Then you turn into an angel, blonde and fair  
You can turn yourself blue and I don't care  
You can change your look  
You can change your race  
But it's always your touch  
And always your face

#### CHORUS

Dirty dreams  
How you wanna do me  
Dirty dreams  
Let me get thru  
Dirty dreams  
A triple X-rated movie starring me and you

Well, I close my eyes  
And you open your lips  
There's a shock from my head to my fingertips  
I fall thru a hole cuz I can't get a grip  
The room starts to spin and the world starts to turn  
My heart catches fire and my bed starts to burn

Dirty dreams  
How you wann do me  
Dirty Dreams  
Anything for you, babe  
Dirty Dreams  
Technicolor movie starring me and you  
Make my dreams come true

Shake my nights  
Rattle my sleep  
Roll mye eyes, I'm in too deep



## **Eurythmics**

### **Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)**

Sweet dreams are made of this  
Who am I to disagree?  
I travel the world  
And the seven seas--  
Everybody's looking for something.  
Some of them want to use you  
Some of them want to get used by you  
Some of them want to abuse you  
Some of them want to be abused.

(Hold your head up--Keep your head up--MOVIN' ON)

## V

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