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KINGSLEY'S HYPATIA.

An author may say the finest things upon any subject, yet this after all is his opinion, not yours. You see only the result of his thought, and believe, or disbelieve. But if a writer can lead you to reason with him, to canvas his arguments, and to think for yourself, he ensures a better rasult, a more lasting impression. The suggestive style is the best mode of giving our thought to others. I am hence emboldened to give some of the leading traits of Hypatia, together with the impression directly produced by the work. I shall lose sight of the book as a work of art, and try to call attention to its suggestive power, feeling that those who read it in the quiet thoughtful way will be, as I was, richly rewarded.

The student of character will find in Hypatia three men who will set him thinking. These are well-drawn characters, whose lives may not serve as examples, but clearly suggest the true model.

The lowest of these is the mighty Amal, he has the brute mind, as well as brute strength, and implicitely believes in both. He was the intensely "Practical Man" of his time. "What was good enough for his father was good enough for him." How many men have we to-day, who rely upon inherited strength, of tradition or superstition, to justify a useless, sensual, unambitious life. Who lay upon their ancestors the responsibility for their present course, and ask the past for approval instead of looking ahead, and shaping their lives so as to obtain the sanction of the future. So the mighty Amal lived and died. He was induced to express a belief in Christianity, but in his last hour the force of tradition again asserted itself. And when informed of the downward tendency of his ancestors, he was content to give up his life with the practical man's motto, "their lot is good enough for me."

The next higher of these three central figures is Philammon, the monk. He is the Goth's opposite in high aims, as well as in culture. Yet with his realizing sense of the vanities of the world. In his excessive zeal for the conversion of mankind, he meets with such rebuffs as cause him to envy the Goth's contented ignorance. He aimed at perfection, yet found at every turn in the path of life, that he was but a man. Although voluntarily withdrawn from the world, he longs to see, to enjoy, and judge for himself. He prays the Lord to turn his eyes from vanity, yet looks nevertheless. When assailed by temptation, he takes refuge in prayer, and then—yields. The world did for him what it has done for many educated men since, it besieged him with doubts, fears, and contradictions, until he longed for a blsssful ignorance, as a refuge from the follies of wisdom. Yet, Philammon, withal was one whose failure should be wept, not hissed. We must not pity the soldier's scars, for they tell of the heat of battle, loyalty, courage, and the grandest of all human sentiments—patriotism. Let us look kindly then upon one who defended virtue against vice, who stepped forward hopefully, fought bravely, and yet, when the day was done, had naught but bruises to show how he kept face to the foe. Do you know such a one, whose cherished hopes are destined never to be fulfilled? If so speak kindly to him. He is but one more added to the number of heroes unsung. There are many unrecorded lives, many nameless graves, in this wide world, which man should delight to honor, which woman's hand should decorate with flowers.

And so the Goth untaught, and content—ate, drank and slept, and proved that he was a brute; while Philamon with the loftiest ambition, the purest motives, only succeeded in proving that he was but a man.

The most strongly-marked character of the book is Raphael Aben-Ezra. He was given health, wealth, and culture. The world attracted him, he yielded to its blandishments and became a votary of pleasure. Yet he is so much a *man*, that in this very excess of pleasure, he sees the need of some higher aim, some nobler purpose. And so mind triumphed over the appetite for pleasure, and drove him forth among his fellow men to seek for his better self. Here he gropes about in the twilight, seeking—he knows not what, until uncertainty grows into absolute doubt, 'till twilight deepens into darkness, and he has reached the "Bottom of the Abyss." He has now lost his belief in duty, his trust in man, and begins to doubt himself. But in this extremity, as in his excess of pleasure, contentment is denied him—Mind cannot rest here and attempts the solution of that great problem "Given self, to find God. And so Raphael in this abyss of distrust, upon the floor of the primeval nothing, resolves to build a tower which shall reach the light of day. This chapter headed, the "Bottom of the abyss," is a unit. It might be taken out and read separately, pregnent as it is with the sophistries which a man will inflict upon himself, and suggesting the broad ties of humanity which must solve all such difficulties. We are wont to say, that a man becomes a skeptic from choice. The author proves conclusively, that any responsibilities would be gratefully accepted as a refuge from such an atmosphere of doubt.

Raphael seeks in all directions for something upon which to rest his burdens. The bigotry of the church required too much ignorance, its superstitions asked for too much imagination. He is at last lead to the Book of Books to interpret for himself, and found consolation and comfort, and heard like a strain of celestrial music, the divine promise of "Peace on earth and good will to men." But how was Raphael rescued from himself? By a mere human cry for sympathy and help; he had drifted, with the animals, for many days, when a dove appeared in the person of Victoria, bearing the olive branch of peace. How was he directed to the Bible? The author seems to say, that having brought him in contact with a pure woman, he has insured Raphael's return to his better self. That all good and pure things are related, and even as the flower points to the sunlight, as the source of its beauty, so our association with pure men and women leads us back to the source of their purity.

Much in the same way as we have shown these three characters, the reader will find Hypatia, Pelagia, and Victoria confronting each other in different stages of culture and each suggesting the ideal woman. Hypatia's zeal and genius could create sophisms so plausible as to deceive their author; yet this very enthusiasm is used, to show her lack of feminine traits which should be the pride of every true woman. Her life warns us of Philosophers who claim that their theory fits the world, when as the author expresses it they have clipped the world to fit their theories. It shows us that zeal is not worth, and that plans for salvation are easily invented and easily forgotten. Is there anything in the life of this enthusiast which might benefit the revivalist of to-day? We only ask the question.

Pelagia, on the other hand, lacked the high aims and aspirations of her rival. Her beauty was her pride, innocence her defender. Yet she gave evidence of a hidden beauty, in hating the "Alruna Maiden," who esteemed herself above pleasure, and "too pure to love a man."

The author gives much space to the delineation of these two characters. But when he comes to Victoria, he seems to say, here is the true woman, let those who possess her purity fully appreciate her. Her deeds are few but marked by charity. Her saying are not many, but of that gentle, womanly kind, which you and I seldom hear. We know, from the moment of Victoria's introduction that we have at last found true womanhood. One whose pride will be in her sons, and whose rights are secured to her through their love. Whose mission on earth is to refine and encourage. We do not consider whether she would be better with the right of Suffrage, but we know, that as in Raphael we saw the germ of manhood which must civilize the world. So we see in Victoria, the woman who must aid in the work and share his throne. As regards the book in general, to the attentive reader it will be a favor conferred by the author. It is emphatically a work which sets one thinking and hence is beneficial. Charles Kingsley will be gratefully remembered, if posterity will but study the matter and manner of his thought.

Great men reproduce themselves in their works. In the case of the novelist, this may be done by assuming a character, or by making one of these "creatures of fancy" adopt his ideas and defend them. This last privilege Bulwer misuses to state his literary prejudices, Thackarey avails himself of to express his so-called cynical ideas. And 'tis this which Charles Kingsley uses to show us "Old foes with new faces." He states both sides of the question fully and fairly, and as a consequence establishes his own theory more firmly. He has not given us here, his private life, but that which is of more importance, his manner of thinking and its results. The author does not forsake the legitimate function of the novelist, the portrayal of character, but under his hands it seems to take on a new form. There is such an excellent contrasting of truth with theory, of wisdom with brute force, of Goth with Greek, that one sees the intent in each case, yet wonders how one man at the same time could occupy such diverse plans of thought. His characters seem to stand face to face, pointing to a happy medium, which is the true model. Each theory is confronted by its opposite, and these seem to unite in suggesting better thoughts, more temperate beliefs. The extremes merge into what is better than either—the truth.

In all discussions of a moral nature, the suggested thoughts are of the most value. I doubt if any person can read Hypatia and not be benefited in this way. There is no ready-made belief which craves his sanction, no creed which is the "only hope," save that of manhood, which towers above the religious and philosophical myths of the time, like a grand old cathedral, pointing towards heaven.

We all remember when Charles Kingsley was with us, the good thoughts and their pleasant garb. Read his works and you will cherish the memory of that day when you stood in the presence of a great man who gave a life's work to that which is good and who left behind him no thought which was not pure and vigorous. And let us remember that we must appreciate and encourage such thought as these, if the author's last bright prophecy is to be fulfilled. "If there shall come to be a new Athens in this new Greece." A.

S. 20,

ELAINE AND OPHELIA.

There has been evident, in much of the individual criticism passed upon Rosenthal's great painting during its late exhibition in San Francisco, an unconscious confusion in the minds of the critics of two somewhat similar but yet quite distinct types of character, namely, the one represented by Shakespeare's Ophelia, and the one exemplified by Tennyson's Elaine. The conception of the painter has been judged as if Elaine were no more than an Ophelia. It has been forgotten that Tennyson's claims to originality are as much at stake in a matter of this kind as is Rosenthal's reputation for truthfulness to Tennyson. If the author of the Idyls did no more than to copy an idea from the author of Hamlet, merely transferring it to another scene, and giving it new surroundings, its beauty will not make his poem a great work. But there is no doubt that he did not do this, and that Elaine is, in conception as in style of portrayal, a truly original character. And I believe too that it is by no means in vain that the artist has tried to find out and to place before us on canvas the physical realization of this character. With this view, and remembering that it is by contrast that we can best appreciate any idea, I wish first to explain what is meant by saying that such a confusion as has been mentioned does exist, and second to show more plainly wherein the real Elaine differs in soul from the character which has been carelessly and unconsciously identified with her, namely Ophelia.

Elaine and Ophelia; let us be reverent when we utter those names. Let us never in mentioning them forget the poetry of sorrow that surrounds them like a golden sunset halo. True criticism will stand afar off and speak of them only in low whispers. Let us have then none of that bold, arrogant roughness of inspection that looks only for faults, that will not take in a general effect lest by any means it might see with its eyes, and hear with its ears, and understand with its heart, and gain some true benefit; that breaks the sacred silence of the Temple of Art with its rude voice, that criticises from a love of destructive labour, and never humbly seeks for elevation. Let us rather come as pure lovers of beauty, as real searchers for art-sympathy, as human beings who live lives of our own and need to gain help from the lives of others.

In doing this let us go frther, and discard any fixed, rigid, rhetorical contrasts, of the sort that always savor of Dr. Johnson, or of Mr. Macaulay. Such indeed are very valuable in their place. They set forth plainly and distinctly, and often brilliantly, the natures that are contrasted, but they are too cold and formal for a case like the one before us. Impassive indeed must he be who can set himself to the task of dissecting two such creations as these into a hundred or so aliquot parts, and of laying those parts one after another in his critical scales, while he notes down their relative weight, calculates their value, foots up the total amount, and hands in his estimate. As for ourselves, let us now dissect only in so far as is necessary for us to take in the two ideas in all their beauty, and to make use of them. Let appreciation be our aim, not exercise of skill or ingenuity for its own sake.

In saying that the two types of character mentioned have been confounded together in the criticism of Rosenthal's painting, I mean simply this. Rosenthal, says our popular critic, has not painted an Elaine sufficiently ethereal for our liking. A being who suffers alone, and sinks and dies of unrequited love, should be slighter, and more pensive and idealistic in countenance. She should wear a less resolute expression. There should be more weakness about her. For Elaine, he continues, is a fragile flower, too tender to bear the storms of this life, and she fades at the first breath of trouble. She has not the native strength of character to permit her to suffer and to bear and live on. But Rosenthal's Elaine is not such a being. She never could have died overcome and worn out by trials that she could not resist. And so the fiat of disapproval is placed by this person on the face of Elaine, and he contents himself with saying, "how beautifully the flowers are painted" and goes away.

Now the difficulty with such a critic lies, I believe, in the fact that he is thinking of an Ophelia when he speaks of an Elaine. He has not considered certain of the touches that make the two very different in nature. And what these touches are, and why, if the artist has not fully expressed them, he has in all probability come quite near to the portrayal of them, we shall find it worth while to consider especially.

There is one of them that lies on the very surface, but is really connected with the fundamental difference between the conceptions. It is this:

Tennyson tell us much more of Elaine than Shakespeare does of Ophelia. The former lets us know the springs of his heroine's action. From that first moment of her meeting with Lancelot up to the last word she utters, we follow and sympathize. But in the case of Ophelia we have to supply missing links, and to study more deeply in order to understand her. Now the reason for this difference lies in the fact that the one is an active, constructive being, the other a passive and receptive one. Hence were we not able to follow Elaine throughout, we should never be able to appreciate the poem. The events would not of themselves be sufficient reason for the catastrophe, unless we knew the character of the sufferer, and that too intimately. But with only a faint, shadowy conception in our minds of the character of Ophelia, a conception to be sure, that may be intensified by further study, but that never becomes perfectly distinct, we can be aroused to the deepest interest. For, in her case the tragedy lies in the sad fate brought on a lovely, gentle, unresisting being, by the remorseless onflowing of misfortune. We have used the term *constructive*, as applied to Elaine, advisedly, as also the term *receptive*, as applied to Ophelia. For the one, from the very beginning of the tale, is brought before us as the exemplification of the imaginative maiden, she whose life is lived "in fantasy." And when she suffers, it is not in the ordinary way. She is not a sufferer in this world, but, she has loved and lost, has been forsaken, has come face to face with death, as an inhabitant of her own world of fancy. She breathes her own air of imagination, she moves amid her own guardian bands of shadows, even to the moment when she ceases to be. But Ophelia, on the other hand, cannot resist any influence that is brought to bear upon her, no matter how distasteful or tormenting it may be. If events oppress her, she cannot arouse herself to resist them. If sorrows overwhelm her, she cannot lift herself above them. She too has her realm of fancy, but it has been made for her. She has believed all she has been told. And so she has trusted too implicity a double-dealing world, only to be crushed beneath the ruins of its calamities. Can the contrast be drawn any more strongly than by the use of these words, constructive and receptive? The only way that I can think of to obtain a more vivid idea of the fact, is to remember that Elaine, on the one hand, dies at the moment when she is deprived of her ideal atmosphere, dies because she cannot breathe the colder, denser, less pure air of real life, still more, dies without ever realizing that there exists any such world as we call real; while Ophelia is driven to madness because everything she has trusted in is either taken away or becomes false, because the tones of life's harmony have become "like sweet bells, jangled, out of tune, and harsh," because there is no placid heaven of fancy to which she can rise above the storms of a harsh reality, because, in short, she knows no world of her own making that she can call ideal.

Another fact shows this contrast; a little more obscurely perhaps, but at any rate quite suggestively. That is the fact that in the story of Elaine the poet has furnished several scenes for the painter; in the portrayal of Ophelia the dramatist has hardly given one. The fact is more remarkable when we consider that Tennyson is not a dramatic poet, that he has written whole poems, such as Maud for example, in which there do not occur any really fine situations for a painter, and that his first design in Elaine is to give a study of character. Consider if you will whether in the whole play of Hamlet there are any situations in the scenes in which Ophelia is introduced to be counted as being well adapted for the painter's brush. But in Elaine how many moments there are in the action where the painter's hands can interpret perfectly the feeling. The first meeting with Lancelot, or the last parting, where he used that "one discourtesy", or the shield of the knight hung up and covered with the maiden's finely wrought handiwork, while her own eyes were dreaming over it, any of these would make a subject equal to the one that Rosenthal has taken. Now what is the reason for this difference between these two portrayals? Is it accidental? Could Shakespeare have introduced situations particularly adaped for the painter into the scenes where Ophelia is present, and yet have remained true to his conception? To each question the answer must be in the negative.

For a scene for the painter is one in which there is either repose or else action not at its culmination, the repose or the incomplete action, when portrayed on canvas, serving to suggest an indefinite chain of events preceeding and succeeding. Now in case of a passive character, such as we have found Ophelia to be, moments of quiet are not suggestive or significant. They are simply natural and ordinary. It is the moment of great excitement, of violent feeling, of sudden action, that is of much value in an artistic point of view in such cases. Now such moments can be well enough portrayed by the poet or the dramatist, but they are beyond the power of the painter. How, for example, could a painter do justice to any point in the mad-scene

in the fourth act of Hamlet? Yet this scene is the most important one in the drama, in so far as relates to Ophelia.

But when we consider a mentally active being such as Elaine, one whose whole life is developed by forces coming from within herself, moments of quiet under certain circumstances are intensely significant. They suggest each of them, the entire life of the heroine. With their few simple surroundings of real objects, they give us an insight into the vast interior world in which she moves. Were she active, we should feel that her activity was but a superficial one, having no deep relations with her inner life. When she is at rest, we know that she is dreaming, and fancying, and constructing, and, in the fullest sense of the word, living. Therefore such moments are especially of a sort to be well portrayed by the painter. And it is because of the character of Elaine that so many such scenes do occur in the course of the poem.

Thus far the object of our investigation has been to determine what is the real point of difference between the characters of Elaine and Ophelia. If we have come to a right conclusion, the contrast seems to lie in the fact that the one, even in death, triumphs in her unconquerable faith in the ideal world that she has herself constructed; while the other succumbs with scarcely a struggle to the actual troubles that overwhelm her. And, as it seems to me, this contrast is the thing that justifies Rosenthal in the type of person which he has chosen for his painting. Knowing that he has to deal with the face of a being who has been indeed capable of strong impressions, but who has been still more distinguished by her self-contained strength of imagination and of will, he chose features that, if I am right, are particularly adapted to such a character. Had he painted a countenance such as some of his critics would have desired him to do, he would have been false to Tennyson's original conception. In doing as he has done he may not have hit the exact truth, but he has come very near it. It will be worth while to develop this thought a little more fully, and to explain still further the view already suggested of the character of Elaine.

It is no doubt true that in the poem Elaine is overwhelmed by evils, that she has not the power to outlive them, that she is, physically at least, conquered by them. But he is far from understanding her, I think, who imagines that her free spirit ever succumbs to them. She dies of unrequited love, indeed, but that is merely a partial statement of the case. More completely the truth would it be to say that, as the visions that have been to her a whole life fade away, she too, the child of the cloud-land, fades away with them, conscious indeed that she is losing them, but never understanding that they must die with her. And to the very last this perfect, simple faith in the value of feeling because it is feeling, stays with her, and makes her something far more than an unhappy girl, by elevating her to the rank of the divine. Where we see only fancy, there, she teaches us, is reality. We have trained ourselves to check and control our stronger feelings lest they might become unseemly. But she, with her calm trust and her unapproachable innocence tells us that noble feeling has no bounds, and must be free. And after all, though we may call her ideas unreal and fantastic, though we may sigh in melancholy wisdom over the fact that our real world is something very different from the one her fancy has made for her, yet in the end we must feel that she is in a certain degree right, and that the grander emotions ought to rule, ought not to be kept under artificially, are not unreal vagaries, but are the real movers of life, the guardian angels whose loss would be the loss of nearly all that makes life worth having.

And if we remember this, and, with it in our minds, follow her through the long course of events, from the time when she "loved him with the love that was her doom," until in the funeral barge she floats "upwards with the flood," we shall come to truly reverence both herself and the idea that she is the exponent of. We shall see that she is by no means a weak, but is in reality a very strong character. The sight of Lancelot wounded,

> "Lying unsleek, unshorn,
> Gaunt, as it were the skeleton of himself,"

cannot unnerve her, for he is the greatest of all knights, and she loves him. And in another, a more trying moment, when the fate of her poor life is hanging on a single word, her almighty innocent love passes every barrier, and becomes sacred at the moment when it is no longer bound by the fetters of propriety.

> "Then out she brake
> Going? and we shall never see you more.
> And I must die for want of one bold word.
> Speak,' that I live to hear,' he said. 'is yours.'
> Then suddenly and passionately she spake
> 'I have gone mad, I love you: let me die.'
> 'Ah sister, answered Lancelot, 'what is this?
> And innocently extending her white arms
> 'Your love,' she said, 'your love—to be your wife."

And then this divine love comes to its grand climax, the very outpouring of confident purity, sublime in its simple faith:

> And Launcelot answer'd, Had I chosen to wed,
> I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine;
> But now there never will be wife of mine."
> 'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to be wife,
> But to be with you still, to see your face,
> To serve you, and to follow you thro' the world."

The feeling reaches its perfection. The apotheosis of the nobler emotions is complete. No more are love and reverence and devotion to be hidden as too strong to be brought forth into common life. We feel that they are to be worshipped, for in them and in them only, is life grand. Elaine has taught us that what we had taken to be but unreal shadows, are the substance of life, that what we have called reality, is but a shadow that changes or fades with the passing clouds, that what we called fundamental rules have a higher law beneath them to which they must succumb. And her teaching has a power in it that is only made greater by the tragic end of her life.

Shakespeare's design in the portrayal of Ophelia was not to teach a lesson, but to give a life picture. Tennyson in Elaine has sought to do both of these things. And to an age that is too apt to forget the true greatness of the higher emotions, too apt to ridicule them, and yet sometimes to sham them, this lesson comes with the force of a revelation. He who has entered into the spirit of this Idyl, cannot lay the poem down without, at least for a moment, sighing for the pure, unconquerable faith of its heroine. She parts with life sooner than with that faith. We call it sentimentality, and crush it beneath lower and trivial emotions. She, in its very overthrow, triumphs. We, fearing that it would indicate too human a heart, and would meet with too cold a reception, discourage it and conceal it. She glories in it. We are more than half ashamed of it. And which view is right? The one that does justice to the human heart, or the one that warps its inborn tendencies and makes it insincere? Those whose experience leads them to believe that there is no such thing as true and lasting feeling, may decide the matter as they will. But every one who has had the privilege of suffering, will probably agree with the poets.

Perhaps I have spent too much time in setting forth the lesson that seems to me to be embodied in this one of Tennyson's Idyls. But while the facts in the case are of themselves important and valuable, they are of special use to us as bearing on the unfavorable criticism of Rosenthal's painting which was mentioned at the outset. It is to my mind, a great honor to Rosenthal that he has not painted an Ophelia, but has found a being with more resolution, more simplicity, to represent on canvas. Of course the countenance as painted may not be the ideal Elaine. Nor for that matter may Elaine be the ideal woman. For the ideal of female perfection partakes much more, perhaps, of the character of that mysterious creation, Undine, that unfathomable union of tenderness and gaiety, of affection and sternness, of glowing humanity and half-conscious dreaming divinity, much more of this character I say, than of that of Elaine. But at all events, as Elaine is the representative of one great type of female character, and the upholder of one great view of life, so no doubt, Rosenthal's conception is the representative of at least one great portion of Tennyson's original idea, and the exponent of some of the principal characteristics pertaining to it.

J. ROYCE, '75.

INFLUENCE OF KINGS HENRY IV., V. AND VI. UPON THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

From the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. in the year 1379, until the reign of Elizabeth there appears a blank in English Literature. Before this it had received a fine start through Chaucer and others, but now it leaps over [illegible] of a century and a half before it reappears in Milton and Shakespeare. [illegible] a long period with but seldom a bright light to guide us through the darkness. What was the cause of this dearth of Literature? There are probably several reasons. The people had not time to attend to it; there were wars with Scotland, wars with France, and civil wars almost constantly: so that literature was necessarily much retarded. Printing had not yet been introduced, so that none but the wealthier classes could afford such a luxury. They used the old cumbersome Gothic letters which may have had some effect in retarding it. The English language had not become definite enough to encourage much literature.

So far the bulk of English literature was made up of ballads and light works of chivalry, and it is not improbable that the people began to tire of them.

In Shakespeare's Henry IV. Glendower thus addresses Hotspur,

> "I can speak English as well as you,
> For I was trained up in the English court;
> Where being but young I framed to the harp
> Many an English ditty, lovely well,
> And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
> A virtue that was never seen in you."

Hotspur—

> "Marry I'm glad of it with all my heart;
> I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew
> Than one of these same metre ballad mongers;
> I'd rather hear a brazen canstick turned
> On a dry wheel grate on an axle tree;
> And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
> Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
> 'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag."

Although this is apparently a dark age of English literature, nevertheless there are events silently taking place, which in "the good time coming" will give it such a start as it never had before, and place it upon a foundation that will make decay impossible.

During the reign of Henry IV. an event occurred