clerk of Ugboro, in Devon, led to his applying himself to learning, and to his eventual elevation to the bishopric of Worcester. When Boileau, educated for the bar, pleaded his first cause, he broke down amidst shouts of laughter. He next tried the pulpit, and failed there too. And then he tried poetry, and succeeded. Fontenelle and Voltaire both failed at the bar. So Cowper, through his diffidence and shyness, broke down when pleading his first cause, though he lived to revive the poetic art in England. Montesquieu and Bentham both failed as lawyers, and forsook the bar far more congenial pursuits—the latter leaving behind him a treasury of legislative proceedure for all time. Goldsmith failed in passing as a surgeon; but he wrote the "Deserted Village" and the "Vicar of Wakefield;" while Addison failed as a speaker, but succeeded in writing "Sir Roger de Coverley," and his many famous papers in the "Spectator."

Even the privation of some important bodily sense, such as sight or hearing, has not been sufficient to deter courageous men from zealously pursuing the struggle of life. Milton, when struck by blindness, "still bore up and steered right onward." His greatest works were produced during that period of his life in which he suffered most — when he was poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, and persecuted.

The lives of some of the greatest men have been a continuous struggle with difficulty and apparent defeat. Dante produced his greatest work in penury and exile. Banished from his native city by the local faction to which he was opposed, his house was given up to plunder, and he was sentenced, in his absence, to be burned alive. When informed by a friend that he might return to Florence, if he would consent to ask for pardon and absolution, he replied: "No! This is not the way that shall lead me back to my country.

I will return with hasty steps if you, or any other, can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame or the honor of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then to Florence I shall never return." His enemies remaining implacable, Dante, after a banishment of twenty years, died in exile. They even pursued him after death, when his book, "De Monarchia," was publicly burned at Bologna, by order of the Papal Legate.

Camoens also wrote his great poems mostly in banishment. Tired of solitude at Santarem, he joined an expedition against the Moors, in which he distinguished himself by his bravery. He lost an eye when boarding an enemy's ship in a sea-fight. At Goa, in the East Indies, he witnessed with indignation the cruelty practised by the Portuguese on the natives, and expostulated with the governor against it. He was in consequence banished from the settlement, and sent to China. In the course of his subsequent adventures and misfortunes, Camoens suffered shipwreck, escaping only with his life and the manuscript of his "Lusiad." Persecution and hardship seemed everywhere to pursue him. At Macao he was thrown into prison. Escaping from it, he set sail for Lisbon, where he arrived, after sixteen years' absence, poor and friendless. His "Lusiad," which was shortly after published, brought him much fame, but no money. But for his old Indian slave Antonio, who begged for his master in the streets, Camoens must have perished.* As it

* A cavalier, named Ruy de Camera, having called upon Camoens to furnish a poetical version of the seven penitential psalms, the poet, raising his head from his miserable pallet, and pointing to his faithful slave, exclaimed: "Alas! when I was a poet, I was young, and happy, and blest with the love of ladies; but now I am a forlorn, deserted wretch! See! there stands my poor Antonio, vainly suppli-

was, he died in a public alms-house, worn out by disease and hardship. An inscription was placed over his grave: "Here lies Luis de Camoens: he excelled all the poets of his time: he lived poor and miserable; and he died so, MDLXXIX." This record, disgraceful but truthful, has since been removed; and a lying and pompous epitaph, in honor of the great national poet of Portugal, has been substituted in its stead.

Even Michael Angelo was exposed, during the greater part of his life, to the persecutions of the envious—vulgar nobles, vulgar priests, and sordid men of every degree, who could neither sympathize with him nor comprehend his genius. When Paul IV. condemned some of his work in "The Last Judgment," the artist observed that "The Pope would do better to occupy himself with correcting the disorders and indecencies which disgrace the world than with any such hypercriticisms upon his art."

Tasso, also, was the victim of almost continual persecution and calumny. After lying in a mad-house for seven years, he became a wanderer over Italy; and when on his death-bed, he wrote: "I will not complain of the malignity of fortune, because I do not choose to speak of the ingratitude of men who have succeeded in dragging me to the tomb of a mendicant."

But time brings about strange revenges. The persecutors and the persecuted often change places; it is the latter who are great—the former who are infamous. Even the

cating *fourpence* to purchase a little coal. I have not them to give him!" The cavalier, Sousa quaintly relates, in his "Life of Camoens," closed his heart and his purse, and quitted the room. Such were the grandees of Portugal!—LORD STRANGFORD'S *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Camoens*, 1824.

names of the persecutors would probably long ago have been forgotten, but for their connection with the history of the men whom they have persecuted. Thus, who would now have known of Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, but for his imprisonment of Tasso? Or, who would have heard of the existence of the Grand Duke of Wurtemburg of some ninety years back, but for his petty persecution of Schiller?

Science also has had its martyrs, who have fought their way to light through difficulty, persecution, and suffering. We need not refer again to the cases of Bruno, Galileo, and others,* persecuted because of the supposed heterodoxy of their views. But there have been other unfortunates among men of science, whose genius has been unable to save them from the fury of their enemies. Thus Bailly, the celebrated French astronomer (who had been mayor of Paris), and Lavoisier, the great chemist, were both guillotined in the first French Revolution. When the latter, after being sentenced to death by the Commune, asked for a few days' respite, to enable him to ascertain the result of some experiments he had made during his confinement, the tribunal refused his appeal, and ordered him for immediate execution, one of the judges saying that "the Republic had no need of philosophers." In England also, about the same time, Dr. Priestley, the father of modern chemistry, had his house burned over his head, and his library destroyed, amidst the shouts of "No philosophers!" and he fled from his native country to lay his bones in a foreign land.

The work of some of the greatest discoverers has been done in the midst of persecution, difficulty, and suffering. Columbus, who discovered the New World and gave it

* See Chapter V., p. 139.

as a heritage to the Old, was in his lifetime persecuted, maligned, and plundered by those whom he had enriched. Mungo Park's drowning agony in the African river he had discovered, but which he was not to live to describe; Clapperton's perishing of fever on the banks of the great lake, in the heart of the same continent, which was afterwards to be rediscovered and described by other explorers; Franklin's perishing in the snow—it might be after he had solved the long-sought problem of the North-west Passage—are among the most melancholy events in the history of enterprise and genius.

The case of Flinders the navigator, who suffered a six years' imprisonment in the Isle of France, was one of peculiar hardship. In 1801, he set sail from England in the *Investigator*, on a voyage of discovery and survey, provided with a French pass, requiring all French governors (notwithstanding that England and France were at war) to give him protection and succor in the sacred name of science. In the course of his voyage he surveyed great part of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and the neighboring islands. The *Investigator*, being found leaky and rotten, was condemned, and the navigator embarked as passenger in the *Porpoise* for England, to lay the results of his three years' labors before the Admiralty. On the voyage home the *Porpoise* was wrecked on a reef in the South Seas, and Flinders, with part of the crew, in an open boat, made for Port Jackson, which they safely reached, though distant from the scene of the wreck not less than 750 miles. There he procured a small schooner, the *Cumberland*, no larger than a Gravesend sailing-boat, and returned for the remainder of the crew, who had been left on the reef. Having rescued them, he set sail for England, making for the Isle of France,

which the *Cumberland* reached in a sinking condition, being a wretched little craft badly found. To his surprise, he was made a prisoner, with all his crew, and thrown into prison, where he was treated with brutal harshness, his French pass proving no protection to him. What aggravated the horrors of Flinder's confinement was, that he knew that Baudin, the French navigator, whom he had encountered while making his survey of the Australian coasts, would reach Europe first, and claim the merit of all the discoveries he had made. It turned out as he had expected; and while Flinders was still imprisoned in the Isle of France, the French Atlas of the new discoveries was published, all the points named by Flinders and his precursors being named afresh. Flinders was at length liberated, after six years' imprisonment, his health completely broken; but he continued correcting his maps, and writing out his descriptions to the last. He only lived long enough to correct his final sheet for the press, and died on the very day that his work was published!

Courageous men have often turned enforced solitude to account in executing works of great pith and moment. It is in solitude that the passion for spiritual perfection best nurses itself. The soul communes with itself in loneliness until its energy often becomes intense. But whether a man profits by solitude or not will mainly depend upon his own temperament, training, and character. While, in a large-natured man, solitude will make the pure heart purer, in the small-natured man it will only serve to make the hard heart still harder; for though solitude may be the nurse of great spirits, it is the torment of small ones.

It was in prison that Boetius wrote his "Consolations of Philosophy," and Grotius his "Commentary on St. Mat-

thew," regarded as his master-work in Biblical Criticism. Buchanan composed his beautiful "Paraphrases on the Psalms" while imprisoned in the cell of a Portuguese monastery. Campanella, the Italian patriot monk, suspected of treason, was immured for twenty-seven years in a Neapolitan dungeon, during which, deprived of the sun's light, he sought higher light, and there created his "Civitas Solis," which has been so often reprinted and reproduced in translations in most European languages. During his thirteen years' imprisonment in the Tower, Raleigh wrote his "History of the World," a project of vast extent, of which he was only able to finish the first five books. Luther occupied his prison hours in the Castle of Wartburg in translating the Bible, and in writing the famous tracts and treatises with which he inundated all Germany.

It was to the circumstance of John Bunyan having been cast into jail that we probably owe the "Pilgrim's Progress." He was thus driven in upon himself; having no opportunity for action, his active mind found vent in earnest thinking and meditation; and indeed, after his enlargement, his life as an author virtually ceased. His "Grace Abounding" and the "Holy War" were also written in prison. Bunyan lay in Bedford Jail, with a few intervals of precarious liberty, during not less than twelve years;* and it was most probably to his prolonged imprisonment that we owe what Macaulay has characterized as the finest allegory in the world.

* A Quaker called on Bunyan one day with a "message from the Lord," saying he had been to half the jails of England, and was glad at last to have found him. To which Bunyan replied: "If the Lord sent thee, you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for He knew that I have been in Bedford Jail these seven years past."

All the political parties of the times in which Bunyan lived imprisoned their opponents when they had the opportunity and the power. Bunyan's prison experiences were principally in the time of Charles II. But in the preceding reign of Charles I., as well as during the Commonwealth, illustrious prisoners were very numerous. The prisoners of the former included Sir John Eliot, Hampden, Selden, Prynne* (a most voluminous prison-writer), and many more. It was while under strict confinement in the Tower that Eliot composed his noble treatise, "The Monarchy of Man." George Wither, the poet, was another prisoner of Charles I.; and it was while confined in the Marshalsea that he wrote his famous "Satire to the King." At the Restoration he was again imprisoned in Newgate, from which he was transferred to the Tower, and he is supposed by some to have died there.

The Commonwealth also had its prisoners. Sir William Davenant, because of his loyalty, was for some time confined a prisoner in Cowes Castle, where he wrote the greater part of his poem of "Gondibert;" and it is said that his life was saved principally through the generous intercession of Milton. He lived to repay the debt, and to save Milton's life when "Charles enjoyed his own again." Lovelace, the

* Prynne, besides standing in the pillory and having his ears cut off, was imprisoned by turns in the Tower, Mont Orgueil (Jersey), Dunster Castle, Taunton Castle, and Pendennis Castle. He afterwards pleaded zealously for the Restoration, and was made Keeper of the Records by Charles II. It has been computed that Prynne wrote, compiled, and printed about eight quarto pages for every working-day of his life, from his reaching man's estate to the day of his death. Though his books were, for the most part, appropriated by the trunkmakers, they now command almost fabulous prices, chiefly because of their rarity.

poet and cavalier, was also imprisoned by the Roundheads, and was only liberated from the Gatehouse on giving an enormous bail. Though he suffered and lost all for the Stuarts, he was forgotten by them at the Restoration, and died in extreme poverty.

Besides Wither and Bunyan, Charles II. imprisoned Baxter, Harrington (the author of "Oceana"), Penn, and many more. All these men solaced their prison hours with writing. Baxter wrote some of the most remarkable passages of his "Life and Times" while lying in the King's Bench Prison; and Penn wrote his "No Cross, no Crown" while imprisoned in the Tower. In the reign of Queen Anne, Matthew Prior was in confinement, on a vamped-up charge of treason, for two years, during which he wrote his "Alma, or Progress of the Soul."

Since then, political prisoners of eminence in England have been comparatively few in number. Among the most illustrious were De Foe, who, besides standing three times in the pillory, spent much of his time in prison, writing "Robinson Crusoe" there, and many of his best political pamphlets. There, also, he wrote his "Hymn to the Pillory," and corrected for the press a collection of his voluminous writings.* Smollett wrote his "Sir Lancelot Greaves" in prison, while undergoing confinement for libel. Of recent prison writers in England, the best known are James Montgomery, who wrote his first volume of poems

* He also projected his "Review" in prison—the first periodical of the kind, which pointed the way to the host of "Tattlers," "Guardians," and "Spectators," which followed it. The "Review" consisted of 102 numbers, forming nine quarto volumes, all of which were written by De Foe himself while engaged in other and various labors.

while a prisoner in York Castle; and Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, who wrote his "Purgatory of Suicide" in Stafford Jail.

Silvio Pellico was one of the latest and most illustrious of the prison writers of Italy. He lay confined in Austrian jails for ten years, eight of which he passed in the Castle of Spielberg, in Moravia. It was there that he composed his charming "Memoirs," the only materials for which were furnished by his fresh, living habit of observation; and out of even the transient visits of his jailer's daughter, and the colorless events of his monotonous daily life, he contrived to make for himself a little world of thought and healthy human interest.

Kazinsky, the great reviver of Hungarian literature, spent seven years of his life in the dungeons of Buda, Brunne, Kufstein, and Munkacs, during which he wrote a "Diary of his Imprisonment," and, among other things, translated Sterne's "Sentimental Journey;" while Kossuth beguiled his two years' imprisonment at Buda in studying English, so as to be able to read Shakspeare in the original.

Men who, like these, suffer the penalty of law, and seem to fail, at least for a time, do not really fail. Many, who have seemed to fail utterly, have often exercised a more potent and enduring influence upon their race than those whose career has been a course of uninterrupted success. The character of a man does not depend on whether his efforts are immediately followed by failure or by success. The martyr is not a failure if the truth for which he suffered acquires a fresh lustre through his sacrifice.* The patriot

* A passage in the Earl of Carlisle's Lecture on Pope—"Heaven was made for those who have failed in this world"—struck me very forcibly several years ago when I read it in a newspaper, and became

who lays down his life for his cause may thereby hasten its triumph; and those who seem to throw their lives away in the van of a great movement often open a way for those who follow them, and pass over their dead bodies to victory. The triumph of a just cause may come late; but when it does come, it is due as much to those who failed in their first efforts as to those who succeeded in their last.

The example of a great death may be an inspiration to others, as well as the example of a good life. A great act does not perish with the life of him who performs it, but lives and grows up into like acts in those who survive the doer thereof and cherish his memory. Of some great men, it might almost be said that they have not begun to live until they have died.

The names of the men who have suffered in the cause of religion, of science, and of truth, are the men, of all others, whose memories are held in the greatest esteem and reverence by mankind. They perished, but their truth survived. They semed to fail, and yet they eventually succeeded.*

a rich vein of thought, in which I often quarried, especially when the sentence was interpreted by the Cross, which was failure apparently."
—*Life and Letters of Robertson* (of Brighton), ii., 94.

* "Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have, therefore, worked in vain:
For all our acts to many issues lead;
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion, in His own good time
(Be this the laborer's proudly humble creed),
Such ends as, to His wisdom, fitliest chime
With his vast love's eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise:
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside

Prisons may have held them, but their thoughts were not to be confined by prison walls. They have burst through, and defied the power of their persecutors. It was Lovelace, a prisoner, who wrote:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage."

It was a saying of Milton that, "who best can suffer best can do." The work of many of the greatest men, inspired by duty, has been done amidst suffering and trial and difficulty. They have struggled against the tide, and reached the shore exhausted, only to grasp the sand and expire. They have done their duty, and been content to die. But death hath no power over such men; their hallowed memories still survive, to soothe and purify and bless us. "Life," said Goethe, "to us all is suffering. Who save God alone shall call us to our reckoning? Let not reproaches fall on the departed. Not what they have failed in, nor what they have suffered, but what they have done, ought to occupy the survivors."

Thus, it is not ease and facility that tries men and brings out the good that is in them, so much as trial and difficulty. Adversity is the touch-stone of character. As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odor, so some natures need to be tried by suffering to evoke the excellence that is in them. Hence trials often unmask virtues, and bring to light hidden graces. Men apparently useless and pur-

And the birds snatch it;—yet the birds are fed;
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead."
Politics for the People, 1848.