



THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OFFICIAL PUBLICATION NEWSBOY



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899

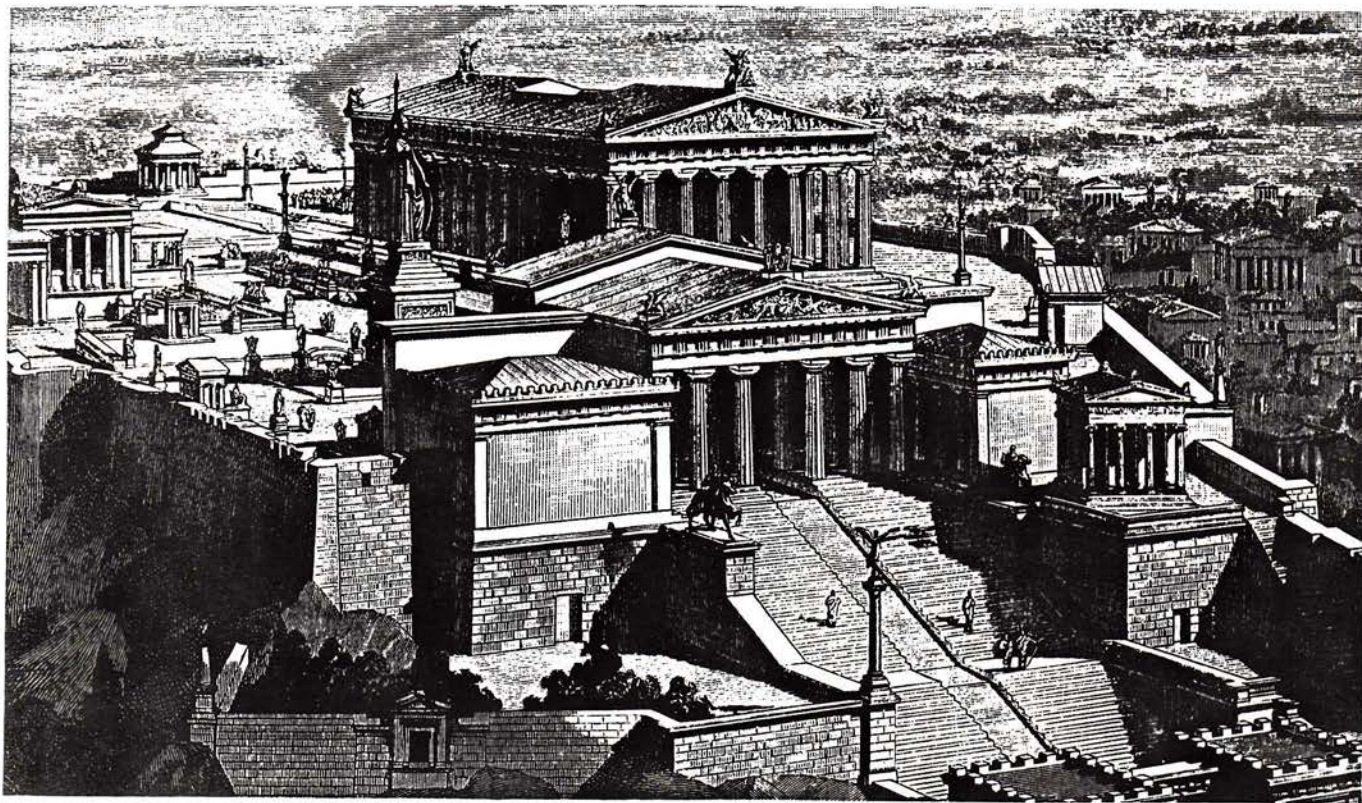
A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Volume XXV

May-June, 1987

Number 6

Athens In the Time of Socrates:



RESTORATION OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS

By Athenaiens.

A Member of the Junior Class.

An Issue Devoted to the Writings of Horatio Alger, Jr., While a Student at Harvard.



This issue which is devoted almost entirely to the writings of Horatio Alger, Jr., while a student at Harvard, could not have been produced without the generous help of two individuals at that great institution. Clifford H. Shipton, Custodian of the Harvard University Archives, some years ago granted permission to quote the following Alger material:

Athens In The Time of Socrates

The Poetry of The Troubadours

"Nothing So Difficult as The Beginning"

Cicero's Return From Banishment

Harley P. Holden, Curator of the Harvard University Archives, identified George Henry Tripp, a member of the Class of 1867, as the author of *STUDENT-LIFE AT HARVARD*, the final extract of which appears in this issue, and furnished the biographical sketch of Tripp, together with information on Horace Everett Ware. Over the nearly quarter of a century I've known Mr. Holden, he has always managed to find the answers requested, and I take the opportunity to publicly thank him for his many kindnesses, and dedicate this issue to him.

Alger's Harvard writings have never previously appeared in print, and reveal quite a different side of his ability than do the novels produced during the last thirty years of his life. Here we have the essays of Horatius The Scholar, all of which were written before he attained his majority, and were not done with the idea of having them published.

Gary Scharnhorst continues to discover previously unknown Alger writings, and his most recent "find" came at a most appropriate and opportune moment for its inclusion in this issue on page 31.

Even as the pages were being arranged, a new discovery was made. An engraving of the first Alger publisher, Brown, Bazin, & Co., 94 Washington Street, Boston, on page 36, proved to have an added Alger connection. The sign at the top of the building identified this as the location of Whipple & Black Daguerreotypes. Grace Williamson Edes, in *ANNALS OF THE HARVARD CLASS OF 1852*, records, "It was [Charles Wentworth] Upham [Jr.] who suggested the idea of having the Class Pictures taken, and '52 was the first Harvard Class to set the example which has ever since been followed... The pictures were of course daguerreotypes and most of them were taken by Whipple of Boston, the leading artist in his line; it is a significant fact that eighty-five men [out of a class of eighty-eight] should have thought it worth while to make the trip to town for the purpose of sitting." It was to this location, and up the stairs at 96 Washington Street that Horatio and most of his classmates trekked to record their youthful visages for posterity.

This issue marks the completion of a run of twenty-five years for *Newsboy*, and my first year at the Editor's desk. This is our largest issue, and also completes the largest yearly volume—200 pages—in the history of the Horatio Alger Society.

Preparing these issues has been an enjoyable experience, and the only thing I can complain about is that I just don't hear from enough of our members. I'd like to know what you want to see in future issues, and if you've got any complaints, let me know at the address shown below.

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY - To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes - lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed Hero Ideals in countless millions of young Americans. Founded by Forrest Campbell and Kenneth B. Butler. OFFICERS: President, Jim Ryberg, 4627 Wild Indigo, Suite 605, Houston, TX 77027; Vice-president, George Owens; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, John Juvinall, Owen Cobb, Bob Sawyer, Edward T. LeBlanc, Glenn Corcoran, Bill Leitner, Bill McCord, Jim Thorp, Gene Hafner; Directors Emeritus, Ralph D. Gardner, Bob Bennett, Max Goldberg. **NEWSBOY**, the Official Organ of The Horatio Alger Society, is published six times a year, and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's *INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY*. Membership Fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to The Horatio Alger Society. Membership Applications, Renewals, Changes of Address and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, MI 48910. **NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES**: 1 page, \$32.00; half-page, \$17.00; quarter-page, \$9.00; column-inch, \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to The Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill St., Gahanna, OH 43230. **THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR.**, by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales, is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and **HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY**, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current definitive authority on Alger's works. Send contributions for **NEWSBOY** to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S.W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33435. *****

INTRODUCING OUR NEW MEMBER

PF-787 William P. Langsdorf
2407 Rambler Road
Wilmington, DE 19810

William already has a good start on his Alger collection with forty-four noted as of the 15th of January. He is a retired chemist, age 67, and reports that he is interested in collecting all the juvenile titles. His other hobbies include coin collecting, photography, travel, and woodworking. He learned about the Society at the ceremonies held at Willow Grove, Pennsylvania, for the issuing of the Alger postage stamp. His wife's name is Mary Alice, and they can be reached at (302) 475-4451.

* * *

ROSTER CORRECTIONS

PF-530 Richard E. Durnbaugh
Box 36
Holly, MI 48442
(313) 634-7420

PF-741 Lawrence E. Eastley
600 Wilcox Parkway
Clare, MI 48617
(517) 386-9633

Lawrence was inadvertently left out of the 1987 Membership Roster, and apologies are extended. Larry is the Mayor of his city, and his wife's name is the same—Clare. He has 105 titles, and 31 first editions.

PF-490 Louis Bodnar, Jr.
1118 Stewart Street
Chesapeake, VA 23323

PF-706 Bill Gowen
923 S. Lake St., Apt. 6
Mundelein, IL 60060
(312) 566-9217

Bill let his membership lapse at a time when the Roster was being prepared, but has now been reinstated. Welcome back!

* * *

PLEASE CHECK YOUR ROSTER LISTING, AND LET OUR SECRETARY KNOW OF ANY ERRORS.

Former member Betty Lee Johnson, PF-302 writes: "I am selling all my book collections. I don't want to leave them to children who have no interest in them. I would like to sell them to another collector that will appreciate them. I've had the pleasure of collecting them for over 50 years. Now I can use the money. I'd really like to sell the whole collection. Route 1, Box 1079, Round O, SC 29474."

* * *

Donald F. Elder, PF-369, has informed us of the death of his wife, Frances, 78. He says, "That's one of the disagreeable things that you have to learn to survive. People come and go out of your life, and there's nothing you can do about it. Life is just that way." She died August 17.

* * *

Florence Ogilvie Schnell, PF-344, made a donation of \$25.00 to the Society at the time of our 1986 Convention, but it was not reported at the time. We send our thanks and appreciation, and hope she will be present in Charlottesville for the Monticello Meeting, April 30 - May 3.

* * *

BACK ISSUES STILL AVAILABLE

As we go to press, Carl T. Hartmann reports that orders have begun coming in for back issues of *Newsboy*. He would like to dispose of these issues to our members, and will supply one copy of each available issue—about 125 of them—back to June, 1968, for just \$50.00. This is an excellent way to obtain a lot of good material related to Alger and the Horatio Alger Society, and to get them at a real savings. Those who order early will get the most complete supply. USE THE ORDER FORM ENCLOSED.

* * *

Do you have a copy of MABEL PARKER? A number of copies of the First Edition of this volume are available from Carl T. Hartmann, Executive Secretary of The Horatio Alger Society for just \$16.50 postpaid. This is a savings of \$3.50 from the price you'd pay if ordered from the publisher. ORDER NOW—DON'T WAIT!

ATHENS IN THE TIME OF SOCRATES

by

Horatio Alger, Jr.

There are periods in the history of every nation, which, for the concurrence of great men, the brilliant and well directed efforts of native genius, and an unusual degree of outward prosperity, command our attention. Genius would seem to be incapable of continuous effort: it requires time to collect its energies and concentrate its powers; then, bursting forth upon the world, it challenges admiration by the brilliancy and variety of its efforts. It breathes fresh vitality into every department of literature and science. It gives to the orator a powerful and commanding eloquence, imparts inspiration to the poet, and unfolds the mysteries of nature to the searching glance of the philosopher.

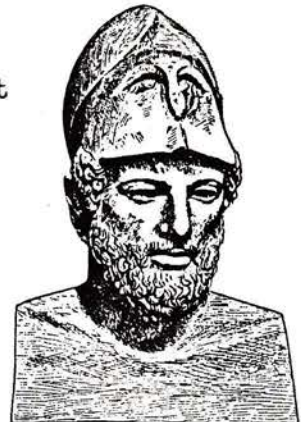
Such periods, marked by the most rapid advancement in literature, science, and art, occur in the history of every nation. Rome had her Augustan age—the age of Virgil, of Horace, of Cicero, and Sallust. Greece too has had her periods of great intellectual activity—marked by as brilliant efforts of genius, as graceful productions of art, as profound philosophical investigation, as enlightened statesmanship, and as great a degree of outward prosperity, as any either in ancient or in modern times.

Of these the age of Socrates stands preëminent above all others. An eminent German scholar has with much propriety styled it "that grand and mighty period of Athenian history." It is well calculated to arrest the attention of the reader of Grecian history by the series of great events with which it is crowded, as well as by the great stride towards perfection in literature and the arts which all Greece appears to have made during this interval. While, however, all Greece shared in this intellectual progress, Athens stood forth preëminent—the exponent of the Hellenic mind, the centre and expression of the national consciousness. We should mistake in attributing the brilliant position which Athens acquired and maintained among her

sister states solely, or even principally, to her political power. This was at best but brief and limited, while, long after the decay of her political independence she still continued the metropolis of Grecian science and art.

At no other period had Athens maintained so high a rank in a political and intellectual point of view. For this she was mainly indebted to the wise and enlightened legislation of Pericles, the great master-spirit of the age. His name is therefore connected with the highest glory of art, science, and power in Athens. Throughout his public life his efforts were directed to the attainment of a single object, which was never absent from his thoughts. It was his ambition to place his native city at the head of the Grecian states, and during the greater part of his administration she occupied this lofty position. It would have been impossible for Pericles to carry into execution the various measures which he projected, for the promotion of this object, had he possessed in a less degree that popularity which is an indispensable condition of success. The direct opposition of some of these measures to the urgent wishes, and even in some cases to the national pride, of the people renders this influence which he exerted over them even more remarkable. Perhaps no more striking instance can be adduced than the success with which he stemmed the tide of popular excitement when the exasperation of the general body of the citizens had risen to a pitch never before known, on beholding from the city walls the unaccustomed spectacle of a foreign foe ravaging the plain of Athens.

It may not be without interest to inquire by what means Pericles acquired such absolute mastery over the popular mind. To arrive at a satisfactory solution, we must take into consideration his own character, and examine how far it was suited to



PERICLES

command the age in which he lived and the people whom he governed. The secret of his success is to be found in the harmonious adaptation of his character to the prevailing spirit of his countrymen.

"The supreme power obtained by Pericles," says a brilliant English writer, "resembled a tyranny, but was only the expression and concentration of the democratic will." He did not seek to control, but rather yielded to and regulated the irresistible current of the popular desire. No Athenian ever possessed so many qualities for obtaining great and lasting influence over the various classes of the citizens. The commanding eloquence, which, if we may believe history, he possessed in a remarkable degree, enabled him to "wield at will that fierce democracy." By the encouragement which he extended to the various industrial interests of the people, he gained their confidence and steady coöperation in his measures. By his attention to maritime affairs he brought over to his interests the sailors—a part of the population by no means to be disregarded in a city, which, like Athens, claimed to be the mistress of the Grecian seas.

While conciliating by such means as I have mentioned the industrial classes of the population, he gratified their taste by the erection of those stupendous works of art whose magnificence is attested by the ruins yet in existence. The Odeon, the Parthenon, the Propylaea and numberless other fabrics, which, as Plutarch expresses it, seemed endowed with the bloom of perennial youth, rose in rapid succession, enduring monuments of the passionate love of beauty and art which forms so striking a characteristic of the Athenian citizen. The splendor of the public edifices exhibited a dazzling contrast to the narrowness and irregularity of the streets, and the simplicity of the private dwellings. It was the aim of Pericles to strengthen the patriotism of the Athenian citizen by a pride in her beauty, by presenting to him everywhere objects which should remind him of the majesty of the commonwealth, and symbolize the extent to which individual interest should yield before the all-absorbing glories of the state.

We of the present day cannot easily conceive the extraordinary magnificence and imposing effect of a series of works which have never been equalled in the annals of art. The mingled feelings of awe and admiration with which we now contemplate their mutilated remains can give us but a faint idea of the effect they must have produced upon the generation who beheld them in their pristine splendor, rising in their fair proportions and glowing in all the harmony of colors. Their decorations were of the purest gold, and no expense was spared to make them fitting monuments of Athenian glory. The visible splendor of the city, which so far exceeded that of any other in Greece, by giving her an appearance of power greater than the reality, procured for her an influence—real though unacknowledged—over all others, and inspired an involuntary deference even in those who most hated and feared her. The stranger, visiting Athens for the first time, could not fail to be forcibly struck by a magnificence so far exceeding anything which he had ever beheld. His eye would rest admirably on

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries."

Doubtless in his appropriation of large sums from the public revenues to the adornment of the city, Pericles was influenced no less by the increase of power which it would probably procure, than by an earnest love of the Beautiful which he shared in common with every Athenian citizen.

The power of Pericles, derived from such sources as I have described, was intimately connected with the interest, the mental sympathies, the ambition, the tastes, and the national pride of the people. Entirely dependent upon their good will, it could not survive it. That he should so long have retained his influence over a people so fickle and sub-

ject to change as the Athenian populace is no less creditable to the moderation and wisdom of his legislation than to his profound statesmanship and intimate acquaintance with human nature.

Having glanced at the means by which Pericles acquired an ascendancy over his countrymen almost without a parallel in Athenian history, it will be proper to observe the practical working of his system upon the prosperity and political consequence of the state. While, as has already been intimated, the leading feature in the Periclean policy was the aggrandizement of his native city, he differed from most statesmen of that day in dissuading from new and distant acquisitions, and recommending a conservative or stationary foreign policy for Athens. The wisdom of this view will be apparent to all who have studied the causes which led to the decline of the great empires of antiquity. But, though averse to foreign conquest, Pericles was not blind to the necessity of securing Athens against any sudden outbreak of the confederate states, and to this end devoted a part of the public revenues to the fortification of the city. At his instigation the Third Long Wall connecting Athens with Piraeus was built, and thus the communication between the city and the harbor was placed beyond all possible interruption.

The objects, then, which Pericles sought to attain were these:—"to strengthen the power of the Athenians over the possessions which they had already acquired, to confine their energies within the frontiers of Greece, and to curb, as might better be done by peace than by war, the Peloponnesian forces to their own rocky barriers." The means upon which he relied to accomplish these results were—first, a maritime force, and, secondly, the involuntary deference which the outward magnificence of Athens, the splendor of her festivals and games, and her evident intellectual superiority were calculated to inspire.

(Not many years previous, the foundations of the great naval superiority of Athens were laid by Themistocles, through

whose influence the Piraeus was constructed, and the considerable revenue annually accruing from the silver mines of Laurium appropriated to the enlargement of the navy. Thus a new path was opened to Athenian enterprise and ambition. A new and important source of power presented itself, which could not be otherwise than acceptable to a people possessed of an impulsive energy and restless spirit of enterprise, such that, in the words of a Corinthian orator, "they would neither remain at rest themselves nor allow rest to others."

The spirit of the Spartan government, as well as the character of her citizens, which was diametrically opposed to that of the Athenians, placed it out of her power to dispute with her great rival the sovereignty of the Grecian seas. Thus, through the enlightened policy of Themistocles, the long preëminence which Sparta had enjoyed was endangered, and her authority gradually disappearing before the increasing blaze of Athenian glory.) Such was the state of the Athenian navy at the commencement of Pericles' administration. That great statesman at once perceived the importance of this new agency for the accomplishment of the end which he had in view. Hence the navy became with him an object of especial care and attention. At the beginning of the Peloponnesian War, when the Athenians were in doubt whether to yield to the requisitions of Sparta, or engage in war, Pericles, in a speech advocating the latter course, urged that the inferiority of their opponents in naval force and skill would turn the scale in their favor. Again, after the commencement of the war, he adopted a course which threw the great burden of the defence on the exertions of the navy, and persisted in this course, though opposed to the wishes of the great majority of the citizens. Time showed the soundness of his views in this respect. (As long as Athens maintained her naval superiority, she was comparatively safe. When this departed, her political power departed with it.) The Athenians were not perhaps so daring navigators as the Phœnicians, but this may easily be accounted for by the wide differences between the characters of the two nations.

The Phoenicians were eminently a commercial people. The zeal with which they embarked in the pursuit of wealth, combined with their adventurous spirit, hurried them into new and unknown seas. The Athenians were also a commercial people, but this was with them less a matter of choice than of necessity. The unproductiveness of her soil forced the inhabitants of Attica to seek some other avenue to wealth. She was very favorably situated for commerce, being washed on three sides by the sea. This gave rise to a commerce, which, in the more flourishing periods of her existence, was very extensive. Still Glory was always her first object—Gain but a secondary one. She was therefore content to limit herself to the established channels of trade without seeking to open new ones.

"Her less adventurous navies never
swept
To where the unawakened isles of
Ocean slept,
But a bright track of living lustre
showed
Where the bold Greek had sped his
glorious road,
And tyrants learned the dangerous
shores to shun,
Where Cimon rose, and Salamis was
won!"

It was the design of Pericles as we have before said not only to place Athens at the head of Greece in point of political ascendancy, but to invest her with an importance apart from political considerations, which could not be snatched from her by the vicissitudes of power. In other words, he sought to make her the metropolis of science and art, the intellectual Queen of Greece. His first proceeding was to impart to the city an external splendor, which might impress upon the mind of the beholder a feeling of respect, and to this end the ample revenues of the state were applied under his direction. We have already seen how far his wishes were realized in this respect. Of the impulse which he communicated to the cultivation of literature in its several departments I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

Various other circumstances contributed to hasten the consummation which the policy of Pericles was intended to promote. The removal of the common treasury of the great Ionian league from Delos to Athens changed the relations which its members had hitherto sustained to Athens, degrading them from allies to subjects. The revenues before contributed by them with cheerfulness for the public defence, were now exacted by Athens as tribute due from a subject to a sovereign state. This arbitrary proceeding, by which the allied states were stripped of their political independence, and without their own active concurrence placed in the position of subjects, dependent upon Athens as the imperial city, could not but prove in the end detrimental to the interests of the latter. It might have been otherwise had she taken care to attach them by the idea of a joint interest. Such, however, was not the course which Athens chose to adopt, and we shall find this operating among other causes to bring about the reverses which she soon after experienced in the Peloponnesian War. But, if we leave out of sight remote consequences, we must allow that the policy of Pericles together with concurrent events had placed Athens in a position of commanding influence and power, which for the time enabled her to eclipse every rival.

To a superficial observer, her greatness promised to be as lasting as it was brilliant. But there were considerations which could not fail to attract the attention of a reflecting mind. It was apparent at the first glance that the position which Athens occupied was utterly disproportioned to her natural resources—that it was founded upon other than physical causes, and must decline when those causes ceased to operate. The growing love of luxury, to which the possession of wealth naturally gives rise, had already called forth the indignant rebuke of a class of persons, who were fond of contrasting the nobler manners and more majestic virtues of former generations with the degeneracy of the present. The practice introduced by Pericles of payment for all services rendered to the state is said to have been a fruitful source of corruption, and there-

fore to have exerted an injurious influence upon the citizens. Let us pause, however, before we lay to the charge of Pericles what was the necessary consequence of an overflowing treasury in a democratic state. The treasures of the state were the property of the people, and it was natural for them to desire to share their own opulence. It would have been far from politic for Pericles to oppose this very reasonable desire. Indeed the evil effects of this system did not show themselves during his administration: it was not until war had crippled the resources of the state, and swallowed up her diminished revenues, that it was recognized as a serious drain upon the prosperity of the state.

(We have thus glanced at the leading features in the policy—external and internal—of Pericles. We have seen to what he was indebted for the almost absolute control which he possessed over the minds of his countrymen. Under his wise guidance we have seen Athens advancing with rapid strides to the first rank among her sister states, enlarging the sphere of her activity and widening the limits of her power. We have seen her acquiring a degree of external splendor which seemed to justify the appellation of a "city of the Gods." We have in short seen Athens advanced to the height of power and opulence, eclipsing all her rivals, the most brilliant metropolis of the age.)

Such are the claims of Pericles upon the gratitude of his native city. For the subsequent evils which resulted from a part of his internal policy he is not accountable. They were such as are inseparable from a high state of civilization, and therefore unavoidable. It would be unjust to deny that his measures were dictated by an enlightened patriotism which placed the welfare of the state far above all personal aggrandizement. Fortune so ordered it that the power of the state contributed to his personal greatness, but we may say with confidence that this had no weight with Pericles in urging him to adopt measures which he would otherwise have avoided. He was ambitious, but it was an ambition of the

purest and most exalted kind. He was ambitious of elevating his native city—of securing for her a wide and imperishable renown.

The death of Pericles took place in the third year of the Peloponnesian War. In his death the Athenians suffered an irreparable loss. Many were eager to step into his place, but there was no one competent to fill it. He died at a time when the great fabric of Athenian power which he had erected was tottering to its base—at a time when Athens stood most in need of that wisdom and prudence which had hitherto conducted her safely amid the storms which had gathered in her political horizon.

Of the protracted struggle which at the death of Pericles had but just commenced it will be sufficient to speak briefly and in general terms. Originating in the jealous rivalry which had so long existed between Athens and Sparta, heightened by the recent prosperity of the latter, it was waged with the greatest ferocity for a period of twenty-seven years. Its consequences to all the Grecian states were ruinous—to Athens especially so. The decisive victory of Lysander at Aegospotamos, B.C. 405, was the last scene in the bloody drama: the sun of Athenian power had set for ever. Reduced to helplessness and despair, after two generations of imperial grandeur, Athens could not help recurring to her former glories with a feeling of bitter regret. It was not until the expulsion of the Thirty that she was again permitted to enjoy the blessings of peace under a renovated democratical government, having received from her late enemies the assurance of abstaining from all future molestation. Her condition at this period is thus described by an able historian.

"In respect of power indeed Athens was but the shadow of her former self. She had no empire, no fleet, no fortifications at Piraeus, no long walls, not a single fortified place in Attica except the city itself. Of all these losses, however, the Athenians probably made little account, at least at the first epoch of their reestablishment; so intolerable was

the pressure which they had just escaped, and so welcome the restitution of comfort, security, prosperity, and independence at home. The very excess of tyranny committed by the Thirty gave a peculiar zest to the recovery of the democracy."

(I have thus far spoken of the political greatness of Athens. It will be necessary to turn back and inquire whether this great advancement was not attended by a progress equally rapid in philosophy, literature, and the arts.)

Inclination as well as policy prompted Pericles to promote, as far as possible, the growth of the Athenian intellect. Under his favorable auspices there grew up an amount of intellectual activity which places the Age of Pericles far above all other periods of Greek enlightenment. The eyes of all Greece were directed towards the rising literary eminence of Athens. She became the centre towards which the efforts of all converged who were influenced by the charms of a literary career. Distinguished writers from all parts of Greece were eager to submit their works to the judgment of the Athenian public, and contended at her festivals for the prize awarded to literary excellence. Thus, on the completion of his great historical work, Herodotus is said to have read it at Athens at the festival of the Panathenaea.

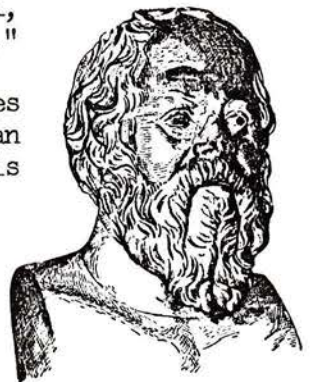
Before the Persian War Athens had contributed less than many other cities to the intellectual progress of Greece. Sparta was selected by the principal poets and philosophers of those times as the theatre upon which to bring their powers and acquirements into public notice. The reason of this preference was that the Lacedaemonians, though they produced little themselves, were regarded as sound judges in all matters relating to philosophy and art. In the period between the Persian and Peloponnesian Wars, literature and the arts, forsaking Sparta, tended towards Athens as their most favored seat. The copiousness and excellence of her native literature, as well as the enthusiastic and ready appreciation of distinguished merit, which formed a leading trait in the Athenian character,

opened an ample field of exertion and emulation to genius and talents. It was at this time that Pericles came into power, and under his auspices the progress of letters, already rapid, was accelerated by the new impulse communicated by his wise legislation. Thus by degrees Athens earned the title which Pericles is said to have bestowed upon her, "The school-mistress of Greece."

(In order to present a faithful picture of the state of literature in Athens at the time of which I am speaking, it will be necessary to examine with some degree of minuteness the various channels into which the Greek mind was directed by the impulse communicated by the causes above mentioned.

The philosophic element claims our first attention on account of the important relation which it bore to the common affairs of life. "With the Athenians philosophy was not a thing apart from the occupations of life and the events of history—it was not the monopoly of a few studious minds, but was cultivated as a fashion by the young and the well-born; the statesman, the poet, the man of pleasure, the votary of ambition. It was inseparably interwoven with their manners, their pursuits, their glory, their decay." This thorough appreciation of philosophy by all classes of the Athenians exhibits a proof of the degree of cultivation which they had attained, and affords ground for the general proposition laid down by Aristotle that "the common people are the most exquisite judges of whatever in art is most graceful, harmonious, or sublime."

The period of Socrates cannot be otherwise than remarkable in the annals of philosophy. The greatest intellectual phenomenon of his age, he has marked it with the impress of his genius. Differing in a great measure from the views advanced by former philosophers, he became the founder



Socrates * * *
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced
Wiseest of men.
—MILTON: *Paradise Regained*.

and head of a new school of philosophy, which by degrees superseded all others. The efforts of previous philosophers seem to have been directed chiefly to the invention of some system which would solve at once the problem of the Universe. In their speculations there was nothing fixed and definite: ethics and physics, man and nature, were all blended together in hopeless confusion. This was the necessary result of the want of method which they exhibited in conducting their investigations.)

Such was the unsettled state of philosophy at the time when Socrates commenced his public teachings. He turned his attention chiefly to practical philosophy: speculation and theory, except as connected with practice, he deemed of little value. The subjects upon which he conversed were chiefly such as related to the nature and condition of man. He would inquire into the meaning of terms in common use, with which every one thought himself familiar. "What is piety?" "What is the honorable and the base?" "What constitutes a state, and what a statesman?" These inquiries and many others of a similar nature formed the ground work of his public teachings. In this respect he departed widely from all who had preceded him. Physical science held a prominent place in their speculations: with Socrates it was almost entirely kept out of view. This apparent contempt of physics has been urged as proof that he entertained a narrow and partial view of science. Even if this were true, some extenuation of the offence might be found in the imperfect state of science as cultivated at that period. But there is reason to believe that the charge is founded on a misconception of the views of Socrates. It is well known that he regarded with approbation the leading doctrines of Anaxagoras, the greatest physical philosopher of that age, and that the principal charge which he brought against those who were engaged in these speculations, was, that they were inclined to attach too much importance to them, exalting the material above the immaterial.

How far the religious belief of Socra-

tes differed from that generally entertained in his time it will be difficult to determine with exactness. It is known that he complied with the forms of religion prescribed by the laws, and that he professed to believe in the deities of the old mythology. This was probably the extent of the coincidence between the belief of Socrates and the popular belief. In most other points we shall find it differing but little from the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. He was fully convinced of the existence of an all wise, all good, omnipotent and invisible Being, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. He regarded Him as the source from which all human blessings proceed, and for this reason deemed it a sacred duty for men to worship Him. The Gods of the heathen mythology he regarded as subordinate to the Supreme Being. He entertained views respecting the dignity of the human soul no less elevated than those which are held by Christians at the present day. From various circumstances he inferred the immortality of the soul; from the phenomena of dreaming, from the nature of the Supreme Being, and from the opinions of former ages. He was no less firmly convinced of the certainty of a Divine Retribution, and depicted in fearful colors the punishment which awaits those who have given themselves up to the dominion of sin on the earth. He believed in the efficacy of prayer, and, notwithstanding his compliance with the established usages of the times, did not refrain from lifting up his voice against the abuses connected with the sacrificial worship.

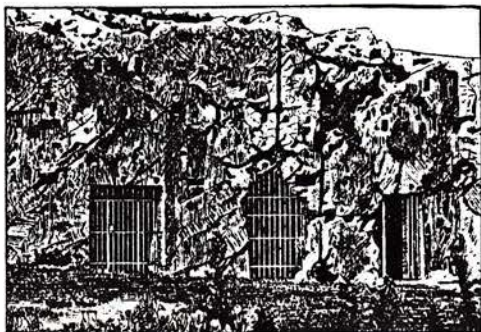
The nature of his teachings and his novel method of conducting them, the peculiarities of his personal appearance, as well as the long period in which he exercised his vocation, had the effect of placing him conspicuously before the public eye. One great object which he had in view was to expose the "seeming and conceit of knowledge without the reality." To this end he was in the habit of seeking occasions to cross-examine and expose the pretensions of the leading men of the day—politicians, poets, sophists, and others. Such a course naturally excited the resentment of those whose ignorance

and incompetency were brought to light by the searching questions of Socrates. Indeed when we consider how far Socrates stood in advance of, and in opposition to his age, and the various causes which conspired to bring him into odium, we cannot avoid being surprised at the length of time during which he was permitted to continue his public career. In any other city in Greece, the purity and blamelessness of his private life would have proved an insufficient protection against the antipathy excited by his public course. The Athenians were characterized by greater tolerance of individual dissent in taste and opinion than was common at that time. Liberty of speech was regarded by all as one of the chief privileges of a citizen in a democratic state. Hence freedom of thought and utterance prevailed here to a great extent, and this will account in part for the unwonted intellectual activity which reigned there, and the many and brilliant forms which it assumed under the favoring influences of Pericles' administration.

The imprisonment and death which terminated the career of Socrates, though subject to severe reprehension, have been visited, I think, with too great severity upon the Athenians. It is unjust to measure by the standard of our own age an event which happened over two thousand years ago. We do not consider the peculiar circumstances which attended his trial, and that notwithstanding the antipathy which he had excited it was in his power, had he desired, to secure acquittal, or at all events to escape with a moderate fine. From the moment of his arrest until that of his death he exhibited a degree of composure and a contempt

of death which mark in the most striking manner the loftiness of his soul. He attempted no labored defence of his character when arraigned before the judges. He disdained to descend to the usual practices of accused persons, who sought to secure the good will of the people by flattery, and to excite their compassion by lamentations. On the contrary he boldly asserted his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge. This noble independence, so different from the conduct usually exhibited, irritated the Dicasts who brought in a verdict of "Guilty" by a majority of only five or six—a proof that his reputation for honor and integrity overcame to a considerable extent the prejudice which was excited against him as a philosopher. Notwithstanding this unfavorable decision Socrates might by a different demeanor have escaped with a trifling fine, but such was his indifference to the final issue that, when called upon to choose the mode of punishment, he declared that instead of meriting death he deserved a place in the Prytaneum as a public benefactor. This of course increased the "wrath" of the populace who in a fit of rage and indignation sentenced him to death by poison.

In reviewing the incidents of his trial we cannot avoid seeing that the main cause of his condemnation lay not in the charges which were urged against him, nor in the predisposition of the judges to find him guilty. A majority of them were, on the other hand, prejudiced in his favor. It is to be attributed rather to the boldness of his bearing, and the manner in which he defied their authority—a point on which the legal profession are quite as sensitive at the present day as were the Athenian Dicasts of old. I am not disposed to censure Socrates for the bold stand which he took: for it he merits and has received the respect and admiration of all subsequent ages. I only claim that the effect which it produced upon the tribunal before which he was arraigned should be taken into the account when we pass judgment on those who were concerned in his death.



PRISON OF SOCRATES, AT ATHENS
In one of these dungeons, hewn in the rock, the philosopher spent his last hours.

It will readily be believed that a philosopher leading such a public life as

Socrates, possessing a kindling and persuasive eloquence, which attracted to his side men of all ages and especially the young, must have exerted an important influence upon the age in which he lived. The enthusiastic veneration for his character, which is displayed in the accounts which have come down to us from two of his most distinguished followers, warrants us in the belief that over his disciples at least, he exerted an almost boundless influence. That the tendency of his instructions was in the highest degree of salutary no one can entertain a doubt. The object to which he chiefly directed his efforts was to prepare his youthful auditors to fill creditably the stations to which they might be called in after life.

We are indebted for our knowledge of the character and philosophy of Socrates almost entirely to Plato and Xenophon. Their accounts, either of which would be incomplete without the other, when taken in connection present a clear and harmonious view of the peculiarities of his character and teachings. It was perhaps fortunate for Socrates that he found biographers so widely distant in their tastes and opinions. Otherwise, we might have had one part of his character fully described, and the other left in obscurity. Agreeing only in the admiration which they entertained for him, Plato and Xenophon have contemplated the Socratic philosophy from different points of view, and furnished us with the results of their respective observations. The peculiar bent of Xenophon's mind led him to regard Socrates as a great moral teacher, and as such accordingly he has represented him. Plato could more entirely sympathize with the philosophic element in his teachings, and of this he has given us an exposition, which, though mingled with some speculations of his own, we cannot doubt to be in the main correct.

The merits of Socrates consist not alone in the results which he arrived at by his own investigations, and in the new turn which he gave to philosophy itself, but also in the rare power which he possessed of drawing forth the latent analytical faculties of others. It was no

small triumph to have awakened the genius of Plato, and to have imparted to him that amplitude of dialectic range for which he was himself so distinguished. It cannot be disputed that Socrates exhibited rare qualifications for the character which he assumed—that of the founder of a new system of philosophy. The union of rare dialectic powers with a happy faculty of awakening in others an earnest love of knowledge, as well as a persuasive eloquence, the effects of which were described by Alcibiades as almost overwhelming, left nothing to be desired.

In speaking of the views entertained by Socrates a view has in fact been presented of the state of philosophy in his time. He may be considered as the embodiment of the philosophical element of that period. The most distinguished philosophers of the age were either his disciples or belonged to the Ionic school, which, however, was then held in little favor at Athens. This will account for the fact that the philosophers of this school, almost without exception, were not natives of Athens, but had been driven thither by political causes. The most eminent of these were Anaxagoras of Clazomenae, Diogenes of Apollonia, and Archelaus of Miletus. The freedom of their inquiries into nature, and the boldness of the conclusions which they deduced, startled the religious belief of the people. They were accused of being unbelievers, and Anaxagoras was obliged in consequence to withdraw from Athens at the age of 69. It is related that among other opinions he held that the sun, which the Greeks revered as a God, was a mass of red-hot iron, and that no doctrine gave so much offence to the people. We can easily conceive that so direct an attack upon the great system of mythology, which, sanctified by its antiquity and the belief of former ages, was received by the great majority of the people with unhesitating credence, must have shocked prejudices which had taken deep root in the popular mind.

The doctrines of these physical philosophers, though at the time they met with the most determined opposition, gradually

gained ground, and by their subsequent rapid diffusion tended powerfully to undermine the principles upon which the worship of the ancient gods entirely rested, and thus paved the way for the future introduction of Christianity. As I have before intimated, Socrates did not profess disbelief in the doctrines of these philosophers, but censured them for exalting the material above the immaterial. He did not consider physical investigations as of no value, but assigned them a place far below those in which he was himself engaged. Anaxagoras was, we are told, an intimate friend of Pericles—a proof, if any were needed, that the mind of the latter was not influenced by the prejudices which prevented that philosopher's success with the people.

We now come to a class of persons of whom much has been written but little is certainly known—I mean the Sophists. They are commonly represented as intellectual and moral corruptors—a class of literary imposters—whose chief occupation it was to make an ostentatious display of their own abilities in disputation, and by arguments specious rather than profound to show the worse to be the better reason. Such is the character which has been ascribed to the Sophists by nearly all historians. If, as Müller tells us, "they exercised a greater influence on the culture of the Greek mind than any other class of men, the ancient poets alone excepted," it becomes an inquiry of some interest whether the charges which have been made against them are well-founded, or, if not, how they have obtained so extensive a credence.

Until the publication of Mr. Grote's History of Greece no historian has attempted a vindication of the Sophists. This writer has accomplished the task in a manner which reflects the greatest credit upon his fidelity and independence as an historical writer. In the account, necessarily a brief one, which I design to give of this class, I shall adhere to the views which have been so ably presented and successfully maintained by Mr. Grote.

The Sophists were a class of men whose

vocation it was to train up youth for the duties and pursuits of public and private life. They were in many cases men of great and varied acquirements, and in all cases of a ready and impressive elocution. The last was an indispensable qualification. The services which they rendered to learning were very important, as well from their industry in making themselves acquainted with every department of science, as then understood, as from the readiness with which they imparted to others the knowledge they had themselves acquired. Some branches of education, as grammar and rhetoric, they were the first to cultivate; and, in general, the great intellectual activity which reigned at Athens in the time of Socrates is attributable in no small degree to the influence of their teachings. They did much for the formation of the artificial prose style which we afterwards find carried to perfection in the polished diction of Demosthenes. One of their leading objects was the cultivation of an easy and graceful style of oratory, an indispensable accomplishment to every Athenian who wished to acquire political consideration.

Thus far we have seen nothing in the character or vocation of the Sophists which need expose them to the obloquy which has attached itself to the name. It may not be inappropriate to notice the grounds of accusation against them, to ascertain to what extent they are true, and if true whether they are sufficient to warrant the conclusions drawn from them. A charge much insisted on by Socrates and Plato was that they sold their knowledge for money. It is unquestionably true that the Sophists demanded and received payment for their instructing. The price varied of course with the talents and reputation of the teachers themselves, but was never, we believe, exorbitantly high. But after admitting this we are at a loss to perceive what conclusion can be drawn prejudicial to the character of the Sophists as a body. It has been said by one whose authority few will venture to dispute, that the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and in all merely physical labor this has been an established maxim in all ages. Why intellectual labor should be considered less

worthy of recompense we are unable to conjecture. Such a course is virtually to exalt the body above the mind, and, if adopted in practice, would be the most effectual way of retarding the intellectual progress of a nation. Upon this point, however, it is unnecessary to dwell, since the practice with which the Sophists have been reproached has been adopted by all civilized nations.

It was also urged against the Sophists, and the charge has been taken up and reiterated by some modern writers, "that by means of their teachings their pupils were enabled to second unjust designs, to make the worse appear the better reason, and to delude their hearers by trick and artifice into false persuasion and show of knowledge without the reality." We have no positive evidence with which to combat this sweeping charge, but the probabilities preponderate on the other side. It is a consideration of no small importance that this argument was not urged against the Sophists alone: it was applied to all distinguished teachers in the ancient world—to Isochates and Quintilian no less than to Protagoras and Gorgias. Against Socrates, in particular, it was urged with the greatest bitterness: in his defence before the judges he has alluded to these as the "stock reproaches against all who pursue philosophy." Since, therefore, we find Socrates sharing these reproaches equally with the Sophists, we may reasonably insist that it should be received as true in regard to both or neither.

We are indebted for our knowledge of the Sophists to Plato who was their avowed enemy. Yet we find even him distinctly protesting against the charge that the Sophists were the corrupters of Athenian morality, in the following passage from the "Republic:" "It is the whole people or the society, with its established morality, intelligence, and tone of sentiment, which is intrinsically vicious; the teachers of such a society must be vicious also, otherwise their teachings would not be received; and even if their private teaching were ever so good, its effect would be washed away, except in some few privileged nations, by the overwhelming

deluge of pernicious social influences."

In addition to the evidence already adduced, there are other considerations which render it highly improbable that the Sophists were as corrupt and immoral as has been alleged. In the first place, had such been their character, they would hardly have met with the enthusiastic reception with which they were greeted in the various cities which they visited. Superior knowledge and intellectual force always command respect, when united with elevation of sentiment and correct principles. The state of society in which they command equal reverence, when unattended by these, must be intrinsically vicious. It is hardly possible to conceive the state of public sentiment to have been so low in Athens, in an age illustrated by the example and precepts of the greatest of heathen philosophers, that the corrupters of youth, and the advocates of immorality and irreligion, should have obtained general respect and reverence. Again, it was clearly against the interest of the Sophists to adopt such a course. They had a strong personal interest in sending forth accomplished and virtuous the youth who were entrusted to their care. History affords no examples of men who have acquired a great intellectual renown by teaching a low or corrupt morality. There are instances, it is true, where great want of principle has accompanied a brilliant reputation. We find this union in Lord Bacon, and, more recently, in Lord Byron. But in these and all similar instances, reputation has been acquired in spite of, not by means of, want of principle.

Stripping the name of Sophists of all that would tend to mislead us, we find them as a class exerting a most salutary influence upon the age in which they lived, promoting the spread of general intelligence, and by their success constantly increasing the estimation in which literature was held. It is to be regretted, that, through the force of circumstances, their character has been so utterly misconceived, and the important influence which they exerted upon the culture of the Greek mind so entirely unappreciated.

We now turn from philosophy to that branch of intellectual cultivation, which, in the early progress of a nation, comes next in order of development—I mean History. In the period of which I am speaking we shall not find this element so prominent as philosophy, although it certainly made great progress and advanced with a rapidity till then without a precedent. History from its very nature could not become popular with the Athenians. They were yet young; and it is true in the case of nations as well as of individuals, that it is the characteristic of youth to look forward eagerly and hopefully into the undiscovered Future, while age finds its chief enjoyment in recalling the scenes of the past, in dwelling fondly upon the high hopes and noble impulses of youth—the activity and energy of manhood.

In the age of Socrates we find three great writers standing forth as representatives of the historical element in Grecian literature. These were Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. The two former rest their chief, if not their only claims to distinction, upon their efforts in this department. The latter displaying a greater versatility of talent, distinguished himself equally as a soldier, a philosopher, and an historian. It is perhaps on this account that his merits as an historian are not so distinctly recognized as those of the two former. These three writers who came chronologically in the order in which I have mentioned their names, differing widely in their characters and tastes, exhibit strong and unmistakeable evidences of individuality in style as well as in the manner in which they handled their subjects. Herodotus is commonly styled the "Father of History," and if by this title it is meant that he was the first to impart system and regularity, gracefulness and vigor, to historical composition, it is unquestionably well applied. Many previous writers had entered upon this career with various success. This class of writers, who are included under the general name "Logographers," contented themselves with a bare record of events, making no attempts to set off their narratives by ingenuity of arrangement or

beauty of style. The works of Herodotus differ less in their general character from those of the class just mentioned than is the case with his two successors. It was in fact but a higher development of the same class of composition, and it is in recognition of this fact that he has been styled the "chief of the logographers." Herodotus has it is true great and manifold excellences to which they could lay no claim, but these, however great, are not sufficient to destroy the resemblance. His writings bear to theirs the same relation which a masterpiece of art bears to the production of an inferior artist. We can trace in each a familiarity with the general principles of art, applied with different degrees of success. In early life compelled by the political commotions in which all Greece shared to forsake his native city, he became a wanderer in many lands. His lively imagination, and the love of novelty incident to youth, led him to traverse nearly all the then civilized world. Greece, Thrace, and Macedonia—Scythia, Asia, and Egypt, furnished a broad field of investigation to our curious traveller. The materials of his future historical works were collected in this tour. In the various countries which he visited he suffered nothing to escape his inquisitive eye. The productions of the soil, the manners, customs, and religion of the people, were carefully observed and faithfully recorded. These circumstances had a great share in determining the character of his history. Accordingly we find that it is not a dry detail of events, but rather a book of travels narrated historically in a simple and unostentatious manner, containing animated descriptions of different nations and countries. His descriptions have all the vigor and animation of an adventurer and a wanderer. "He has none of the refining disquisitions that are born of the closet. He paints history rather than descants upon it; he throws the colorings of a mind unconsciously poetic, over all he describes. Now a soldier—now a priest—now a patriot—he is always a poet if rarely a philosopher. He narrates like a witness unlike Thucydides who sums up like a judge." But, while aiming at dramatic effect, Herodotus does not lose

sight of what should be the chief aim in all historical composition—fidelity and accuracy in narration. His descriptions of foreign countries have been recognized by modern travelers, notwithstanding the long interval which has elapsed, as singularly correct. Though not a native of Athens, he resided there for a short period, and read portions of his great work to the Athenians at the festival of the Panathenaea, B.C. 444. This was received by them with the most rapturous applause, and at the popular instigation, ten talents from the public treasury were bestowed upon the successful author. His name therefore is not improperly introduced in a sketch of the literary character of Athens in the time of Socrates.

In turning from Herodotus to Thucydides, we find the same contrast exhibited which exists between the natural features of a country tastefully diversified by hill and dale, at times grand and beautiful, and everywhere picturesque, and a district highly cultivated with the natural features everywhere softened and modified by the influences of art. Thucydides imparted a new character to historical composition, and the consequence is, that, while his work stands higher as a work of art, the narratives of Herodotus are much more interesting. Thucydides was the first to write a philosophical history. He places history on a higher ground than Herodotus: with him it assumes the character of a teacher, not merely of what has been but what will be. His style wants the animation and picturesque beauty of Herodotus, but possesses a dignity in which the latter is deficient. To the politician the work of Thucydides is rich in valuable lessons, while to the general reader Herodotus presents much greater attractions.

Xenophon presents fewer and less marked characteristics than either Herodotus or Thucydides. He combines to a certain extent the merits of both. In him the brilliant descriptive powers of the former are united with the philosophical views of the latter. His style has been appropriately described as a model of elegant simplicity. His powers of graphic description are nowhere displayed to better

advantage than in the account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Though like Thucydides at one time banished by the Athenians, his merits as a writer were not unappreciated by them. In strictness he should be referred as an historian not to the period of Socrates, but to that immediately following: but the intimate relation in which he stood to Socrates for so many years, as well as the fact that the transactions which he records are chiefly included in that period, have led me to speak of him in this connection.

The spirit of an age, it is said, is more faithfully represented by its poetry than by any branch of prose composition. By tracing out the gradual changes which take place in the development of the poetic element in a national literature we can at the same time gain an insight into the prevailing spirit and modes of thought by which it is marked at different periods. The majestic epic, with its constant reference to the old mythology, replete with legendary lore, sprang up among a people yet in the infancy of their political history, whose minds were swayed by the wildest improbabilities, with whom physical strength was esteemed in proportion as it was after called into exercise in the constant struggle for political existence. Subsequently, in the more stirring and agitated times which attended the development of republican governments, elegiac, lyric, and iambic poetry arose. Then, for the first time, poetry became the expression of individual feeling, and the inmost recesses of the human breast were laid open by its inspiration. The progress of refinement and civilization developed still another variety of poetry as the organ of the prevailing thoughts and feelings of the time. This new form attained its highest development in the period of seventy years which elapsed between the birth and death of Socrates. Within this period flourished the three great masters of Attic Tragedy—Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. While each from the rich resources of his own genius contributed to the dignity and elevation of the Tragic Muse, Comedy was rapidly rising in public estimation under the auspices of Aristophanes.

The tragic drama arrests our attention as well by the astonishing rapidity of its progress from its rude beginnings in the days of Thespis as by the lofty elevation attained in the age of Pericles. The few productions of this character which have come down to us are but a tithe of those actually produced, and in themselves afforded very insufficient evidence of the creative energy of those who distinguished themselves in this department. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are the only writers of whose plays any are now extant. That these however were not the only great composers of that period is abundantly proved by the fact that many whose works have utterly perished are related to have successfully contested the dramatic victory with each. Thus Philocles gained the prize even over the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles; Euphorion, Xenocles, and Nicomachus are all known to have triumphed over Euripides. This consideration will give us some conception of the extent to which this species of composition was cultivated, and the perfection which it attained in the time of Socrates.

If Herodotus is entitled to the name of Father of History, the many and important inventions by which he strove to unfold the capacities of his art entitle Aeschylus to be considered as the father of Attic Tragedy. He differs in many respects from Sophocles and Euripides. His verse is marked by a Titan like majesty—a grand and terrible sublimity which we do not find in the latter. He delights in representing man as the victim of an inscrutable destiny. The subjects, personages and events of his plays, far removed from the level of ordinary life, were borrowed from the legendary world. Sophocles and Euripides, it is true, drew from the same source, but the manner in which they handled their subjects was widely different. Bold and startling metaphors, a rugged boldness and irregular fire give to his productions a distinct individuality, far removed from the more elegant but less forcible creations of his great rivals. A recent English writer has pointed out with much ability the distinctive character of each of these three great writers.

"In Aeschylus," he observes, "the ideality belongs not less to the handling than to the subjects: the passions appealed to are masculine and violent to the exclusion of Aphrodite and her inspirations; the figures are vast and majestic but exhibited only in half-light and in shadowy outline; the speech is replete with bold metaphor and abrupt transition,—"grandiloquent even to a fault" (as Quintilian remarks), "and often approaching nearer to Oriental vagueness than to Grecian perspicuity. In Sophocles there is evidently a closer approach to reality and common life: the range of emotions is more varied, the figures are more distinctly seen, and the action more fully and conspicuously worked out. Not only we have a more elaborate dramatic structure, but a more expanded dialogue, and a comparative simplicity of speech like that of living Greeks: and we find too a certain admixture of rhetorical declamation, amid the greatest poetical beauty which the Grecian drama ever attained. But when we advance to Euripides, this rhetorical element becomes still more prominent and developed. The ultra natural sublimity of the legendary characters disappears: love and compassion are invoked to a degree which Aeschylus would have deemed inconsistent with the dignity of the heroic person; moreover there are appeals to the reason, and argumentative controversies, which that grandiloquent poet would have despised as petty and forensic cavils. And—what was worse still, judging from the Aeschylean point of view—there was a certain novelty of speculation, an intimation of doubt on leading opinions, and an air of scientific refinement, often spoiling the practical effect."

(No one who has attentively studied the Athenian drama need be told how widely it differs from the modern drama. The tragic poet of ancient times was far more restricted both in the selection of his subject and in the manner of treating it. A much greater variety of incident and a larger numbers of actors are allowed at the present day. In ancient times the deed of violence which constituted the tragical denouement of the piece was not, as in modern times actually represented

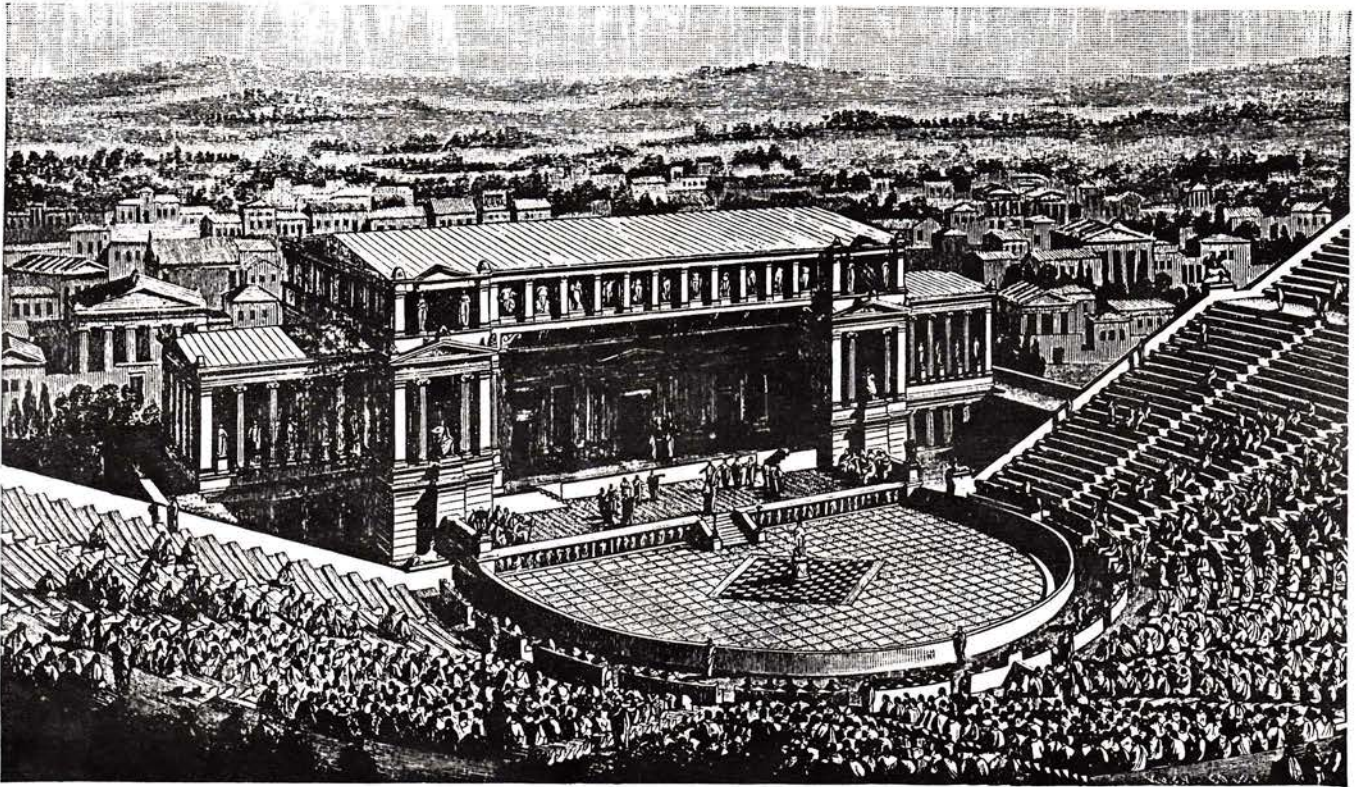
but merely related. Doubtless the stage effect is greatly heightened by such spectacles, and so far they may be considered advantageous.

The objects aimed at in ancient and in modern tragedy are so widely different that they have naturally suggested different modes of treatment. With the Greeks it was intimately connected with the natural religion: the personages introduced were the gods and heroes of the old mythology. The actors who personated them were by artificial means made to appear of heroic stature, and to possess the imposing exterior which was supposed to belong to the characters which they represented. As the plot is gradually unfolded, some great moral struggle is discovered to be going on. On the one side virtue—on the other vice exulting in conscious strength—are opposed to each other. A terrible conflict ensues between the opposing principles of good and evil which generally terminates in the overthrow of the latter by the interposition of Divine power. A fearful retribution awaits the guilty while long-suffering Virtue receives a fit reward. Viewed in this light, it will readily be seen how far the tragic drama was fitted to promote the ethical study for which this age was so remarkable. The many questions of duty which were raised and left undecided by the tragic poets were not left so by the spectator. These new combinations of circumstances, involving new questions of practical duty, led to wider generalizations in ethics. The spirit of inquiry which was thus excited fostered the study of rhetoric and dialectics which afterwards attained such maturity in Aristotle as a dialectician and Demosthenes as an orator. It is not therefore without reason that the drama has been called "the transition stage in the history of Greek literature from the epic and lyric poetry as well as the aphoristic philosophy of an earlier period, to the more expanded system of ethics and the finished perfection of oratory, which constitutes the last and crowning glory of Grecian intellectual achievement."

The complicated artistic structure of modern tragedy stands at the greatest

remove from the severe simplicity of the ancient drama. So wide indeed is the difference that the qualities essential to success in the one, are almost entirely excluded in the other. The accurate delineation of character and the wonderful versatility for which Shakspeare stands unrivalled would have found no proper scope in the limited range of Attic tragedy. The freedom and even indelicacy which abounds in his writings is more akin to the unlimited license of the Aristophanic comedy than to the strict propriety and moral purity which are always maintained in ancient tragedy.

The ancient mode of dramatic representation differed altogether from that which exists at the present day. All classes of the citizens were admitted to this entertainment, and thus was fostered that love of the beautiful and harmonious which formed a leading trait in the Athenian character. In the origin of the art a wooden platform was employed, which in course of time was succeeded by a theatre of wood: this at length gave place to large stone edifices of great capacity. The theatre of Bacchus at Athens is said to have been capable of containing 30,000 persons. It was of semicircular form with its ends somewhat prolonged: these were connected by a building passing across from one to the other. This part which was called the stage or scene, was appropriated to the actors. The seats for the spectators, arranged in concentric rows, rose in regular succession behind each other. There from time to time those immortal compositions into which the genius of Aeschylus, of Sophocles, and of Euripides had breathed inspiration, were represented to listening thousands, willing the seats of the immense theatre. It must have been an impressive spectacle—that vast multitude—seated tier above tier, bench upon bench, occupied by one common subject of interest, with their passions alternately soothed and excited, surrendering their whole souls to the absorbing interest with which the poet had invested the brilliant creations of his fancy. Unlike the gas-lighted structures of modern times the ancient theatre was open to the free air of heaven, with no roof but the delightful sky of Greece.



THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS AT ATHENS

"The actor apostrophized no mimic paste-board, but the wide expanse of Nature herself—the living sun, the mountain air, the wide and visible Aegean. All was proportioned to the gigantic scale of the theatre, and the mighty range of the audience.")

Although Comedy is not in the same sense as Tragedy the offspring of the Athenian intellect, it was in Athens that it received its complete development and attained its full splendor. Of the numerous writers who preceded Aristophanes in this species of composition, we are left to judge only from the mention of contemporaneous writers, none of their works, with the exception of a few fragments, having reached us. Magnes, Crates, and Cratinus are honorably mentioned by Aristophanes himself as among the most distinguished of his predecessors. Of the abundant compositions of Aristophanes himself, but eleven have been preserved. These, however, are sufficient to establish his reputation as the great master of Attic comedy. In them we find exhibited in the greatest perfection all the peculiar features of the Aristophanic

comedy. Among these may be mentioned "his bold and genial originality, the lavish abundance of highly comic scenes, the surprising and striking delineation of character, and the vivid and plastic power with which the scenes are arranged."

We cannot avoid being surprised at the unmeasured license of attack assumed by the old comedy upon the gods, the institutions, the philosophers, poets and politicians, the private citizens, and even the women of Athens. No citizen of any eminence could hope to escape the strictures of the Comic Muse. Such was the freedom exercised in this respect, that any one might be exposed by name to the laughter of the crowd, and his peculiarities, whether of character or of person, set forth with a poignancy of derision and satire, and a richness of poetical expression, which could not fail to attract admiration while it excited indignation. For this reason, it is unjust to accuse Aristophanes of malignity for having exposed Socrates in a ridiculous light in some of his plays. The conspicuous position which he held among his fellow citizens, as well as his personal

peculiarities, rendered him a fit object for the shafts of ridicule. There is no probability that Aristophanes in the attacks which he made upon Socrates was influenced by a personal feeling of revenge or spleen: he was undoubtedly led to select him because he perceived in him a peculiar adaptation to his purposes. But Aristophanes did not confine himself to caricatures of the leading men of the day. He has satirized with no less fidelity than fearlessness the institutions of his native city and dragged out into open view her political errors and social defects. It is a striking evidence of the good-natured forbearance of the Athenians, that they passed over the ridicule which was poured forth so unsparingly upon the democratic institutions to which they were so strongly attached.

(It may reasonably be doubted whether Comedy, even when embellished by the brilliant and versatile genius of Aristophanes, was productive of greater good than evil in its effect upon the public mind. Ridicule is a potent weapon, and when well-directed may serve an important purpose in promoting the cause of virtue and good morals. But when we find it, as in the case of Aristophanes, directed against the virtuous and vicious alike,—against the purest and most blameless characters: when it represents vice and corruption as the legitimate consequences of the intellectual progress of the age, its unfavorable influence upon the popular standard of morality and intelligence can no longer be questioned.)

The literature of Athens, of whose progress in the age of Socrates, I have essayed an outline not only claims our admiration as being intrinsically most valuable, but derives an additional interest when we reflect that from it have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect. The Augustan age in Roman Literature was but a reflection of the superior splendor of the age of Socrates. The resistless tide of eloquence, the profound philosophy, the impassioned drama, and the grave history, for which we are indebted to the constellation of great minds which marked the age of Socrates, have been reproduced

in the most brilliant efforts of modern genius. We can trace the effects of Athenian culture in the vast accomplishments of Burke, the plastic imagination of Dante, the humor of Cervantes, the comprehension of Bacon, and the universal genius of Shakspeare. At this moment Athens exerts a wider influence and excites a deeper interest than all the great empires of antiquity through the ever fresh and beautiful creations of her intellect.

The survey which has just been made of Athenian literature leads us to inquire into their skill in the Fine Arts, for between these there must always be a more or less intimate connection. The genius of the versatile Athenian led him to cultivate with equal diligence the graver and the lighter parts of knowledge. The ideal forms of beauty—the offspring of the poets glowing imagination—found form and expression in the art of the painter and the sculptor. Thus the rapid advancement of poetry was met by a corresponding progress in the more mechanical arts. — The connection between poetry and music was even more intimate. From the earliest periods this union had been maintained by the epic and lyric poets, and was continued by the tragedians with even greater effect. The earliest poetical compositions, which with most nations are rude and harsh, were always adapted to some instrumental accompaniment, and thus attained that wonderful harmony and rhythmic beauty which commonly belong to a later period. With the tragedians not only was the whole drama set to music, the dialogue chanted and the chorus sung, but the double task of composition and musical adaptation was performed by the poet himself. The aid which music lent to oratory was hardly less important. No orator could hope to gain the attention of an Athenian audience, who had not learned from the musicians to give ease and grace to his delivery and modulation to his periods. It was natural that an art which rendered services so important should receive a proportionate degree of honor, and we are not surprised to learn that Pericles honored with his personal friendship Antigenides and Damon, the two most eminent masters of that time.



HERMES OF PRAXITELES

Sculpture like music may be referred to an early period in Grecian history. It would be an interesting study to trace out the progressive development of this art from the first rude and imperfect attempts to the delicacy and softness of outline which marked the works of Lysippus and Praxiteles. The age of Socrates occupies a position intermediate between these two extremes. Phidias, the intimate friend of Pericles and the most illustrious artist of his age, introduced many and striking improvements, but failed to carry his art to that pitch of perfection which it subsequently attained in the time of Alexander. This period has been characterised as exhibiting the grand style of sculpture, as distinguished from the subsequent period when sublimity was no longer sought to the exclusion of grace and elegance. Phidias was more intent upon the grandeur of the whole than upon the exactness of the minute parts: his works, therefore, though marked by boldness of design and a nearer approach to truth and accuracy in the outline than the productions of former artists, still retained a severity or stiffness, which in expression and beauty fell far short of the finished perfection of Grecian art in the Alexandrian period.



APOLLO BELVEDERE

Little is known of the eminent painters who like the sculptor sought to embody in the creations of art the ideal world of poetry. Time, in sweeping away their works, has left us only the records of their names. But the allusions of contemporary writers, and the flourishing condition of the other imitative arts, render it by no means unlikely that Polygnotus, Apollodorus, and Zeuxis, in their day produced works which would not compare unfavorably with those wrought in later times by Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Antonio Allegri. Some modern writers on art have labored to prove that linear and aerial perspective were unknown to the Greeks. Polygnotus is represented as having been skilled in the formation of groups, and one of his paintings—The Sack of Troy—is said to have contained no less than eighty-four figures. It is hardly possible to conceive how the artist could have introduced so many figures with any kind of effect, if he had not been acquainted with perspective in both its branches. In the absence of any direct evidence on either side, (for no valid arguments can be drawn from the few

imperfect and badly preserved specimens of ancient art which time has spared) we may



conjecture that the rules of perspective and the magic power of coloring were as well known and as scrupulously followed at Athens as subsequently at Rome and Florence.

Architecture, which the Greeks were the first to raise to the dignity of a fine art, attained its highest perfection in the age of Socrates. Religion, policy, emulation and luxury, all contributed to its advancement. The numerous temples required by the almost innumerable deities of the Greek mythology, the palaces, theatres, gymnasias and porticos, which national pride required to be built on a scale of magnificence till then unexampled, furnished a wide scope for the skill and inventive powers of the architect. Instead, however, of seeking to invent new orders of architecture, the Athenians sought to perfect the proportions of those which were already employed.

Although, in the other branches of art decidedly inferior to the Athenians, the Romans stand unrivalled for the magnitude, the utility, and the varied combinations exhibited in their architectural works. "With them rivers are spanned, the sea itself is enclosed within the sincture of masonry: nay, streams were heaved in air, and, borne aloft through entire provinces, poured into the capital their floods of freshness and health. The self-balanced dome, extending a marble firmament overhead, the proudest boast of modern skill, has yet its prototype and superior in the Pantheon. The same stupendous and enduring character pervaded all the efforts of Roman art, and all her public edifices were erected on the same grand and magnificent plan." But though in this respect Roman architecture must be admitted to be superior to Grecian, it was certainly inferior in grace, elegance, and accuracy of proportions. The differences which have been pointed out between the architecture of Greece and Rome are worthy

of notice, as they afford some index to the widely different characters of the two nations. The grave Roman, ambitious of universal and enduring empire, is well represented by the massive solidity of the mighty structures which he erected, while the light and graceful edifices of Greece mark no less strongly the character of the enthusiastic and susceptible Greek, keenly alive to all the varied charms of the beautiful in literature and art.

From this survey of Athens in the time of Socrates it appears that she had never before occupied so high a position politically or intellectually. In the struggle for political supremacy she had outstripped all her competitors, while her claims to intellectual superiority were universally admitted. The contemplation of this brilliant epoch in her history naturally leads us to inquire after the causes which produced such excellence. I have already adverted to the great share which Pericles had in bringing about this result. But this excellence was not the work of a single mind nor yet was it the combined efforts of a few minds. It was not the growth of a single age, however fertile in talent, but it grew out of causes which had lain dormant for centuries, till favorable circumstances called them into activity. They were such as arose from the peculiar genius of the people, by which we may understand strong general powers of mind devoted to a particular study. Two questions therefore arise: whence came these original powers, and what gave direction to them? It is difficult to determine how far the general powers of mind for which a nation is distinguished are due to nature and how far to subsequent cultivation. It is at least evident that they are not solely the result of man's will, or solely the gift of nature, but the joint result of both. I will consider briefly some of the causes which led to the great amount of physical and intellectual activity, for which the age of Socrates is so remarkable.

Nature seemed to have showered upon Greece her choicest gifts in the richest profusion. Her cloudless skies and pure

air disposed the mind to take pleasure in the beauties of art and nature. Here the human form expanded into a perfection which in less favored climes is only vaguely shadowed forth in the ideal world of poetry. Who can wonder that the world of beauty in which he dwelt kindled the imagination of the poet, and led to those unrivalled compositions in which outward realities were harmonized into a beautiful unity? The exquisite creations of the poet and sculptor embodied no ideal perfection: they were but faint copies of Nature's handiwork, borrowed from the world without. In every land where the Christian religion has not gained admittance, the deities of the popular faith will take their coloring from the tastes and feelings of the people, which in turn are powerfully affected by physical causes. Hence the Grecian deities differed from those of Rome, whose chief attributes were power and majesty, in being models of human beauty.



MARS

The almost insular situation of Attica, while it directed the energies of her



THE OTRI COLI MASK OF JUPITER

citizens to commercial pursuits, shielded her from hostile inroads. Of the other Grecian states some were not favorably situated for commerce, and the remainder were prevented by disinclination from engaging in it. Thus, through her natural advantages in situation and the native energy of her citizens, Athens became the commercial emporium of Greece, while the same causes to which she was indebted for this elevation, were preparing the way for the extended sovereignty which she afterwards acquired through her navy over the seas in and around Greece.

The division of Greece into many small and independent commonwealths operated as a stimulus upon the mental energies of each. In a country of limited extent patriotism is more generally diffused and more deeply felt than in vast empires. The relations subsisting between the magistrates and the people are more sensibly felt, while, in the more open and public

life which they lead each exults in a more distinct personality. In the latter case individuals seem lost in the general mass. In Athens, where the whole power was vested in the people, every citizen felt a lively interest in the welfare of the state. Thus an intense feeling of patriotism grew up, which overshadowed all the relations of private life. The Athenian had none of that strong attachment to home which we find exhibited in a refined state of society at the present day. His life was essentially a public one, the whole of the day, with the exception of the hours devoted to food and sleep, being spent in frequenting places of public resort. The Agora, the gymnasium, and the porticos were daily visited by large throngs. Nor were they without their attractions. Here might be seen daily the philosopher, the sophist, and the rhapsodist, each the centre of an attentive circle. Thus Athens was one perpetual school, the opportunities of acquiring a high degree of mental cultivation being open to the poorest citizens. The effects of this system of education may be best shown by contrast. The poor Athenian who listened with unwearied attention from morning till evening to the scenes of Aeschylus or Sophocles certainly displayed a more cultivated taste than the Roman plebeian whose favorite recreation it was to feast his eyes on the barbarities of a gladiatorial contest.

This general cultivation in its turn stimulated the exertions of those who desired to gain literary distinction. To those who value the applause of the multitude, a literary career at Athens would have presented stronger attractions than it does at the present day. The utmost which the author of modern times can hope to secure, is the approval of the cultivated few. In Athens the whole people passed judgment upon literary efforts, and from their decision there was no appeal. The triumph of the successful author was heightened by the acclamations of assembled thousands, by which he was incited to renewed exertions.

From all that has been said it may be readily seen how far the superiority of the Athenians in literature and art was

influenced by their forms of social polity. The Athenian democracy, wild and lawless as it may seem was of itself a powerful spring of action, and, whatever may be its defects, must at least be admitted to have been friendly to intellectual culture.

Such, imperfectly and inadequately as I have described her, was Athens in the time of her greatest splendor. Separated from us by an interval of more than two thousand years, she shines out through the mists of ages with a calm and enduring splendor. All the emblems of outward power have indeed disappeared. The graceful columns of the Parthenon and the Theseum, still standing amid the surrounding desolation, seem like tombstones erected over the grave of her departed greatness. Yet, even now, the very name of Athens is invested with a secret charm, and the age of Socrates is associated with whatever is graceful in art, or sublime in philosophy. Above all it reminds us of that splendid literature, from which, in the language of Macaulay, "has sprung all the strength, the wisdom, the freedom and the glory of the western world."



PALLAS-ATHENE

An Extract From
HISTORY OF GREECE
by
George Grote, Esq.
Which Was
Translated Into Greek
Under The Title

THE STATE OF ATHENS BEFORE THE
LEGISLATION OF SOLON
by
Horatio Alger, Jr.

Violent dissensions prevailed among the inhabitants of Attica, who were separated into three factions—the *Pedieis*, or men of the plain, comprising Athens, Eleusis, and the neighbouring territory, among whom the greatest number of rich families were included; the mountaineers in the east and north of Attica, called *Diakrii*, who were on the whole the poorest party; and the *Paralii* in the southern portion of Attica from sea to sea, whose means and social position were intermediate between the two. Upon what particular points these intestine disputes turned we are not distinctly informed. They were not however peculiar to the period immediately preceding the archontate of Solon. They had prevailed before, and they reappear afterwards prior to the despotism of *Peisistratus*; the latter standing forward as the leader of the *Diakrii*, and as champion, real or pretend, of the poorer population.

But in the time of Solon these intestine quarrels were aggravated by something much more difficult to deal with—a general mutiny of the poorer population against the rich, resulting from misery combined with oppression. The *Thêtes*, whose condition we have already contemplated in the poems of Homer and Hesiod, are now presented to us as forming the bulk of the population of Attica—the cultivating tenants, metayers, and small proprietors of the country. They are exhibited as weighed down by debts and dependence, and driven in large numbers out of a state of freedom into slavery—the whole mass of them (we are told) being in debt to the rich, who were proprietors of the greater part of the soil. They had either borrowed money for their own ne-

cessities, or they tilled the lands of the rich as dependent tenants, paying a stipulated portion of the produce, and in this capacity they were largely in arrear.

All the calamitous effects were here seen of the old harsh law of debtor and creditor—once prevalent in Greece, Italy, Asia, and a large portion of the world—combined with the recognition of slavery as a legitimate status, and of the right of one man to sell himself as well as that of another man to buy him. Every debtor unable to fulfil his contract was liable to be adjudged as the slave of his creditor, until he could find means either of paying it or working it out; and not only he himself, but his minor sons and unmarried daughters and sisters also, whom the law gave him the power of selling. The poor man thus borrowed upon the security of his body (to translate literally the Greek phrase) and upon that of the persons in his family. So severely had these oppressive contracts been enforced, that many debtors had been reduced from freedom to slavery in Attica itself,—many others had been sold for exportation,—and some had only hitherto preserved their own freedom by selling their children. Moreover a great number of the smaller properties in Attica were under mortgage, signified (according to the formality usual in the Attic law, and continued down throughout the historical times) by a stone pillar erected on the land, inscribed with the name of the lender and the amount of the loan. The proprietors of these mortgaged lands, in case of an unfavorable turn of events, had no other prospect except that of irremediable slavery for themselves and their families, either in their own native country robbed of all its delights, or in some barbarian region where the Attic accent would never meet their ears. Some had fled the country to escape legal adjudication of their persons, and earned a miserable subsistence in foreign parts by degrading occupations. Upon several, too, this deplorable lot had fallen by unjust condemnation and corrupt judges; the conduct of the rich in regard to money sacred and profane, in regard to matters public as well as private, being thoroughly unprincipled and rapacious.

THE POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS

by
Horatio Alger, Jr.

From the fall of Byzantium to the close of the twelfth century, Europe presents but a wild chaos of rude and conflicting elements. Scarcely a ray of light pierced the thick gloom which had fallen upon European learning. But, this gloom was not destined to continue for ever: already we can see in the western horizon a faint yet hopeful light, heralding a dawn of brighter and more glorious promise.

"As on the bosom of a rayless night,
If o'er the mountain shoots some
distant light,
The eye which seeks untaught the ray
serene,
O'er looks untouched the shades that
intervene,
And to the single beam in darkness
bound,
Admiring that, forgets the gloom
around!"

The great convulsion, whose first effect had been to paralyze the mental energies of all Europe, was succeeded by a healthy reaction, which gradually evolved from the scattered fragments of the old civilization one of a purer and more elevated character.

Poetry, though it did not escape the general depression, was the first to recover from its effects. Throughout the Middle Ages there was a very general diffusion of poetic feeling. The character of the times gave it direction and form. It is this susceptibility of being moulded by outward circumstances which renders poetry the truest picture of a nation's inner life. It is from this that the poetry of the Middle Ages derives its chief interest. We turn with a feeling of relief from the chroniclers of that period with their tedious details of battles and sieges—of scenes of bloodshed and crime, to the light and careless strains of the Troubadour and the Minnesinger.

There are few events so well calculated to excite our attention as the sudden rise, extensive influence and rapid decay

of the poetry of the Troubadours. The Southern part of Europe had hardly recovered from the shock of repeated invasions from the North, when the Provençal dialect, outstripping its competitors, suddenly assumed the foremost rank, and during the eleventh and the two succeeding centuries became the favorite language of poetry. Its bards at once acquired high reputation: their fame spread over the larger portion of Europe, investing them and their productions with a glory as brilliant as it was ephemeral. The profession of the Gay Science, as it was termed, was taken up enthusiastically by all classes, by knights, princes, or even sovereigns, as well as by an humbler class, who either attached themselves to the persons of distinguished chiefs, or wandered from court to court.

The subjects upon which the Troubadours principally dwelt were indeed few, but in this they only illustrate with more fidelity the spirit of the age. For it is in the romantic gallantry and martial spirit which pervade their productions that we recognize the great leading principles which governed the Middle Ages. Many of their poems were highly beautiful. They were emphatically the bards of Nature, and, inhabiting countries where she wears her most attractive guise, delighted to draw their images from her beauties. Rich and brilliant fancies such as the poverty of a Northern imagination could not supply, were freely borrowed from Oriental poetry.

Chivalry and the poetry of the Troubadours produced a marked effect upon each other. The romantic ideas entertained of the passion of love and the no less ardent feelings of religious zeal stimulated the warrior to deeds of gallant daring. By an easy transition the Provençal poet glides from the delights of love to pictures of war. With a fierce enthusiasm he sings the delight of witnessing the encounter of contending hosts, the vanquished, flying from the field in wild dismay, and the fierce exultation of the victors. Their strains were especially effective in rousing the ambition of knights and princes, and inciting them to take up arms against the infidels who

were in possession of the Holy Sepulcher.

The literature, and more especially the poetry of a period is very much influenced by forms of religious belief. To this circumstance we may ascribe in a great measure the broad distinctive lines which separate the poetry of the Middle Ages from the old classical models. The fanciful character of the religious views entertained by the Greeks and Romans furnished a wide scope for the imaginative powers of their poets. The ancient poets borrowed largely from the old mythology which by degrees had grown up into an harmonious and symmetrical system, and it only remained for them to combine and arrange materials thus obtained. The poets of the Middle Ages had no such resources. Their productions were tinged to as great an extent by religious sentiment, but their religion was one of the feelings, and not of the fancy. The sublime doctrines of Christianity, though often involved in the gloom of superstition, "lost not their native majesty, nor ceased to animate the inspirations of the past."

Originating and growing up under such auspices, the poetry of Provence maintained its preëminence as long as it faithfully represented the spirit of the age. The thirteenth century, which witnessed the last crusade, beheld its rapid decline. The influence which it had in elevating and humanizing the rude manners of an unpolished age cannot be too highly estimated. Like the growth of ivy over the gray and frowning walls of some deserted castle, it relieves the desolation of the Middle Ages, and imparts to it the rich colorings of poetic imagination.

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"NOTHING SO DIFFICULT AS THE BEGINNING"

—Don Juan

by

Horatio Alger, Jr.

Fortune, in placing me at the head of the list in the College Catalogue, has assigned me a position of which the advantages and disadvantages are about equally balanced. No one but a college

student can fully appreciate its desirableness at the Public Examinations—those periodical bugbears of college life. Then there is something elevating in the idea of being singled out as "first" among a class of ninety, even though the distinction rest on no other basis than alphabetical priority. The permanent possession of the end of the seat, with the "leaning privilege" attached thereto, is another advantage, which though apparently trifling no "first" scholar would willingly resign. In so far am I indebted to Fortune that my name begins with Al. But there is another side to the picture. When as Sophomores the class is called upon to declaim for the first time, or as Juniors to read their maiden forensies, the "first" scholar must invariably lead off. Again, the task of writing first in the Class Book, with nothing to serve as a model or even as a guide, is another embarrassment attendant upon this position which just at present I feel very sensibly. Under these circumstances I fully agree with Lord Byron in the passage above quoted, that there is "nothing so difficult as the beginning."

Without indulging further in preliminary remarks I will plunge at once "in medias res."* A family tradition, whose correctness I see no reason for questioning, testifies that on the 13th of January, 1832, I made my first appearance on the stage of existence. My parents are Horatio Alger, a Unitarian clergyman, and Olive Augusta Alger, whose maiden name was Fenno. At the time of my birth my father was settled over the Unitarian society in what is now North Chelsea, but then formed a part of Chelsea. The situation of this place, uniting as it does the pleasures of the country with convenient access to the city, made it on the whole a desirable residence.

Of the first few years of my life I am unable to give any very connected account. I presume it may be said of me as of most children at that age, that I made more "noise in the world" then than I ever

* Into the heart of the subject, without preface or introduction.

shall hereafter. Being of delicate health it was deemed expedient to defer my introduction into the world of "letters." I had accordingly attained the age of six before I was initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet. From this epoch my progress was, I believe, more than ordinarily rapid. At eight years of age I commenced the study of Latin and Algebra, which were rather premature as it will easily be believed that I was not at that time any too familiar with the common branches of an English education. Until the age of ten I had passed very little time in attendance at a public school. I can recall without much difficulty the general appearance of the school-house where first I was a regular attendant. It was a square brick edifice on whose walls the storms of more than a century had beaten without producing any decided effect. Through panes incrustated with dirt—the accumulation of many years—whose smallness indicated their antiquity, the light streamed in upon a scene which might well have furnished employment for the pencil of Hogarth.

"The room displayed
Long rows of desk and bench; the
former stained
And streaked with blots and trickles
of dried ink,
Lumbered with maps and slates, and
well thumbed books,
And carved with rude initials."

Long shall I cherish the memory of this ancient edifice, which has long since fallen a victim to the spirit of modern improvement. The greater part of my earlier instruction was gained at home, its regularity being much disturbed by my father's numerous engagements. Owing to this desultory mode of instruction my time was in a great measure at my own disposal. A considerable portion of this was devoted to reading whatever came in my way, from Josephus' History of the Jews and works of theology to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments and the wonderful adventures of Jack the Giant Killer.

At the age of ten I was sent to the Grammar School in my native town, where I remained for about a year and a half pursuing English studies exclusively with a greater degree of method and regularity

than at any time previous. With my thirteenth year terminated my residence in Chelsea, which, though very uneventful, had been very happy, partly I suppose because I had been so little subjected to the restraints of school-life.

In the month of December, 1844, my parents removed to Marlborough, a pleasant town a little more than 25 miles distant from Boston. It is, I believe, chiefly noted for the numerous hills which on all sides surround the main village, and its abundance of fruit trees. The manufacture of shoes which is carried on to a considerable extent gives a business air to what would otherwise be a quiet agricultural town. What, however, was of considerable importance to me at this stage in my studies, there was in this place a small academy in successful operation, under the superintendence of Mr. O. W. Albee, a graduate of Brown, and quite a respectable scholar, though his tastes inclined him rather to mathematics and the physical sciences than to the classics. To these my own tastes were directly opposed: possibly this was of advantage to me as it tended to equalize the time which I devoted to these various branches. Though the idea had been long entertained, now for the first time I commenced a course of study preparatory to entering college. Beneath the elm trees in front of Gates' Academy (for so it was called) I have conned many a lesson in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Unfortunately for the interest of my narrative, nothing remarkable happened to me in the three years following. "No moving incidents by fire and flood" have I to relate, by reciting which I might like another Othello win a second Desdemona. I suppose my time was occupied in about the same way that others have passed it when placed in similar circumstances. In speaking, therefore, of the impressions made upon me at this time I should only be quoting from the experience of many. Horace speaks not unadvisedly when he says, "Difficile est proprie communia dicere."* My preparatory studies being

* It is difficult to speak properly of the things we have in common.

completed a year before I actually entered college, I passed the intervening time in reading "ad libitum" several of the modern languages, which approached as nearly to the famous dolce far niente* as could be desired.

And now I am brought to quite an important era in my life. Entering college, despite the fiery ordeal through which alone it can be accomplished, has for the Sub Freshman an indescribable charm. To him it is in very truth the grand portal of the Temple of Knowledge, the calm retreat of wisdom and philosophy. But there is no need of going through a tale that has been many times repeated. In common with the rest of my class the various phases of college life have successively presented themselves to my view, and have, I suppose, produced upon me the same effects as upon them. I have been a stranger neither to the verdancy of the Freshman, the self-conceit of the Sophomore, the lazy indifference and patronizing air of the Junior, nor the dignified philosophy and spirit of independence which eminently distinguish the Senior. There is, however, one point on which some of my classmates have the advantage of me. I have never known what it is to be looked up to as the teacher of a country school. I have not the satisfaction of knowing that some of the future orators, statesmen, and poets of America will become such through the profound impressions made upon them by my instructions. It is said that when he believed the liberties of his country in imminent danger, Milton opened a common village school, conceiving that in no other way could he do so much towards averting the danger. I admire the patriotism of Milton but cannot follow it. Those of my classmates who have done so are sufficiently recompensated by the thanks of a grateful country, saved through their means.

Thus much have I said and at greater length than I intended of my past life. The incidents which it contains are so few in number that they might without

difficulty have been compressed within one tenth the space. It would have been better, perhaps, if I had done so instead of indulging in a fullness of detail which may prove tedious.

I may say in conclusion that no period of my life has been one of such unmixed happiness as the four years which have been spent within college walls. Whatever may be the course of my life hereafter, I shall never cease to regard it with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret—pleasure which the recollection of past happiness never fails to excite—regret that it is gone forever.

* * *

CICERO'S RETURN FROM BANISHMENT

by

Horatio Alger, Jr.

Four years had elapsed since the fall of Catiline. Cicero, who by his promptness and courage had quelled this formidable conspiracy, gained in return the gratitude of all good citizens and the hatred of the ill-disposed. Unhappily, this latter class was neither inconsiderable in numbers nor deficient in power. At its head stood Clodius, who in disposition and ability to do harm was hardly inferior to Catiline himself. His efforts were stimulated by the desire to revenge the death of his uncle who had suffered punishment through the agency of Cicero. By reviving an old law, he at length effected his purpose, and Cicero was driven into exile.

It was with a heavy heart that Cicero turned his back upon the city which he had loved so well. Conscious of deserving well of his country, this affliction fell upon him with a double force. He looked, as he believed for the last time, upon the places which had known him so long, and a throng of mingled emotions crowded upon him. There stood the Senate-House; the scene of his early success—of his last great triumph! Here it was that spurred on by patriotic indignation he broke forth into that splendid invective before which Catiline quailed and fled. It was for his exertions here

* sweet idleness

that a public thanksgiving had been decreed to him—that he had been hailed as "father of his country." And now for this very act he was about to go into an exile that might end only with his life. The Forum, where he had so often stirred the people up to deeds worthy of Roman citizens—the scene of so many forensic triumphs—was hardly visible in the distance. The streets of Rome through which he is now passing! There is not one of them that does not recall to him some association connected with his past happiness. He at length reaches the gates of the city, but before passing out he lingers for one moment on the threshold. Splendid palaces, magnificent temples, vast works of public and private utility lay spread before him as one vast panorama. It was late in the afternoon, and as the sun drew near its setting the whole scene was bathed in a flood of light. Cicero stood entranced by the spectacle and unwilling to depart. As he stood there the sun gradually sank, and in place of its bright rays twilight hovered over the city. "Thus," thought Cicero, "is it with my fortunes: their late brightness has been obscured by a twilight shadow, that shall soon give place to the darkness of utter night."

The Past and the Present! His mind turned from the one to contemplate the other, but the contrast was too violent, and he burst into tears. Censure him not for this act of weakness! Wonder not if at this moment, disappointed in his most cherished hopes, driven from the city in poverty and exile, in his age left friendless and alone, he suffered the feelings of the man and the citizen to triumph over the dignity of the statesman and the reason of the philosopher.

Eight months have passed. During this time Cicero's friends at Rome have been active in their efforts to accomplish his restoration. The Senate and the people as with one voice have demanded his return. Clodius and his faction have thus far prevented the passage of the law by which this was to be effected. But his faction is at length compelled to give way before the strength of the popular will. On the fourth of August the larg-

est assembly of the Roman people ever held was gathered in the Campus Martius. All Italy was drawn together to aid in "the restoration of Cicero." He is recalled by the unanimous voice of all the centuries, and with shouts of rapturous applause the vast multitude solemnly reaffirm the law which they had just enacted.

This welcome intelligence reached Cicero at Brundisium. In all haste he set out for the city. Great multitudes from all parts of Italy gathered to see him as he passed "so that the whole road from Brundisium to Rome was one continued street, lined on both sides with crowds of men, women and children." He had traversed this very road eight months before—then bowed down with grief and humiliation—now in exultation and joy.

As he approached Rome the spectacle became even more imposing. The city gates were thrown open, and the Roman Senate—that august body before which kings appeared as suppliants, came forth to receive him. Close behind them followed the whole body of the citizens. "It seemed as if Rome itself had left its foundations, and was marching forward to embrace its preserver."

As he entered the gates the people who covered the steps of the temples and the porticos, and even the tops of the houses, greeted him with a universal acclimation. Slowly the long procession wound through the streets of Rome. Those streets which had so often witnessed the triumphal march of victorious generals now beheld a more glorious spectacle. No trophies from the blood-stained fields of foreign conquest graced this triumph. No captives added to its lustre. What need had Cicero of such as these? The city which he had saved from destruction—this was his proud trophy! The Roman people who had this day assembled to do him honor—these were his captives! Captives, bound by no unwilling fetters but by the ties of gratitude and affection.

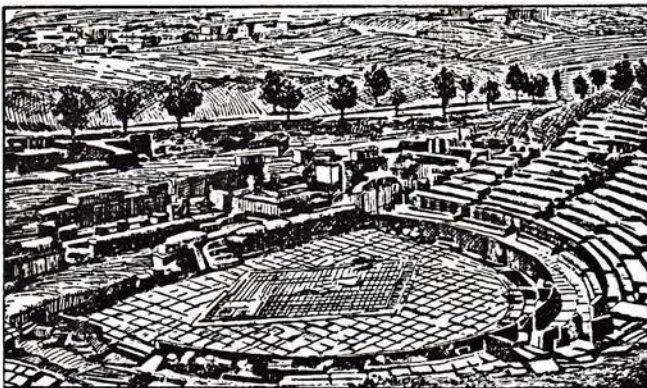
At length they reach the Capitol whither all who entered the city in pomp or in triumph were wont to pay their first



CICERO.

visit, and in the temple of Jupiter—of that God whom they styled the greatest and the best—Cicero offered up thanks for his safe return.

Thus ended the great procession! Thus closed the grandest civic triumph which the world has yet seen! It was one of the last efforts of public liberty to do honor to its patron and defender.



THE THEATER OF DIONYSUS

The oldest known theater in the world, capable of seating 20,000 people.

(compare to restoration shown on p. 19.)

A HITHERTO UNKNOWN ESSAY
BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
by Gary Scharnhorst

Quite by chance, I recently discovered a hitherto lost essay by Alger in the pages of the Boston Christian Register, a weekly Unitarian paper. Alger had contributed several poems to the Christian Register during the 1850s, though he was not known to have also written prose for it. In the issue of January 9, 1858, however, an obituary of Charles W. Greene appeared over his initials. As Jack Bales and I explain in The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr., Greene had been Principal of the Grange, a boarding school for boys in the Potowome district of Rhode Island. In fact, Alger had served on the faculty there between the fall of 1854 and the spring of 1856, when Greene's failing health forced him to suspend operations (pp. 30, 33, 35). When Alger read of Greene's death in a Boston newspaper, he was spurred to elaborate upon the obituary in the religious press, as follows:

THE LATE CHARLES W. GREENE

"We are pained to announce the death of Charles Winston Greene, Esq., which took place at his residence in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, on Thursday, the 24th of December. He was son of David Greene, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, on the 3rd of July, 1783, and consequently had attained to the advanced age of 74 years. He removed with his father's family to Boston when quite young, and here he passed a great portion of his life. He graduated at Harvard College with distinction in the celebrated class of 1802. Soon after leaving college he was apprenticed to the merchantile profession, in which his father had long held a prominent rank. At the completion of his apprenticeship, about the year 1806, he went to Europe, where he remained five years; travelled extensively on the Continent, and acquired a knowledge of several of the modern languages; the French he spoke with as much fluency as he did his native tongue. After his return, he established himself in this city as a merchant, but meeting with reverses, he

relinquished the mercantile profession and engaged in the business of teaching, for which he was by nature peculiarly fitted. He opened a private school at Jamaica Plain, which he continued for more than thirty years with eminent success. He was of an exceedingly mild, and social disposition, and was greatly beloved by his pupils, whom he treated with paternal tenderness and affection. A few years ago he moved to East Greenwich, R.I., where he continued his school until about a year since, when he was seized with a slight paralytic affliction, which compelled him to relinquish his labors. He was widely known as a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, of extensive attainments, and his death will be deeply deplored by his relatives and acquaintances, to whom he had greatly endeared himself by his genial disposition, affable manners and unblemished moral character."

The paragraph above quoted, from the *Daily Advertiser*, contains a just and appropriate tribute to the memory of one whose loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends. There are few men who as teachers have been permitted to exercise a greater influence for good than the subject of this notice. There are many in this community, who will remember the deservedly high reputation enjoyed by Mr. Greene's large and flourishing boarding-school, for more than thirty years located at Jamaica Plain. During that time more than seven hundred youth went forth from it, many of whom at this moment fill high places, and have achieved deserved eminence. Among those who gratefully testify to the good influences exerted upon them while at this school, may be mentioned George W. Curtis, the Howadji, J. Lothrop Motley, the historian, Frank B. Goodrich, author of the "Court of Napoleon," Charles G. Leland, and Fletcher and Edward Webster.

The great excellence of this school consisted not so much in its educational advantages, though these were undoubted, as in the excellent influences which were brought to bear upon the characters of the pupils. The boys were trained to be courteous and gentlemanly, with a modest

but manly bearing, and a noble scorn of all that was mean or ungenerous. Himself a gentleman of the old school, Mr. Greene labored earnestly and successfully to train up his pupils in all the virtues which belong to that type. It would be interesting to know how far Mr. Curtis, in his recent lecture upon the "Gentleman," a subject he is so admirably qualified to treat, was indebted to the five years which he passed in the school of Mr. Greene. It was to this moral training that Mr. Greene chiefly confined himself. Though admirably qualified, it was his custom to devolve upon assistants the main burden of instruction under his general supervision. Those who have had familiar opportunities, as has the writer, to observe how admirably he understood the nature of boys, and how wisely and well he managed them, smoothing down their rough angularities, and instilling into them gentlemanly courtesy, mutual forbearance, and a manly deference for their superiors in age and acquirements, during his thirty-nine years experience, will be tempted to compare him, not out of empty compliment, but with full conviction, to the celebrated Dr. Arnold, the model teacher of England.

In closing, it may not be out of place to chronicle an illustration of the high integrity which actuated Mr. Greene in his dealings with his fellow men. At the close of his mercantile life he failed to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, a sum which legally he was not bound to pay. But with a sense of obligation wholly independent of legal enactments, he discharged the entire debt out of the subsequent profits of his school. It was many years before he could accomplish it, but he steadfastly persevered until every dollar was paid.

To his wide circle of friends, and more especially to his wife, who has so fitly and beautifully assisted him in his life-work, his death will be a severe blow, but their sorrow will be lightened by the thought that he who has done so much good in his day and generation, may well hope for the Divine acceptance.

"He worked while it was day:
In Labor's dusty track
He toiled and turned not back,
But still kept on his way.

"A victor in the fight
He lays his armor down,
To wear a more than mortal crown,
In realms of endless light."

H. A., JR.

* * *

ADDITIONAL COMMENTARY
by Gilbert K. Westgard II

Some may recognize the above lines of poetry as being the last two verses of Alger's "A Chant of Life," which appeared nearly five years earlier in the *Daily Evening Transcript*, Boston, April 11, 1853. The earlier verses are as follows:

While the day lasts, work on:
For night will come apace,
Life is but a narrow space,
A breath—and it is gone!

Press onward to the fight!
In Life's embattled field,
The victory shall yield
To him who toils aright.

Gaze not with careless eye,
Stand not with folded hands:
Burst Sloth's enervate bands,
And bid her quickly fly.

Where Duty calls, be bold—
Though in the Summer's heat
Thy fevered pulse should beat—
Nor dread the Winter's cold.

And if, with earnest heart,
And firm, unbending will,
Life's duties you fulfill,
You may in peace depart.

Perchance some hand will strew
Your grave with flowers, and trace
O'er your last resting place
These words, so simply true:

George W. Curtis, the Howadji, was the Editor of *Putnam's Monthly Magazine* during its last days in 1857, a time when Alger

was one of the magazine's anonymous contributors. For more about George W. Curtis, see *Newsboy*, June-July, 1982, pages 11 and 12.

* * *

AN ALGER COLLECTOR'S REMINISCENCES
by Jack Bales, Editor Emeritus
Editor, *Newsboy*, 1974-1986

When asked if I would be interested in writing an article on how I began collecting Alger books, I was immediately interested. It's been some months since I took down my Editor's shingle and retired from *Newsboy*, and the opportunity to pontificate a bit fills me with more than a little pleasure!

It was the summer of 1968, and I would soon be starting my last year of high school. After working at my summer job one day I took down from my father's bookcase his copy of *POPPY OTT AND THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH*, by Leo Edwards. He had nearly a complete set of the Jerry Todd and Poppy Ott books, and I was re-reading them that summer. One passage in which Jerry Todd mentioned Horatio Alger caught my eye. I knew I'd seen one of those books around the house, and after locating the old Donohue edition of *CHARLIE CODMAN'S CRUISE*, I knew that I wanted to start collecting and reading more of these books.

I picked them up slowly at first. I recall going to the old Economy Book Store in Chicago and paying dearly for crumpled and HORRIBLE looking old New York Books and Donohues, being assured that they were "first editions." One fall day a book dealer told me he had a mint copy of an Alger biography by one Ralph D. Gardner, and my parents gave it to me for Christmas, along with a Burt hardcover first of *JOE'S LUCK*. My first First Edition!

I avidly read the biography, and even sent it to Ralph Gardner to have him autograph it. In the end notes of the book I noticed that a Forrest Campbell was listed as being editor of the *Newsboy*. I wrote Forrest, using just his city for an address, and he received the

letter! He later told me that he was a Post Office employee, and that a fellow worker gave it to him. He told me all about the Alger Society, and I joined in December, 1968. We corresponded for many years after that, with Forrest usually writing at least once a week.

Of course, I attended the Kalamazoo Convention, where I won first prize in an Alger contest given by Les Langlois. Herb Risteen—a big Merriwell collector as I recall—gave me many Algers, as did Les, and I recall going out book hunting with Herb, Carl Hartmann, and Irene Gorman.

I began corresponding with other Alger collectors, notably Bob Bennett and Ralph Gardner, and it was really a pleasure to attend the Sioux Falls convention and meet them. Carl Hartmann and I drove together, and we got to talking so much Carl drove 80 miles the wrong way, and we had to backtrack another 80 miles to get back on the right road!

When Gil Westgard moved back to the Chicago area, I would visit over Christmas vacations from college, and usually Gil, my two brothers, and I would prowls through all the used book stores in Chicago.

I also began guest editing *Newsboy*, and every summer I would sequester myself for several days, pounding out page after page. When I finished graduate school and started my first job in 1974 (obtained with letters of reference from Ken Butler and Ralph Gardner!), I started doing *Newsboy* on a regular basis. It was a monthly back then, and one weekend every month I would devote *entirely* to *Newsboy*. A lot of fun (OK for a single guy; I suppose; I doubt if my wife today would view it in the same light!).

Conventions were always a highlight, and I've attended quite a few. I remember one year Ralph Gardner sold caricatures of members to benefit the Society's treasury. Ralph also started our first auction—I think Roy Wendell sent a newsboy statue to Ralph. His Alger test at conventions always brought out friendly

among Bob Bennett, Gil, and myself. I remember one year Evelyn Grebel beat us all out! Ralph and I still correspond, and he's a thorough gentleman in every sense of the word.

Speaking of gentlemen, there's Ken Butler. I met Ken while I was still in high school. We had lunch together, and we toured his printing plant and he showed me the beginnings of his museum, which was still in the planning stages. Ken hosted our Society's first convention, as well as a couple of our board meetings and has truly done an incredible amount of work over the years for the Society. He may not be in a class by himself, but whatever class he's in, it doesn't take long to call the roll.

Of course, I met and became friends with dozens of other Alger collectors, including Brad Chase, a fine fellow researcher; Owen Cobb, who found a lot of old Hardy Boys books for me; Randy Cox, a long-time boy's book collector and writer; Jerry Friedland, who put me up a couple of times when I was in New York researching; Eddie LeBlanc, whose *Dime Novel Round Up* is still the Bible of the field; Bill McCord, and Bob Sawyer, two genial men with whom one can always relax and happily converse; George Owens—we've visited several times; Gary Scharnhorst, another researcher and scholar; Alex Shaner, our able treasurer for years; Carl Thieme, whose books are always beautiful—he has an eye for the fine editions; Dale Thomas—he and Jerry Friedland can spot a first edition a mile away; and Rohima Walter, who contributes so much to our annual auctions.

And...there are some individuals whom I still haven't met but we've been corresponding for years, including Jack Dizer, Peter Walther, and Gil O'Gara.

Throughout all these years while editing *Newsboy*, I was collecting Algers. I think I had about 120 titles, and maybe a dozen first editions, including a mint WAIT AND WIN, which Dick Seddon eventually bought from me. I'm basically retired from it all now, and soon I'll be a first-time father. Most of my Algers are gone

—I still have my old copy of JOE'S LUCK though, as well as some other mint Burts that I got from Forrest Campbell in 1969 for what now seems like a mere pittance. With three Alger books behind me, I'm re-searching a biography/bibliography of historical novelist Kenneth Roberts, which is due at the publisher's in 1988. That will probably be the end of my literary career, so I can devote my time to being a full-time father.

I wish the Horatio Alger Society well; to all new members I extend a cordial hello, and to old friends I say thanks for being such loyal *Newsboy* readers for so many years. Your always timely and welcome advice and assistance made the job a pleasure for my 101 issues.

* * *

GEORGE HENRY TRIPP
A Sketch of His Life and Character
by Horace Everett Ware

Our classmate, George Henry Tripp, died of consumption on the eighth day of April, 1880, at Washington, D.C. He was born at South Yarmouth, Mass., May 30, 1844. He fitted for college at the Roxbury Latin School, graduating therefrom the first in his class. In college he received one or more prizes for excellence in scholarship or literary exercise, and delivered the salutatory at the Junior exhibition.

After graduating from college he taught school for some months with Mr. William H. Brooks, on Winter Street, in Boston. Studied law at the Harvard Law School and in the office of William Minot, Esq., in Boston. Was admitted to the bar of Suffolk County, September 24, 1869, and practised law in Boston from his admission to the bar up to the time of his death.

October 15, 1872, he married Rebecca Vandervoort, of Boston, the daughter of William and Mary F. Vandervoort. They had three children, all living at his decease,—viz., William Vandervoort Tripp, born July 21, 1873; Rebecca Vose Tripp, born April 27, 1877; and George Francis Tripp, born November 19, 1878. In the fall of 1877 Tripp spent a few

months in Europe for the benefit of his health, which at that time had been failing for about a year. He received some benefit from this journey, but after some months the disorder, which was a disease of the lungs, showed alarming symptoms, and in the latter part of February last he started with his wife for Florida, hoping that the Southern climate might stay the progress of the disease. He remained a few days in Jacksonville and Savannah, and then went to Aiken, where he stayed about three weeks. Not receiving the anticipated benefit, and feeling that his strength was rapidly failing, he started North, hoping to reach home before his death. His weakness rapidly increasing, he was urged to leave the train at Richmond; but in his anxiety to reach home, he concluded to go on to Washington. At that place he was carried from the train to the hotel. Here the last thread of life was severed, and he expired a few moments after reaching his room.

Our classmate had an honorable ambition for success in the worthier objects of life, and his life was a noble struggle towards the attainment of these ends. In obtaining a college education, and afterwards in obtaining the knowledge necessary for his profession, he was dependent upon his own resources. But even while in the midst of his efforts for his own education and support, he was furnishing means for the education and support of others. The efforts of such a man can only be resisted by disease, and it is indeed sad for us to contemplate that this resisting power made itself so keenly felt during his life. Tripp was a man of convictions, which he was fearless to express when occasion demanded. While fond of music and the arts, he exercised a sound judgment in the practical affairs of life.

As is well known, he was the author of "Student Life at Harvard," which was published in the fall of 1876. It is a peculiarly difficult task to write a work descriptive of college life. Almost all its readers are qualified more or less to be critics thereof, and equally with the author are acquainted and familiar with

incidents and events such as are therein described. But the plan of this work is ingenious, its descriptions are vivid, it discloses a deep insight into human nature, and in its creation our classmate has shown marked and brilliant talents as an author. At the time of his death he had in preparation a novel, of which his continued ill health prevented the completion. The unfinished manuscript has been examined by one of our class, and the subject is said to have been treated with considerable strength and originality. He was exceedingly fond of out-of-door life. Being energetic of character, he was vigorous in executing whatever was undertaken. He was singularly happy and fortunate in his domestic life; and though he suffered much from illness for several months before his death, his sufferings were mitigated by the attentions of a devoted wife. To her, appreciating as we do her great loss, we tender our kindest sympathies; and our desire is most earnest and sincere for the future welfare of the children deprived thus early in life of a father's care.

Our classmate's exertions and endeavors may, I think, have told upon his constitution and rendered it less able to withstand the inroads of a dangerous disease; but they also brought into exercise powers which showed his ability, generosity, and manhood. It is fortunate to be in possession of these qualities, and we sadly regret that he could not have lived the more fully to enjoy the benefits which their exercise would have secured.

Voted, That as a tribute of respect to our deceased classmate, this memorial be entered on the Class Records and a copy be sent to his widow.

* * *

It is an interesting sidelight to note that Horace Everett Ware, who wrote the above sketch, later became the editor and publisher of *The Old Farmer's Almanack*, which came to him as an inheritance from his brother. He was well versed in early New England History, and contributed valuable papers to various societies of which he was a member, particularly to the Colonial Society of Massachusetts.



94 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Horatio's first publisher was Brown, Bazin, and Company, who issued *BERTHA'S VISION* in the first week of December, 1855, although the title page showed the following year. It consists of twenty items, eleven short stories and eight poems, by Alger, plus an additional poem, "Innocence," which was, "Contributed by a friend." Alger expert Gary Scharnhorst has noted that earlier appearances of all but four of these pieces have been discovered. *BERTHA'S CHRISTMAS VISION* has the lengthiest dedication—two pages!—of any Alger book, to his mother, of whom he says, "I feel more, that, but for your sympathy and encouragement, much would still remain unwritten. . . To you, then, I dedicate this book,—which is partly yours, . . . confident, . . . whatever may be its shortcomings in the eyes of others, it will find a kindly welcome at your hands."

ORDER OF EXERCISES

FOR

CLASS DAY,

AT

HARVARD COLLEGE,

FRIDAY, JUNE 25,

1852.

I. MUSIC.

II. PRAYER. BY THE REV. JAMES WALKER, D. D.

III. ORATION. BY JAMES BRADLEY THAYER, NORTHAMPTON.

IV. MUSIC.

V. POEM. BY WILLIAM CROSS WILLIAMSON, BELFAST, ME.

VI. ODE. BY HORATIO ALGER, MARLBOROUGH.

"Fair Harvard."

FAIR HARVARD! the ties that have bound us so long
 In childlike affection to thee,
 Are severed at last, and as pilgrims we stand
 On the shore of Life's perilous sea!
 Yet ere we embark on its doubtful expanse,
 A blessing from Heaven we implore
 For thy motherly care which has guided our steps
 In the paths that shall know us no more.

As we turn our last gaze on the time-honored courts
 That have echoed our footsteps for years,
 That have witnessed full many a scene in the Past
 Which fond recollection endears,
 A shadow of sadness we cannot dispel
 O'er the prospect will silently steal,
 And the sigh and the tear which unbidden es-
 cape
 The heart's deep emotions reveal.

Once more, Alma Mater, our voices unite,
 Hand in hand as we circle thy shrine,
 And the song of our farewell we mournfully breathe
 To the friends and the joys of Lang Syne.
 To these scenes of past pleasure we ne'er may return,
 But, though guided by Destiny far,
 Our hearts shall be gladdened, our pathway be cheered,
 By the pale light of Memory's star.

O, soft be the sunlight that warms this fair scene,
 When the dream of our youth shall have flown,
 When the counselling voice and the arm that sustained
 Shall have left us to struggle alone.
 May the wreath of fresh flowers which our hands have
 entwined
 And lovingly placed on thy brow,
 When the twilight of years darkly shadows our life,
 Be as fresh and unfading as now.

CLASS DAY

From Student-Life at Harvard
By George Henry Tripp, A.B., 1867
1876

(From the Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II)

The day dawned at last, on which the class—a unit for four years—met together for the last time.

The morning was bright. "Wake up, chum!" shouted Sam, knocking on the partition of Huntingdon's room. "Wake up, and see what a glorious morning it is: it has rained during the night, and is clear;" and he leaned half out of the window to survey the azure sky. He dodged in again, however, just in time to escape a drenching from water showered down from the window above by Longstreet, who, ever alert, had heard his first call. Almost instantly there was a shout through all Holworthy, a cry of "Heads out!" Frowzy heads and white shoulders protruded from all the rear windows of the hall. There was a universal exclamation of delight at the prospect of fine weather. Sleep for the Seniors was at an end. Class Day had begun!

It was plain that Class Day had come. Everything about the college and Cambridge too told the story. Horse-cars were fast discharging loads of gayly dressed visitors; and carriages replete with the same precious freight rolled rapidly through the streets. The old church in the square was ready for guests; and ladies alone and escorted by white-gloved Seniors, crowded in through the side-door; and the galleries were soon packed. This was the only opportunity for ladies who were not fortunate enough to have reserved seats on the floor, to gain admission. Groups of visitors strolled across the grounds in quest of their friends. "Gentlemen of color," with white aprons and gloves, took possession of the rooms where the spreads were to be laid, and flitted duskily hither and thither; stacks of flowers arrived, and were distributed; Freshmen looked curiously at the novel scenes; Sophomores and Juniors strolled about with a conscious air; and Seniors in full dress appeared on every hand.

The class were in ranks on the hard drive in front of Holworthy,—a hundred fine-looking young fellows in full dress. Sam, baton in hand,—he was one of the marshals, went down the line, greeting this friend and that with a very justifiable pride. There was old Villiers with his robes; and he reached out his hand, and gave him a shake, at their first meeting for the day. Presently the column moved, as Hawes gave the word, and marched on to the chapel, where the class chaplain officiated; and for the last time they attended prayers.

Meantime the three lower classes formed in open ranks on the avenue leading to the chapel,—each class a little apart from the others,—and awaited the exit of the Seniors. These, at the conclusion of the service, formed once more, and, led by the band, marched down through the open ranks. The hearty cheers rang out from Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman, in turn; and everybody wished them God speed. Yes, even the "poco," who had cheated them as much as was in his ability, stood a little apart, his round rosy face suffused with a smile, swinging his hat, and shouting his good-will.

This year the "Philosopher" had invited the Seniors to breakfast; and he received them cordially, and entertained them most hospitably. After the repast, a half-hour was devoted to social pleasures; and then once more the procession was formed, and moved towards the church, where friends have been all this time awaiting them.

There a crowd of students, who presently were to have a rush and a tussle with the policemen, and who had been besieging the door for an hour or more, opened ranks to let the column pass in; and amidst the mingled cheers of the crowd, and the inspiring music of the band, the class marched proudly up the aisle, to the seats on the platform. While the Seniors were seating themselves within, the students and policemen were having a desperate struggle for the possession of the doorway without. But how could three men stand up before three hundred? Down they went; and the eager throng was propelled by its own momentum through the porch, and up the aisle, quite to the foot of the platform. Then, as stillness reigned for a moment, and even the fluttering of fans was hushed in the crowded church, while the reverend Doctor offered prayer, an opportunity was offered to look around once from the Seniors' seats.

On the north side of the platform were the hundred Seniors, who met together, as the experience of the past had shown, for the last time; opposite sat the gentlemen of the Faculty, and the distinguished guests of the day; while between these two bodies were the President, the Doctor, and the class officers,—the marshals, orator, poet, odist, and chaplain. At the opposite end of the church, in the organ-loft, was the band, discoursing music after the termination of the prayer. The galleries on either side were packed with an audience that gave them the appearance of two beds of roses; while every Senior recognized his best friends among the gayly dressed throng that occupied every available inch of room on the floor. It was an assembly of youth and beauty such as could be gathered together only on an occasion like this. As Villiers, chosen by his classmates to speak to them and for them, came forward, it seemed that, if anything were capable of inspiring him to eloquence, it would be this occasion. The poem, that happy compound of humor and pathos, followed the oration; and then came the ode, sung by the class. This closed the exercises; and the throng streamed out of the church, glad to escape from the suffocating jam. Villiers turned, as a hand was laid on his arm, and saw the Doctor standing behind, with beaming face.

"I wish to tell you how much I am pleased with your oration," he said, in his kindest tone. "it would be an honor to any man's heart or head;" and he truly meant what he said.

As the orator of the day, Villiers had the honor of walking down the aisle and across the street arm in arm with the President; and that gentleman too was pleased to bestow his sincerest praise on what the student had said.

Sam sauntered slowly along, with hundreds of others, towards Holworthy and the spreads. It was a proud and happy moment for every Senior; the very highest pinnacle of college glory; and Sam, quite overflowing with happiness, ran on and presently arrived at the rooms in the old hall, the guests fast arriving, and the spread in readiness. A spread given by so many and so distinguished Seniors as this one was (for among its hosts were the orator, two of the marshals, a member of the Class Day committee, and the odist) could not but be a very brilliant and fashionable affair; and, for the next two hours, there was a jam of elegant ladies and gentlemen thronging this particular entry and these particular rooms: yes, a veritable jam, that sadly disordered the attire of the ladies, and made them flushed and breathless. Little rivulets of melted cream trickled down on to their elegant drapery; strawberries and bits of salad were trodden into the fabric of their robes. It was almost impossible to breathe sometimes, and frequently quite impossible to stir; but the young people seemed to enjoy it, and will probably, as long as these occasions bring them pleasantly together, and afford an opportunity for feasting and flirting, and the display of elegant toilets.

By this time the music of the band playing for the dancers on the green below came up strong and clear; and few remained in the rooms save the especial friends of the Seniors. Sam came up to the group around his mother, looking hot and tired.

A requisition on the ebony gentlemen was forthwith honored by an abundance of fresh viands; and the two seated themselves in the recess of the eastern window for a cosey lunch.

Lyman, with Kate on his arm, had at length elbowed his way up the steps into Harvard Hall, where the "round" dances were in order. "It will not be so crowded if we go in for the first," he had said.

"I do not see how it could well be much more crowded," was Kate's thought as they revolved quickly, keeping time with the delicious waltz-music. Dancing in this close, crowded hall on the hot June afternoon, when the air soon became filled with a thick, fine dust, while the slightest exertion caused a profuse perspiration, and where no cooling breeze, no refreshing draught of air could come, used to be a Class Day custom. Delicate girls who would not have thought they could walk half a mile used to dance there by the hour, the whirling waltz, the quick-moving galop,—while outside under the broad-spreading elms, beneath the cool shade and on the firm green turf, with comfort, and opportunity for pleasant chatting, and room in abundance, the band would vainly summon the dancers to what would seem a most attractive pastime. The many who came to see the dancing on the green, and the hundreds who could not gain admission to the hall, would promenade around the enclosure. The windows above were always filled with spectators, but the dancers were not there.

The hours passed slowly but steadily away with music and dancing, and chatting and flirting, and all the gayeties of Class Day. The throng grew denser, as the afternoon waned; the square became quite choked with vehicles; for hundreds came to see the exercises at the tree, who cared for nothing else.

The tree, a noble elm, around which the class was to meet at eventide, and sing "Auld Lang Syne," stands almost in the centre of a little quadrangle formed by the rear of Hollis, Harvard Hall, a side of Holden Chapel, and Harvard Square, the intervening space being rather more than a hundred feet wide, and a hundred and fifty feet long. A stout rope had been stretched around the tree, enclosing a circle of perhaps a hundred feet diameter. Late in the afternoon the janitor brought a heap of little bunches of flowers, which he proceeded to fasten securely to the tree eight or nine feet from the ground, girdling its old trunk with a beautiful garland. As the last bunch in the wreath was secured, he removed his ladder, and smiled complacently on his work. "I believe that will puzzle them," he thought, as he walked quietly away. How many years he had performed this service, he alone knew; but it came around once for every class, and was his last duty for them, and his pleasantest.

Before these preparations were fully completed, the space between the rope and the buildings, by no means a large one, had begun to fill up; and it was not long before every inch of standing-room was taken. The day had been hot; and the sun, though low in the sky, poured its burning rays full upon the expectant company, who waited with the utmost patience, and endured the discomfort of the situation without a murmur. Every one of the hundred windows that commanded a view of the tree was set with bright faces; the dance and the promenade were deserted; and the attention of everyone was centred on the most interesting feature of the day soon to occur.

For the last time the Seniors had formed in front of Holworthy; but how different was the appearance they presented from that gathering in the morning, when each man had been in faultless attire! All the oldest and most shocking hats had been reserved for this occasion, and were now donned; while on their tops or fronts, pasted in large white figures, appeared the year of the class. Old coats, which might still be decent, had been substituted for the swallow-tails; and the class, before so gentlemanly in appearance, stood transformed into a rabble of rowdyish and seedy-looking characters.

In this guise, with the band at their head, they visited in turn each of the buildings, and with three or nine cheers passed on. They then planted the class ivy at Gore Hall. The round face and rounder figure of the librarian greeted them at its wide-open portal, and the old library echoed with their ringing salute and the tramp of their feet; thence they marched on to the tree, the band playing the class song.

Within the enclosure, about the tree, gathered in a group by themselves, stood the Freshmen,—Freshmen no more after this day, but now about to be "roughed" for the last time by the Sophs. They were making their preparations for the struggle that was presently to come, quietly, but with a determination that spoke for itself. They had resolved that there should be no flinching, and that their ring should not be broken; and they were grasping one another's hands with a clutch that became more nervous as the dread moment drew near.

In the second part of the circle stood the Sophomores, assembled in full force. It was their business to break the ring which the Freshmen would presently form, as speedily and in as many places as possible; to drown the cheers of the Freshmen with their own lusty yells, and to improve to the utmost this final opportunity of making it uncomfortable for the young fellows. Meantime the Juniors, collected in a group, were recruiting their ranks in a way that excited the amusement of the spectators. The Juniors as a general thing do not care to turn out for this tree business, many preferring to look on from some comfortable position; with the ladies, to whom they can explain the proceedings. They have been there as Freshmen, to stand up for their rights; as Sophomores, to bully their inferiors; they must perforce go when they shall be Seniors: what wonder that they like to beg off this once? There was quite a little group of them, however, within the circle; and these seemed determined to make it uncomfortable for the shirkers, who were screening themselves behind the ladies at the windows, now and then peering out at their classmates below. As they caught sight of such a one, it was, "One, two, three," and a shout of "Dixon!" from the entire body, which performance they repeated until Dixon came down and joined them; after which another shirker was singled out and summoned in the same noisy manner.

The music of the band had been heard for some time, and the distant "Rah! rah! rah!" of the Seniors, as hall after hall was saluted; the sounds came nearer, and grew plainer; the tramp of feet became audible; and amid the cheers of the undergraduates, the plaudits of the spectators, and many exclamations of wonder and delight at their remarkable appearance, the Seniors marched rapidly into the circle, and took their stand in the remaining vacant space. The marshall waved his baton, and all was still; then the hundred students sang their class song, after which the cheering began. They cheered first their own and the three lower classes, each class in turn joining in and swelling the salute, till it came to the Freshmen, when there was raised a tremendous howl by the Sophomores. There was something indescribably stirring about these class salutes. Then they cheered everybody,—the President and the goodies, the Faculty and the pocos, the proctors and the professors, while the ladies came in for three times three, and then as many more; after which they cheered the classes again, and once more there was silence.

Again the marshal raised his baton; and at the signal the dense groups of students who had thus far stood separate in the four parts of the enclosure were galvanized into sudden activity; and almost in a second of time four complete rings, each of a hundred men, had formed around the old elm. It was indeed a pretty movement, and the spectators murmured their admiration. The rings thus formed stood motionless, the Seniors nearest the tree; the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, in due order.

"After the Seniors have sung 'Auld Lang Syne,'" said Hawes, "I will wave my hand, and the classes will move around the tree, the Seniors and Sophomores to the

right, the Juniors and Freshmen to the left. When I hold up my baton, the running will cease."

He nodded to the chorister, who started the song.

The Freshmen who formed the outside ring stood nervously waiting for the running to begin, breathing hard, and with hand grasping hand. The Sophomores were also expectant; but their attitude and appearance boded ill to the Freshmen. It was a moment of intense interest.

Meantime the Seniors, hand in hand, were singing their farewell song; swinging their arms to the rhythm of the music, slowly at first, they increased the movement till it could be no faster, when Hawes gave the long-looked-for signal, and the running around the tree began.

It lasted for a few seconds only: the marshal held up his baton almost immediately; but the action which in the outside rings had degenerated into a tussle between the two lower classes was kept up longer there. The Freshman line was soon broken in a score of places, some hard knocks were given and taken, and more than one pair rolled in the dust in a close embrace; but it was all without malice, and forgotten the next day.

The Seniors, as soon as Tom held up his baton, one and all made a rush for the garlands of flowers about the tree; and the attention of all was soon fixed on this surging mass, leaping, climbing, jumping, and vainly trying to reach the wreath.

For a time it appeared as though the garland must remain unbroken. If one climbed onto the shoulders of a classmate, the moment he approached the tree, and stretched forth his hand to pluck the flowers almost within his grasp, an unfriendly hand was sure to pull him prone to the ground.

"There goes Sam with Longstreet astride his shoulders!" cried Kate: "they will be more successful;" and all watched the two Seniors working their way through the throng towards the tree. Sam elbowed his way slowly but with unflagging perseverance; and Longstreet successfully beat off all assailants, striking mercilessly right and left, and maintained his position in spite of all attempts to dislodge him. The clapping of a thousand hands resounded, as the little fellow plucked the first bouquet from the wreath, and, turning deliberately toward the window from which friends were looking down, kissed his hand to the ladies. Then he scattered the nosegays among the students below him. Villiers with Adams on his shoulders had attacked the wreath on the opposite side; others had climbed to it on the shoulders of classmates; and in a trice the tree was stripped bare, and every man had some of the flowers.

But all was not over, though the end was near. For a moment there was quiet; and then came the parting scene, when these classmates of four years rushed into one another's embraces. These two had pulled many a mile together in the same boat; these two had for four years sat side by side at recitation, lecture, and examination; these, kindred pursuits and congenial tasks have led along the same pleasant paths; the bonds of the same society have brought these very close together. The petty jealousies of clique were forgotten, and for once the warm feeling of brotherhood melted down the reserve of the coldest; and the blows of the old hats, and the sometimes rough embraces, were often but the cloakings of warm emotions and tender feelings. The sun set as the boisterous demonstrations were ended; and the crowd dispersed, for the crowning event of the day was ended.

Thus far it had been hard work for our Seniors, a day no one of them would care to go through with again; but a cosy tea in the gray twilight, at which all the friends were present, was a delightful and restful reunion.

The illuminations were not yet quite ready; the music for the promenaders had not arrived; it was not time yet for the President's reception; and friends gathered in the twilight were inclined to be very quiet. The class had assembled for the last time today.

The jam at the President's reception was immense, an hour later. It was so much pleasanter outside, and some escaped from the crowd to the soft lawn, while others strolled slowly down to the enclosed space, where the band was discoursing soft music, interspersed with the songs of the Glee Club. The lights on the trees twinkled sleepily, and the throng of promenaders glided noiselessly along, half visible in the gloom.

Perhaps we cannot part with our friends better than to leave them thus wandering under the elms.

STUDENT-LIFE

AT

HARVARD.

Quorum pars minima fui.

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Classical Greek authors studied at Harvard when Alger was a student.