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The Life and Works of Ary Scheffer

No painter of this age has made so deep an impression on the popular mind of America as Ary Scheffer. Few, if any other contemporary artists are domesticated at our firesides, and known and loved in our remotest villages and towns. Only a small number, indeed, of his original works have been exhibited here,—yet engravings from them are not only familiar to every person of acknowledged taste and culture, but are dear to the hearts of many who scarcely know the artist's name. Young maidens delight in their tender pathos, and the suffering heart is consoled and elevated by their pure and lofty religious aspiration. An effect so great must have an adequate and peculiar cause; and we shall not have far to seek for it, but shall find it in the aim and character of the artist. Scheffer has two prominent qualities, by which he has won his place in the popular estimation. The first is his sentiment. His works are full of simple, tender pathos. His pictures always tell their story, first to the eye, next to the heart and soul of the beholder. His admirable knowledge of composition is always subordinate to expression. His meaning is not merely historical or poetical, but is true to life and every-day experience. "Mignon regrettant sa Patrie" is felt and appreciated by those who have never sung,

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen,"—

and "Faust" and "Margaret" tell their story to all who have felt life's struggles and temptations, whether they have read them in Goethe's version or not. Added to this power of pathos and sentiment is the deep religious feeling which pervades every work of his pencil, whatever be its outward form. His religion is of no dogma or sect, but the inflowing of a life which makes all things holy and full of infinite meaning. Whether he paint the legends of the Catholic Church, as in "St. Augustine" and "St. Monica," or illustrate the life-poem of the Protestant Goethe, or tell a simple story of childhood, the same feelings are kindled, in our heart's faith in God, love to man, the sure hope of immortality. It is this genuine and earnest religion of humanity which has made his works familiar to every lover of Art and sentiment, and given us a feeling of personal love and reverence for the made artist.

It is now nearly a year since his labors on earth terminated, and yet no adequate account of his life and labors has appeared. It is very difficult to satisfy the craving desire to know more of the personal life and character of him who has been a household friend so long. Yet it is rather the privilege of succeeding generations, than of contemporaries, to draw aside the veil from the sanctuary, and to behold the works of a man in his greatest art,—the art of life. But the cold waters of the Atlantic, like the river of Death, make the person of a European artist sacred to us; and it is hard for us to realize that those whom we have surrounded with a halo of classic reverence were partakers of the daily jar and turmoil of our busy age,—that the good physician who tended our sick children so faithfully had lived in familiar intercourse with Goethe, and might have listened to the first performance of those symphonies of Beethoven which seem to us as eternal as the mountains. Losing the effluence of his personal presence, which his neighbors and countrymen enjoyed, we demand the privilege of posterity to hear and tell all that can be told of him. We can wait fifty years more for a biography of Allston, because something of his gracious presence yet lingers among us; but we can touch Scheffer only with the burin or the pen. So we shall throw in our mite to fill up this chasm. A

few gleanings from current French literature, a few anecdotes familiarly told of the great artist, and the vivid recollection of one short interview are all the aids we can summon to enable our readers to call up in their own minds a living image which will answer to the name that has so long been familiar to our lips and dear to our hearts.

Ary Scheffer was born about the year 1795, in the town of Dordrecht, in Holland; but, as at that period Holland belonged to the French Empire, the child was entitled by birth to those privileges of a French citizen which opened to him important advantages in his artistic career. French by this accident of birth, and still more so by his education and long residence at Paris, he yet always retained traces of his Teutonic origin in the form of his head, in his general appearance, and in his earnest and religious character. He always cherished a warm affection for his native land.

Many distinguished artists have been the sons of painters or designers of superior note. Raffaello, Albert Dürer, Alonzo Cano, Vandyck, Luca Giordano are familiar instances. It seems as if the accumulation of two generations of talent were necessary to produce the fine flower of genius. The father of Ary Scheffer was an artist of considerable ability, and promised to become an eminent painter, when he was cut off by an early death. He left a widow, many unfinished pictures, and three sons, yet very young. The character of the mother we infer only from her influence on her son, from the devoted affection he bore to her, and from the wisdom with which she guided his early education; but these show her to have been a true woman,—brave, loving, and always loyal to the highest. The three sons all lived to middle age, and all became distinguished men. Ary, the eldest, very early gave unequivocal signs of his future destiny. His countrymen still remember a large picture painted by him at Amsterdam when only twelve years old, indicating extraordinary talent, even at that early age. His mother did not, however, overrate this boyish success, as stamping him a prodigy, but regarded it only as a motive for giving him a thorough artistic education. He went, accordingly, to Paris, and entered the *atelier* of Guérin, the teacher then most in vogue.

It was in the latter days of the Empire that Ary Scheffer commenced his studies,—a period of great stagnation in Art. The whole force of the popular mind had for many years been turned to politics and war; and if French Art had striven to emancipate itself from slavish dependence on the Greek, it still clung to the Roman models, which are far less inspiring. "The autocrat David, with his correct, but soulless compositions, was more absolute than his master, the Emperor." Only in the Saloon of 1819 did the Revolution, which had already affected every other department of thought and life, reach the *ateliers*. It commenced in that of Guérin. The very weakness of the master, who himself halted between two opinions, left the pupils in freedom to pursue their own course. Scheffer did not esteem this a fortunate circumstance for himself. His own nature was too strong and living to be crushed by a severe master or exact study, and he felt the want of that thorough early training which would have saved him much struggle in after life. He used to speak of Ingres as such a teacher as he would have chosen for himself. From the pupil of David, the admirer of Michel Angelo, the conservator of the sacred traditions of Art, the student might learn all the treasured wisdom of antiquity,—while the influences around him, and his own genius, would impel him towards prophesying the hope of the future. His favorite companions of the *atelier* at this time were Eugène Delacroix and Géricault. Delacroix ranks among the greatest living French artists; and if death early closed the brilliant career of Géricault, it has not yet shrouded his name in oblivion. The trio made their first appearance together in the Saloon of 1819. Géricault sent his "Wreck of the Medusa," Delacroix "The Barque of Dante," and Ary Scheffer "The Citizens of Calais."[1]

The works of these friends may be considered as the commencement of the modern French school of Art, still so little known, and so ill appreciated by us, but which is really an expression of the new ideas of Art and Humanity which have agitated France to its centre for half a century. Their hour

[1] This picture is now in the Louvre. It is a composition of great dramatic power. Mrs. Stowe gives a graphic description of the effect it produced upon her, in her "Sunny Memories of Sunny Lands."

of triumph has not yet come; but as the poet sings most touchingly of his love, neither when he rejoices in its happy consummation, nor in the hour of utter despair, but when doubt still tempers hope,—so does the artist labor with prophetic zeal to express those sentiments of humanity and brotherhood which are not yet organized into institutions. A careless eye might have perceived little departure from the old models in these pictures, but a keener one would have already discovered that Scheffer and his friends worked with a different aim from that of their predecessors. Not merely to paint a well-composed picture on a classical theme, but to give expression to thought and feeling, was now the object. "The Wreck of the Medusa" of Géricault is full of earnest, if niggling life. Delacroix has followed his own bent with such independent zeal as has made him the object of intense admiration to some, of bitter hatred to others. But Ary Scheffer has taken his rank at the head of the Spiritualist school, and has awakened a wider love and obtained a fuller appreciation than either of them. The spirit which found in them its first expression is continually increasing in power, and developing into richer life. The living artists of France are the exponents of her genuine Christian democracy.

"The entire collection of Rosa Bonheur's works," says a French writer, "might be called the Hymn to Labor. Here she shows us the ploughing, there the reaping, farther on the gathering in of the hay, then of the harvests, elsewhere the vintage,—always and everywhere labor." Edouard Frère, in his scenes from humble life, which the skilful lithographer places within the means of all, represents the incidents of domestic existence among the poor. "The Prayer at the Mother's Knee," "The Woman at her Ironing Table," "The Child shelling Peas," "The Walk to School amid Rain and Sleet," are all charming idyls of every-day life. With yet greater skill and deeper pathos does the peasant Millet tell the story of his neighbors. The washerwomen, as the sun sets upon their labors, and they go wearily homeward; the digger, at his lonely task, who can pause but an instant to wipe the sweat from his brow; the sewing-women bending over their work, while every nerve and muscle are strained by the unremitting toil; the girl tending her geese; the woman her cows:—such are the subjects of his masterly pencil. Do not all these facts point to the realization of Christian democracy? If the king is now but the servant of the people, so the artist who is royal in the kingdom of the mind finds his true glory in serving humanity. What a change from the classic subjects or monkish legends which occupied the pencils of David and his greater predecessors, Le Sueur and Poussin!

And yet those students of the antique have done French Art good service; they have furnished it with admirable tools, so that to them we are indebted for the thorough drawing, the masterly knowledge, which render Paris the great school for all beginners in Art. Such men as we have named do not scorn the past, but use it in the service of the present. While Scheffer always subordinated the material part of Art to its expression, he was never afraid of knowing too much, but often regretted the loss of valuable time in youth from incompetent instruction.

Encouraged by the success of his first essay, Scheffer continued to paint a series of small pictures, representing simple and affecting scenes from common life, some of which are familiar to all. "The Soldier's Widow," "The Conscript's Return," "The Orphans at their Mother's Tomb," "The Sister of Charity," "The Fishermen before a Storm," "The Burning of the Farm," and "The Scene of the Invasion in 1814," are titles which give an idea of the range of his subjects and the tenor of his thoughts at this time. The French have long excelled in the art of composition. It is this quality which gives the greatest value to the works of Le Sueur and Poussin. Scheffer possessed this power in a remarkable degree, but it was united to a directness and truth of feeling which made his art the perfection of natural expression. A very charming little engraving, entitled "The Lost Children," which appeared in "The Token" for 1830, is probably from a picture of this period. A little boy and girl are lost in a wood. Wearied with their fruitless attempts to find a path, the boy has at length sunk down upon a log and buried his face in his hands; while the little girl, still patient, still hopeful, stands, with folded hands, looking earnestly into the wood, with a sweet, sad look of anxiety, but not of despair. The contrast in the expression of the two figures is very touching and very true to Nature;—the boy was hopeful so long as his own exertions offered a chance of escape, but the courage of the

girl appears when earthly hope is most dim and faint. The sweet unconsciousness of this early picture has hardly been surpassed by any subsequent work. "Naturalness and the charm of composition," says a French critic, "are the secrets of Scheffer's success in these early pictures, to which may be added a third,—the distinction of the type of his faces, and especially of his female heads,—a kind of suave and melancholy ideal, which gave so new a stamp to his works."

These small pictures were very successful in winning popular favor; but this success, far from intoxicating the young artist, only opened his eyes to his own faults. He applied himself diligently to repairing the deficiencies which he recognized in his work, by severe studies and labors. He knew the danger of working too long on small-sized pictures, in which faults may be so easily hidden. About the year 1826 he turned resolutely from his "pretty jewels," as he called them, and commenced his "Femmes Suliotes," on a large canvas, with figures the size of life. M. Vitet describes the appearance of the canvas when Scheffer had already spent eight days "in the fire of his first thought." It seemed to him rather like a vision than a picture, as he saw the dim outlines of those heroic women, who cast themselves from the rock to escape slavery by death. He confesses that the finished picture never moved him as did the sketch. Three years earlier Scheffer had sent to the Saloon of 1824, in company with three or four small pictures, a large picture of Gaston de Foix after the Battle of Ravenna. It was a sombre picture, painted with that lavish use of pigment and that unrestrained freedom which distinguished the innovators of that day. The new school were in raptures, and claimed Scheffer as belonging to them. The public judged less favorably; "they admired the noble head of Gaston de Foix, but, uninterested in the remainder of the picture, they turned off to look at 'The Soldier's Widow.'" Scheffer did not listen to his flatterers; but, remembering Michel Angelo's words to the young sculptor, "The light of the public square will test its value," he believed in the verdict of the people, and never again painted in the same manner. It was one of his peculiar merits, that, although open to conviction, and ready to try a new path which seemed to offer itself, he was also ready to turn from it when he found it leading him astray. "Les Femmes Suliotes" did not seem to have been designed by the same hand or with the same pencil as the "Gaston de Foix." The first sketch was particularly pleasing,—already clear and harmonious in color, although rather low in tone. Many counselled him to leave the picture, thus. "No," said Scheffer, "I did not take a large canvas merely to increase the size of my figures and to paint large in water-colors, but to give greater truth and thoroughness to my forms." In 1827 this picture was exhibited with ample success, and the critics were forced to acknowledge the great improvement in his style, although he had not entirely escaped from the influence of his companions, and some violent contrasts of color mar the general effect. The picture is now in the Luxembourg Gallery.

M. Vitet divides Scheffer's artistic life into three portions: that in which he painted subjects from simple life; that devoted to poetic subjects; and the last, or distinctively religious period. These divisions cannot, of course, be very sharply drawn, but may help us to understand the progress of his mind; and "Les Femmes Suliotes" will mark the transition from the first to the second period. Turning from the simple scenes of domestic sorrow, he now sought inspiration in literature. The vigorous and hearty Northern Muse especially won his favor; yet the greatest Italian poet was also his earnest study. Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Dante, all furnished subjects for his pencil. The story of Faust and Margaret took such hold of his imagination that it pursued him for nearly thirty years. Their forms appeared before him in new attitudes and situations almost to his last hour, so that, in the midst of his labors on religious pictures, he seized his pencils to paint yet another Faust, another Margaret. Nor can we wonder at this absorbing interest, when we reflect on the profound significance and touching pathos of this theme, which may wear a hundred faces, and touch every chord of the human heart. It is intellect and passion, in contrast with innocence and faith; it is natural and spontaneous love, thwarted by convention and circumstance; it is condemnation before men, and forgiveness before God; it is the ideal and the worldly; it is an epitome of human life,—love, joy, sorrow, sin,—birth, life, death, and the sure hope of resurrection. How pregnant with expression was it to a mind like Scheffer's, where

the intellectual, the affectional, and the spiritual natures were so nicely blended! He first painted "Margaret at her Wheel," in 1831,—accompanied by a "Faust tormented by Doubt." These were two simple heads, each by itself, like a portrait, but with all the fine perception of character which constitutes an ideal work. Next he painted "Margaret at Church." Here other figures fill up the canvas; but the touching expression of the young girl, whose soul is just beginning to be torn by the yet new joy of her love and the bitter consciousness of her lost innocence, fills the mind of the spectator. This is the most inspired and the most touching of all the pictures; it strikes the key-note of the whole story; it is the meeting of the young girl's own ideal world of pure thought with the outward world. The sense of guilt comes from the reflection in the thoughts of those about her; and where all before was peace and love, now come discord and agony;—she has eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and is already cast out of her paradise. "Margaret on the Sabbath," "Margaret going out of Church," and "Margaret walking in the Garden," are all charming idyls, but have less expression. The last picture, painted just before Scheffer's death, and soon to be engraved, represents "Margaret at the Fountain." "It is full of expression, and paints the joy and pain of love still struggling in the young girl's heart, while conscience begins to make its chiding voice heard."

The "Mignons" are the best known of all Scheffer's works of this period. The youngest one, "Mignon regrettant sa Patrie," is the most satisfactory in its simple, unconscious expression. The wonderful child stands in the most natural attitude, absorbed in her own thought, and struggling to recall those dim memories, floating in beauty before her mind, which seem almost to belong to a previous state of existence. There is less of the weird and fantastic than Goethe has given to her,—but the central, deep nature is beautifully reproduced. "Mignon aspirant au Ciel," although full of spiritual beauty, is a little more constrained; the longing after her heavenly home is less naturally expressed than her childish regret; the pose is a little mannered; and the feeling is more conscious, but less deep. "Mignon with the Old Harper" is far less interesting; the old man's head does not express that mixture of inspiration and insanity, the result of a life of love, misery, and wrong, which Goethe has portrayed in this strange character.

A very different picture, painted at this period, is peculiarly interesting to us as our first acquaintance among Scheffer's works. An excellent copy or duplicate of it belongs to the Boston Athenæum. The original is in the Luxembourg at Paris. The subject is taken from Schiller's ballad of "Count Eberhard." After the victory in which his son has fallen, though the old Count has said to those who would have paused to mourn his death, "My son is like another man; on, comrades, to the foe!"—yet now he sits alone in his tent and looks upon the dead body of his child. The silent grief of the stern old man is very touching. This sorrow, so contrary to Nature, when old age stands by the grave of youth, always moves the deepest feeling; and Scheffer, in the noble old man and the brave and beautiful boy before him, has given it its simplest and most appropriate expression. This picture was painted in 1834. At that period Scheffer was engaged in some experiments in color, and this sad subject led him to employ the dark tints of Rembrandt. In 1850 he painted a duplicate of it, lighter and more agreeable in tone. He painted "The Giaour" and "Medora," from Byron, which pictures we have never seen. The wayward and morbid Muse of the English Lord does not seem to us a fit inspiration for the pure pencil of Scheffer.

The well-known composition of "Francesca da Rimini" may well conclude our brief notice of the pictures of this second epoch. M. Vitet regards it as the most harmonious and complete of all his works; but we think it has taken less hold on the popular heart than the "Mignons" and "Margaret." Yet it is a work of great skill and beauty. The difficult theme is managed with that moderation and good taste which recognize the true limits of the art. The crowd of spirits which Dante so powerfully describes as driven by the wind without rest are only dimly seen in the background. The horrors of hell are shown only in the anguish of those faces, in the despairing languor of the attitude, which not even mutual love can lighten. The love which made them one in guilt, one in condemnation, is

stronger than death, stronger than hell; but it cannot bring peace and joy to these souls shut out from heaven and God.

" Se fosse amico il Re dell' universo,
Noi pregheremmo."

But even prayer is denied to him who feels that he has not God for a friend. There is no mark of physical torture; it is pure spiritual suffering,—restless, aimless weariness,—the loss of hope; it is death,—and love demands life. How strangely appropriate is this punishment of spirits driven hither and thither by the winds, with no hope of rest, to those who reject the firm anchorage of duty and principle, and allow themselves to float at the mercy of their impulses and passions! The overpowering compassion and sympathy of the poets is shown in their earnest faces. Neither here, nor in the well-known "Dante and Beatrice," which is too familiar to need description, does Scheffer quite do justice to our ideal of the sublime poet of Heaven and Hell; but neither do the portraits which remain of him. The picture was first exhibited in 1835. As it had suffered very much in 1850, Scheffer painted a repetition of it, with a few slight alterations, in which, however, his progress in his art during twenty years was very evident. This copy is very far superior to the engraving.

About this period Scheffer seems to have wandered a little from the true mission of Art, and to have esteemed it her province to represent abstract theological truths. His religious feeling seems to have become morbid, and his natural melancholy intensified. The death of his wife, and consequent loneliness, may have given this ascetic tinge to his feelings. But we must acknowledge, if it were so, that the sorrow which oppressed did not embitter his heart, and that a brave and humane spirit appears even in those works which have the least artistic merit to recommend them. The "Christus Consolator" is the best known of this class of pictures. It is cold, abstract, and inharmonious; but its religious spirit and the beautiful truth which it expresses have won for it a welcome which it seems hardly to merit. Yet it has touching beauty in the separate figures. The woman who leans so trustingly on her Saviour's arm has a very high and holy face, whose type we recognize in more than one of his pictures; and the mother and her dead child form a very touching group. But the various persons are not connected by any common story or mutual relation, and we feel a want of unity in the whole work. Perhaps the strongest tribute to its power of expression is the story, that religious publishers found it necessary to blot out the figure of the slave who takes his place among the recipients of Christ's blessing, in order to fit their reprint for a Southern market. As a companion to it, he painted the "Christus Remunerator," which is less interesting. To this same class of pictures we should probably refer "The Lamentations of Earth to Heaven," which we have never seen, but which is thus described by M. Anatole de la Lorge:—

"There are also treasures of disappointed pleasure and of bitterness in this picture of 'The Lamentations of Earth to Heaven,'—dim symbol of human suffering. How does one, in the presence of this poem, feel filled with the spirit of St. Augustine, the nothingness of what we call joy, happiness, glory, here below,—delights of a moment, which at most only aid us to traverse in a dream this valley of tears! Certain pages of 'The City of God,' funeral prayers of Bossuet, can alone serve us for a comparison, in order to express the effect produced upon those who have visited this *chef d'oeuvre* in Ary Scheffer's *atelier*. Before producing it, the artist must have thought long, suffered long; for each stroke of the pencil seems to hide a grief, each figure speaks to you in passing, and utters a complaint, a sigh, a prayer,—sad echoes of the despair of life! The religious tendency of the thinker is here fully shown; his poetic sympathy, his aspirations, his dreams, have found a free course. We must mark, also, with what freedom his lamentations spring from the ground, to carry even to the feet of the Creator the overwhelming weight of earthly woe. Ary Scheffer's picture is like the epitaph destined some day for the obsequies of the world; it breathes of death, and has the sombre harmony of the Miserere. And nevertheless,—a strange thing!—this dreaming painter, who seizes and afflicts

us, is the same man who at the same time reassures and consoles us,—without doubt, because by dint of spiritualizing our thoughts he raises them above our sufferings, by showing the consoling light of eternity to those whom he would sever from the deceitful joys of earth."

If the picture be not overcolored by the critic's eye, we must believe this to be the culmination of the morbidly spiritualistic tendency which we meet in Scheffer's works. Yet it never exists unrelieved by redeeming qualities. Many will remember the original picture of the "Dead Christ," which was exhibited here by an Art Union about ten years ago. The engraving gives but a faint idea of the touching expression of the whole group. The deathly pallor of the corpse was in strange harmony with the face of the mother which bent over it, her whole being dissolved in grief and love. No picture of this scene recalls to us more fully the simple account in the Gospels. The cold, wan color of the whole scene seems like that gray pall which a public grief will draw across the sky, even when the meridian sun is shining in its glory. We have seen such days even in Boston. No wonder that darkness covered the land to the believing disciples even until the ninth hour.

His "St. Monica," which appeared in 1846, met with great success. "Ruth and Naomi" is yet unknown to us, but it seems to be a subject specially adapted to his powers. Of those works which he produced within the last twelve years, very few are yet engraved. When thus placed before the public, we believe the popular estimate of Scheffer will be raised even higher than at present.

His pictures of Christ are of very superior merit. His representation of the person of Jesus was not formal and conventional, but fresh in expression and feeling, and full of touching pathos and sentiment. He has neither the youthful beauty with which the Italians represent him, nor the worn and wasted features which the early Germans often gave him, but a thoughtful, earnest, tender beauty. The predominant expression is the love and tenderness born of suffering. Three of his finest representations of the life of Jesus of Nazareth are, "The Christ weeping over Jerusalem," the "Ecce Homo," and "The Temptation." The last is as original in design and composition; it is noble in expression. The two figures stand on the summit of a mountain, and the calm, still air around them gives a wonderful sense of height and solitude. You almost feel the frost of the high, rare atmosphere. Satan is a very powerful figure,—not the vulgar devil, but the determined will, the unsanctified power. The figure of Christ is simple and expressive,—even the flow of the drapery being full of significance and beauty. Another composition of great beauty represents a group of souls rising from earth, and soaring upwards to heaven. The highest ones are already rejoicing in the heavenly light, while those below seem scarcely awakened from the sleep of death. The whole picture is full of aspiration; everything seems mounting upwards.

Scheffer also painted a few pictures which can hardly be called his own. Such are "The Battle of Tolbiac," and "Charlemagne dictating his Statutes." These were painted by the command of Louis Philippe, who was his constant friend and patron. The young princes were his pupils; and Scheffer was careful to form them to better taste than that of the citizen monarch who has lined Versailles with poor pictures. For the King he painted "The Battle of Tolbiac," and we can only regret the time which was thus wasted; *but for his pupils* he designed "Francesca da Rimini" and the "Mignons."

A few masterly portraits by Scheffer's hand indicate his power of reproducing individual character. Among these we may name that of his mother, which is said to be his finest work,—one of the Queen,—a picture of Lamennais,—and another of Emilia Manin, to which we shall again refer. He occasionally modelled a bust, and sometimes engaged in literary labor, contributing some valuable articles on Art to "La Revue Française."

It would be impossible for us to analyze or even enumerate all of Scheffer's works. They are scattered throughout France and Holland, and a few have found their way to this country. Most of the engravings from his pictures are too well known to require description; and we feel that we have said enough to justify our placing Scheffer in the high rank which we claim for him. Engravings give us a juster idea of the French than of the Dutch or Italian artists; for their merit is rather in design and composition than in color. We agree with M. Vitet, that color need not be a prominent excellence in

a work of high spiritual beauty, and that it should always be toned to a complete harmony with the prevailing feeling of the picture. In this aspect we look upon the cold color of the "Dead Christ" as hardly a defect; it is in keeping with the sad solemnity of the scene. But if color should not be so brilliant as to overpower the expression of form and sentiment, still less should it be so inharmonious as to distract the mind from it, as is sometimes the case with Scheffer. The "Dante and Beatrice" is a familiar instance. We can see no reason why Beatrice should be dressed in disagreeable pink, and Dante in brick-red. Surely, such color is neither agreeable to the eye nor harmonious with the expression of the scene. This defect in color has led many to prefer the engravings to Scheffer's original pictures; but no copy can quite reproduce the nice touches of thought and feeling given by the master's hand. Color is supposed by many to belong mainly to the representation of physical beauty; but has not Allston proved to us that the most subtile and delicate harmonies of color may be united with ethereal grace and spiritual beauty? Compare his "Beatrice" with that of Scheffer. But, in truth, the whole spiritual relation of color is yet but dimly understood; and there are, perhaps, influences in the climate and organization of the French nation which have rendered them inferior in this department of Art. Allowing this deduction—a great one, certainly,—still, if the expression of the highest thoughts in the most beautiful forms be the true aim of Art, Scheffer must rank among the very first painters of his age. Delaroche may surpass him in strength and vigor of conception, and in thorough modelling and execution; but Scheffer has taken a deeper hold of the feelings, and has risen into a higher spiritual region.

It has been reproachfully said that Scheffer is the painter for pretty women, for poets, and for lovers. The reproach is also a eulogium, since he must thus meet the demand of the human soul in its highest and finest development. Others have accused him of morbid sensibility. There is reason for the charge. He has not the full, round, healthy, development which belongs to the perfect type of Art. Compare the "St. Cecilia" of Scheffer—this single figure, with such womanly depth of feeling, such lofty inspiration, yet so sad—with the joyous and almost girlish grace of Raphael's representation of the same subject, and we feel at once the height and the limitation of Scheffer's genius. There is always pathos, always suffering; we cannot recall a single subject, unless it be the group of rising spirits, in which struggle and sorrow do not form the key-note.

" In all your music, one pathetic minor
Your ears shall cross;
And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,
With sense of loss."

This is one view of human life, but it is a transitional and imperfect one,—neither that of the first healthy unconsciousness of childhood, nor of the full consciousness of a soul which has risen to that height of divine wisdom which feels the meaning of all suffering, of all life. The music of Beethoven expresses the struggle, the contest, the sufferings of humanity, as Art has never done before; but it always contains an eternal prophecy, rather than a mournful regret,—and in the last triumphant symphony it swells onward and upward, until at last it bursts forth in all the freedom and gush of song, and its theme is "The Hymn to Joy." How much the fatherless home of Scheffer's childhood, how much his own desolated life, when his beloved companion was so early taken from his side, may have had to do with this melancholy cast of thought, or how far it belonged to his delicate physical constitution, we are not prepared to say. It becomes less prominent in his later compositions, "as faith became stronger and sight clearer"; and perhaps in those pictures yet unknown to us we may find still brighter omens of the new life of rest and joy into which he has entered.

If we turn from Scheffer's works to his life, our task is no less grateful and pleasing. The admiration and affection which his countrymen express for his character surpass even what they feel for his works. He was a noble, generous, active, benevolent friend of humanity. He gave freely to

all who were in need, counsel, money, advice, personal care, and love. Young artists found him ever ready to help them. "He gave them," says M. Vitet, "home, *atelier*, material, sympathy,—whatever they needed." Another writer, M. Anatole de la Lorge, said of him, while yet living,—"Ary Scheffer has the rare good luck not to be exclusive. His heart can pity every suffering as fully as his pencil can portray it. A faithful and intimate friend of a now fallen dynasty, (that of Orléans,) proud, even distrustful towards men in power, indifferent to their opinion, inaccessible to their offers, Ary Scheffer, in his original individuality, is one of the most independent and most honorable political men of our country. His studio is the rendezvous of all opinions, provided they are honest,—of all religions, provided they are sincere. There each one is received, not according to the habit which he wears, as the ancient proverb says, but according to the mind (*esprit*) which he has shown. We say mind, but it is heart that we should say; for Ary Scheffer seems to us to estimate the latter more highly than the former. His whole life proves it." Always an ardent friend of liberty, he was also a lover of law and order, and he rendered good service in their preservation in the capital during the Revolution of 1848, for which, he received honorable distinction.

The same writer quoted above gives an interesting description of his meeting with Ary Scheffer in the sick-room and by the death-bed of an Italian refugee, Emilia Manin. A young Venetian girl, full of devotion to her country and her proscribed father, she supported her exile with all a woman's courage, buoyed up by the hope of returning to her country, redeemed from its misery. She is described as possessing extraordinary powers of mind and great beauty of person. There were no questions, however sublime or abstract, which she did not treat with a surprising depth and sagacity. "Her speech, ordinarily timid and feeble, became emphatic and stirring; her great, dreamy eyes suddenly acquired unequalled energy; she spoke of the misfortunes of her country in terms so moving as to draw tears from our eyes." But the body which contained this burning soul was very frail, "and the poor Emilia, the silent martyr, turned her head upon her pillow, and took her first hour of repose. When no longer able to speak, she had traced with a trembling hand on a paper these last words,—'Oh, Venice! I shall never see thee more!' She yet retained the position in which she drew her last breath, when Ary Scheffer came, as Tintoret formerly came to the bedside of his daughter, to retrace, with a hand unsteady through emotion, the features of Emilia Manin. This holy image, snatched by genius from death, is one of the most admirable works we have ever seen. She lies there, extended and cold, —the poor child!—in that peace unknown to the life which she had lived in the body. It is, indeed, the intelligent brow from which the inspiration of her soul seemed to speak. It is the delicate mouth and the pale lips, which, never uttering a murmur, betrayed the celestial goodness of her heart. In truth, it would have been difficult to hide our emotion, in recognizing—thanks to the pure devotion of the painter—the touching features of this innocent victim, whom we had known, loved, and venerated during her life. Some hours later, we again found Ary Scheffer sustaining with us the tottering steps of Manin upon the freshly removed earth which was soon to cover the coffin of his child."

By the same loving and faithful hand were traced the features of the Abbé de Lamennais, a name so dear to those who live in the hope of new progress and liberty for humanity. "At the moment," says M. de la Lorge, "when death was yet tearing this great genius from the earth, the pencil of the artist restored him, in some sense alive, in the midst of us all, his friends, his disciples, his admirers. Hereafter, thanks to the indefatigable devotion of Ary Scheffer, we shall be permitted to see again the meagre visage, the burning eyes, the sad and energetic features of the Breton Apostle."

Into the domestic life of Scheffer it is not at present our privilege to enter. Some near friend—the brother, the daughter, the wife—may, perhaps, hereafter, lift the veil from the sacred spot, and reveal him to us in those relations which most deeply affect and most truly express a man's inmost nature. We close this notice with some slight sketch of his life in the *atelier*.

None could enter this room without a feeling of reverence and sacredness. In the failing light of a November afternoon, all was subdued to a quiet and religious tone. Large and commodious in size, it was filled with objects of the deepest interest. Nothing was in disorder; there was no smoke,

no unnecessary litter; yet everywhere little sketches or hints of pictures were perceptible among the casts, which one longed to bring forth into the light. A few portraits especially dear to him—best of all, that of his mother—were on the walls; a few casts of the finest statues—among others, that of the Venus de Milo—around the room. His last copy of the "Francesca da Rimini," and the original picture of "The Three Marys," and the yet unfinished "Temptation on the Mount," were all there. On the easel stood the picture of the "Group of Spirits ascending to Heaven." Such was the aspect of this celebrated *atelier*, as we saw it in 1854. But "the greatest thing in the room was the master of it." Ary Scheffer was then about sixty years of age, but was still healthy and fresh in appearance. His face was rather German than French, and bore the stamp of purity and goodness in every line; but the eyes especially had the fire of genius tempered by gentleness and love. It was a face which satisfied you at once, answering to all you could ask of the painter of "Mignon," and the "Christus Consolator." His manner was quiet and reserved, but courteous. Unconscious modesty was the peculiar charm of his appearance. One of our party said that he reminded him strongly of Allston. It was a reverend presence, which forbade common topics, and strangers thus meeting had few words to say. As we turned away, we knew that we should never meet again on earth; but we had gained a new life, and we had beheld, as it were, the face of an angel.

Two American artists stood with us in that room: one a fair young girl, whose purity of soul was mirrored in her beautiful face, who had gone to Paris to continue her studies in an art which she loved as she did her life; the other, a man of mature age, whose high and reverent genius has always met with a loving and faithful appreciation among his countrymen, which does them as much honor as it did him. The young girl lay down to die amid her labors, and her frail body rests amid the flowers and trees of Montmartre; the grown man came home but to bid farewell to home, friends, and life; the great artist whom we met to honor has gone home too. A threefold halo of sanctity rests on that room to us.

To those who shared the privilege of Scheffer's friendship this room was endeared by hours of the richest social enjoyment. His liberal hospitality welcomed all ranks and all classes. It is related that Louis Philippe once sat waiting for him in the *atelier*, and answered a knock at the door. The visitor was delivering his messages to him, when the artist returned, and was somewhat surprised to find his royal friend playing the part of *concierge*. "It was not rare to meet in this *atelier* the great men of finance, who counted themselves among his most passionate admirers." Here was conversation, not without gayety, but without loud laughter or revelry. Scheffer was very fond of music of the highest order. He was a generous patron of musicians, and loved to listen to music while he was engaged in painting. His friends sometimes held an extemporaneous concert in his room, without preparation, programme, or audience. Think of listening to an *andante* of Mozart's, played in that room! "Music doubled her power, and painting seemed illuminated." Beethoven was his favorite composer; his lofty genius harmonized with, and satisfied the longings of, Scheffer's aspiring nature.

Ary Scheffer was a personal friend of the Orléans family. He was, however, an ardent lover of liberty; and his hospitalities were free to all shades of opinion. He did not forsake this family when their star went down. Hearing of the death of Hélène, the Duchess of Orléans, he hastened to England, to pay a last tribute of love and respect to her memory. The English climate had always been ungenial to him. He took a severe cold, which proved fatal in its results. He died soon after his return to Paris, on the 16th of June, 1858. Sadly as the news of his death struck upon our hearts, it seemed no great change for him to die. So pure and holy was his life, so spiritual his whole nature, so lofty his aspirations, that it seemed as if

" He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room to another."

Ary Scheffer was twice married. His first wife died early. Many years after her death he again married,—very happily, as we have heard. He leaves behind him one daughter, who is also an artist. Under her loving care, we trust every relic of his artistic labors and every trait of his personal life will be faithfully preserved.

Both his brothers lived to middle age. One, of whom we know little but that M. Vitet calls him "a distinguished man," died in 1855. The only surviving brother, Henri, is also a painter, of considerable reputation. He is a thorough and accomplished draughtsman, and a superior teacher. His *atelier* is one of the few in Paris which are open to women, and several American ladies have enjoyed its advantages.

We have spoken of Scheffer's love for his native country. By his will he bequeathed to his native town of Dordrecht "the portrait of Sir J. Reynolds, by Scheffer; a dog lying down, life-size, by the same; a copy of the picture of the 'Christus Remunerator,' on pasteboard, of the size of the original in England; a copy of the 'Christus Consolator,'—both by himself: also, his own statue, in plaster; his own bust, by his daughter; and the Virgin and Infant Jesus, by himself." The town of Dordrecht proposes to erect a statue in commemoration of the fame of the great artist.

It is too early to assign to Ary Scheffer the rank which he will finally occupy in the new era of French Art which is coeval with his labors. He will always stand as the companion of Ingres and Delaroche and Géricault; and if his successors surpass him even in his own path, they will owe much to him who helped to open the way. He lived through times of trouble, when a man's faith in humanity might well be shaken, yet he remained no less a believer in and lover of mankind. Brighter days for France may lead her artists to a healthier and freer development; but they can never be more single-hearted, true, and loving than Ary Scheffer.

A Visit to Martha's Vineyard

We have all, in our days of atlases and "the use of the globes," been made aware of the fact, that off the southern shore of Massachusetts lies a long and narrow island, called Martha's Vineyard, one of the many defences thrown out by the beleaguered New England coast against its untiring foe, the Atlantic.

But how many are those who know more than this? How many have visited it, inquired into its traditions, classified its curiosities, mineral, saline, and human? How many have seen Gay Head and the Gay-Head Indians? Not many, truly; and yet the island is well worth a visit, and will repay the tourist better for his time and labor than any jaded, glaring, seaside watering-place, with its barrack of white hotel, and its crowd of idle people.

In the first place, the delicious suggestiveness of the name,—Martha's Vineyard! At once we ask, Who was Martha? and how did she use her vineyard? Was she the thrifty wife of some old Puritan proprietor of untamed acres?—and did she fancy the wild grapes of this little island, fuller of flavor, and sweeter for the manufacture of her jellies and home-made wine, than those which grew elsewhere?—and did she come in the vintage season, with her children and her friends, to gather in the rich purple clusters, bearing them back as did the Israelitish spies, to show the fatness of the promised land?

It was one of the fairest days of the Indian summer, when Caleb, Mysie, and the Baron (a young gentleman four years old) set gayly forth to explore this new and almost unknown region.

The first stage of their journey was New Bedford; and at the neat and quiet hotel where they spent the night, Caleb ascertained that the steamer "Eagle's Wing" would leave its wharf, bound to the Vineyard.

Pending this event, the trio wandered about the quiet wharves, inspecting the shipping, and saturating themselves with nautical odors and information. They discovered that whaleships are not the leviathans of the deep which Mysie had supposed them, being very rarely of a thousand tons, and averaging five hundred. They were informed that whaling has ceased to be a profitable occupation to any but the officers of the ships, the owners frequently making only enough to repay their outlay from a voyage which has brought the captain and first mate several thousand dollars each.

Every member of a whaleship's crew, from the captain down to the cabin-boy, is paid, not fixed wages, but a "lay," or share of the profits of the voyage. Formerly, these "lays" were so graduated, that the chief advantage of the expedition was to the owners; but, of late years, matters have altered, so that now it is not uncommon for the captain to receive a twelfth, tenth, or even eighth of the entire profit, and the other officers in proportion.

The attention of our travellers was now directed to numerous squares and plateaus of great black objects buried in seaweed; these, they were informed, were casks of oil, stored in this manner instead of in warehouses, as less liable to leakage.

It was also asserted, as a fact, that the sperm whale, alarmed at the untiring rigor of his assailants, has almost disappeared from the navigable waters, retreating to the fastnesses of the Frozen Ocean, where he is still pursued, although at the greatest peril, by the dauntless New Bedford, Nantucket, and Vineyard whalemen, who, as the narrator proudly stated, have, time and again, come out unscathed from the perils under which Franklin and his crew succumbed. Many a man now walks the streets of these seaports who has conversed with the Esquimaux last in company with that ill-fated crew.

Full-fed with maritime and oleaginous lore, our travellers at last embarked upon the "Eagle's Wing," bound down the Vineyard Sound. As the steamer gained its offing, the view of New Bedford was very picturesque, reminding one of Boston seated at the head of her beautiful bay. The passage through the islands, though not long, is intricate, requiring skilful pilotage; and as the boat passed through the channel called Wood's Hole, certain feeble-minded sisters were positive that all on

board were bound to immediate destruction; and, in truth, the reefs, between which the channel lies, approach too closely to leave much room for steering. The perils of the vasty deep, however, were finally surmounted, and the steamer made fast to its wharf at Holmes's Hole, one of the two principal ports of Martha's Vineyard.

Our trio disembarked, and found themselves at once the subjects of fierce contention to no less than three aspirants for the honor of conveying them and their luggage to their point of destination. One of these, called Dave, was a grave, saturnine Yankee, his hands in the pockets of his black trousers, his costume further exhibiting the national livery of black dress coat, black satin waistcoat and necktie, cow-hide boots, and stiff, shiny hat, very much upon the back of his head. The languid and independent offers of this individual were, however, quite drowned by the flood of vociferous overtures from his two rivals,—an original youth, about eighteen years old, and a man, or rather mannikin, who, judging by his face, might be in his fiftieth, and, by his back, in his tenth year.

Mannikin first succeeded in gaining the attention of Caleb,—the efforts of Mysie, meanwhile, barely sufficing to restrain the Baron from plunging over the side of the wharf, in his anxiety to witness the departure of the steamboat. Mannikin, asserting earnestly that he had a "good conveyance" close at hand, danced around the group with vehement gesticulations, intended to strike despair into the souls of his two adversaries, who, nevertheless, retained their ground,—Dave lounging in the middle distance, a grim smile of derision upon his face, and Youth dodging in with loud offers of service, wherever Mannikin left a point undefended.

Caleb, at last, demanding to see the "good conveyance," was led away to the head of the wharf, when Youth at once seized the opportunity to rush in, and breathlessly inquire of Mysie,—

"Wher' ye goin', Ma'am? Wher' ye want to be kerried?"

"We are going to Gay-Head Light-house; but my"—

"Ga'ed Light? I kin kerry ye there fust-rate, and cheap too;—kerry ye there for two dollars!"

"My husband has already spoken"—

"Wat! t' ole Ransom? Wy, he a'n't got nothin' but a weelbarry." And Caleb, returning at the same moment with a somewhat perplexed air, corroborated this statement by saying,—

"This man has no carriage, but will get us one in a short time."

"But this boy," retorted Mysie, "says he has a carriage, and will carry us to Gay Head for two dollars."

"You hear that, ole feller?—they're a-goin' with me!" crowed triumphant Youth at disconcerted Mannikin, who nevertheless rapidly proceeded to pile the luggage upon his barrow and trundle it away.

This *coup d'état* was checked by Caleb, but afterward allowed, upon discovering that Youth's carriage was still reposing in his father's stable, "jist up here"; and Mannikin was consoled by being allowed to earn a quarter of a dollar by transporting the luggage to that destination. The procession at once set forth, including Dave, who strolled in the rear, softly whistling, and apparently totally unconcerned, yet all the while alive with feline watchfulness.

Arrived at the stable, the travellers were requested to wait there while Youth went to find his father and "borry a wip."

At these last words, a "subtle smile, foreboding triumph," broke over Dave's composed features, as he muttered,—

"Reckin you'll need one 'fore you reach Ga'ed Light."

The coast clear, Dave became a little more communicative, expatiated upon the dangers and discomforts of the road, the incapacity of Youth's horse, and the improbability that his father would ratify the bargain, concluding by offering to "do the job himself in good shape for four dollars," which offer was held in abeyance until we should learn the result of Youth's interview with his father.

In the mean time, a matron suddenly made her appearance in the barn, with a hospitable entreaty that "the woman and child" would come up to the house and warm themselves; and Caleb strongly advocating the Idea, Mysie and the Baron proceeded houseward.

About half-way they encountered Paterfamilias, hastening with Youth toward the barn, and to him Matron at once recapitulated the affair, concluding with mentioning the stipulated price. At this Pater turned, with thunderous brow, toward Youth; but Matron interposed, with womanly tact,—

"You can do jest as you like, you know, about lettin' him go; but Dave's in the barn."

"Dave in my barn! Wat in thunder's he doin' there? Yes, go, boy,—go for nothin', if they ask you to, sooner than let that"—

The rest of the sentence was lost in the distance. But Mysie, following her guide to the house, felt quite sure of their conveyance; and, in fact, barely sufficient time elapsed for the hostess to possess herself of the leading facts in her guests' history, before the carriage was announced, and our travellers hastened down the lane, and found there awaiting them the evident model of the Autocrat's "One-Hoss Shay," in its last five years of senility;—to this was attached a quadruped who immediately reminded Mysie of a long-forgotten conundrum.

"What was the first created animal?"

Ans. "Shay-'oss."

Holding him ostentatiously by the head stood Youth, the "borried" whip flourished in his right hand, as he invited his passengers to seat themselves without reference to him.

This being done and the seat pretty thoroughly filled, Youth perched himself upon a bag and valise, which filled the front of the vehicle, and the journey commenced.

That ride! The first mile was not passed before the meaning of Dave's malicious smile, at mention of a whip, became painfully apparent; for never was weapon more perseveringly used, or with so little result, the cunning old beast falling into a jog-trot at the commencement, from which no amount of vociferation or whipping could move him.

"I wouldn't hurry him so much," interposed Mysie, her compassion aroused both for beast and Youth. "I don't like to see a horse whipped so much."

"Oh, you see, Ma'am, he's so used to it, he won't go noways without it; feels kind o' lonesome, I 'xpect. It don't hurt him none, nuther; his skin's got so thick an' tough, that he wouldn't know, if you was to put bilin' tar on him."

"Do you feed your horse on oats, much?" inquired Caleb, gravely, after a long and observant silence.

"No, Sir, we darsn't give him no oats, 'cause he'd be sure to run away; doos sometimes, as it is."

"I don't think you need fear it to-day," replied Caleb, quietly, as he settled himself into the corner, in the vain hope of a nap; but Youth was now loquaciously inclined.

"Reck'n Dave was disappinted," said he, with a chuckle. "He meant to kerry ye himself; but soon's I see him round, I says to myself, says I, 'Ole Chick, you sha'n't come it this time, if I go for nothin'.'"

"Competition is the soul of trade," drowsily murmured Caleb; but as Youth turned to inquire, "Whossay?" the bag upon which he was seated, and upon which, in the enjoyment of his triumph, he had been wriggling somewhat too vivaciously, suddenly gave way, and a pair of snow-white hose came tumbling out. They were at once caught and held admiringly up by Youth, with the ingenuous remark,—

"How wite them looks! An' if you'll blieve it, mine was jest as clean yis'day mornin',—an' now you look at 'em!" To facilitate which inspection, the speaker conscientiously drew up his corduroys, so as fully to display a pair of home-knit socks, which certainly had wofully deteriorated from the condition ascribed to them "yis'day mornin'."

"You see, I went clammin' las' night," pursued Youth; "an' that's death on clo's."

"What's clammin'?" inquired the Baron, changing the subject with unconscious tact, and quite surprised at the admiring kiss bestowed upon him by his mother, while Youth, readjusting his corduroys, replied with astonishment,—

"Clammin'? Wy, clammin's goin' arter clams; didn't ye never eat no clam-chowder?"

"N-o, I don't think I ever did," replied the Baron, reflectively. "Is it like ice-cream?"

"Well, I never eat none o' that, so I dunno," was the reply; and Youth and Child, each regarding the other with wondering pity, relapsed into silence.

Having now passed from the township of Holmes's Hole into Tisbury, the road lay through what would have been an oak forest, except that none of the trees exceeded some four feet in height,—Youth affirming this to be their mature growth, and that no larger ones had grown since the forest was cleared by the original settlers. A few miles more were slowly passed, and Mysie began to look hopefully from every eminence for a sight of the light-house, when she was stunned by the information, that they were then entering Chilmark, and were "'bout half-way."

Caleb, with an exclamation of disgust, leaped from "the shay," and accomplished the remaining ten miles, wrathfully, on foot,—while Mysie, wrapping her feminine patience about her as a mantle, resigned herself to endurance; but Youth, noticing, perhaps, her weary and disconsolate expression, applied himself sedulously to the task of entertaining her; and, as a light and airy way of opening the conversation, inquired,—

"Was you pooty sick aboard the boat?"

"Not at all."

"That's curous! Women 'most alluz is,—'specially wen it's so ruffly as it is to-day. Was bubby sick any?"

"No."

"Wa-al, that's very fortnit, for I don't blieve he'll be sick wen he grows up an' goes walin'. It's pooty tryin', the fust two or three weeks out, ginerally. How young is he a-goin' to begin?"

"I do not think he will ever go to sea."

"Not a-goin' to sea? Wy, his father's a captain, I 'xpect; a'n't he?"

"No."

"Mate, then, a'n't he?"

"He is not a sailor at all."

"Ha'n't never ben to sea?"

"Never."

Oh, the look of wide-mouthed astonishment which took possession of Youth's hitherto vacant features, at thus encountering a strong-looking man, in the prime of life, who had never been to sea, and a healthy, sturdy boy, whose parents did not mean that he ever should! He had no more to say; every faculty was, for at least an hour, devoted to the contemplation of these *lusus naturæ*, thus presented to his vision.

At last, the road, which had long been in a condition of ominous second-childhood, suddenly died a natural death at the foot of a steep hill, where a rail-fence presented itself as a barrier to farther progress. The bars were soon removed by Youth, who triumphantly announced, as Cha-os walked slowly through the opening thus presented,—

"Now we're on Ga'ed, an' I'll run along and take down the next bars, if you kin drive. Git along, Tom,—you ha'n't got nothin' but two feathers ahind you now."

"How far is it to the Light-house?" inquired Mysie, faintly.

"Ony 'bout four mild," was the discouraging reply, as Youth "loped" on in advance.

"Four mild!" and such miles! The only road, a faint track in the grass, now undiscernible in the gathering gloom, now on the slope of steep hills marked by deep gullies worn by the impetuous autumn rains, and down which the poor old "shay" jerked along in a series of bumps and jolts threatening to demolish at once that patriarchal vehicle and the bones of its occupants.

At last, however, from the top of one of these declivities, the brilliant, flashing light of the long-watched-for Pharos greeted Mysie's despairing eyes, and woke new hopes of warmth, rest, and shelter. But never did bewildering *ignisfatuus* retire more persistently from the pursuit of unwary traveller than did that Light-house from the occupants of that creaking "shay"; and it was not till total darkness had settled upon the earth that they reached its door, and discovered, by the lamplight streaming out, that Caleb stood in the entrance, awaiting their arrival.

As the chaise stopped, he came forward and lifted the stiff and weary forms of "the woman and child" to the ground, and delivered them to the guidance of the hostess.

The first aspect of affairs was somewhat discouraging,—the parlor into which they were ushered being without fire and but dimly lighted, the bedroom not yet prepared for toilet purposes, and the hostess, as she averred, entirely unprepared for company.

Left alone in the dreary parlor, Caleb subsided into moody silence, and Mysie into tears, upon which the Baron followed suit, and produced such a ludicrous state of affairs, that the sobs which had evoked his changed to an irrepressible laugh, in which all parties soon joined. This pleasant frame of mind was speedily encouraged and augmented, first, by water and towels *ad libitum*, and then by an introduction to the dining-room, in whose ample grate now roared a fire, of what our travellers were informed was peat,—an article supplying, in the absence of all other indigenous fuel, nearly every chimney upon the island.

A good cup of tea and a substantial supper prepared the trio to accept the invitation of the excellent Mr. F. (the chief keeper, and their host) to go up with him "into the Light."

And now our travellers suddenly found that they had made a pilgrimage unawares. They had come to the island for sea-air and pebbles, to shoot ducks, see the Indians, and find out who Martha was, and had come to the Light-house, as the only "white" dwelling upon the Head,—the rest being all occupied by the descendants of the red men,—and now found themselves applauded by their host for having "come so far to see our Light;—not so far as some, either," continued he, "for we have had visitors from every part of the Union,—even from Florida; every one who understands such things is so anxious to see it."

"Why, is it different from common light-houses?" carelessly inquired Caleb.

"Don't you know? Haven't you come on purpose to see it?" asked the keeper, in astonishment, —and then proceeded to explain, that this is the famous Fresnel light, the identical structure exhibited at the great Exposition at Paris, bought there by an agent of the United States, and shipped by him to America.

Owing, however, to some inexplicable blunder, its arrival was not made known to the proper authorities,—and the papers which should have accompanied it being lost or not delivered, no one at the custom-house knew what the huge case contained. It was deposited in a bonded warehouse during the legal interval, but, never having been claimed, was then sold, still unexamined, to the highest bidder. He soon identified his purchase, and proceeded to make his own profit out of it,— the consequence being that government at last discovered that the Fresnel light had been some two years in this country, and was then upon exhibition, if the President and cabinet would like to take a peep. The particulars of the bargain which ensued did not transpire, but it resulted in the lantern being repacked and reshipped to Gay Head, its original destination.

While hearing this little history, the party were breathlessly climbing three steep iron staircases, the last of which ended at a trap-door, giving admittance to the clock-room, where the keeper generally sits; from here another ladder-like staircase leads up into the lantern. Arrived at the top, the Baron screamed with delight at the gorgeous spectacle before him.

The lamp (into the four concentric wicks of which a continual and superabundant supply of oil is forced by a species of clock-work, causing a flame of dazzling brilliancy) is surrounded by a revolving cover, about eight feet high by four or five in diameter, and in shape like the hand-glasses with which gardeners cover tender plants, or the shades which one sees over fancy clocks and articles

of *bijouterie*. This cover is composed of over six hundred pieces of glass, arranged in a complicated and scientific system of lenses and prisms, very difficult to comprehend, but very beautiful in the result; for every ray of light from that brilliant flame is shivered into a thousand glittering arrows, reflected, refracted, tinted with all the rainbow hues, and finally projected through the clear plate-glass windows of the lantern with all the force and brilliancy of a hundred rays. If any one cares to understand more clearly the why and the how, let him either go and see for himself or read about it in Brande's Encyclopædia. Mysie and the Baron were content to bask ignorantly in the glittering, ever-changing, ever-flowing flood of light, dreaming of Fairy Land, and careless of philosophy. Only so much heed did they give to the outer world as always to place themselves upon the landward side of the lantern, lest unwittingly their forms should hide one ray of the blessed light from those for whose good it was put there.

Caleb, meanwhile, sat with his host in the clock-room, smoking many a meerschaum, and listening to the keeper's talk about his beautiful charge,—a pet as well as a duty with him, obviously.

With the same fond pride with which a mother affects to complain of the care she lavishes upon her darling child would the old man speak of the time necessary to keep his six hundred lenses clear and spotless, each one being rubbed daily with softest doeskin saturated with *rouge*, to keep the windows of the lantern free from constantly accumulating saline incrustations,—of the care with which the lamp, when burning, must be watched, lest intrusive fly or miller should drown in the great reservoir of oil and be drawn into the air-passages. This duty, and the necessity of winding up the "clock" (which forces the oil up into the wick) every half-hour, require a constant watch to be kept through the night, which is divided between the chief and two assistant keepers.

The morning after their arrival, our travellers, strong with the vigor of the young day, set forth to explore the cliffs, bidding adieu to original Youth, who, standing ready to depart, beside his horse, was carolling the following ditty in glorification of his native town:—

" Ga'ed Light is out o' sight,
Menemshee Crik is sandy,
Holmes's Hole's a pooty place,
An' Oldtown Pint's onhandy."

(Oldtown being synonymous with Edgartown, the rival seaport.)

Leaving this young patriot to his national anthem, a walk of a few hundred feet through deep sword-edged grass brought our explorers to the edge of a cliff, down which they gazed with awe-hushed breath. Below them, at a depth of a hundred and fifty feet, the thunderous waves beat upon the foot of the cliff over whose brink they peered, and which, stern and impassive as it had stood for ages, frowned back with the mute strength of endurance upon the furious, eager waves, which now and again dashed themselves fiercely against its front, only to be flung back shattered into a thousand glittering fragments.

The cliffs themselves are very curious and beautiful, being composed of red and black ochre, the largest cliff showing the one color on its northern and the other on its southern face. The forms are various,—some showing a sheer descent, with no vestige of earth or vegetation, their faces seamed with scars won in the elemental war which they have so long withstood. In other spots the cliff has been rent into sharp pinnacles, varied and beautiful in hue.

One spot, in particular, which became Mysie's favorite resort, was at once singular and beautiful in its conformation. About three feet above the water's edge lay a level plateau, its floor of loose, sandy, black conglomerate, abounding in sparkling bits of quartz and sulphate of iron; beneath this lay a bed of beautifully marbled and variegated clay, its edge showing all along the black border of the plateau like the brilliant wreath with which a brunette binds her dusky hair. Blocks of this clay, fallen upon the beach, and wet with every flowing wave, lay glistening in the sunlight and looking like—

"Castile soap, mamma," suggested the Baron, as Mysie was describing the scene in his presence, and hesitated for a simile.

At the back of the terrace, which, in its widest part, measured some fifty feet, rose suddenly and sharply the pinnacled cliffs, some snowy white, some black, some deep red, and others a cold gray. At either hand they extended quite down to the water's edge, so that, seated upon the plateau, nothing met the eye but ocean, sky, and cliffs; no work of man struck a discordant note in the grand harmony of these three simple, mighty elements of creation.

Mysie sometimes took a book here with her, but it was not a place to read in; the scene crushed and dwarfed human thoughts and words to nothingness; and to repeat to the ocean himself what had been said of him by the loftiest even of poets seemed tame and impertinent.

These cliffs extend about a mile along the shore, and then suddenly give place to a broad sandy beach, behind which lies a level, desolate moor, treeless, shrubless, and barren of all vegetation, save coarse grass and weeds, and a profusion of stunted dog-roses, which, in their season, must throw a rare and singular charm over their sterile home.

The beach, though smooth and even, is not flat, like those of Nantasket, Nahant, and Newport, but shelves rapidly down; and there is a belief among the islanders, that a short distance out it terminates suddenly at the brow of a submarine precipice, beyond which are no soundings.

Owing to the sharp declivity of the beach, the rollers break with great force, and the surf is very high. At one point is grouped a cluster of rocks, half in the water, half on the beach, among which, as the tide comes in, the waves break with furious force, dashing high over the outermost barrier, and then plunging and leaping forward, like a troop of wild horses, their white manes flung high in air, as they leap forward over one and another of the obstacles in their path.

Perched upon the crest of one of these half-submerged rocks, watching the mad waves fling themselves exhausted at her feet, it was Mysie's delight to sit, enjoying the half danger of her position, and retreating only when the waters had many times closed behind her throne, leaving, in their momentary absence, but a wet and slippery path back to the beach.

Along this beach, too, lay the road to Squipnocket, a pond famed for its immense flocks of wild geese and ducks,—fame shared by Menemshee Creek and Pond, as well as several others of similar aboriginal titles.

To these repaired, almost daily, Caleb, accompanied by one or another of his host's five sons; and the result of their efforts with the gun was no inconsiderable addition to the table at Ga'ed Light.

But greatest of all the wonders at the Head are the Fossil Cliffs.

A short time after the arrival of our travellers, their hostess inquired if they had yet found any fossils. Mysie frankly confessed that they did not know there were any to find, which was evidently as great a surprise to Mrs. F. as their ignorance of the Fresnel light had been to her husband. She at once offered the services of her daughter Clarissa as guide and assistant, and gave glowing accounts of the treasures to be found. The offer was gladly accepted; and Clarissa, a merry little romp, about twelve years old, soon made her appearance, armed with a pickaxe, hoe, and basket.

Thus laden, and in the teeth of a shrewd northeast wind, the little barefooted pioneer led the way directly over the brow of a cliff, which, had Mysie been alone, she would have pronounced entirely impracticable. Now, however, fired with a lofty emulation, she silently followed her guide, grasping, however, at every shrub and protection with somewhat convulsive energy.

"Here's a good place," announced Clarissa, pausing where a shelf of gravelly rock afforded tolerable foothold. "Professor Hitchcock told father that in here were strata of the tertiary formation, and there's where we get the fossils."

"But how do you come at the tertiary formation through all this sand and gravel?" asked Mysie, aghast at the prospect.

"Oh, dig; that's why I brought the pick and hoe; we must dig a hole about a foot deep, and then we shall come to the stuff that has the fossils in it. You may have the hoe, and I'll take the pick, 'cause that's the hardest."

"Then let me have it; I am stronger than you," exclaimed Mysie, suddenly roused to enthusiasm at the idea of "picking" her way into the tertiary formation of the earth, and exhuming its fossilized remains.

Seizing the pickaxe, she aimed a mighty blow at the clay and gravel conglomerate before her; but the instrument, falling wide of its intended mark, struck upon a rock, and sent such a jarring thrill up both her arms and such a tingle to her fingers' ends as suddenly quenched her antiquarian zeal, and reminded her of a frightful account she once read of a convent of nuns captured by some brutal potentate, who forced them to mend his highways by breaking stones upon them with very heavy hammers; and the historian mentioned, as a common occurrence, that, when any sister dislocated her shoulder, one of her comrades would set it, and the sufferer would then resume her labors.

Mysie, having this warning before her eyes, and being doubtful of Clarissa's surgical abilities, concluded to postpone her researches, and proposed to her companion to fill the basket with shells and pebbles from the beach, to which cowardly proposition Clarissa yielded but a reluctant consent.

The next day, however, Mr. F. and Caleb, learning the result of the fossil-search, offered to apply their more efficient skill and strength to a new attempt in the same direction; and, with high hopes for the result, Mysie, still accompanied by Clarissa, proceeded to another portion of the cliffs, where a low, wedge-shaped promontory, shadowed by beetling crags, was, as Mr. F. confidently stated, "sure for teeth."

The pickaxe, in the sinewy arms of its owner, soon dislodged great cakes of the upper deposit and laid bare a stratum of olive-green clay, which was announced to be a fossil-bed. Lumps of this clay being broken off and crumbled up, proved indeed rich in deposit. They found sharks' teeth, the edges still sharply serrated, firmly set in pieces of the jawbone,—whales' teeth,—vertebrae of various species,—fragments of bone, great and small,—several species of shell-fish, among which chiefly abounded a kind called quahaug,—and many nondescript fragments, not easily classified. One of these was a little bone closely resembling the tibia of a child's leg, and may have belonged to some antediluvian infant lost at sea, (if Noah's ancestors were mariners,) or perhaps drowned in the Deluge,—for Mr. F. quoted an eminent geologist who has visited the Vineyard, and who supposed these remains to have been brought here by that mighty Flood-tide. Another *savant*, however, supposes the island to have been thrown up from the sea by volcanic action; and that the fossils, now imbedded in cliffs a hundred feet high, were once deposited upon the bed of the ocean. There is certainly a great amount of conglomerate, which has evidently been fused by intense heat; and masses of rock, sea-pebbles, sand, and iron-ore are now as firmly integrated as a piece of granite.

However, the fossils came; here they certainly are; many of them perfect in form, and light and porous to the eye, but all hard and heavy as stone to the touch. Teeth, which are considered the most valuable of all the remains, are sometimes found as wide as a man's hand, and weighing several pounds; but Mysie was quite content with the more insignificant weight of those which filled her basket, especially when an immense reticulated paving-stone was added, which Mr. F. pronounced to be a whale's vertebra. She then was induced to trust the precious collection to Caleb's care, the more willingly that the ascent of the cliffs was now to be attempted. This was easily and quickly accomplished by Mr. F. and his little son, by going to the right spot before beginning to climb; but Mysie declaring that the ascent was quite practicable where they were, Caleb and Clarissa felt bound in honor to accompany her. For some distance, all went very well,—the face of the cliff presuming slight inequalities of surface, which answered for foot-and hand-holds, and not being very steep; but suddenly Mysie, the leader of the group, arriving within about three feet of the top, found the rock above her so smooth as to give no possible foothold by which she might reach the strong, coarse grass which nodded tauntingly to her over the brink.

Clinging closely to the face of the cliff, she turned her head to announce to Caleb that she could not go on, and, in turning, looked down. Before this she had felt no fear, only perplexity; but the sight of those cruel rocks below,—the hollow booming of the waves, as they lashed the foot of the cliff,—the consciousness that a fall of a hundred feet awaited her, should she let go her hold,—all this struck terror to Mysie's heart; and while a heavy, confused noise came throbbing and ringing through her head, she shut her eyes, and fancied she had seen her last of earth.

In an instant Caleb was beside her,—his arm about her, holding her safely where she was; but to continue was impossible for either.

"Ho! Mr. F.!" shouted Caleb; "come this way, will you, and give my wife your hand? She is a little frightened, and can't go on."

Presently a stout arm and hand appeared from among that nodding, mocking grass, and a cheery voice exclaimed,—

"Here, my dear lady, take right hold, strong;—you can't pull me over,—not if you try to."

Unclasping, with some difficulty, her fingers from the rock, into which they seemed to have grown, Mysie grasped the proffered hand, and the next moment was safe upon the turf.

"Oh, my good gracious!" muttered the kind old man; but whether the exclamation was caused by Mysie's face, pale, no doubt, by the effort necessary to raise her half-fainting figure, or by the idea of the peril in which she had been, did not appear.

Clarissa, calm and equable, was next passed up by Caleb, who, declining the proffered hand, drew himself up, by a firm grasp upon the rocky scarp of the cliff.

"Guess you was scart some then, wa'n't you?" inquired Clarissa, as the party walked homeward.

"Oh, no!" replied Mysie, quickly. "But I could not get over the top of the cliff alone,—it was so steep."

"Oh, that was the matter?" drawled the child, with a sidelong glance of her sharp black eyes.

The northeast wind which went fossilizing with Mysie and Clara on their first excursion was the precursor of a furious storm of rain and wind, ranking, according to the dictum of experienced weatherseers, as little inferior to that famous one in which fell the Minot's Ledge Light-house.

As the gale reached its height, it was a sight at once terrible and beautiful, to watch, standing in the lantern, the goaded sea, whose foam-capped waves could plainly be seen at the horizon line, breaking here and there upon sunken rocks, over which in their playful moods they scarcely rippled, but on which they now dashed with such white fury as to make them discernible, even through the darkness of night. One long, low ridge of submarine rocks, around which seethed a perpetual caldron, was called the Devil's Bridge; but when erected, or for what purpose, tradition failed to state.

Never, surely, did the wind rave about a peaceful inland dwelling as it did about that lonely light-house for two long nights. It roared, it howled, it shrieked, it whistled; it drew back to gather strength, and then rushed to the attack with such mad fury, that the strong, young light-house, whose frame was all of iron and stone, shrunk trembling before it, and the children in their beds screamed aloud for fear. But through all and beyond all, the calm, strong light sent out its piercing, warning rays into the black night; and who can tell what sinner it may that night have prevented from crossing the Devil's Bridge to the world which lies beyond?

There was but one wreck during the storm, so far as our travellers heard; and in this the lives were saved. Two men, caught out in a fishing-smack, finding that their little vessel was foundering, betook themselves to their small boat; but this filled more rapidly than they could bale it; and they had just given themselves up for lost, when their signals of distress were observed on board the light-ship stationed near Newport, which sent a life-boat to their assistance, and rescued them just as their little boat went to pieces.

When Mysie heard this occurrence mentioned, as they were journeying homeward, it recalled to her mind a little incident of the day succeeding the storm.

Walking with Clara upon the beach, they saw borne toward them, on the crest of a mighty wave, a square beam of wood, bent at an obtuse angle, which Clara at once pronounced to be the knee from some large boat, and, rushing dauntlessly into the water, the energetic little maid battled with the wave for its unwieldy toy, and finally dragged it triumphantly out upon the beach, and beyond the reach of the wave, only wishing that she had "a piece of chalk to make father's mark upon it." Failing the chalk, she rushed off home for "father and one of the boys," who soon bestowed the prize in a place of safety.

Mysie at first wondered considerably that persons should take so much trouble for a piece of wood, but ceased to do so when she remembered that on the whole island could not probably be found a tree of a foot in diameter, and that everything like board or joist at the light-house must be brought by sea to Holmes's Hole, Edgartown, or Menemshee, and thence carted over *that* road to Gay Head, becoming, by the time it reached "the Light," not a common necessary, but an expensive luxury. She was not, therefore, surprised at being accompanied in her next walk along the beach by quite a little party of wreckers, who, joyfully seizing every chip which the waves tossed within their reach, accumulated at last a very respectable pile of drift-wood.

"It would be a good thing for you, if the schooner "Mary Ann" should go to pieces off here," remarked Mysie to Clara, who had become her constant attendant.

"Why?" inquired she, expectantly.

"On account of her cargo. When hailed by another ship, and asked his name, the captain replied, —

' I'm Jonathan Homer, master and owner
Of the schooner Mary Ann;
She comes from Pank-a-tank, laden with oak plank,
And bound to Surinam.'"

"Did he *really* say so?" asked Clara, sharply.

"I don't know," said Mysie, laughing; "but that's what I heard about it when I was a little girl."

While the storm continued too violent for out-of-door exercise, Mysie cultivated an acquaintance with a remarkably pleasant and intelligent lady who fortunately was making a visit at the light-house. She had been for many years a resident of the Vineyard, and had taken great interest in its history, both past and present. From her Mysie derived much curious and interesting information.

It seems that the island was first discovered by a certain Thomas Mayhew, who, voyaging with others to settle in the Plymouth Colony during its early days, was driven by stress of weather into a safe and commodious bay, now Edgartown harbor, but then seen and used for the first time by white men. The storm over, his companions prepared to resume their voyage; but Mayhew, seeing the land fair and pleasant to look upon, decided to remain there, and landed with whoever in the ship belonged to him.

He, of course, found the land in the hands of its original possessors, a small and peaceful tribe of Indians, living quietly upon their own island, and having very little communication with their neighbors. With them Thomas Mayhew bargained for what land he wanted, selecting it in what is now the town of Chilmark, and paying for it, to the satisfaction of all parties, with an old soldier's coat which happened to be among his possessions.

In process of time, one of his sons, named Experience, having been educated for the purpose in England, returned to his father's home as a missionary to the kind and hospitable savages among whom he dwelt. So prosperous were the labors of himself, and afterward of his son Zachariah, that in a journal, kept by the latter, it is mentioned that there were then upon the island twelve thousand "praying Indians."

Experience Mayhew is still spoken of as "the great Indian missionary," and the house in which he lived was still standing a few years since upon the farm of Mr. Hancock in Chilmark.

The island is to this day full of Mayhews of every degree,—so far, at least, as distinctions of rank have obtained among this isolated and primitive people.

When Massachusetts erected herself into a State, and included the Vineyard within her bounds, it was divided into the townships of Edgartown, (or Oldtown,) Holmes's Hole, Tisbury, and Chilmark, and the district of Gay Head, which last, with the island of Chip-a-quid-dick, off Edgartown, and a small tract of land in Tisbury, named Christian-town, were made over in perpetuity to the Indians who chose to remain. They have not the power of alienating any portion of this territory, nor may any white man build or dwell there. If, however, one of the tribe marry out of the community, the alien husband or wife may come to live with the native spouse so long as the marriage continues; and the Indians have taken advantage of this permission to intermarry with the negroes, until there is not one pure-blooded descendant of the original stock remaining, and its physiognomy and complexion are in most cases undistinguishable in the combination of the two races.

Gay Head contains eleven hundred acres, seven of which are the birthright of every Indian child; but it is not generally divided by fences, the cattle of the whole tribe grazing together in amicable companionship. Much of the value of the property lies in the cranberry-meadows, which are large and productive, and in the beds of rich peat. A great deal of the soil, however, is valuable for cultivation, although but little used, as the majority of the men follow the example of their white co-islanders, and plough the sea instead of the land. They make excellent seamen, and sometimes rise to the rank of officers, although few white sailors are sufficiently liberal in their views to approve of being commanded by "a nigger," as they persist in calling these half-breeds.

The wigwams, which, no doubt, were at first erected here, have given place to neat and substantial frame buildings, as comfortable, apparently, as those in many New England villages. There is also a nice-looking Baptist church, of which denomination almost every adult is a member. Near this is a parsonage, occupied until lately by a white clergyman; but the spirit of Experience Mayhew is not common in these days; and his successor, finding the parish lonely and uncongenial, removed to a pleasanter one,—his pulpit being now filled by a preacher from among the Indians themselves.

Mysie took occasion to call at one of these *quasi* wigwams, soon after her arrival, but could discern only one aboriginal vestige in either inhabitants or customs. This existed in the shape of a dish of succotash, (corn and beans boiled together,) which the good woman was preparing for breakfast, —very possibly in ignorance that her ancestors had cooked and eaten and named the compound ages before the white intruders ever saw their shore.

Mysie pursued her morning walk in a somewhat melancholy mood. It is a sad and dreary sight to behold a nation in decay; saddest when the fall is from so slight an elevation as that on which the savage stood. Greece and Rome, falling into old age, proudly boast, "Men cannot say I did not *have* the crown"; each shows undying, unsurpassable achievements of her day of power and strength,—each, if she live no longer in the sight of the world, is sure of dwelling forever in its memory. But the aboriginal, when his simple routine of life is broken up by the intrusion of a people more powerful, more wicked, and more wise than himself, is incapable of exchanging his own purely physical ambitions and pursuits for the intellectual and cultivated life belonging to the better class of his conquerors, while his wild and sensuous nature grasps eagerly at the new forms of vice which follow in their train. Civilization to the savage destroys his own existence, and gives him no better one,—destroys it irremediably and forever. The life sufficient for himself and for the day is not that which stretches its hand into the future and sets its mark on ages not yet born; it dies and is forgotten,—forgotten even by the descendants of those who lived it.

Some of the Indian names still survive; and Mysie's indignation was roused, when a descendant of the Mayhews, pointing out the hamlets of Menemshee and Nashaquitsa, (commonly called Quitsy,) added, contemptuously,—

"But them's only nicknames given by the colored folks; it's all Chilmark by rights."

"I suppose they are the names used by the ancestors of these Indians, before a white man ever saw the island,—are they not?" inquired she, somewhat dryly.

"Like enough, like enough," replied the other, carelessly, and not in the least appreciating the rebuke.

From the lady before referred to Mysie received an answer to her oft-repeated question,—

"Is there any tradition how the island received its name?"

"Oh, yes," was the unexpected and welcome answer. "All the islands near here were granted by the King of England to a gentleman whose name is forgotten; but he had four daughters, among whom he divided his new possessions.

"This one, remarkable then, as now, in a degree, for its abundance of wild grapes, he gave to Martha as her Vineyard.

"The group to the north, consisting of Pennikeese, Cuttyhunk, Nashawena, Naushon, Pasqui, and Punkatasset, are called the Elizabeth Islands, from the daughter who inherited them.

"That little island to the southwest of us was Naomi's portion. It is now called Noman's Land, and is remarkable only for the fine quality of the codfish caught and cured there.

"The strangest of all, however, was the name given to the island selected by Ann, which was first called Nan-took-it, and is now known as Nantucket."

"Thank Heaven, that I at last know something about Martha!" ejaculated Mysie.

At length, every corner filled with *specimens*, every face deeply imbrowned by sun and wind, and the Baron with only the ghost of a pair of shoes to his feet, our travellers set their faces homeward, —Caleb resolving to renew his acquaintance with the birds at some future period, his imagination having been quite inflamed by the accounts of plover and grouse to be found here in their season. The latter, however, are very strictly protected by law during most of the season, on account of the rapidity with which they were disappearing. They are identical with the prairie-fowl, so common at the West, and are said to be delicious eating.

Desirous to improve their minds and manners by as much travel as possible, the trio resolved to leave the island by the way of Edgartown, the terminus of the steamboat route. Bidding adieu to their kind and obliging host and hostess, the twelve children, and the pleasant new friend, they set out, upon the most charming of all autumn days, for Edgartown, fully prepared to be dazzled by its beauty and confounded by its magnificence.

"Edgartown is a much finer place than Holmes's Hole, I understand," remarked Caleb to their driver.

"Well, I dunno; it's some bigger," was the reply.

"But it is a better sort of place, I am told; people from Edgartown don't seem to think much of Holmes's Hole."

"No, nor the Holmes's Hole folks don't think much of Oldtown; it's pretty much according to who you talk to, which place is called the handsomest, I reckon."

"Athens or Rome, London or Paris, Oldtown or Holmes's Hole, Mysie," murmured Caleb, as their driver stopped to reply to the driver of "a team," who was anxious to know when he was "a-goin' to butcher agin."

Edgartown proved to be a pretty little seaside town, with some handsome wooden houses, a little bank, and a very nice tavern, at which the travellers received very satisfactory entertainment. The next day, reembarking upon the "Eagle's Wing," they soon reached New Bedford.

OCTOBER TO MAY

The day that brightens half the earth
Is night to half. Ah, sweet!
One's mourning is another's mirth;—
You wear your bright years like a crown,—
While mine, dead garlands, tangle down
In chains about my feet.

The breeze which wakes the folded flower
Sweeps dead leaves from the tree;—
So partial Time, as hour by hour
He tells the rapid years,—cheu!
Brings bloom and beauty still to you,
But leaves his blight with me.

The rain which calls the violet up
Out of the moistened mould
Shatters the wind-flower's fragile cup;—
For even Nature has her pets,
And, favoring the new, forgets
To love and spare the old.

The shower which makes the bud a rose
Beats off the lilac-bloom.
I am a lilac,—so life goes,—
A lilac that has outlived May;—
You are a blush-rose. Welladay!
I pass, and give you room!

The Eleusinia

What did the Eleusinia mean? Perhaps, reader, you think the question of little interest. "The Eleusinia! Why, Lobeck made that little matter clear long ago; and there was Porphyry, who told us that the whole thing was only an illustration of the Platonic philosophy. St. Croix, too,—he made the affair as clear as day!"

But the question is not so easily settled, my friend; and I insist upon it that you *have* an interest in it. Were I to ask you the meaning of Freemasonry, you would think *that* of importance; you could not utter the name without wonder; and it may be that there is even more wonder in it than you suspect,—though you be an arch-mason yourself. But in sight of Eleusis, freemasonry sinks into insignificance. For, of all races, the Grecian was the most mysterious; and, of all Grecian mysteries, the Eleusinia were *the* mysteries *par excellence*. They must certainly have meant something to Greece,—something more than can ever be adequately known to us. A farce is soon over; but the Eleusinia reached from the mythic Eumolpus to Theodosius the Great,—nearly two thousand years. Think you that all Athens, every fifth year, for more than sixty generations, went to Eleusis to witness and take part in a sham?

But, reader, let *us* go to Eleusis, and see, for ourselves, this great festival. Suppose it to be the 15th of September, B.C. 411, Anno Mundi 3593 (though we would not make oath to that). It is a fine morning at Athens, and every one is astir, for it is the day of assembling together at Eleusis. Then, for company, we shall have Plato, now eighteen years old, Sophocles, an old man of eighty-four, Euripides, at sixty-nine, and Aristophanes, at forty-five. Socrates, who has his peculiar notions about things, is not one of the initiated, but will go with us, if we ask him. These are the *élite* of Athens. Then there are the Sophists and their young disciples, and the vast crowd of the Athenian people. Some of the oldest among them may have seen and heard the "Prometheus Vinctus"; certainly very many of them have seen "Antigone," and "Oedipus," and "Electra"; and all of them have heard the Rhapsodists. Great wonders have they seen and heard, which, in their appeal to the heart, transcend all the wonders of this nineteenth century. Not more fatal to the poor Indian was modern civilization, bringing swift ruin to his wigwam and transforming his hunting-grounds into the sites of populous cities, than modern improvements would have been to the Greek. Modern strategy! What a subject for Homer would the siege of Troy have been, had it consisted of a series of pitched battles with rifles! Railways, steamboats, and telegraphs, annihilating space and time, would also have annihilated the Argonautic expedition and the wanderings of Ulysses. There would have been little fear, in a modern steamship, of the Sirens' song; one whistle would have broken the charm. A modern steamship might have borne Ulysses to Hades,—but it would never have brought him back, as his own ship did. And now do you think a ride to Eleusis by railway to-day would strike this Athenian populace, to say nothing of the philosophers and poets we have along with us?

But they are thinking of Eleusis, and not of the way to Eleusis; so that we may as well keep our suggestion to ourselves,—also those pious admonitions which we were just about to administer to our companions on heathenish superstitions. A strange fascination these Athenians have; and before we are aware, *our* thoughts, too, are centred in Eleusis, whither are tending, not Athens only, but vast multitudes from all Greece. Their movement is tumultuous; but it is a tumult of natural enthusiasm, and not of Bacchic frenzy. If Athens be, as Milton calls her, "the eye of Greece," surely Eleusis must be its heart!

There are nine days of the festival. This first is the day of the *agurmos*, (*αγυϱμος* [Greek: agyrmos],) or assembling together the flux of Grecian life into the secret chambers of its Eleusinian heart. To-morrow is the day of purification; then, "To the sea, all ye that are initiated!" (*Αλαδε, μυσται!* [Greek: Alade, mystai!]) lest any come with the stain of impurity to the mysteries of God. The third day is the day of sacrifices, that the heart also may be made pure, when are offered barley from the fields of Eleusis and a mullet. All other sacrifices may be tasted; but *this* is for Demeter alone,

and not to be touched by mortal lips. On the fourth day, we join the procession bearing the sacred basket of the goddess, filled with curious symbols, grains of salt, carded wool, sesame, pomegranates, and poppies,—symbols of the gifts of our Great Mother and of her mighty sorrow. On the night of the fifth, we are lost in the hurrying tumult of the torch-light processions. Then there is the sixth day, the great day of all, when from Athens the statue of Iacchus (Bacchus) is borne, crowned with myrtle, tumultuously through the sacred gate, along the sacred way, halting by the sacred fig-tree, (all sacred, mark you, from Eleusinian associations,) where the procession rests, and then moves on to the bridge over the Cephissus, where again it rests, and where the expression of the wildest grief gives place to the trifling farce,—even as Demeter, in the midst of her grief, smiled at the levity of Iambe in the palace of Celeus. Through the "mystical entrance" we enter Eleusis. On the seventh day, games are celebrated; and to the victor is given a measure of barley,—as it were a gift direct from the hand of the goddess. The eighth is sacred to Aesculapius, the Divine Physician, who heals all diseases; and in the evening is performed the initiatory ritual.

Let us enter the mystic temple and be initiated,—though it must be supposed that a year ago we were initiated into the Lesser Mysteries at Agræ. ("*Certamen enim,—et præludium certaminis; et mysteria sunt quæ præcedunt mysteria*.") We must have been *mystæ* (veiled) before we can become *epoptæ* (seers); in plain English, we must have shut our eyes to all else before we can behold the mysteries. Crowned with myrtle, we enter with the other *mystæ* into the vestibule of the temple,—blind as yet, but the Hierophant within will soon open our eyes.

But first,—for here we must do nothing rashly,—first we must wash in this holy water; for it is with pure hands and a pure heart that we are bidden to enter the most sacred inclosure. Then, led into the presence of the Hierophant, he reads to us, from a book of stone, things which we must not divulge on pain of death. Let it suffice that they fit the place and the occasion; and though you might laugh at them, if they were spoken outside, still you seem very far from that mood now, as you hear the words of the old man (for old he always was) and look upon the revealed symbols. And very far indeed are you from ridicule, when Demeter seals, by her own peculiar utterances and signals, by vivid coruscations of light, and cloud piled upon cloud, all that we have seen and heard from her sacred priest; and when, finally, the light of a serene wonder fills the temple, and we see the pure fields of Elysium and hear the choirs of the Blessed;—then, not merely by external seeming or philosophic interpretation, but in real fact, does the Hierophant become the Creator and Revealer of all things; the Sun is but his torch-bearer, the Moon his attendant at the altar, and Hermes his mystic herald. But the final word has been uttered: "*Conx Ompax*." The rite is consummated, and we are *epoptæ* forever!

One day more, and the Eleusinia themselves are completed. As in the beginning by lustration and sacrifices we conciliated the favor of the gods, so now by libation we finally commend ourselves to their care. Thus did the Greeks begin all things with lustration and end with libation, each day, each feast,—all their solemn treaties, their ceremonies, and sacred festivals. But, like all else Eleusinian, this libation must be *sui generis*, emptied from two bowls,—the one toward the East, the other toward the West. Thus is finished this Epos, or, as Clemens Alexandrinus calls it, the "mystical drama" of the Eleusinia.

Now, reader, you have seen the Mysteries. And what do they mean? Let us take care lest we deceive ourselves, as many before us have done, by merely *looking* at the Eleusinia.

Oh, this everlasting staring! This it is that leads us astray. That old stargazer, with whom Aesop has made us acquainted, deserved, indeed, to fall into the well, no less for his profanity than his stupidity. Yet this same star-gazing it is that we miscall reflection. Thus, in our blank wonder at Nature, in our naked analysis of her life, expressed through long lists of genera and species and mathematical calculations, as if we were calling off the roll of creation, or as if her depth of meaning rested in her vast orbs and incalculable velocities,—in all this we fail of her real mystery.

To mere external seeming, the Eleusinia point to Demeter for their interpretation. To *her* are they consecrated,—of her grief are they commemorative; out of reverence to her do the *mystæ* purify

themselves by lustration and by the sacrifice that may not be tasted; she it is who is symbolized, in the procession of the basket, as our Great Mother, through the salt, wool, and sesame, which point to her bountiful gifts,—while by the poppies and pomegranates it is hinted that she nourishes in her heart some profound sorrow: by the former, that she seeks to bury this sorrow in eternal oblivion,—by the latter, that it must be eternally reiterated. The procession of the torches defines the sorrow; and by this wild, despairing search in the darkness do we know that her daughter Proserpine, plucking flowers in the fields of light, has been snatched by ruthless Pluto to the realm of the Invisible. Then by the procession of Iacchus we learn that divine aid has come to the despairing Demeter; by the coming of, Aesculapius shall all her wounds be healed; and the change in the evening from the *mystæ* to *epoptæ* is because that now to Demeter, the cycle of her grief being accomplished, the ways of Jove are made plain,—even his permission of violence from unseen hands; to *her* also is the final libation.

But the story of the stolen Proserpina is itself an afterthought, a fable invented to explain the Mysteries; and, however much it may have modified them in detail, certainly could not have been their ground. Nor is the sorrowing Demeter herself adequate to the solution. For the Eleusinia are older than Eleusis,—older than Demeter, even the Demeter of Thrace,—certainly as old as Isis, who was to Egypt what Demeter was to Greece,—the Great Mother[2] of a thousand names, who also had *her* endlessly repeated sorrow for the loss of Osiris, and in honor of whom the Egyptians held an annual festival. Thus we only remove the mystery back to the very verge of myth itself; and we must either give up the solution or take a different course. But perhaps Isis will reveal herself, and at the same time unveil the Mysteries. Let us read her tablet: "I am all that, has been, all that is, all that is to be; and the veil which is over my face no mortal hand hath ever raised!" Now, reader, would it not be strange, if, in solving *her* mystery, we should also solve the Sphinx's riddle? But so it is. This is the Sphinx in her eldest shape,—this Isis of a thousand names; and the answer to her ever-recurring riddle is always the same. In the Human Spirit is infolded whatsoever has been, is, or shall be; and mortality cannot reveal it!

Not to Demeter, then, nor even to Isis, do the Eleusinia primarily point, but to the human heart. We no longer look at them; henceforth they are within us. Long has this mystic mother, the wonder of the world, waited for the revelation of her face. Let us draw aside the veil, (not by mortal hand, —it moves at your will,) and listen:—

"I am the First and the Last,—mother of gods and men. As deep as is my mystery, so deep is my sorrow. For, lo! all generations are mine. But the fairest fruit of my Holy Garden was plucked by my mortal children; since which, Apollo among men and Artemis among women have raged with their fearful arrows. My fairest children, whom I have brought forth and nourished in the light, have been stolen by the children of darkness. By the Flood they were taken; and I wandered forty days and forty nights upon the waters, ere again I saw the face of the earth. Then, wherever I went, I brought joy; at Cyprus the grasses sprang up beneath my feet, the golden-filleted Horæ crowned me with a wreath of gold and clothed me in immortal robes. Then, also, was renewed my grief; for Adonis, whom I had chosen, was slain in the chase and carried to Hades. Six months I wept his loss, when he rose again and I triumphed. Thus in Egypt I mourned for Osiris, for Atys in Phrygia, and for Proserpina at Eleusis,—all of whom passed to the underworld, were restored for a season, and then retaken. Thus is my sorrow repeated without end. All things are taken from me. Night treads upon the heels of Day, the desolation of Winter wastes the fair fruit of Summer, and Death walks in the ways of Life with inexorable claims. But at the last, through Him, my First-begotten and my Best-beloved,

[2] The worship of this Great Mother is not more wonderful for its antiquity in time than for its prevalence as regards space. To the Hindu she was the Lady Isani. She was the Ceres of Roman mythology, the Cybele of Phrygia and Lydia, and the Disa of the North. According to Tacitus, (*Germania*, c. 9,) she was worshipped by the ancient Suevi. She was worshipped by the Muscovite, and representations of her are found upon the sacred drums of the Laplanders. She swayed the ancient world, from its southeast corner in India to Scandinavia in the northwest; and everywhere she is the "Mater Dolorosa." And who is it, reader, that in the Christian world struggles for life and power under the name of the Holy Virgin, and through the sad features of the Madonna?

who also died and descended into Hades, and the third day rose again,—through Him, having ceased from wandering, I shall triumph in Infinite Joy!"

That, reader, is not so difficult to translate into human language. Thus, from the beginning to the end of the world, do these Mysteries, under various names, shadow forth the great problem of human life, which problem, as being fundamental, must be religious, the same that is shadowed forth in Nature and Revelation, namely: man's sin, and his redemption from sin,—his great loss, his infinite error, and his final salvation.

Sorrow, so strong a sense of which pervaded these Mysteries that it was the name (Achtheia) by which Demeter was known to her mystic worshippers,—*human* sorrow it was which veiled the eyelids; toward which veiling (or *muesis*) the lotus about the head of Isis and the poppy in the hand of Demeter distinctly point. Hence the *mystæ*, whom the reader must suppose to have closed their eyes to all without them,—even to Nature, except as in sympathy she mirrors forth the central sorrow of their hearts. But this same sorrow and its mighty work, veiled from all mortal vision, shut out by very necessity from any sympathy save that of God, is a preparation for a purer vision,—a second initiation, in which the eyes shall be reopened and the *mystæ* become *epoptæ*; and of such significance was this higher vision to the Greek, that it was a synonyme for the highest earthly happiness and a foretaste of Elysium.

As this vision of the *epoptæ* was the vision of real faith, so the *muesis*, or veiling of the *mystæ*, was no mere affectation of mysticism. Not so easily could be set aside this weight of sorrow upon the eyelids, which, notwithstanding that, leading to self, it leads to wandering, leads also through Divine aid to that peace which passeth all understanding. Thus were the Hebrews led out of Egyptian bondage through wanderings in the Wilderness to the Promised Land. Even thus, through rites and ceremonies which to us are hieroglyphics hard to be deciphered, which are known only as shrouded in infinite sorrow,—as dimly shadowing forth some wild search in darkness and some final resurrection into light,—through these, many from Egypt and India and Scythia, from Scandinavia and from the aboriginal forests of America, have for unnumbered ages passed from a world of bewildering error to the heaven of their hopes. To the eye of sense and to shallow infidelity, this may seem absurd; but the foolishness of man is the wisdom of God to the salvation of His erring children. Happy, indeed, are the initiated! Blessed are the poor in spirit, the Pariah, and the slave,—all they whose eyes are veiled with overshadowing sorrow! for only thus is revealed the glory of human life!

There are many things, kind reader, which, in our senseless staring, we may call the signs of human weakness, but which, by a higher interpretation, become revelations of human power. The gross and pitiable features of the world are dissolved and clarified, when by an impassioned sympathy we can penetrate to the heart of things. We are about to pity the ragged vesture, the feeble knees, and the beseeching hand of poverty, and the cries of the oppressed and the weary; but, at a thought, Pity is slain by Reverence. We are ready to cry out against the sluggish movement of the world and its lazy flux of life; but before the satire is spoken, we are fascinated by an undercurrent of this same world, earnest and full toward its sure goal,—of which, indeed, we only dream; but "the dream is from God,"[3] and surer than sight. There is a profounder calm than appears to the eye, in the quiet cottages scattered up and down among the peaceful valleys; the rest of death is more untroubled than the marble face which it leaves as its visible symbol; and sleep, "the minor mystery of death," (*ὑπνος τα μικρα του θανατου μυστηρια* [Greek: hypnos ta mikra tou thanatou mystêria][4]) has a deeper significance than is revealed in any external token. So what is sneeringly called the credulity of human nature is its holy faith, and, in spite of all the hard facts which you may charge upon it, is the glory of man. It introduces us into that region where "nothing is unexpected, nothing impossible."[5] It was

[3] *Iliad*, I. 63.

[4] Euripides.

[5] Archilochus.

the glory of our childhood, and by it childhood is made immortal. Myth herself is ever a child,—a genuine child of the earth, indeed,—but received among men as the child of Heaven.

Upon the slightest material basis have been constructed myths and miracles and fairy-tales without number; and so it must ever be. Thus man asserts his own inherent strength of imagination and faith over against the external fact. Whatsoever is facile to Imagination is also facile to Faith. Easy, therefore, in our thoughts, is the transition from the Cinder-wench in the ashes to the Cinderella of the palace; easy the apotheosis of the slave, and the passage from the weary earth to the fields of Elysium and the Isles of the Blessed.

This flight of the Imagination, this vision of Faith,—*these*, reader, are only for the *epoptæ*. It matters not, that, by naked analysis, you can prove that the palaces of our fancy and the temples of our faith are but the baseless fabric of a dream. It may be that the greater part of life is made up of dreams, and that wakefulness is merely incidental as a relief to the picture. It may be, indeed, in the last analysis, that the *ideal* is the highest, if not the only *real*.

For the sensible, palpable fact can, by the nature of things, exist for us only in the Present. But, my dear reader, it is just here, in this Present, that the tenure by which we have hold upon life is the most frail and shadowy. For, by the strictest analysis, *there is no Present*. The formula, *It is*, even before we can give it utterance, by some subtile chemistry of logic, is resolved into *It was* and *It shall be*. Thus by our analysis do we retreat into the ideal. In the deepest reflection, all that we call external is only the material basis upon which our dreams are built; and the sleep that surrounds life swallows up life,—all but a dim wreck of matter, floating this way and that, and forever evanishing from sight. Complete the analysis, and we lose even the shadow of the external Present, and only the Past and the Future are left us as our sure inheritance. This is the first initiation,—the veiling of the eyes to the external. But, as *epoptæ*, by the synthesis of this Past and Future in a living nature, we obtain a higher, an ideal Present, comprehending within itself all that can be real for us within us or without. This is the second initiation, in which is unveiled to us the Present as a new birth from our own life.

Thus the great problem of Idealism is symbolically solved in the Eleusinia. For us there is nothing real except as we *realize* it. Let it be that myriads have walked upon the earth before us,—that each race and generation has wrought its change and left its monumental record upon pillar and pyramid and obelisk; set aside the ruin which Time has wrought both upon the change and the record, levelling the cities and temples of men, diminishing the shadows of the Pyramids, and rendering more shadowy the names and memories of heroes,—obliterating even its own ruin;—set aside this oblivion of Time, still there would be hieroglyphics,—still to us all that comes from this abyss of Time behind us, or from the abyss of Space around us, must be but dim and evanescent imagery and empty reverberation of sound, except as, becoming a part of our own life, by a new birth, it receives shape and significance. Nothing can be unveiled to us till it is born of us. Thus the *epoptæ*

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