

The Independent

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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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THE SORROW OF THE WORLD.

BY W. B. YEATS.

THE quarrelling of the sparrows in the eaves,
The full round moon and the star-laden sky,
And the loud song of the ever-singing leaves
Had hid away earth's old and bitter cry.

And then you came, with those red mournful lips,
And with you came the whole of the world's tears,
And all the sorrow of her laboring ships,
And all the burden of her myriad years!

And now the warring sparrows in the eaves,
The withered moon, the pale stars in the sky,
The wearisome loud chanting of the leaves,
Are shaken with earth's old and bitter cry.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

ABSENT.

BY MRS. T. W. HIGGINSON.

SHE never said "Lost is my dearest one";
The phrase "Not living" would have hushed her song
Of faith. How could his silent voyage seem long
When she, whose joyless life had now begun
Said "Absent" with a smile which meant, the sun
Was only dimmed by clouds? Then, if a throng
Of painful thoughts pressed hard, it made her strong
To think how he would wish life's duties done.
In her sweet face, where grief had left its seam,
A tender gladness dawned, as years took flight,
And brought the meeting near. Nor did she dream
That from her trusting heart there shone a light
For eyes too weak to bear the larger gleam
That led her on, as stars redeem the night.

DUBLIN, N. H.

THE HILLS OF KINDERHOOK.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

CLOSE to the river's rhythmic heart,
Near to the mountain heights,
With shade and sheen of stainless green,
Through silvery shifting lights,—
Oh soft they lie beneath the sky,
Fed by a crystal-hearted brook,—
Half veiled in blue, and gemmed with dew,
The hills of Kinderhook!

Far from the city's strife and sin,—
From lives that pine and plod,—
At autumn tide robed like a bride
In regal goldenrod.
Oh fair they lie beneath the sky,—
Fed by a crystal-hearted brook,
Whose sylvan psalm keeps strong and calm
The hills of Kinderhook!

Near to the river's tuneful heart,
Close to the mountain-land,
Their summits seem, in love supreme,
Touched by a heavenly hand.
Oh pure they lie beneath the sky,—
Fed by a crystal-hearted brook,
And hayricks crown with golden brown
The hills of Kinderhook!

NEW YORK CITY

FROM SAN DIEGO TO MEXICO.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

It is only twenty short miles. And such miles! The ride by rail is through an avenue of palms—the only thing of the kind in the world, I believe. And if you go to Mexico by carriage from San Diego you drive almost all the way through gold and yellow groves of oranges and lemons. Now and then you come to a dark-gray sea of dove-colored olive groves; and now and then you pass a square of sunlit and scarlet guava bushes that burn and glisten and glow like little fields of fire; but as a rule the orange and the lemon wall you in all the way from the city of San Diego to the Mexican town of Tia Juana. Here is a custom house; and here some huge and uncouth monuments mark the artificial line of the two Republics.

And yet four years ago there was hardly an orange or lemon grove to be found between San Diego and Tia Juana.

This orange garden of the gods has a strange history. Some years ago two brothers, Kimball by name, bought all the land from San Diego to Mexico, 40,000 acres, for \$40,000, and began to lead water on it. For you must know that this vast and varied sea bank of poppies and a thousand other flowers is, or was before water came, for three-fourths of the year practically a desert, and would hardly sustain a grasshopper. And yet it was as rich as bone and marrow; waiting and waiting through all the ages that are behind us only for water to be made the Eden of all earthly Edens.

These Kimball brothers, bright and able Yankees, were Nationalists, if not Communists, at least. They named their vast possession "National City"; and as the land which they had bought for one dollar an acre bounded up to one thousand, and even two and three thousand dollars an acre, you can see that they had ample means to forward their favorite liberal social plans. And yet they were not prodigal. Many people say they are not, and never were, even liberal. But be that as it may, they have builded bravely and most gloriously.

I had rather be known as the architect of National City and the sea of orange and olive and lemon groves there, with its twenty-mile ride of palm trees, than to have been the builder of St. Peter's, Rome. For this orange sea by the blue sea of Cortez will do more solid good than all the cathedrals of Italy together. It is probably the first and only thing of a national or communistic character that has really materialized to any purpose.

It might prove tedious to you and then it might mislead some one should an attempt be made to give the details touching the building of National City; and so I shall mention only one dominating plan of action. That was to let any one have, at a reasonable price, five acres of land on condition that the ground be plowed and planted and a five thousand dollar house be built within the twelvemonth. And so with this single precaution against cheap houses and untitled lands we have the miles and miles of palm trees, seas and seas of olive groves and orange groves and lemon groves. And such stately and artistic houses too! You see lumber is cheap here, work also. And so, as we do not burrow in the ground like gophers out here and build cellars and other like abodes for disease, why \$5,000 builds quite a house.

Of course not all the drives of Newport and Long Branch put together can at all compare with this palm and orange drive out here by the American bay of Naples. Away to the left, and lifting up toward the indolent white clouds that droop like mighty banners about the rugged mountain tops, the tawny hills, huge and lion-like, lie with their tawny noses on their tawny paws, and their tawny paws pushed out and down toward the palm-tree drive by the snow-white sands of the sea.

And the lower foothills, right under our feet, in fact, and all along the road by the yellow-laden orange fields the world is dipped in molten gold! The California poppy, the first comer of the year and the last to leave us, is dashing and dipping the mold with such a riot of fervid yellow that the fields seem almost to take fire.

California has adopted this flower as her banner flower; and now she is going to get rid of that outlandish, unpronounceable and unspellable name, *Eschscholtzia*, with which it has been bothered so long and give it back its beautiful old Spanish name, *El cupa de ora*—the cup of gold. It is indeed a cup of gold; a glorious thing to see.

It were as if we had found the Holy Grail away out here where the sun, as it would almost seem, has forgotten to go down.

I had forgotten to say that this city of palms and oranges is not all palms and pleasure drives by a great deal. About the first thing you come upon is an olive-oil factory. It would take long to tell how olive oil is extracted from the berry; but space must be found to say that it is ground, or rather pressed out between massive millstones. And then the mass, as black as a pile of black cats—for olives must be ripe to make oil, and when ripe they are black and sleek and soft—is pressed and pressed and pressed till the black mass of mashed olives is as compact and dry as a block of wood.

After the olive-oil factory comes a wagon factory, watch factory, and so on, and so on.

The further and finer part of National City is now called Chula Vista. Here you find no factories; nothing but fine houses, fine houses, palm trees and orange. And all this time, as we drive on toward Mexico, we have the warm blue sea to the right flashing in the sun up through the palm trees, and the tawny old lion hills, their yellow manes in the warm sea winds, up above us to the left.

The groves grow smaller and less universal as we approach the Mexican line. But all along on either hand, you see little nurseries of orange, lemon and olive trees, golden and gray. So it would seem that a little time longer only, and this once arid land will be banked with golden orange groves even to the very edge of Mexico.

The Tia Juana River, in whose sandy bed slept for nearly a century the little Mexican town of Tia Juana, is a savage mountain lion, when once aroused. Only last winter, less than a year ago, it came tearing down in torrents, and in less than a day the town was not. It was washed into the sea, or covered in the sand, along with many of its people.

It is a sweetly sleepy little valley; and is almost entirely Mexican in fact as in name.

The queer, indolent, hairless and half-starved dogs seem to have escaped the flood to a man, so to speak; they are so numerous and so hideous and so hungry. Whether they are vicious or not no one can say. Whether or not their bite would produce hydrophobia no one can say. For no Mexican dog has ever yet been found with snap enough in him to bite anybody.

Away out and over the narrow, sandy and willow-set little valley of Tia Juana the steel-blue mountains of dear indolent old Mexico lift and lift and lift in bold and bare and solemn splendor.

Not a tree in sight, not a shrub, save the willow and the tobacco bush at your feet; not a ghost of a cloud about or above the mighty mountain tops. And yet right down through this majesty of mountains, this silence and desolation, a British company is hewing out a roadbed toward a point four hundred miles distant, down to the old Spanish gold fields of centuries ago by the sea of Cortez.

TIA JUANA, MEXICO.

THE POETRY OF LORD TENNYSON.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE career of Lord Tennyson differed from that of other English poets in that it began under greater discouragements than fell to the lot of most; that it expended its energies in more directions, and was more successful therein; that it was more generally applauded and richly rewarded; and that it was of longer duration. With two or three exceptions, of not much importance, he was the oldest of his country's singers, the stream of his life carrying him beyond his eighty-third year, and the current of his poetic life beyond his sixty-second year, which was ten years longer than the whole life of Shakespeare! When he appeared the conditions of English poetry were different from what they had been ten years earlier, and were still more different from what they were to be ten years later. The influence of Byron, who had been dead six years, was waning, and the influence of Wordsworth, who still lived, was increasing. There was a conflict between the two; but the victory, which now inclined to one side, and now to the other, was undetermined; for both had powerful partisans. Besides these there were two other influences to be reckoned with; for while neither was yet regarded, both would have soon to be considered seriously—the influ-

Before the Nature-lover is tired of feasting his eyes upon that stately flower, shall begin to unfold the crumpled draperies of the great Mexican poppy dotting the hillsides and the *mesa* with white as far as the eye can reach. Meanwhile, the earth itself shall suddenly turn to pink, and a close look disclose a tiny, low-growing blossom, sweet as the morning, with the glow of the sunrise in its face; a little bunch of crazy-looking stamens and tiny snips of petals, standing out at all angles, and of all shades on one stem, from white to deep red; the whole no bigger than a gauzy-winged fly, and shaped not unlike one, with a delicious odor that scents the air.

Next day—or next week—wandering over the pathless barrens, the observer may come upon a group of cream-colored satin flowers, wide open to the sun, innocent looking and most tempting to gather. But the great fleshy leaves from which they spring give warning; they belong to the cactus family, and are well armed to protect their treasures from the vagrant hand. The walker—if he be wise—will content himself with looking, nor seek a nearer acquaintance.

While these royal beauties are adorning the high lands, others, perhaps, even more lovely, are blooming in the cañons, under the trees, and beside the noisy brooks. First there is a "riot of roses"—the only expression that adequately suggests the profusion of these beautiful flowers. They grow in enormous bushes, far above one's head, in impenetrable thickets, extending for yards each way.

"Rose hedges
Abloom to the edges."

Every country road is walled in by them; every brook-side is glorified by their rich masses of color; and no rocky wall is so bare but here and there a tiny shoot finds root, and opens its rosy bloom. All these bushes, from the low-growing sort that holds its mottled and shaded petals three inches above the ground to that whose top one cannot reach, are simply loaded with blossoms, of all shades, from nearly white to deepest rose color, filling the air with perfume.

The first time one comes upon this lavish display, he—or more probably she—picks a spray from the first bush, she cannot resist the next variety, and before she knows it her arms are full with temptation as strong as ever before her. She may at last, like "H. H.," take home her roses by the carriage load, or, overwhelmed by their numbers, leave them all on their stems, and enjoy them in mass.

Shyly hiding under the taller shrubs, beside the running water, the experienced seeker will find the *gilia*, one of the gems of Colorado's bouquet. This plant consists of one slender stem two feet or more tall, swayed by every breeze, and set for several inches of its length with daintiest blossoms.

"Like threaded rubies on its stem."

They are like fairy trumpets, in many shades from snow white to deep rose and brilliant scarlet, with great variety of delicate marking, visible only under a glass. The stem is so sticky that the flowers must be arranged as they are gathered; for they cling to each other more closely than the fabled "brother," and an attempt to separate them will result in torn flowers.

Anything more exquisite than a vase of *gilia*s alone is rarely seen. The buds are as lovely as the blossoms; new ones open every day, and even the faded ones are not unsightly; their petals are simply turned backward a little. One minute every morning spent in snipping off blossoms that are past their prime, insures the happy possessor a bouquet that is a joy forever, even in memory; lovely and fresh in ever-changing combinations of color and form.

Some day shall be made memorable to the enthusiast by the discovery of a flower which should be named for "H. H."—the one which looked so charming from the moving train that her winning tongue brought the iron horse to a pause, while it was gathered "root and branch" for her delectation. Finding the gorgeous spike of golden blossoms without a common name, she called it—most happily—the golden prince's feather. It is to be presumed that it has an unwieldy scientific cognomen in the botanies; but I heard of no common one except that given by the poet.

While this royal flower is still in bloom may be found the *mariposa*, or butterfly lily, small and low on the burning *mesa*, but more generous in size and richer of hue in the shaded cañons.

"Like a bubble borne in air
Floats the shy *Mariposa's* bell."

says Susan Coolidge, in her beautiful tribute to beloved poet and friend. The three petals of this exquisite flower form a graceful cup of differing degrees of violet hue, some being nearly white with the color massed in a rich, deep-toned crescent low down at the heart of each petal, while others are glowing in the most regal purple.

All these weeks, too, have been blossoming dozens, yes, hundreds of others; every nook and corner is full; every walk brings surprises. Some of our most familiar friends are wanting. One is not surprised that the most common wayside flower of that golden region is the yellow daisy, or sunflower it is called, but she remembers fondly our fields of white daisies and clumps of gay little buttercups, and she longs for cheery-faced dandelions beside her path. A few of the latter she may

find, much larger and more showy than ours; but these—it is said in Colorado Springs—are all from seed imported by an exile for health's sake, who pined for the flowers of home.

Several peculiarities of Colorado flowers are noteworthy. Some have gummy or sticky stems, like the *gilia*, already mentioned, and others again are "clinging" by means of a certain roughness of stem and leaf. The *mentzelia* is of this nature; half a dozen stalks can, with difficulty, be separated; and they seem even to attract any light substance, like fringe or lace, holding so closely to it that they must be torn apart.

Many of the prettiest flowers are, like our milkweed, nourished by a milky juice, and when severed from the parent stem, not only weep thick white tears which stain the hands and the garments, but utterly refuse to subsist on water and begin at once to droop. Is it the vitality in the air which forces even the plants to eccentricities? Or can it be that they have not yet been subdued into uniformity like ours? Are they unconventional—nearer to wild Nature? So queries an unsentimental lover of them all.

This slight sketch of a few flowers gives hardly a hint of the richness of Colorado's flora. No words can paint the profusion and the beauty. I have not even mentioned some of the most notable; the great golden columbine, the State flower, to which our modest blossom is an insignificant weed;

"The fairy lilies, straight and tall,
Like torches lit for carnival";

the primrose, opening at evening a disk three or four inches across, loaded with richest perfume, and changed to odorless pink before morning; exquisite vetches, with bloom like our sweet pea, and of more than fifty varieties; harebells in great clumps, and castillejas which dot the State with scarlet; rosy cyclamens "on long, lithe stems that soar"; and *mertensias* whose delicate bells, blue as a baby's eye, turn day by day to pink; the *cleome*, which covers Denver with a purple veil; the whole family of penstemons, and hundreds of others.

An artist in Colorado Springs, who has given her heart, almost her life, to fixing in imperishable color the floral wealth about her, has painted over three hundred varieties of Colorado wild flowers, and her list is still incomplete.

It is not pleasant to mar this record of beauty; but one thing must be mentioned. The luxuriance of the flowers is already greatly diminished by the unscrupulousness of the tourists, who swarm in the flower season, especially, I am sorry to say, women. Not content with filling their hands with flowers, they fill their arms and even their carriage, if they have one. Moreover, the hold of the plant on the light, sandy soil is very slight; and the careless gatherer, not provided with knife or scissors, will almost invariably pull the root with the flower, thus totally annihilating that plant. When one witnesses such greediness and remembers that these vandals are in general on the wing, and cannot stay to enjoy what they have rifled, but will leave it all to be thrown out by hotel servants the next morning, he cannot wonder at the indignation of the residents toward the traveler, nor that "No admittance" notices are put up and big dogs kept, and that "tourist" is a name synonymous with "plunderer," and bitterly hated by the people.

I have seen a party of ladies—to judge by their looks—with arms so full of the golden columbine that it seemed they could not hold another flower, whose traveling dress and equipments showed them to be mere transient passers through, who could not possibly make use of so many. Half a dozen blossoms would have given as much pleasure as half a hundred, and be much more easily cared for, besides leaving a few for their successors to enjoy. The result is, of course, plain to see, a few more years of plunder and Colorado will be left bare and lose half her charm.

One beautiful place near Colorado Springs, Glen Eyrie, belonging to General Palmer (I think), was generously left open for every one to enjoy by driving through; but incredible as it seems, his hospitality was so abused, his lovely grounds rifled not only of wild flowers, but even of cultivated flowers and plants, that he was forced at last to put up notices that the public was allowed to "drive through without dismounting."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TENNYSON AS A SPIRITUAL TEACHER.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

To some all teaching must be didactic. There must be ever present the set purpose to instruct, the conscious end must be held before the learner's eyes, the rod must be not wholly out of sight to stir the lagging and the flagging mind. Just as in some sermons the analysis crops out like the strata in a rough country, and thirdly and fourthly run ever into seventhly—the perfect number—or as in many of the works of the little masters, even in the sculptures of Michael Angelo himself, the desire to show the artist's knowledge and mastership of anatomy has issued in forms angular with protruding processes, and corrugated with swelling muscles. But there is a higher and a better way. As the rolling hills of verdure tell of the limestone which lies below the billowy grass and grain; as the well-rounded forms which

Raphael clothed with genius and with truth speak not merely of correct anatomy, but also of a warm humanity; so many teachers use an art which at once conceals and reveals its power. To speak of Browning as a spiritual teacher seems natural, for in him there is always the toilsome beating out of truth; the same is true of Carlyle and Emerson. But to use the same expression of Tennyson not infrequently awakens an incredulous smile. Those who smile would doubtless apply to Tennyson the words of Theocritus which Mr. Andrew Lang applied to Shelley: "Your poems are still 'in the mouths of all, and chiefly on the lips of the young'; for to them he is not merely wanting in the qualities which go to make a great spiritual teacher, but he is, like Theocritus, merely a singer of the field and wood, and empty tales of chivalry. Such a judgment proceeds out of a want of knowledge, it is true, but not out of ignorance; out of want of knowledge, or of discernment of the deeper meaning of the poems which as mere songs have sung themselves into their ears and even into their hearts.

We all have our teachers, but we may not all learn of the same masters. Some turn back to the masters of all time, to "Homer, Plato, Verulam," while others learn most from those who are going just before them in the march of civilization; some seek for elemental truth, some an interpreter. The spell of Emerson was certainly that of an interpreter. That of Tennyson is much the same, tho' they approached the subject of man's destiny from different, even opposite, points of view. And Tennyson's was really the more necessary and more permanent work, the constant marking of the higher element in man, the tracing of the thread of truth in every mortal fabric, and the steady growth of man Godward through the one saving influence of the revealed Word. He is no dogmatist, but he is a teacher of the highest truth. He gives place for the widest hope without, however, seeking to limit or define the scope of Divine justice.

"Love is and was my Lord and King"

he sings with fervid iteration; and we cannot help but feel that this is the love of one

"Who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness which hinders loving";

not of one in whom love was but a sentimental weakness. With such a one we can share the most universal hope, and freely say:

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pang of Nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood";

"That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

But it is not to such passages as this from "In Memoriam" that I turn in support of my claim that Tennyson is a great spiritual teacher. For that poem, from the splendid invocation which forms its prelude to the trustful, tender and all sufficient reference with which it closes, to

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves";

is a great religious poem, and as such is often excepted from the general criticism of those who do not feel the depths below the laughing, wind-tossed surface of Tennyson's poetry.

Perhaps the first element in the spiritual influence of Tennyson is the light in which he puts things. That light is the white light of Christianity. The casuistry of the day excuses everything to realism. A man may paint any picture however awful, if it but be true to Nature. Something better than mere casuistry, indeed, goes nearly or quite this far. The crucial test is apt to be, from what point of view is the picture painted? Is it that sin and suffering may be shown side by side with the way of escape through a Divine Redeemer as in Raphael's "Transfiguration"? or is it only "art for art's sake," which in plainer terms is apt to be sin for sin's sake? Tennyson when he shows the sin does not fail to show the sinfulness of it; when he shows a noble deed he lets it blaze in the atmosphere of its own nobility.

This is especially marked in the "Idyls of the King." He had ready made to his hand the materials of his epics, but the result is all his own. The Arthurian legends have not lost in their picturesqueness and force in his treatment of them, and they retain their fidelity to human nature with all its perfidy, impurity and low ambition, but they are given a noble unity and made more tragic in their connection with a higher drama than before. The sin of Lancelot and Guenevere is not veiled, but while the temptation of the sin is shown, and the sweet poison of its spell, its utter sinfulness is always powerfully portrayed. The same is true of the story of Tristram, and the other episodes which again and again intrude the same specter into the pure chambers of the King's heart. I was familiar with the stories of Malory before I became acquainted with the "Idyls," and with a number of school-fellows of my own age, then about twelve years, organized a society which we called "The Round Table," each boy having his knightly *nom de guerre*, the more coveted being official and filled by election. While "Arthur presided," "Lancelot" was the coveted title, and some-

times more than sham battles occurred over the mock honor. The society aroused an immense interest in the Arthurian stories, and I well remember the eagerness with which I read the beautiful "Idyls" and how the glamour fell from Lancelot. Tho not able then to comprehend the truth, I felt the stain upon him, and my ambition passed to Percival, and then to Galahad, and then with growing years the spiritual dignity, the depth of nature and of suffering, in the once shadowy Arthur began to be appreciated, till at last the whole beauty of the woful strife for national purity within and national existence without, burst upon me in its epic splendor. It is easy to pick from the finished work its jewels one by one; but it is not the single gems, but the glorious whole which testifies to the spiritual force of the poet's teaching.

In dedicating the "Idyls" to the memory of the Prince-Consort the poet has himself summed up his ideal of a Christian prince, of which Albert and Arthur were his type and prototype. For he says of Prince Albert:

"Indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who loved one only, and who claved to her.'
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime suppression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Surely in Arthur there is no more striking trait than the "sublime suppression of himself," the way in which he suffered the most bitter private wrong from his dearest enemy that he might not wreck the country in avenging himself. There is a noble sense of greatness, too, of dedication to a lofty place which is in striking contrast with the half genuine, half mock humility of Lancelot, as when he declares

"In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great."

Nor is there here, or anywhere, a lesson better worth the learning than how to wear "The white flower of a blameless life."

Of all the Christian virtues Tennyson loves none more than purity. His heroes and his heroines move through his pages as Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry, "clothed on with chastity." But tho he sings the prowess of the maiden knight, Sir Galahad, he is not tangled in the specious meshes of the web asceticism spreads for unwary feet, but always with robust and sturdy judgment keeps to honest love and honest life under the benediction of the family. In the wide range of his subjects there is a vast field for variation, and love appears in almost every guise. As in the "Idyls" we have asceticism represented by Percival and Galahad, libertinism by Lancelot and Tristram, wedded love by Arthur, and by Geraint and Enid, and disappointed love by Elaine, so in the other poems there is every type of love triumphant and of love forlorn, and be the theme in a major or a minor key, the note of the ethical comment is full and true.

The true complement of purity is strength. Not bodily strength, but strength of soul. Fortitude I might say, had not fortitude become a passive virtue in our speech. This strength is rather fortitude and courage all in one. We find this in Tennyson's poems in many forms; in the greater number in a hopefulness both for the world and for humanity. Such a hopefulness is the natural concomitant of a serene trust in providence. This trust breaks in again and again with strong encouragement:

"Have patience . . . ourselves are full
Of social wrong, and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth; . . .
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs; there is a hand that guides."

This strength is resonant in many bursts of patriotic song—and patriotism if somewhat neglected in our days, is not the least of virtues; and it swells in grand organ tones in the noblest of all dirges, the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

It could hardly be that a poet who has written one of the three—I had almost said one of the two, for to me "Lycidas" alone stands by the side of "In Memoriam"—threnodies in a great literature, and the greatest dirge could be wanting in spiritual insight and force. The great thing is that not alone through them, but through poems of the lightest and most joyous form he should still remain a spiritual teacher. Perhaps no higher influence has been exerted by Tennyson than the unconscious one of cheering and encouraging by beautiful narratives of undidactic yet truly lofty themes. Some of his dialect pieces, tho unattractive in form, have a simple force which cannot easily be missed. And in such homely stories as "Enoch Arden," tho out of vogue to-day, he struck a note which still finds a responsive echo in many hearts untouched by his more elaborate and intellectual poems.

There are, doubtless, some things to explain, and some things to lament, in the vast mass of his writings from the present standpoint. Among these are "Locks-

ley Hall Sixty Years After," and some of the attempts of his later years at psychologic subtlety. But in the ripe fruitage of his middle manhood, no heart can go amiss that goes afield with Tennyson, that listens with him to

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees,"

or pauses in some ruined abbey's shade to listen to the stories which he tells. The strength and beauty of his songs remain a protest against all slovenliness of speech. "Art for art's sake," is here a plea which may be listened to. "Art for art's sake"—and yet it seems as if the art were rather for the sake of the stories which it shrines. The goldsmith may spend days and weeks in modeling and chasing a fitting setting for a gem; but it is not for the setting's sake he is so prodigal of his time and skill, but for the precious stone which it is to make more beautiful and more precious still. Without the stone the setting is an empty bauble, but with the mounted stone it has a purpose; as it were, a soul. So the most beautiful language is valueless unless it has a worthy theme. In Tennyson's verse the most perfect art is usually found in conjunction with the noblest thought. What is true of verse is true no less of lives. The manners and graces which made up the hollow mockery the world knew as Lord Chesterfield were but a thin veneer. A noble soul is necessary even to make outward appearances charming. Tennyson has said:

"For manners are not idle but the fruit,
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

So we find it in the poet and his verse. His later verse lost the early force, but rallied in one last brief lyric to give expression to the brave, hopeful soul which made the man a poet; and to reveal, like a ray of the setting sun, the serene beauty of his evening sky. The world was thrilled and gladdened by that little song, and now that he has "crossed the bar," we do not need to ask if he sleeps well beyond the sunset.

EASTON, MASS.

THE TRUE STORY OF COLUMBUS AND PINZON.

II.

BY STODDARD DEWEY.

In the year 1508, Don Diego Colon, son and heir of the sole recognized discoverer of America, instituted proceedings before the Council of the Indies of Seville. He had duly succeeded to his father, who was but lately dead, as *Almirante de las Indias*. He now laid claim to further privileges of more substantial profit to himself and heirs.

In the forty-two chapters of his memorial, he sustains his hereditary right to the entire government, and to the designation of officials, the administration of justice and the receiving of revenues, in all that part of the earth which extends from pole to pole west of the line traced out on the map by Pope Alexander IV. He bases his claim on the agreement made with Columbus by the Catholic kings in Santa Fé of Granada on the 17th of April, 1492. The suit thus brought to enforce a claim which the original party to the agreement had never been able to realize in himself, was carried on in his turn by Don Luis, successor of Don Diego, and it dragged its vain length along for half a century. It has hitherto served scarcely any purpose of the classical historian other than to point the classical moral of the ingratitude of kings, notably in the discovery of America.

In 1578 the *muy poderosos señores* of the Council of the Indies received a petition from another quarter. Charles V had dealt with the family of Columbus, and he had long ceased to reign. Philip II, his son and successor, had once given some faint hope of better things to a countrywoman that came up to Seville to implore his aid. She had no title to accredit her timid request, and the family in whose name she spoke had been lost sight of amid the overpowering splendor of the fame of Columbus.

La Pinzona, as she was patronizingly called, was the daughter of Francisco Martin Pinzon, one of the three brothers who sailed with Columbus on his first voyage. She represented to His Majesty the services rendered by her father and relatives deceased, and besought of him some recompense to be given to herself and the others of her family "who are in need (*pasan necesidad*)" considering that until now they have received neither remuneration nor recompense of any kind." It is hardly to be expected that a simple-minded woman would see a fit recompense in the escutcheon granted to the Pinzons by Charles V, with its "three caravels on the sea, and from each of them a hand is to rise showing the first land which they had thus found and discovered."

Charles V, to tell the truth, owed this much of recognition to the Pinzon family; tho its present members would doubtless have been content with something less honorable and more substantial than an empty coat-of-arms. In 1586, His Majesty's fiscal, in rebuttal of the facts brought forward by Don Luis Colon, made great use of the services of the Pinzons, for which no recompense had been made, and of their rights, which were apparently acknowledged only for the bolstering up of the defense of the Crown.

To begin with, the fiscal maintains that the charters and privileges granted by the Catholic Kings to Christopher Columbus, in virtue of the original agreement made at Santa Fé, were obtained surreptitiously and are invalid.

"Martin Alonso Pinzon being the one that properly discovered the said Indies and found them and knew the secrets of them. . . . And, knowing all this, returning with the said Don Christobal Colon to these realms to give account of it all, being already in them, before he came to the court, the said Pinzon died; and as the said Don Christobal Colon found himself free from any person to contradict him, he attributed to himself the work and asserted to the Catholic Kings that he had done it; and this was the cause, which was not true, that moved the Catholic Kings to give the said charters and privileges, which they would not have given if they had been informed of the truth, how another had discovered it."

In case this be not allowed, the fiscal puts forward again the Pinzons to keep His Majesty from giving to the descendants of Columbus more than half what they claimed. For

"to the said Don Christobal Colon there did not belong more than the half of what had been granted, since the other half belonged to the said Pinzon, both by reason of the partnership he had entered into with the said Colon by a contract made between them, and by reason of his having placed more and done more in the said discovery than the said Don Christobal Colon; and Your Highness succeeded to the rights of the said Martin Alonso Pinzon by the cession of them made to you, of which the writing is present."

The pretensions of the Crown official were extravagant; perhaps they were intended only to prolong the trial and weary out the descendants of one to whom great things had been promised before it was known what they really meant. Even the cession of Pinzon's rights to the King was probably a legal formality, necessary, perhaps, to the prosecution of certain counter-claims of the two sons of Martin Alonso. To them it was of little use. Their own relatives honorably came forward to testify that Martin Alonso Pinzon had never spoken to them of the discovery, nor even of the existence, of Indies, until he met with Christopher Columbus. If the sons had really ceded their dead father's rights to the Crown, the story of La Pinzona would show that His Majesty kept them for himself.

The documents in the case still exist in the *Archivo de las Indias* in Seville. Washington Irving and the classical historians, who knew them from the extracts made by Navarrete, would not or could not examine them. Yet the crabbedly written pages, in which every *pro* has its passionately critical *con*, ought to serve some purpose of justice in the rectification and completion of our own knowledge of facts. They have been the material of the ten years' study of Fernandez Duro; and the Royal Academy of History is to publish them, on the occasion of the present centenary, in the second series of its unpublished documents of the Indies.* There is nothing like these centennial whirligigs for bringing in the revenges of time. What Ferdinand and Isabella, what Charles V and Philip II, what the forgetfulness of contemporaries and the partiality of classical historians have neglected or refused, we are asked to do in the love of documentary truth and the distrust of romantic legend.†

Martin Alonso Pinzon was a native of Palos, of a family of leading influence and wide relationship among the seafaring people of the neighborhood. His house was in the street leading to the Franciscan convent of Our Lady of La Rabida, whose Father Guardian for many years was Fray Juan Perez, a name belonging to his own immediate kin. He was an enterprising navigator from his youth, and was considered by all who knew him an expert pilot, a good captain, and generally a great sailor of the seas. In the Atlantic he had been to the Canary Isles and to Guinea, and he was familiar with the Mediterranean coast as far as Naples. He had cruised formidably in the wars between Spain and Portugal; and he had improved the opportunities of peace to perfect himself in his art. While in Rome, through the friendship of a cosmographer patronized by the Pope, he had been enabled to study, and even to copy for his own use, the writings and maps of the Vatican Library. "He was wise in many ways," says the contemporary testimony. He was also prudent in practical matters. Besides the ship he usually commanded in person, he owned one or two others which were at his orders. His "lawful wife," Maria Alvarez, could console herself during

* The first volume has now appeared under the title of "Los Pleitos de Colon"; it is reviewed in the *Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia* for May of this year, by Fernandez Duro.

† The proper remuneration of the hapless Pinzon family is, of course, preposterous at this late day. It still remains in Palos, at one with the general decay of that once flourishing port which time has stranded above the invading morass. The late Admiral Pinzon, in whose house at Moguer above Palos Washington Irving lived sixty years since, belonged to a collateral branch of the family. His talents and labor raised him to the highest position in the Spanish marine, and he had his part in American history off the coast of Peru. His son is a man of wealth and enterprise in Moguer. But the direct representatives of the family of the discoverers live by the labor of their hands like the other peasants of the wretched village of Palos, which has only a thousand souls and never a carriage road by land or a landing place by water to give comfortable access to it. Gonzalez Pinzon, a lineal descendant of one of the discoverers by the parish registers, as the priest told me, and an unusually frank and prepossessing youth, accompanied me in my visit to the place. When I bade him good-by I remarked that he should, by right, see the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. "Who will take me?" he said, rather sadly.