

The
OPEN COURT

Devoted to the Science of Religion,
the Religion of Science, and the Extension
of the Religious Parliament Idea

FOUNDED BY EDWARD C. HEGELER

SEPTEMBER, 1931

←————→
VOLUME XLV NUMBER 904

Price 20 Cents

The Open Court Publishing Company

Wieboldt Hall, 339 East Chicago Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

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THE PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW

EDITED BY

FRANK THILLY

and G. WATTS CUNNINGHAM

OF THE SAGE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece</i> : HERMAN MELLVILLE	
<i>Melville: Promethean. Part I.</i> LLOYD MORRIS.....	513
<i>Relativity and its Precursors.</i> ROBERT P. RICHARDSON	527
<i>The Quest of Beauty.</i> JAMES BYRNIE SHAW	547
<i>The Early Legalist School of Chinese Political Thought</i> (<i>contd.</i>) LEONARD TOMKINSON.....	566
<i>The Meaning of Knowledge in the Upanishads.</i> KURT F. LEIDECKER.....	571

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MELVILLE: PROMETHEAN

BY LLOYD MORRIS

EVERY morning for twenty latter years of the past century, a bearded man of reserved expression and robust figure exceeding average stature, emerged from a tall and dingy-yellow brick house on twenty-sixth street Manhattan; and proceeding with measured tread on a westerly course, came to a low shed at the foot of Gansevoort Street on North River.

His expression had always been of sober cast, and his small eyes, coldly remote as the blue-green of shoal water, appeared smaller under the shadow of prominent superciliary ridges. These features of the majestic head with its backward poise, and small straight nose, attracted attention; but did not arouse reflection as did the heavy beard and mustache. To the vagabond man who all his life had travelled light, these obviated the necessity of packing shaving tackle; but what did they cover?

He carried his middle years vitally, but had not always been sturdy. His first six years of life were besieged by frailties that left him peaked of air. In his seventh year, on a recuperative visit from a native and devitalized metropolitan atmosphere, to the fresher Berkshires, he went well recommended by his father in a prefatory letter, as somewhat backward in speech and slow of comprehension, but both solid and profound as far as his understanding of men and things went, and of a docile and amiable disposition.

So far as the dark destinies of mortal life, its seeming hapless subjection to malign forces, and Man's own social cruelties and hypocrisies were concerned, this man's slowness of comprehension afflicted him throughout a long and epic life dedicated to grappling with the mystery of evil; whose reason he explored; whose sanction

he impugned; and whose enmity to the human race he opposed with an uncompromising and aggressive hostility, which was to the exclusion of all else the theme of his life and literary work.

Behind him at a sparsely furnished morning meal, he left a level-faced wife and two daughters; one of whom in after years could not recall her father's memory without suffering physical nausea. The breakfast table had formerly accomodated two other members of the family; but the younger son fled the house, and his first-born brother had died in an upper chamber from a bullet wound.

Before him through the low door marked Customs Office, were his colleagues: the flotsam and jetsam of political patronage; the tag-rag-cut and bob-tail of Society's economic rejects engaged in an occupation which he, in prophetic utterance two score years previously had described as most inglorious: worse than driving geese to water. From earliest youth his gift for prevision, not only in the large aspects of the social spectacle, but, also, in his own destiny, is strangely evidenced in his writings, and must have laid upon him many dark hours. Though commemorative of another his own words,—"*The Seer foresaw his soldier's doom yet willed the fight,*" were epitaphic of himself.

Indeed he had not come down through the years to this place by ways of easy declension. The struggle had been ruthless and desperate; yet the preceeding quarter of a century of achievement, frustration and rebellion was perhaps less sublimely tragic than the heroic submissiveness of his present years.

But not alone by him had the agonies of a titanic authorship been suffered. The dead, the fled, and the clemmed faces of the survivors at the breakfast table were, also, scars of an eclipsed literary celebrity. Was their basking in his nine-day notoriety a happily sufficient substitute for their privations and the mordancies of a disillusioned Melvillean wit? Can the funeral flower of a vicarious fame bloom beneath the sod before their dead eyes; or blossom back through vanished years to soothe the bite of their living penury, and make its pang as though it had never been? For that they have come down to posterity under the shadow of his greatness, they have paid—paid when they writhed under his acrid humours; paid when they were revolted by the erratic flows of yokel jocosities that gave them immunity from having a madman for husband; a paranoiac for father.

Few are the Immortals who have not achieved their glorious station at some expense suffered by unhonored friends or family cheerfully yielding or hardily deprived of their own lot in life's joyance and weal. Are ever the pomp and circumstance of fame worth a single heartbreak; or the majesty of past times valid against an idle tear? Would it really have been any loss if instead of their labors of greatest renown, the great ones of earth had hewn wood and drawn water? Though Wisdom had never come out of the East, day would still have followed night, and the evening star continued to usher in the dusk. So, too, *Mardi*, *Moby Dick*, and *The Confidence Man*, written or unwritten, had changed not the clamor of the changeful sea.

Look well at this man standing here in the meanest circumstances at a door on a street bearing his mother's family name: a first-family in old New Amsterdam. He is the bankrupt son of a bankrupt father; grandson to a prominent revolutionary general; brother to a former secretary to the U. S. Legation in London; and allied in cousinship to the cadet house of an ancient Scottish barony. High parental pride in this lineage dominated his juvenile environment, and was in after years to lie upon him as the curse of Zeus. Successively bank clerk, store assistant, school teacher, ship's-boy, whaler, absconding mariner, mutineer, jail inmate, hotel clerk, ordinary seaman sentenced to flogging on a U. S. Frigate, Lyceum Lecturer, and friend—O Spirit of Comedy! to Hawthorne who was friend to none—out of these blended elements he wrought his ten novels and five volumes of poetry that provoked critical diatribes in the polite circles of English speaking letters; set missionary societies by the ears; inspired the abolition of flogging, and the inception of ameliorated conditions of service in the American Navy; and which caused him to be viewed by the clearer-visioned French, as intellectual kin to their own Rabelais.

He is the greatest literary figure America has ever produced, and probably will never exceed. His only contemporary who suspected it was a bright-faced little blue-stocking in the Berkshires. She was a born neophyte who in turn had prattled enthusiasm over Mr. Ralph W. Emerson and other transcendentalists. There was something quite different in her estimate of this man; something almost of reluctance in its admissions which are noticeable as applying to the man rather than to his works. Only indirectly was it

an academic opinion: directly it was a woman's opinion of a man. It was reflective, it was disturbing. Biting the top of her quill, she wrote her mother that she was not sure he was not a "very great man....true, warm-hearted....soul....intellect....earnest, sincere....reverent....very tender and modest....with an air free, brave and manly....Conversation full of gesture and force....loses himself in his subject....No grace nor polish....very keen perceptive power....once in awhile his animation gives place to a singularly quiet expression....but his eyes...." They disturb you, those cetacean eyes, which at times seem not so much to envelope you with penetrating understanding, as to withdraw you remotely into themselves. Your husband is not quite like that; and as you sit in the twilight teaching your children the Christian doctrine beneath the plaster casts of antiquity, you find it convenient to reiterate apostrophes of the "wonderful, wonderful eyes" of the excellent Nathaneal each revered optic like a "violet with a soul in it." When Nathaneal Hawthorne's imported gothic fee-foh-fi-fum and seminary embroideries of authorship are unremembered, his name will be fresh and clear; because he was husband to the woman who gave recognition to one who was prophet, poet, satirist.

You need not be ashamed of being where you are, Mr. Melville. Behind you is a discredited literary reputation; before you is a discredited economic occupation. But look! there is the sky; there the sparrow cheeping under the eave; and the tides of North River slapping against the wharf.

"I know where I am."

"Then let us go back to the morning you first stood outside this door. You have debts, you have tragedy; you have been crowned with—thorns; and a bauble sceptre of bubble reputation pressed between your fingers—are you going to falter through that door or turn your back upon it? You have not approved the method of The Syrian, but at least He carried his vision to its logical extremity: is your philosophy less than that of the Nazarene?"

"He was the only true man. He was full of heavenly wisdom but had little practical sense. If He came again he would come as another Shakespeare."

Since when, Ishmael, have you who outrowed the rationalist cock, become apostle to the pragmatic? But pause with your hand

on the latch, dear Sir. There are only three females left back there in number 104; and if you do not weaken, and will continue with borrowed money to buy prints and engravings instead of food; who knows they may not also get tired of it—of your sardonic japes, your gargantuan ironies; and run away; or perhaps another rifle-shot in that upper room; and then you will be quite untrammelled to continue producing literature that—

“I prefer not to.”

Come, did you not, also, remark that “we all feel more warmly to the Lord of Evil Himself, than towards a petty shop keeper who daily practices all the discrete virtues.” Tush! man, you are not the first and will not be the last to think themselves trammelled in the unholy bonds of matrimony. But remember the wind blows cold on her side the fence, too. She may not feel it sensitively as do you; but it blows. You have never been respectably employed in a steady business capacity; banking your money Saturday nights, and on Sunday, the parlor opened up; best clothes, social engagements, and to church with Lizzie’s gloved finger-tips decorously resting on your crooked right arm. Instead, you have given her debts, poverty, vagrancy, a nine-days literary reputation, and this scribbling itch which she will never understand, never approve;—“Herman has taken to writing poetry, Mother; you need not tell any one for you know how such things get round.” Now if you had studied Mr. Samuel Smiles and Mr. Benjamin Franklin instead of your avid pasturage of profitless recondite literature (you got back at Ben in *Israel Potter*, didn’t you) or if you must write poetry you could have pondered the *Kalevala*, and then you, too, would have been able to tell the world in penny numbers, life is not an empty dream but a snug bank balance. There are lots of persons, too, writing about Uncle Toms, and little people and wide, wide worlds. They must be very pleasant people to write such nice stories; and I’m sure if you gave your mind to it they could teach you to do it also. Depend upon it they have nice new store furniture in their houses: not the old mahogany stuff you drag down from the attic and fondle over—prints, engravings; indeed! is there no clerk wanted at the new store opening up round the corner?

Oh! well, Lizzie will never give you away outside the family circle. The sterling latencies of her character have been forged

on the anvil of union with you; and you are more largely human for it. A little while back there in Liverpool on a rainy night at a mean and windy street corner you told your Judas that you had almost consented to be annihilated. Perhaps you are wise, Mr. Melville; discreet: successful Narcissism is a virtue which Society delights to honor in its Napoleons. For the others there is a cup of hemlock; a cross; a felon's grave; or, constituted authority will point a menacing finger and say he hath a devil let him be looked to—

He is going—the man this western world has been waiting for; the man who justifies its political existence; the peer of Milton, Bunyan, Dante, Goethe; and with them the superior of Shakespeare and Cervantes in the measure wherein all who deal transcendently with the transcendental are superior to those who deal superlatively only with manners and morals—Gone!

Vale Prometheus! *Ave* Timon! In your boyhood God was in your heaven and Eden about you. Your affectionate, ardent, sensitive nature yearned for human demonstrativeness of affection in response to your own expressiveness—from your father you got a lying idol; from your mother a conventionally proper regard; and from God expulsion for no fault known to you, from your Eden to the "hellish society of Men." In your early manhood you sought for it still in pathetic generousities of advance to Hawthorne, and got—*Ethan Brand*. You turned again to the supernalities that were your boyhood's cherished worship: there to slake your fainting, frustrated spirit, and you got—this inspectorship of customs.

But in bringing him to this door, the President of the Immortals had not done with Herman Melville. Done is his physical Odyssey of far-seafaring where the gull dips its broad wings to the freshening gale; where the scum of humanity spews from sea slums to land slums, and is re-vomited from shore dives to the material and moral stench of battered forecastles; but the terrific spiritual Odyssey which paralleled it goes on through two decades of daily clerical round of livelihood; and beyond to where at life's ending he will reply to an admiring commentator seeking further light on his life and work, that at his advanced age his physical vigor sensibly declines; and the little that is left he husbands for certain uncompleted things which indeed may never be completed.

The Spirit of Comedy is a great Salvationist. It will save all who on occasion can see themselves in the Universe, and the Uni-

verse in themselves—God, devil, society, good, evil; and seeing, genuinely laugh: laugh at that they hold most dearly, follow most earnestly; and laughing, laugh at laughter. It saved Melville as flotsam from the wrecking surges of his past years; it will save him now when he can no more seek to meet his individual culture-struggle by change of physical venue, but must stand to it here. It will play lambently over his social contacts; but no more lighting his written word. His eyes will still be turned as shrewdly and avidly outward as when before startled Bostonia he described Lateran statuary: likening figured Socrates to an Irish comedian; and speaking of the bust of Plato as of one with locks and hair of an exquisite meditating the destinies of the world under the hands of the hairdresser. He will live his private life somewhat mildly in the style of a Dutch *genre* painting; blandly refusing communion of fellowship with his literary contemporaries. He will avoid contacts which suggest he is yet regarded as the man who lived among cannibals and wrote a book about it; and any conversation of which it might be the inception, he will quietly and obstinately conduct into arid metaphysical speculations. Of his daughters' suitors he will politely enquire their preference in breakfast cereals—Poor Lizzie: poor Herman! What thoughts will be his in that upper chamber. Will he ever scan the mail for a letter directed in a boyish hand, and bearing some distant postmark? Are the years of his own young misery so far past that he cannot remember his own youth and have the mercy of understanding?

Our pursuits are flights; our hunters quarry; and that we think to harry, bays our flying feet across the years. Perhaps in the calmer waters behind that custom office door, Ishmael will sight the unseen and dip his ensign in those significant later lines;—

*"If Conscience doubt she'll next recant;
O tell at last
 Are earnest natures staggering here,
 But fatherless shadows.....
 Me reassure nor let me be
 Like a lone dog that for a master cries."*

Under finite criticism the pattern of individual lives seems often to have suffered from being miscast in the game and play of mortal life; and happy conjecture fancies how surpassing the splendid might have been, how much better the best, how satisfac-

tory the inferior under some fostering re-arrangement of circumstances that we can conceive. Melville we say seems not to have fitted into his day very well. In the nineteenth century he is a strange protusion of bygone cultures—the last brilliant flare-up of the Great Renaissance of classicism fading before the dawn of the greater Mechanical Age. He has originated nothing novel in the condret of life as have Beyle, Butler, Nietche; but he has surveyed the social and cosmic spectacle with novelty of method. He might have been a great metaphysician had he not been a romantic novelist; he might have been a romantic novelist had he not been a poet and satirist; and the only reason he was not these is that he was the others also. He has taught nothing didactically, but all can learn from him. In America he is not quite singular. Great genius never flowers alone on a completely herbless plain; the mountain also has its foothills. Chivers and Poe are among the leaves of grass; and, also Mr. Ralph W. Emerson who with a little more culture would have been a great writer; and with a little more learning, an adequate college professor. In Europe he stands with the other great gods Termini of the nineteenth century: a little dizzy looking back whence we have come; and forward whither we go. He is, we declare, too spacious for the political hog-wallow and commercial sty of post-civil war America; which is such an admirable background for the social satirist. How tremendous we can imagine him sailing with some *scopa* down the wild ultimities of distant skerry and floe; and we wonder how much of Beowulf he had read before writing *Moby-Dick*. We think of him matching tales with the pilgrims, from Tabard Inn to Becket's crypt; and with Piers Plowman breasting the western ways from Clungunford to Clee; or trudging gleefully with Master Francois through Poitou and Tourraine. But best of all, surely, for this strayed Elizabethan would have been the Mermaid Tavern; companied by Master Marlowe, dead in the affair of a wanton wench down Deptford way; and the Sweet Sonneteer, dead, God knows where or how.

What might have been could never be. Into the larger scroll of Being, our smaller tracteries fall with implacable rightness. When Melville passed through the Custom House door, the best in him was already written out. Ease could not have bettered it, affluence and success could have diminished it. There is a fatal

sufficiency in all that we have and are. We are our own fathers, and sons of ourselves; for of the springs of human actions; the abilities that trace the source of individual destinies: they lie in infinite inheritance from eternity acted upon by the impersonal environment of childhood's familiar things, adult example, and the moulding dictates of adult direction.

Melville's childhood was an environment of genteel provincial New York society of the early 19th century, supporting a conventional consequence with the deprecatory acknowledgement of ancestral haloes proper to democracy. His father, a merchant importer established in New York, was kin to a peer of Scotland, and therefore not an ordinary common shop-keeper; but one who had spent some years on the continent and was heir to the cast-off graces of the Tuileries, and glib usages of social intercourse and culture. He went bankrupt in 1833. His character is patently limned in the so-called "Chair-Portrait"; and fatally delineated in *Pierre*. This paternity so long on pedigree and eventually so short on cash, was matched on the distaff side by an equal rigidity of a spine *à la* Gansevoort. Until the financial crash there was an atmosphere of bland cultivation; requisite menial attendants, decent table equipage, distant attempts at elegance of furnishing, *bric-a-brac*, occasional wines, and for the children, genteel scholarship at the Academy.

The world went very well for little Herman in this serene, protected *milieu*: no responsibilities, all the amenities and *convenances* accepted as matter of course; no doubts; church and prayers at the proper times in the proper way; modulated speech, comely regularity of meals and fine clean apparel, and no conception that the whole world was not of this gently beautiful calibre; with God in His heaven sending the nice rains to the thirsty flowers, and the bright sun to warm them and make happy the friendly cows lowing in the lush meadows. Then at night God would perhaps lean out from heaven to listen to happy, happy little children asking Him to bless dear Papa and Mama who were so kind in giving them toys and lollipops and nice warm beds—good—good night, dear God; I'm so happy You made me and send the bright angels to quire about my cot till the twittering birds call me to—get up—get up. No conception that this was only one oasis among others similar and superior, guarded and maintained by parents battling in

chaffering marts with other parents; and that outside this Eden was the ocean of life haunted by the "pale sot of the Maladive Sea."

Certainly his infant years yearned abandonedly for affection: especially from his mother; and for emotional bread he got a well-bred stone. Still, as obliterating material compensation there were pleasant etchings and engravings on the walls: pictured books banded with gold: a grandpapa, relic of the Boston Tea Party: a somewhat desiccated old codger whose passion for incendiarism was now gratified as member of the local hook, ladder and bucket brigade, but who still had tales to tell. There was an uncle, too, home from France with a French huzzie to wife: an oldish beau reduced to bucolic livelihood up-state; where his faded dandifications of the *ancien régime* were prettily disposed to the courtly milking of kine and the nice conduct of a muck rake. On occasion would come to the avuncular De Wulf; crimson of face and maned like a lion with the white snows of hardy age. He had done marvelous strange things with dogs and sleds round about Ok-hotsh. Were there not, also, fish in the streams and birds in the wood. In the presence of physical delights to eye and ear, psychological frustrations and inhibitions hold brief consciousness in childhood's years. They are quickly submerged, to emerge multiplied into seven devils when in later times these same pleasant physical soporifics are replaced by sociological stress and physiological fatigue.

In the boy's fifteenth year an happy dispensation of Providence accrued to his father when death discounted all reckonings against him: commercial and filial. Of the former the settlement was final: the latter was merely post-dated at an interest devastatingly compounded.

The oasis gone, we become patched and penurious; and no more to be found at the academy for young gentlemen, but as bank clerk; assistant in an hat store, and teaching school. We do a bit of scribbling, too; but our pretensions in general overwhelm our performance; and the disparity between our consequential air and our actual station in the local scheme of things becomes difficult to explain away by our adoring sisters to small town society. Presently we arrive in New York as passenger on the packet-boat from Albany. We have insufficient money we declare to pay our fare; and the discrepancy must be juggled with truculent surliness—we are

on board: we are well down stream, what about it; are you going to put about and land me—? We are very travel stained in brother's discarded shooting jacket; neither garments and footgear conformable; and for luggage, an old fowling piece whose sale will add a modicum to the dollar total of cash resources in our breeches pocket.

From friends of friends we receive odds and ends of outfit, and are introduced on board a merchantman as a young gentleman of good family who is condescending enough to propose joining the ship's company for a voyage in some approved capacity. We sign articles as ships-boy under a master whose respect for the Quality precludes him from insulting a young scion of it by paying him wages due at the end of the four months trip. It does not however prevent a rough tongue lashing when in accordance with the best social usages of Albany society, we don our shabbily best tarpaulin jacket, and go aft to pay a Sunday afternoon call on the shell-back skipper; take a dish of tea; discuss our maritime prospects, and exchange polite conversation which, when Jack comes home again, will be retailed with superior casualness to our admiring family circle who are now exchanging bows and tilting their parasols up the Hudson: as they remark with pleasant surprise—"O, yes, Herman has gone on a tour to Europe: didn't you know!" He has gone on a longer tour than that, my dears; has this seventeen year old boy; and you will never know it.

The transition for a supersensitive boy, from petticoat gentility to slush pot and fo'castle head was terrific. He obtained his first glimpses of those "pale maniacs of the maddened tide" that swim beneath our social sea. The implacable cruelties; the utter bestiality of sex on shipboard and in the disease-reeking dives along water fronts of the world; the abject degradation of vice and poverty in the back streets of Liverpool and London, prowled by sodden womanhood, scrofulous children and a besotted riff-raff of debased labor, slinking thievery and thugs—all these, and more, bit acidly into his virgin impressionability, and colored indelibly his views of sex and the whole social fabric. It is significant that in none of his works is there any major feminine interest. Where female characters occur the subjects are with little exception allegorical figures; phantoms of fantasies; mannequins modelling abstract generalizations; or mere females who pass across the scene. The

sinister and suggestive character of Goneril in *The Confidence Man* is unpleasant, and evidently drawn from observation.

Only on the giddy and rocking topsail yards could he get away from the "hellish society of men." As night shut down he climbed—climbed to the very truck and looked down on the heaving floor of the world below. Above, the windowless eyes of another world looked down on him—looked and watched. The winds blew far from the fields of rest; dawn in white splendour shot up over the horizon bar: God was still in His Heaven—but! henceforth life whose fashion he was now discovering: life which he had deemed all Edenic, was suspect and cheat. A ferment was engendered which, whatever the immediate external effect, had a profound sub-conscious reaction that was to have bitter culmination in literary re-gurgitations of later years; when in revulsive fixation, white the eternal and universal symbol of perfected purity, became for him the symbol of all evil: the deceiving decoy hypocritically draping the mystery of evil. The acuteness and ingenious erudition with which he displayed this perversion in his writings, is notable. It reached its fullest expression in the stupendous novel *Moby Dick*, *The Great White Whale*: the greatest novel ever written. Dostoyevsky's profound trilogy, Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, and Cervantes' *Don Quixote* emulate but do not equal it.

Melville came ashore from his first excursion into life, tempered and forged in four months of hellishness: tested and proven a man where he might have become broken and craven; and with his fundamental sense of comedy unquenched and established. From adventuring on the sea he returned to adventure into literature with *Fragments from a Writing Desk* contributed to obscure small-town news sheets. Except as indicative of his already multifarious reading, there is nothing in these amateur performances to differentiate them from other such youthful effusions composing Garlands of Polite Literature. They were sex-gush of awakened puberty.

This avenue of appearing in print soothed the offended ego; but did not provide for his bodily necessities, nor adequately satisfy ambition and support pretension. A precarious pittance earned by teaching school left him still dependent on hospitality for a balance of board and lodging. The leaven of bitterness now begins most mightily to ferment, and out comes the bung in a ringing challenging phrase uttered publicly ten years later—"Call me Ishmael."

The immediate explosion, however, took the form of shipping in his twenty-first year on board a whaler voyaging to the South Seas. Once again and for the last time in hireling capacity our Academy pupil, general's grandson, ship's monkey and fledgling *litterateur* goes down to the sea in ships. For three years he plumbs the bottom of social circumstance; plays jeopardy with death; is deserter, mutineer, captive of cannibals, beachcomber and much else. Of his shipmates, murder, suicide, venereal disease and other unpleasant terminations take obliterating toll.

This period of Melville's career is pivotal. Captive in pagan Typee valley, he found there a natural society that seemed superior to the civilized models of his training. Social virtues that were theoretical ideals in civilization, flourished among his captors in primitive spontaneity of conduct. He compared this with the lands of Christendom where even elementary ethics of citizenship were hardily enforced, and necessarily supported by artificial stimuli and penological sanctions; and any conduct that had for its inspiration any other idea than reward and punishment, was exotic phenomena. He recognized, however, that deficient as it might be, yet civilization is inadequately described as merely consisting in the materials and facilities for obtaining the necessities for physical life and some of its luxuries. At home these had been denied him, or obtained in small quantity at large sacrifice and effort that left him exhaustedly wondering if the effort were worth while. The memory of his sordid hardships, drudgeries and penurious dependence among his own people was strong upon him, while his present circumstances were not devoid of allurements to lotus-eating; freed and far from Society's degradations to his proud spirit. But the superlative light which at this very time was inspiring Tennyson to write *The Lotus-Eaters* and subsequently reply to it with *Locksley Hall*, was, also, operating in Melville. Experiences and speculative thoughts floating in his consciousness, precipitated into a definite pattern of philosophic thought that drove him homeward to give it birth in material expression. As ordinary seaman on board the frigate *United States* he left the elysian latitudes; and ill-fed, ill-clothed, doubled the stormy Horn; was rescued from drowning off the cold Virginia Capes; narrowly escaped a court-martial penalty of flogging; and came to his landfall one chill October day at Boston, in his twenty-fifth year.

His probationary period of life was ended. Through it a dumb faith in himself, and caste pride had sustained him in his reactions to his social environments. Ambitious and unrestfully conscious of a prophetic intimation of ultimate fame that held no exterior warrant of present achievement, the hunger of his growing ego had escaped in adolescent gestures that could only be upheld by the conventional supports of ancestral reference. Now, consciously sure of itself, a great creative spirit moved him towards that which was at hand. No more flaunting motions! he must tread a dark path, brandishing lightnings: and behind him at last will come treading one to mock his inner ear with a whisper growing with iteration to a shriek—What is it to your family that you are contending with principalities and powers and crying out upon the lords of darkness and light! your children's bellies are crying out to be filled.

(To be Continued)