

'You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss Mass on Sundays if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits; and here now, that you'll guard your eyes;' and as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. 'Do you promise, my boy?'—'I do indeed,' I said; 'I promise you all three things.'

19. "Well, then, if you do," he said, 'I'll promise you something'—and he spoke slow and distinct—'*I promise you, you'll save your soul.* And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: *If riches increase, set not your heart on them;* and mind this word, too: *We must lay down our lives for the brethren.*' He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow or other I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the chapel. 'Who is he?' was all I could say. 'A saint,' was his reply, 'if there ever was one on this earth; that was *Father Henry Young.*'<sup>1</sup>

20. "I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him; how at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a softer bed than a bare board, and how, penniless as he was as to private means, thousands passed through his hands, the alms entrusted to him, and administered with inconceivable labor. The look and the words of such a man were not easily forgotten; and so you see," continued Grant, laughing, "you see how it is that I became a water-drinker, and why, come what will, I must go to Bradford to-morrow."

*From "The New Utopia."*

<sup>1</sup> Henry Young was born in Dublin in 1786. He was the eldest son of Mr. Charles Young, a wealthy merchant, four of whose sons became priests and three of his daughters religious. The eldest of these, an Ursuline nun in the convent at Cork, composed the well-known Ursuline Manual. Father

Henry Young was distinguished from early childhood by that eminent spirit of mortification and prayer which marked him throughout the long career which ended in Dublin Nov. 11, 1869. An admirable sketch of his life, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, was published in the "Irish Monthly" of 1873-74.

## III.

## 82. CHARACTER AS EXHIBITED IN FURNITURE.

[A Conversation between a Rich Country Gentleman, MR. PLIMPTON, MR. MANTLEY, MR. BURLEY, and an Artist.]

MR. PLIMPTON. My new house in London is just finished, and I am going to furnish it. I am in much perplexity about it. I should be happy to leave it all to my wife, but she is as much puzzled as myself. What am I to do?

Mr. Burley. You country gentlemen make difficulties out of every thing. It is the simplest thing in the world to furnish a house when you've money enough. I furnished mine in a week, and very cheaply too. I said to myself, "If I give up my own time to it for a day or two, I shall save as much as will pay me about a hundred pounds a day for my trouble; so it is worth my while." I took a quantity of notes and sovereigns, and went about to a good many upholsterers and furniture dealers that I knew were in difficulties, offering generally about half as much as they asked for the things, but always in ready money. By this means I furnished my house very handsomely indeed for about fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Plimpton. You managed very cleverly; but my great difficulty is the question of taste. The old house here is provided with an immense quantity of miscellaneous furniture, and somehow does not look so bad after all, though the things, judged severely, are, no doubt, incongruous; but my superfluous things here would not do in the new London house, which I must furnish newly, because it is a new building. It is a most embarrassing question.

The Artist. It is a splendid opportunity.

Mr. Plimpton. Perhaps so, if I knew how to seize it. An opportunity, I suppose you mean, for the exercise of good taste. But I have no confidence in my own judgment in these matters. I have sense enough to be aware that my æsthetic faculty is exceedingly small.

Mr. Burley. My way of buying would not suit you, because you want the things all to be in the fashion, I suppose. But as for taste, you can buy that for money like every thing else.

Go to a good upholsterer—a respectable man, mind. It is his trade to understand the rules of taste, and he will give you the benefit of his knowledge, only he will make you pay handsomely for it.

*Mr. Mantley.* That would scarcely be safe. A man may be a respectable tradesman, and still have vulgar tastes. Upholsterers usually provide things to suit the majority; but you would scarcely furnish in a manner creditable to your taste by so easy a process as putting the whole matter into the hands of an upholsterer. Furniture is very expressive of moral qualities. However you furnish your house, Mr. Plimpton, it will in the end only be an expression of yourself, or of those sentiments and ideas which may happen to be predominant when you furnish.

*Mr. Plimpton.* I should feel obliged to you, Mr. Mantley, if you would develop your theory a little. Your *idé'a* that all men express themselves in furniture seems worth dwelling upon.

*Mr. Mantley.* The habits and feelings of whole classes imprint themselves on their furniture. The English aristocracy, for example, has certain ways of its own which other classes do not imitate successfully. A gentleman's house is always, evidently, a gentleman's house, though the owner may be quite poor. I do not say that it is always in good taste, for our gentry do *not* always distinguish themselves in the artistic department of furnishing; but still the objects, however ugly, and even shabby, all bear witness together that their owner is a gentleman. And a rich tradesman has another standard to which all his furnishing tends, so that you may know him at once by it. One difference is, that a gentleman safely leaves many things with a frank aspect of age and wear on them—a habit brought on by living in old houses and constantly using old things; whereas every thing in a thriving tradesman's house is either quite new or at least in perfect repair. Another difference is, that a gentleman's furnishing, though it be shabby and disorderly, is pretty sure to have some poetry about it—something of antiquity or culture, some tint of history, either belonging to his own family or to the state; whereas a rich tradesman's house is generally comfortable, but very prosaic. But it is easier to feel these differences than to describe them.



*A gentleman safely leaves many things with a frank aspect of age and wear on them—a habit brought on by living in old houses.*

*Mr. Plimpton.* It is very amusing to study character in furniture. What vëry great virtue can be shown in very poor things! I have a neighbor, an old maiden lady, whose furniture is not what our friend Mr. Burley would call handsome, and it is certainly not artistic; nevertheless it inspires in me the utmost respect and esteem for its possessor, for it is so simple and unpretending, and yet so useful and orderly and comfortable. Probably at an auction the whöle household of furniture would not fetch fifty pounds, and yet it is so well arranged, and harmonizes so well with the quiet, unaffected, and somewhat methodical habits of the lady of the house, that every bit of it has, in my eyes, a value far beyond that of the best new furniture in a cabinet-maker's shop. Indeed, I have heard the old lady declare that she would not on any account admit a piece of new furniture into her house, because it would spoil her old things by contrast; and once, when she wanted a sideboard, instead of ordering one at the cabinet-maker's, she hunted about for months to find something that would go with her other things. At last she hit upon a quaint old structure of dark mahogany, of a form at least thirty years out of fashion. This exactly suited her, and it now looks as if it had always been in the house. Proofs of the same good taste and right judgment may be found in every thing about her.

*Mr. Mantley.* I have as great a dislike to new furniture as your friend. New furniture is as bad as a new house—it has no associations. Still, even new furniture may express character.

*Mr. Plimpton.* Well, I want to furnish my house in London, and beg you all to give me the benefit of your advice. Let us begin with the dining-room.

*Mr. Burley.* Mahögary of cöurse. It is warm and comfortable looking. Have dark red cushions and a green flock paper. I hate a chilly dining-room.

*The Artist.* I recommend carved oak, but not such ryde work as you have here. In London it should be modern, graceful, and artistic, not Elizabethan<sup>1</sup> and grotesque. Mr. Plimpton should employ the best artist-carvers, and have exquisite modern furniture in solid oak left of its natural color.

<sup>1</sup> *E liz'a bëth'an*, belonging to the age of Queen Elizabeth; that is, to the latter hälf of the sixteenth century.

*Mr. Plimpton.* Neither stained nor varnished?

*The Artist.* Neither. It is right to stain and varnish rude work, because that adds richness and hides defects, but the glitter of the varnish and the darkness of the stain are an injury to really delicate work, because they prevent it from being seen.

*Mr. Plimpton.* Well, and about the walls?

*The Artist.* The best thing with new carved oak is dark green velvet. Have your walls divided into panels, with frames of exquisitely carved new oak, and fill these panels with green velvet. The cornice all round the top should be of carved oak too.

*Mr. Plimpton.* Any pictures?

*The Artist.* Of course. I want the dark green velvet in the panels for the pictures. You ought to have a series of pictures connected with each other by their subject, and, if possible, painted by the same hand.

*Mr. Mantley.* Old portraits from here would do very well.

*The Artist.* No. They would be incongruous. They are better where they are in the old house. Modern portraits, on the other hand, would be hideous. A series of illustrations of some place, if landscapes, or of some poet, if figure subjects, would do better. For example: a set of illustrations of Mr. Plimpton's most picturesque estate, or a series of subjects from Tennyson. I would not have many pictures. Three very large ones would look more majestic than a crowd of little ones. One great picture on each wall is my ideal, and none, of course, near the windows. The dislike to large pictures is very general, and quite groundless. People who have plenty of room for large pictures tell you they have no room, with great blank spaces of wall everywhere. For such a dining-room as yours I would have three pictures, twelve feet long each. Your velvet paneling must, of course, be arranged expressly to receive them. The pictures must be warm in coloring on account of the green wall.

*Mr. Plimpton.* But the chairs and carpet?

*The Artist.* The chairs green velvet like the walls, the oak carved richly, yet not to interfere with comfort; the carpet ultramarine blue with a broad border of green oak leaves, and

the curtains ultramarine velvet with a border embroidered in green silk.

*Mr. Plimpton.* Blue and green together! Mrs. Plimpton will never hear of such a violation of good taste.

*Mr. Mantley.* Where did you ever see such an unnatural combination?

*Mr. Burley.* You artists sneer at upholsterers; why, any upholsterer knows better than to put two such discordant colors as blue and green together.

*The Artist.* I am sorry to have irritated you all; but you asked my advice and I gave it. Shall I go on, or not? If I go on, I shall be sure to offend you. I would better have held my tongue.

*Mr. Plimpton.* Go on, go on; we want to hear what you have to say for yourself. We have him now, Mantley. Blue and green together! I wonder how he will reason us into such a strange theory as that.

*The Artist.* I will answer you one by one. If Mrs. Plimpton dislikes blue and green together, it is merely because her milliner told her to do so, and she, out of pure humility, obeys. But her own feelings are right, because her senses are sound. Only this morning, as we were looking at the humming-birds in her little room, she particularly called my attention to one colored exactly on the principle of my carpet—dark azure, with touches of intense green; and she liked that the best of all of them. In answer to Mr. Mantley's question, where did I ever see such an unnatural combination, I may say, everywhere in nature. Green hills and blue sky, green leaves against the intense azure overhead, green shores of lakes and blue water, green transparence and blue reflections on sea-waves, green shallows and blue deep water in the sea, blue plumage of birds with green gleaming in it, blue flowers amongst their own green leaves, blue-bells in the green grass, green and blue both at their brightest on the wings of a butterfly, green and blue on a thousand insects, green and blue wedded together by God Himself all over this colored world. There, Mr. Mantley, there have I seen what you please to call an unnatural combination. And you, Mr. Burley, how can you possibly think that artists, who own no law but that of the Divine example,

can concern themselves with the dicta of tradesmen, who refer nothing to nature? If you want to color well, either in furniture or anything else, go and study color in Gōd's works, not in tailors' fashion-books and upholsterers' windows.

HAMERTON.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, an English author and landscape painter, was born in Manchester, Sept. 10, 1834. He has published several volumes: "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art," in 1862; "Contemporary French Painters," 1867; "Chapters on Animals," 1873; and "The Intellectual Life," in the same year.

IV.

83. THE SCHOLAR AND THE WORLD.

[From a poem delivered at Bowdoin College on the fiftieth anniversary of the Class Commencement of 1821.]

IN medieval<sup>1</sup> Rome, I know not whère,  
 There stood an image with its arm in air,  
 And on its lifted finger, shining clear,  
 A golden ring with the device, "*Strike here!*"  
 Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed  
 The meaning that these words but half expressed,  
 Until a læarnèd clerk, who at noon-day,  
 With downcast eyes, was passing on his way,  
 Paused and observed the spot, and marked it well,  
 Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;  
 And coming back at midnight, delved and found  
 A secret stairway leading underground.  
 Down this he passed into a spacious hall,  
 Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;  
 And opposite a brazen statue stood,  
 With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.  
 Upon its fõrehèad like a cõronet  
 Were these mysterious words of menace set,  
 "*That which I am, I am; my fatal aim  
 None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!*"

2. Midway the hall was a fair table placed,  
 With clõth of gold, and golden cups enchased

<sup>1</sup> Mē'di ē'val, of or pertaining to the middle ages.

With rybies, and the plates and knives were gold,  
 And gold the bread and viands manifold.  
 Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,  
 Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,  
 And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,  
 But they were stone, their hearts within were stone,  
 And the vast hall was filled in every part  
 With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

3. Lõng at the scene, bewildered and amazed,  
 The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;  
 Then from the table, by his greed made bold,  
 He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,  
 And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang;  
 The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,  
 The archer sped his ärrõw at their call,  
 Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,  
 And all was dark around and overhead;—  
 Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!
4. The writer of this lègend thus records  
 The ghostly application in these words:—  
 The image is the Adversary old  
 Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;  
 Our lusts and passions are the downward stair  
 That leads the soul from a diviner air;  
 The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;  
 Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;  
 The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone  
 By avarice have been hardened into stone;  
 The clerk, the scholar, whom the love of pelf  
 Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.
5. The Scholar and the World! The endless strife!  
 The discord in the harmonies of life!  
 The love of learning, the sequestered nōoks,  
 And all the sweet serenity of bōoks;  
 The market-place, the eager love of gain  
 Whose aim is vanity and whose end is pain.

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told  
To men grown old, or who are growing old?  
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late  
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

6. Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sōphoclēṣ  
Wrote his grand "Œdipus," and Simōn'idēs  
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,  
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;  
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,  
Had but begun his "Characters of Men";  
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,  
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales";  
Goethe<sup>1</sup> at Weimar, toiling to the last,  
Completed "Faust"<sup>2</sup> when eighty years were past.  
These are indeed exceptions, but they show  
How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow  
Into the æretic regions of our lives,  
Where little else than life itself survives.

7. As the barometer foretells the storm  
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,  
So something in us as old age draws near  
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.  
The nimble mērcury, ere we are aware,  
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;  
The tell-tale blood from artery or vein  
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;  
Whatever poet, orator, or sage  
May say of it, old age is still old age;  
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,  
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;  
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,  
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,  
The burning and consuming element,  
But that of ashes and of embers spent,  
In which some living sparks we still discern,  
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

<sup>1</sup> Goethe (gē'tē),

<sup>2</sup> Faust (foust).

8. What then? Shall we sit idly down and say,  
The night hath come; it is no longer day?  
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite  
Cut off from labor by the failing light;  
Something remains for us to do or dare;  
Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear;  
Not Œdipus Coloneus, or Greek ode,  
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode  
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,  
But other something, would we but begin.  
For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

*Adapted from LONGFELLOW.*

## SECTION XX.

### I.

#### 84. THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.

##### PART FIRST.

THE glāc'iers of the Alps have a wide and many-sided interest. While they are objects of fond devotion to those who dwell habitually among them, they attract from distant countries, with a sort of fascination, men of the most opposite pursuits in life. The poet loves to haunt those lonely solitudes of ice, and there, gazing on the wild and changeable face of Nature, "feed on thoughts that voluntarily move harmonious numbers." The daring mountain climber, lured by the love of adventure, scales their glittering slopes, nor rests till he has reached their highest summits, crowned with a canopy of perpetual snow. The philosopher, again, finds in the glaciers of the Alps a key to the past history of our globe, and recognizes, in those ponderous masses of moving ice, a