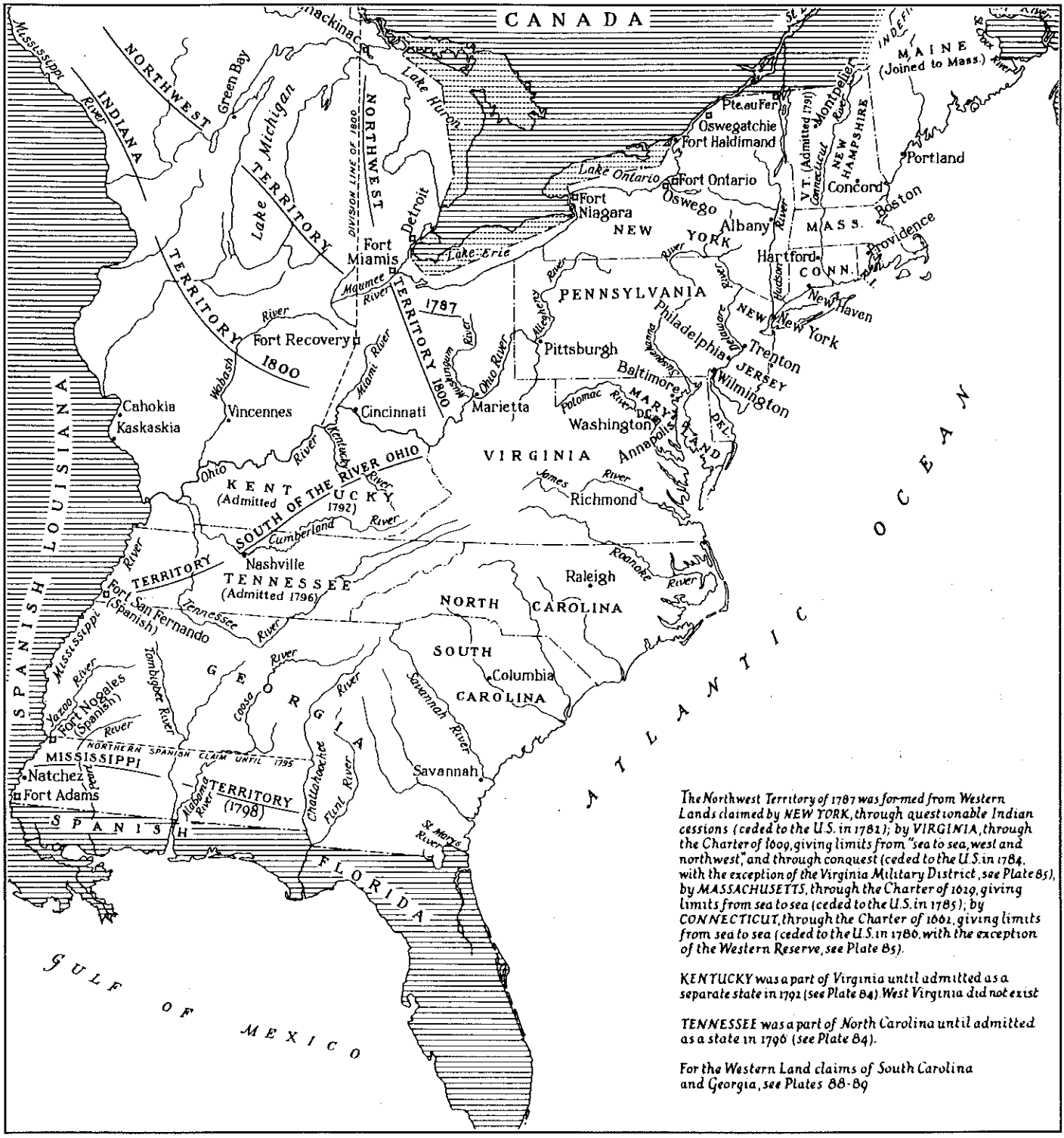
THE St. John's Review



The Northwest Territory of 1787 was formed from Western Lands claimed by NEW YORK, through questionable Indian cessions (ceded to the U.S. in 1781); by VIRGINIA, through the Charter of 1609, giving limits from "sea to sea, west and northwest," and through conquest (ceded to the U.S. in 1784, with the exception of the Virginia Military District, see Plate 85), by MASSACHUSETTS, through the Charter of 1629, giving limits from sea to sea (ceded to the U.S. in 1785); by CONNECTICUT, through the Charter of 1662, giving limits from sea to sea (ceded to the U.S. in 1786, with the exception of the Western Reserve, see Plate 85).

KENTUCKY was a part of Virginia until admitted as a separate state in 1792 (see Plate 84). West Virginia did not exist

TENNESSEE was a part of North Carolina until admitted as a state in 1796 (see Plate 84).

For the Western Land claims of South Carolina and Georgia, see Plates 88-89

Summer, 1985

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Unsolicited articles, stories, and poems are welcome, but should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope in each instance. Reasoned comments are also welcome.

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THE ST. JOHN'S REVIEW

Summer 1985

Publius 1804

A Play in Two Acts

John Alvis

Act I

Scene 1

The morning of June 18, 1804. Vice-President Aaron Burr's *private study in his townhouse in New York City. The furnishing of the library is a matter of indifference as long as there are many books precisely arranged. A crystal vase containing a single red rose is set on a small commode and at stage center on the wall a large framed picture which will be identified as a portrait of Burr's daughter, Theodosia, and her husband, Charles Alston.*

At rise enter from right accompanied by a servant-woman William P. Van Ness, *middle-aged, rather formally dressed in the style of the times, fanning himself with his top hat. Throughout the scene* Van Ness *is obviously agitated.*

Van Ness. [hands hat to servant-woman] Or rather, infernally hot I should I say, Mrs. Mulroy. The Vice-President expects me?

Servant-Woman. Yes, sir. Colonel Burr instructed me to see you into the library. The Vice-President should be down directly.

Van Ness. Thank you, Mrs. Mulroy. That's very fine. *[Turns to look at the portrait]*

Servant-Woman. Might I bring you a cup of coffee, Mr. Van Ness? Or tea?

Van Ness. [somewhat absently] Er, yes, that would be quite acceptable.

Servant-Woman. Which?

Van Ness. [turns to her abruptly] Beg pardon? Oh, ah, coffee . . . no . . . tea, excuse me.

Servant-Woman. Tea, Mr. Van Ness?

Van Ness. Yes, thank you . . . Er, Mrs. Mulroy? I wonder, if the Colonel is indisposed, perhaps I should postpone my call . . .

Enter Burr *in a dressing gown, lightly powdered hair clubbed and bound with a black band. He carries a small volume in his left hand, his index finger inserted to mark the place.* Burr's *movements are slow, dignified, and somewhat feline; his characteristic gesture is to close both eyes and to press the lids with thumb and second finger of his right hand. The movement is expressive of prodigious world-weariness and ennui. Yet combined with this prevailing impression of languor are movements of extraordinary alertness and decisiveness as indicative of substantial resources of energy and will.*

Burr. [extending his hand to Van Ness] Never postpone, my dear William. *[mock sententiously]* "Night cometh and then no man can work."

Van Ness. [takes Burr's offered hand] Mr. Vice-President . . .

Burr. William, we needn't bore each other with ceremony; we're not in Washington, thank God. This nation should shut down at the beginning of June. The Virginia river-bottoms in summer are no fit habitation for civilized men, nor even for Southerners, I should think, though they seem somehow to have inured themselves to it.

Van Ness. I trust the salubrious sea breezes of the Battery have begun to clear your brain of the marshy miasmas. You appear to enjoy better health, sir, than the last time we met.

Burr. I'm indifferent refreshed, thank you, William. I think I'd be recovered altogether could I clear my head of the latest fulminations of that fool Jefferson. Our President resents imputations of inconsistency as an old maid aspersions upon the cleanliness of her linen. Now he is claiming that his defense of "the great principle of freedom of the press" never comprehended what he is now pleased to call "license"—to wit, the recent criticisms of Mr. Jefferson's rougher tactics by one . . . ah—Crosby?

Van Ness. Croswell.

Burr. Croswell, yes. Upstate smalltown newspaper. You defended him, did you not?

Van Ness. I was one of his attorneys. Along with Hamilton.

Burr. Hamilton, of course. One of Hamilton's few defeats.

Van Ness. Yet he was brilliant in the summing up.

Burr. Is he not always?

Van Ness. In a good cause or a bad.

Burr. So I have reason, sadly, to agree.

Van Ness. I trust I shall not now be the cause of yet more sadness for you but . . .

Burr. [seats himself carefully and motions to Van Ness *to take a chair]* I seem to have lived the better part of my life within earshot of Hamilton's lurid eloquence. What does Milton say?

"his tongue/Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear/ The better reason."

Van Ness. Yes, well, his tongue may have dropped you, sir, right out of the governor's race.

Burr. Ah, William, such is my fate. We must not kick against the pricks. Speaking of which . . . dear Mr. Jefferson has cooled toward me of late. I seem not so worthy now of his tender solicitations as some years hence when I could afford him my votes. In fact, I have concluded that His Sapience of Monticello has now determined to drive me out of his political party. He never believed I was truly a republican and in that one judgment almost alone, my estimable William, he is correct.

Van Ness. [bitterly] You could have had the Presidency . . .

Burr. Ah, William . . .

Van Ness. You could have had it, sir. Nay, but it cannot be denied! That smooth fellow Bayard. He all but begged you to offer him the bribe that would have opened the door.

Burr. Yes. And I think of all the good reasons Mr. Jefferson has to dislike me, that, above anything, festers on the rind of his dear, compendious conscience. That I should decline what he could not, for the life of him, could not for all his protestations of Olympian toploftiness.

Van Ness. And what did he use to buy Bayard's machination?

Burr. I must say I never cared to seek the bottom of that mystery. There are too many plausible bribes that would have served. Though I should not be surprised to learn that Thomas Jefferson became third President of these benighted states at the cost of no more than a promise to keep certain Federalists in the posts they had gotten themselves well accustomed to under Washington and Adams.

Van Ness. And that was too much for you to pay? You to whom the same bid was first made?

Burr. Bayard had a kind of unctuous effluvia to him . . .

Van Ness. [sadly and wistfully] That odor was the fleeting aroma of a power more lasting, I fear, than any, my good patron, you now may ever hope to know.

Burr. Besides, the man intruded with his schemes at the most inopportune moment for political brokering.

Van Ness. "Politics acknowledges no sabbath," you yourself have said it, I seem to recall.

Burr. [ignoring Van Ness *and absorbed in recollection]* The most inopportune moment. Just as I was immersed in wedding arrangements for my thrice-blessed Theodosia—the best daughter nature ever provided. We were deliberating, she and I, upon the date when I should join her and her new husband on their return from England. We had just set on a time in May when the flora of South Carolina should have come fully forth in all its savage abundance and so should have assuaged somewhat the pains of returning from civilization to these uncouth shores. Just at such a moment of paterfamilial rapture a distinct forerunner of said James Bayard crept into my nostrils followed presently by the quintessence itself, the senior Senator from Delaware, who, with something less of ceremony than was found requisite by Satan in proposing mischief to our first parents, commenced plying me with his assurances of esteem mingled with threats of my public extinction if I could not bring myself to feel, or at least profess, an equivalent esteem for himself—or his party, I forget which. In any event the bumptious indecorousness of his manner of address so put me out of any hope of a conformable temper that I am bound to say I did not much attend the particulars of his proposal and, thus transported beyond indignation, I thrust him out of doors.

Van Ness. And yourself out of the Presidency.

Burr. Thereby propelling myself into that ungainly superfl the office of the Vice-President of these United States office which one might have thought Hamlet had some occupied from the melancholy of his dry complaint, " the air promise-crammed." *[one voracious ingestion of a gı air]*

Van Ness. And only your poor pride prevented the full f

Burr. [softly] Not only my poor pride.

Van Ness. Pardon?

Burr. [quite softly] Not only my poor pride.

Van Ness. [also abruptly lowering his voice] To be sure, not that. There was indeed, Hamilton.

Burr. There is always, to be sure, Hamilton.

Van Ness. He could have brought around Bayard, and al Federalist minions.

Burr. "Thou sayest it."

Van Ness. You, my best of captains, know it to be so.

Burr. [once more rapt in meditation] As I know the abscess der my tongue, I know it, William. Once, just once, I known the sweet relish of triumph over that man. It almost the first time I collided with him. At the very o of the Revolution, Howe's first campaign against Wash ton—the summer of '76 on Long Island. Howe had jus us up pretty badly on Brooklyn Heights and we were tr to join the main body of the army where Washington stayed, in upper Manhattan. I was riding towards Wash ton's headquarters when I came upon a little fort cram with confused, fear-bedazed rebels. They were milling a a great stout fellow, General Knox, who kept swiping a forehead and looking stupidly at everything and nothing, a steer who's just been polled between the eyes.

Van Ness. Henry Knox. Hamilton propped him up as W ington's Secretary of War.

Burr. [busies himself with the fire, speaking with his back to Ness] The same. This time he was propped against o Hamilton's beloved cannons. Hamilton had been pu charge of three little brass fieldpieces that looked hardly ger than a child's toy guns. When I rode up Hamilton actually brushing the mud off the carriage as if he were a to go on parade. Always a cool little fellow except whe is embarrassed, then he turns the color of a rooster's c and trembles all over. *[The housekeeper enters tentatively]* Mrs. Mulroy?

Housekeeper. Beg your pardon, sir. There's a lady to see y She would not send her name.

Burr. Do you not know the lady, Mrs. Mulroy?

Housekeeper. No sir. But if you please, sir, I believe it is the you were showing out when I came in yesterday morn

Burr. [turns back to the fire scuttle and rakes the coals] Ah, Please tell the Countess I am momentarily detained. S her some of your justly famed coffee, perhaps?

Housekeeper. Yes, sir. *[exit]*

Burr. [straightening up, turning to Van Ness, *and, after the ch teristic gesture of pressing the eyes]* But presently young Ha ton had sufficient cause for embarrassment. He found hin caught between his prudence and his vanity and both c not be served.

Van Ness. [sniffs his pouncet box] Knowing the man's bou less vanity and his small prudence, I cannot think it a do ful contest.

Burr. But the circumstances enforced prudence, for hear: K was unwilling or incapable of movement and what he these men had taken for a refuge was in truth their pris

or their grave. The British were strong and near, Knox was cut off from help. Yet I could not make the fellow see the danger that was only too evident to everyone else. It was evident to Hamilton once I pointed out the dust from Howe's columns and the distance up to Washington on Harlem Heights. Hamilton wavered, but at the same time he would not second me because he was obviously furious that he had fallen into a trap and that I was putting him in the position of having to give over a chance to show his bravery. So just like the fool Knox, Hamilton stared on the ground and stayed by his little guns.

Van Ness. A delicate bit of an impasse I should think.

Burr. Resolved only by the most desperate insubordination which, in a better army, would have gotten me summarily shot. I jumped ship, so to speak, and a battalion of Continentals jumped with me. I appealed over the head of the General to the troops themselves. Pretty much as that cheeky fellow Genet recently attempted to appeal over Washington to the people. As soon as I had informed the men of the death by hanging that I suspected was the imminent fate of every one of us, they boiled out of the gate and started up the back roads to safety. Hamilton and Knox had no choice but to follow. But Hamilton came near to a youthful demise by apoplexy. He resented my oratorical success. He was mortified to find himself hurried along like a cigar butt by a broom. And worst of everything, he was thrust out of the fort so precipitously that he lost baggage and one of his revered cannon!

Van Ness. *[laughing]* Aye, and he's been seeking it ever since. The least commotion imaginable and he was certain to offer his services as a Major-General. Washington must have sickened over the ridiculousness of his promptness to declare war on his fellow citizens. Such a pother over a few amateur distillers in the western counties of Pennsylvania!

Burr. *[after a pause]* Yes. But bating the one time just told, I cannot say that Hamilton has permitted me to catch him again thus unprepared.

Van Ness. *[quite softly]* I think you may now have your chance.

Burr. *[not hearing* Van Ness's *last remark because absorbed in his recollections]* No, I cannot say that General Hamilton has allowed me the initiative on many occasions since. [Burr *extracts the single rose from the vase and, as he paces back and forth and narrates his encounters with the rival, he detaches petals for each item of the narration]* First, there was his levering Washington against me. Once Hamilton had intrigued himself onto the personal staff of the great man, he lost no opportunity to malign me to Washington's avid, and I must say capacious, ears. Having convinced our American Caesar that Burr was insubordinate (which I was) and not to be trusted (untrue but plausible), I never was from that moment permitted a command suited to my proven abilities. Not though I yearned for action as the foal yearns for the teat. You might think a grandee such as Washington could forget over the years. Not the Virginia squire! When Hamilton maneuvered Adams into appointing him major general during the tense time with France, I then asked for the modest recognition of the rank of Brigadier. Eventually, after some shuffling, Adams had to confess that he was set upon by the superannuated Washington—prompted by whom I leave to your capacity for inference—and forced to countermand a commission already signed! No one dared to gainsay Washington. And Washington dared not pass water without the approbation of his Treasurer and party-head.

Van Ness. *[attempts to rise]* And Hamilton to this day continues to malign . . .

Burr. *[playfully pokes* Van Ness *with the rose, forcing him back upon the settee]* There! Did I tell you of the business of the archives?

Van Ness. *[somewhat impatient]* No, or yes, your memoir of the revolution . . .

Burr. *[brandishing the rose aloft in mock triumph]* My exposé, my literary coup d'etat, my thunderclap of divine justice—slow-to-gather-yet-terrible-in retribution. You know, William, I have always detested the mechanical toil of scribbling at a desk, but that particular endeavor savored a piquancy altogether invigorating. I should have been famed at the very least the Voltaire of the young republic. The truth about the conduct of our War of Revolution, think of it, William! Should I have entitled it The, ah, Pumpkinification of Washington? His head resembled a pumpkin, you know. Did you ever see him near at hand? No? Well, I did, and his—ah—southern colonies resembled two pumpkins set side by side.

Van Ness. *[a nod of barely suppressed exasperation]* Mr. Vice-President.

The Housekeeper *abruptly opens the door without knocking and sticks in her head obviously upset. One hears behind her out in the hall a tense, feminine voice,* "Tell him! Not another minute!"

Housekeeper. *[half in the door]* I'm sorry sir, the lady here *[from the hall,* "Tell him now!" *at which the* Housekeeper *befuddled steps into the room closing the door behind her and holding the knob as though she fears the woman in the hall will try to force her way in]* She is really most insistent . . .

Burr. So it appears. Yet milady must learn patience. Detain her just for awhile longer, could you Mrs. Mulroy?

Housekeeper. *[sighs hugely and plaintively]* I'll try sir. *[As she opens the door the voice from beyond rises peremptorily,* "Well." *The* Housekeeper *closes the door firmly behind her]*

Burr. Ah, yes. My literary career was subjected to the "abhorred shears" by Washington's Secretary of State, Mr. Jefferson again, who suddenly one April informed me that he had been instructed to close the archives to my researches. Only the then-as-ever-timid-yet-malignant-Virginia gentleman intimated that Washington was acting under vehement Hamiltonian advice. So *[detaches a few more petals]* the world was deprived the only honest account of American origins it should ever have received.

Van Ness. Sir.

Burr. *[oblivious or indifferent]* Then there was the more narrowly political combats. First my little ambush of Hamilton's father-in-law. The Albany patroon underrated my influence in the city but he paid for his confidence with his senate seat. Hamilton took such offense one would think he considered the seat a family fief. Oh, but I paid, William, for that little surprise. First payment Hamilton exacted by turning enough opinion against me to scuttle my bid for the vice-presidency in Washington's second term. My second payment was in the form of the Ambassadorship to France, which Hamilton had Washington deny me upon the return of Hamilton's friend Gouverneur Morris. Then in '96 he imposed a double charge. He saw to it that I was defeated when New York chose its senator and he sapped off enough support to cost me the vice-presidency again. Is it not droll, William, that I come by that office only now when to have achieved it means having failed to come at the real prize? The gods are indeed ironic in their givings.

Van Ness. *[quickly]* To teach us to seize for ourselves.

Burr. *[appraises* Van Ness] I think you are in the way of becoming an avowed Burrite. A follower of the "embryo-Caesar," the "Cateline of midnight conclave." Those, I'm

told, are epithets coined by Hamilton himself in reference to the poor present object of your regard.

Van Ness. *[annoyed]* Will you hear me, sir?

Burr. *[still intent on his own course of thought]* And yet Jefferson told me Hamilton once proclaimed that Julius Caesar was the greatest man who ever lived. What do you make of that, William? [Van Ness *shrugs and turns his head away]* Perhaps the venom is in the "embryo." *[Mock indignation]* That my stature is something diminutive does he mock me with "embryo, embryo"? Yet surely the man himself cannot overtop me by more than a finger's breadth. In minutes only Hamilton and I stand shorter than our partners. Although, William, you can attest that between us we attract all the loveliest of the sex. [Van Ness *gestures off-handedly in a mild disgust]* No? Well, perhaps you must judge of that for yourself. So, anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, vice-presidency blocked, ambassador's post reneged, vice-presidency blocked again, of senate seat despoiled *[plucks rapidly one, two, three, four petals]* and then, William, and then the unkindest cut of all, to pluck out of my hands the reins of the Great Republic. To block me from the Presidency even at the expense of installing thereby his self-avowed enemy Thomas Jefferson, southerner, slave-owner, Francophile, and foe of Hamilton's dear Federalist party and, unless trustworthy report fails me, a personal calumniator of Hamilton himself. And worst of all, to a man of Hamilton's tastes, a physical coward who took to his heels when he was governor of Virginia, who ran from the mere rumor of the approach of British troops. How William, how could General Hamilton so have treated his fellow New Yorker and brother at the bar?

Van Ness. Hamilton is reported to have said that of the two devils he preferred the one who bespoke principles.

Burr. *[scornfully]* A thin pretense that. For a gentleman, William, only one principle can be acknowledged: self-respect. Hamilton has sufficient experience to know I honor that single maxim and have not, nor shall not, fail in it.

Van Ness. But what you think of as self-respect Hamilton calls ambition.

Burr. *[simply]* Then he lacks discernment. *[At this* Van Ness *shrugs urbanely]* Eh bien. *[*Burr *regards the rose now stripped down to a single petal]* And do you know, I believe Hamilton may have reason to credit me with once having saved his life?

Van Ness. If you refer to the "lethal" James Monroe, perhaps, sir, you somewhat exaggerate the danger of mortality from that quarter.

Burr. *[laughs rather broadly]* Ah, poor Monroe! Yes, perhaps I do exaggerate. Yet to be sure, stranger things have occurred in duels. What with the unreliability of these pistols, who knows but that if he could have brought himself to stand at the barriers, Monroe just might have hit his man with an errant ball. And Monroe professed himself willing to accept the interview. Anyway, I took advantage of the hesitancy of both combatants to patch matters between them.

Van Ness. *[indignantly]* But he would not have done the same for you, you may count on it he would not. Indeed, is it not true that when Hamilton made his brother-in-law call you out he plotted like a common assassin? John Barker Church was no Monroe, nothing like the butt of a jest, unreliable pistols or not.

Burr. You hatch a verity, William, I'll attest it. I have still the hole in my coat to witness that at least Hamilton's brother-in-law can hit a mark.

Van Ness. *[Rising again and with bitter emphasis]* Then let your enemy teach you the way to clear your road! Challenge Hamilton!

Burr. *[mock sententiously]* Proverbs has it, "He who too vehemently bloweth his nose bringeth forth blood." Although should I ever have sufficient cause I should not be absolutely averse to drawing forth somewhat of General Hamilton's blood.

Van Ness. So there we are!

Burr. There you are my estimable colleague. I am not yet to the point of irrevocable hostilities and shall not come to it so long as Hamilton comports himself according to the code.

Van Ness. *[quite blunt]* What code?

Burr. Why, the code of gentlemen, what else? General Hamilton and I have always endeavored to conduct our mutual enmity in accord with the self-imposed limits one would expect of men of a certain breeding. Two sanctuaries we preserve inviolate to attack: the camp and the hearth. Whatever I have urged against Hamilton, I have never sought to question his valor as a soldier and he likewise has respected my courage. Then, no matter how tense the contest I have never caused distrust within his family—though perhaps occasion offered opportunity to have done so. Neither can I charge Hamilton with making dissension at my table or bed—although it cannot be denied that he has been solicited thereunto by occasions alarming in their abundance.

Van Ness. *[Tense with the effort of restraining himself]* Have you read the clippings I sent you yesterday?

Burr. Other affairs diverted me. Anyway, I knew I could count on your visit when I should hear from your own eloquent mouth.

Van Ness. *[still quite tense]* Do you have them by?

Burr. So peremptory, William? Yes, I'm sure I put the papers on the desk.

Van Ness. *[in his vehemence forgetting deference]* Get them and read over the passages I've underscored.

Burr. *[still hesitates]* But they concern my defeat in the election for governor, did you not indicate as much? The election was over two months past. I'm half-reconciled now to what promises to be my continual fate of placing second.

Van Ness. The matter I refer to still should concern you. It won't die.

Burr. *[moving to the desk]* Well, I could have made timely use of the governor's office. *[Stops and turns back to* Van Ness] You know Griswold and Pickering came 'round again yesterday after you had left. I have continued to leave them under the impression that I might be persuaded to a supreme military commission if events should ever allow the secession of New England and New York. Ah, William, does your heart not jump with the thought that someday we might cut free from the Virginia planters and their black chattels? Let them gaily devour each other!

Van Ness. *[drily and bitingly]* Yes. Well, I do not know that I would now depend upon leading troops in the field if I were you.

Burr. *[regards* Van Ness *quizzically for a moment]* Oh? Well, yes, I suppose not being governor I cannot now engage to deliver the militia. I could hardly do so on my authority as Vice-President of those very United States which we might need somewhat to disunify.

Van Ness. *[ignoring* Burr's *witticism]* Not only that.

Burr. *[after a moment]* Oh?

Van Ness. Read the clippings.

Burr. *[locating his spectacles and putting them on]* "Dr. Charles Cooper"?

Van Ness. *[rapping it out as* Burr *resumes reading]* One of Hamil-

ton's party men. Son-in-law to Judge Taylor of Albany. A kind of a mettlesome young popinjay. But his testimony is first-hand, as you will note.

Burr. First-hand it may be, but even so rather indefinite. "General Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared, in substance, that they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man" and so you yourself have often said, William [Van Ness *gestures to* Burr *to read on]* "and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government." So? Hamilton has ranted on that theme for fifteen years. Am I to embarrass myself by so belatedly confessing that I cannot take what I am accustomed to deal out in the way of the rhetoric of political contention? Mmm? *[Again* Van Ness' *gesture indicating that he should read on. After a few moments* Burr *stiffens a little as he locates the offending passage]* Yes, I suppose this is what you have in mind. . . "still more despicable" . . . that does obtrude a certain odor . . . though one might wish Dr. Cooper had been educated to a more scrupulous regard for clear grammar: more despicable" . . . more despicable than what? Than the opinion that I am not to be trusted with the reins of government? Is that itself despicable? I can't say I trust anyone with the reins of government if I have a choice in the matter.

Van Ness. Mr. Vice-President . . .

Burr. I think Dr. Cooper is to be despised for his debauch of our mother-tongue.

Van Ness. You are pleased to be pleasant. But you must see the opportunity . . .

Burr. [after his characteristic gesture and coldly without the characteristic suave irony] Spell it out, sir.

Van Ness. The very ambiguity is your grievance and, if properly managed, your good weapon. Cooper's insinuation of some dark malignity without specifying your crime gives the widest scope to conjectures damaging to your reputation.

Burr. Such as it is.

Van Ness. [straight-facedly] Such as it is, having been already snipped about the edges by Jefferson and Hamilton. The Vice-Presidency of this great nation ought not be subject to a libel that will not specify its grounds. You must protect the dignity of the office.

Burr. [drily] But of course. Thus the grievance. And now how shall Cooper's same damnable syntax provide me, as you say, with a weapon?

Van Ness. It shall be your net to catch General Hamilton.

As Burr *is about to reply the door opens suddenly and the* Housekeeper *wedges herself in it restraining the woman whose voice had been heard before from the hall. Both women speak at once.*

Housekeeper. [quite upset] I'm sorry sir.

Countess. [trying to get past] I shan't be fobbed off!

Burr. [moves quickly to the door, pushes back the two women unceremoniously but not violently and closes the door upon them], In a moment my dove, in a moment. Take a turn about my garden. [Burr *holds the doorknob for a moment until the noise in the corridor subsides, then turns back to* Van Ness *raising his hand as if to say "What is one to do?"* Van Ness *has not moved and refuses to be amused.]*

Van Ness. I said Cooper's ambiguity shall be your means to ensnare Hamilton.

Burr. [his weary gesture] I am certain you will condescend to explain.

Van Ness. [eagerly] Primus: the form of the injury gives you a cause actionable in honor. Hamilton has, as you say, voiced similar damaging aspersions against your character for over a decade. Yet hitherto they have never surfaced in such a devastatingly public form as to be captured in the cold print of a newspaper. Public slander justifies recourse to the ultimate means of redress.

Burr. You intrigue me, William.

Van Ness. [quickly and avidly as he strides to the hearth, even momentarily turning his back upon Burr] Secundus: As Hamilton is ultimately responsible for the ambiguous adjective despicable—which we agree has given unpardonable license to ruinous conjecture—so he is subject to ruin himself if he should try to avoid your vengeance by offering to disown the harm.

Burr. Produce your exhibit, counsellor.

Van Ness. If he should choose to back down, he cannot, because the ambiguity in the scope of the slander allows for anything and everything he has ever said against you. And that great world of wrong he cannot disavow. To attempt to do so would bring upon him not only disgrace but universal ridicule which for a man of his Caesarian vanity is not to be imagined. *[A pause after which* Van Ness *turns back to the middle of the room, now facing* Burr] Well, sir?

Burr. No, William.

Van Ness. [incredulous] No?

Burr. My good friend, after all you hold me too cheap.

Van Ness. [uncomprehending] Pardon?

Burr. You set more store by my reputation than I do. As my grandfather loved to say after St. Paul, "our glory is in our conscience." Hamilton cannot harm my repute any more than he already has. I thank God my happiness does not depend upon the position I enjoy in the eyes of a few upstate patrons.

Van Ness. You care not for your fame?

Burr. That is yet another matter. But Hamilton has not wounded my fame. As we have agreed, the letter from Cooper specifies no new indignity—certainly nothing that posterity will take note of. Although I should dearly thank whatever deities might see fit to remove General Hamilton from this world, I must have better cause to take that providence upon myself. Otherwise, William, I could not be pleased with myself. And that, my dear Mr. Van Ness, is the condition most requisite to my happiness.

Van Ness. [persistent] But, do you know . . .

Burr. [somewhat peremptorily] Sir! We must bear our cross until we have more honorable cause to shift it.

Van Ness. But . . .

Burr. [decisively] If you will pardon me.

[Enter Housekeeper]

Housekeeper. [flustered] Oh, sir, I'm sorry. But this lady insists . . . *[the* Countess Vendimer *forces her way in]*

Countess. Take yourself away, madame, if you please. I shall myself announce my business with your master.

Burr. My dear Countess. That is quite all right, Mrs. Mulroy. I shall see the lady, and I thank you for having detained—ah—entertained her, for the time you could bestow. You may leave us.

Housekeeper. I'm sorry, sir.

Burr. [showing Housekeeper *to the door]* Don't let it trouble you. Not for a thought. *[turning back to his guests]* Yes. Ah, Mr. Van Ness, may I present to you my Lady the Countess Vendimer. My Lady, William P. Van Ness, Esquire and Attorney-at-Law, my sometime partner at the bar and longtime friend.

Countess. [after a quick nod and assessment of the embarrassed Van Ness] If he's a lawyer also I suppose he knows the word as well as you do, sir. On my side of the sea the term is breach of promise, what ye call it here ye may instruct me if it suits ye.

Burr. [presenting the Countess *with the almost denuded rose, which she contemptuously brushes aside]* I wonder if we might defer the clarifying of this misunderstanding until—

Countess. Until you can think how to murk it up to a "misunderstanding" when plain as day it be no such thing. Oh no, Mr. First Minister.

Burr. [murmuring correction] Vice-President.

Countess. Let it be whatever it is; you shall not fob me off.

Burr. My dear.

Countess. Nay, but the time for deferring is past. You would not defer your pleasure; now you shall not defer the banns.

Burr. [turning to Van Ness*] You would oblige me if you could find it in yourself to forgive this low comedy. [Van Ness extends his palm in a blasé gesture of commiseration]* And could you perhaps bestow the study on us for half a minute?

Countess. Half a minute!

Burr. Please, my dear.

Van Ness. But the matter I've opened to you—

Burr. Ought not be made public *[discreetly but definitely indicating the* Countess*]*; surely you concur.

Van Ness. [after glancing at the Countess*]* Even so—

Burr. Please, William, spare us but the quarter of an hour?

Van Ness. [hesitates another moment, then sadly] Very well. *[picks up his hat and looks again at the* Countess*, moving slowly towards door]*

Burr. [lifts the stopper of a cut-glass decanter in one hand and in the other takes up two wine glasses] My Lady, could I offer some light refreshment?

Van Ness. [has paused with his hand poised above the latch; he gathers himself and suddenly wheels] Hamilton has said you deserted your troops in the face of the enemy. [Burr, *about to raise the decanter, sets it down with deliberate care and with the same painstaking coolness replaces the stopper and the wine goblets]*

Burr. [stands erect and with icy enunciation] You had best be most careful in what you now report, William. [Van Ness *looks to the* Countess*, whose spiteful hard smile has given way to an expression of alarm fixed upon* Burr*, who, in turn, takes note of* Van Ness' *hesitation]* Come now, William, you were not too delicate to blurt it out. You knew what you were doing just now. Before the day is out, my dear lady will have blazoned your report from Harlem Heights to the Battery. Can we not count upon your amplification, my dear? Yes, I thought as much. Well, William, say on. *[turning away]* You are cutting near the bone.

Van Ness. [correcting] Hamilton has cut near the bone.

Burr. [the gesture of touching the bridge of the nose] Yes. Say on.

Van Ness. [measured] I have good reason to believe that Hamilton said in the presence of Judge Taylor, Chancellor Kent, Charles Cooper and others that the general opinion of your action in the war is founded upon a lie. That you were not taken with a fever after the Battle of Monmouth, as has been long believed, but that in fact you—lost your nerve. Besides himself, boasts Hamilton, Washington knew it. And, Hamilton adds by way of circumstantial proof, although Washington was too gracious ever to have spoken of your shame, for that reason—and no other—he would never consent to use you again. *[a pause of several seconds]*

Burr. [after looking a moment upon the low table, stoops and slowly takes up the rose that he had earlier stripped of most of its petals] Tant mieux.

Countess. [shaken] Dear God above!

Burr. As General Hamilton on a national occasion is supposed to have replied to a similar exclamation, "We shall not require foreign aid."

Countess. [regaining her initiative] What about the urgency tha lies between us, sir.

Burr. [only half-attentive] Who has lain between us?

Countess. I'll not be dallied with, nor deceived!

Burr. [now completely preoccupied] Yes. To be sure.

Countess. What? Do you choose to outface me, sir? Well, I'l give you to know that my forebears enjoyed the privilege of noble birth while yours were still pedagogues in New Jersey. *[an unsmiling* Burr *begins moving a reluctantly yielding* Countess *towards the door]* And you must know Mr. Burr I hav friends who'll see to it that justice be done me.

Burr. [stops abruptly] Mrs. Mulroy!

Housekeeper. [entering almost immediately] Yes, sir.

Burr. The Lady Vendimer desires to be shown to the door

Countess. [freeing herself from Burr's *hand]* Desires—? I desir what's mine by right. And by God I'll have it!

Burr. [tense] Show her out. *[The* Housekeeper *moves to take th arm of the* Countess *who indignantly draws herself away]*

Countess. [fierce but not shrill] But then of what worth is th word of a man who runs from danger? [Burr *does not mak as though to advance on her, but, as if he had, the* Countess*, un assisted by the* Housekeeper *turns swiftly and exits. The* House keeper *looks after her a moment, turns back for an instant to* Burr *registering her amazement, then is dismissed by a summary gestur from her employer]*

Burr. [turns slowly upon Van Ness] You must know of cours that now it is superfluous for me to inquire what corrobora tive testimony you might adduce in substantiation of you charge. Ten minutes ago the question might have been materi al. But as it is . . .

Van Ness. Yes!

Burr. "Yes" what?

Van Ness. "As it is—" *[extends a palm outward as sufficient am plification]*

Burr. [pensively] Yes . . . yes.

Van Ness. Though, if you do enjoy sufficient honor in your conscience, without other consideration, I suppose the infamy can be borne.

Burr. [simply] It cannot be borne.

Van Ness. Not to speak of the ridicule.

Burr. Enough William. You have sunk the spur as deep as the rowel.

Van Ness. I am sorry.

Burr. Your hatred of Hamilton much exceeds in vehemence my own. Why?

Van Ness. [simply] He has all but ruined the friend I would follow through the fire.

Burr. [after a moment, pats Van Ness *on the shoulder, turns back to the small table and again extracts the much-abused rose from its vase]* You have still the pistols I gave you on your birthday last?

Van Ness. [standing quite erect and solemn] I have them still.

Burr. [after a moment] If I should have occasion this afternoon to send General Hamilton a note of two or three lines, could you oblige me by presenting it to the gentleman?

Van Ness. [promptly] I should be honored thus to oblige you.

Burr. [again pensive] My thanks. [Burr *regards the rose he holds in his right hand]* You know the man has turns within turns. He may yet elude us.

Van Ness. [quietly lethal] He shall not elude you, sir.

Burr. [quietly, without particular emphasis, and still regarding the flower] No, he shall not. *[after a pause]* I'll own that Hamilton has sustained griefs—public and private—fully as numerous and as grave as my own. He maintained that he had withdrawn from public life. He seemed to enjoy the private es-

tate. Why then could he not suffer his sun quietly to set? Can you fathom the man, my friend?

Van Ness. I do not care to try.

Burr. Indeed? Perhaps after all that is best. I could have been glad had I never found cause to be thus disappointed in the man. [Burr *takes in his fingers the last petals of the rose, detaches them and allows them to flutter to the floor. He then holds the now completely bare stem somewhat conspicuously elevated and speaks in a tone of self-mocking surprise, calling* Van Ness' *attention to the naked stem of the rose]* Why, he loves me not. Alas! William he loves me not. [Van Ness *faintly smiling, inclines in a slight and formal bow of silent acknowledgment as the lights dim]*

Scene II

Mid-afternoon of June 18, 1804. A large room of Hamilton's *recently completed house which he has named after the estate of his Scottish ancestors, "The Grange." Two walls are almost covered with shelves of books. The study is furnished with a small sofa, two arm chairs, a low table on which are scattered several books and a somewhat higher marble commode atop which one sees a decanter of whiskey and crystal tumblers. Also atop the low table several miniature portraits which will be identified as depicting* Hamilton's *dead son* Philip *and* Hamilton's *Scottish ancestors. At rise Hamilton's wife* Elizabeth *is directing offstage instructions concerning preparations for a party.*

Elizabeth. And I want savory pies, three or four, left out on the sideboard. Send down to Solomon's for petits four—the sort with the chocolate. And tell Mrs. Tryamond that she must make the blancmange herself. I shall be altogether too busy with other things. [Elizabeth *looks about the room, pivoting in a complete circle while counting on her fingers. In the midst of her survey of the room, she pulls herself up as her eyes fall on a small portrait of a young man set out on the lower of the two tables. She goes to the table, takes up the portrait, and slumps onto one of the chairs. As she is called to from offstage,* "Ma'am . . . Mrs. Hamilton," *she does not answer immediately but continues to gaze down at the miniature of her dead son.]* Yes. *[wearily]* Presently. *[Still she makes no move to leave her chair. Enter* Hamilton. *There should be immediately apparent from his somewhat diminutive height, manner of dress, hair, walk, and general bearing a marked resemblance to* Burr. *His distinguishing marks are red hair, gray-streaked, a correspondingly florid complexion, and inflections of speech more rapid, less suavely languid, than those heard from* Burr.]

Hamilton. [brisk and animated] Verbena and honeysuckle! Let them be everywhere! Let's see, some verbena on the mantelpiece there and a spray of honeysuckle intermingled—no—I shall amend my motion. Rather, twine honeysuckle upon all the interior columns. We shall simulate the sweet melancholy of Grecian ruins. *[Striding rapidly over to the large bay window he wheels upon the open room.]* We'll throw open the windows at dusk and let the faint breezes stir the candle flames. And let there be cut flowers everywhere! When my daughter enters upon society the earth shall send forth its blossoms as the slopes of Olympus its flora when Hera and Zeus debauch.

Elizabeth [laughing despite herself] Debauch!

Hamilton. [accepts correction with good grace] Mmm yes. A typical lapse of decorum only to be expected of a Yankee shyster staggering under his weight of belatedly acquired Homer. Let us say rather, "when the Cloud-Gatherer"—ah—"gathers the ox-eyed Hera, his stately consort."

Elizabeth. I hope no young lady who trusts herself to my hospitality shall be here debauched or merely even "gathered."

Hamilton. Not to be thought for a moment, dearest Elizabeth. *[gallantly]* Unless perhaps above stairs, after the guests have been shown on their way, a certain dark beauty, darling of the Albany patrons, yet disgraced by her marital alliance with one descendent of Scot brigands—

Elizabeth. Whom, said descendent of Scottish theives—

Hamilton. [hastily correcting] Reivers, border raiders—not the same at all—

Elizabeth. [insistent] Whom, said scion of border theives has debauched to the extent of eight children and hence shall not "gather" this night.

Hamilton. Notwithstanding I shall be in expectation ardent.

Elizabeth. And perforce in imagination you must take you your satisfaction and not else.

Hamilton. [mock lugubriously] Such is my fate.

Elizabeth. And deservedly so.

Hamilton. [nervously taking up a wineglass and running his finger around the rim] Ah me. [sits next to Elizabeth] And how does it fare with our eldest daughter today?

Elizabeth. [her sadness comes back by degrees] much the same as yesterday, and always. Sometimes she speaks so quite to the point that I think her not much to differ from any eighteen-year-old marriageable girl. They are all so flighty at their most lucid. But still the difference remains. How was I told old Mrs. Clinton put it? "Poor Angelica Hamilton is quite amazingly, simple?"

Hamilton. "Simple"?

Elizabeth. "Simple."

Hamilton. [patting Elizabeth's *hand]* Well. We must be patient. *[notes the portrait under her clasped hands]* What have you there? *[she lifts her hands and* Hamilton *takes up the miniature; his face and entire posture bespeak a sorrow that verges on desolation]* Ah, Philip. The first-born, the hope of the house died with you, lad. Dear, brave son.

Elizabeth. [flatly] He was brave.

Hamilton. And can it be that it is now over two years? The wound gapes as though it were yesterday he was taken.

Elizabeth. [again quite flatly] This fall will be the third since he was shot dead.

Hamilton. For a time you could not look on his picture.

Elizabeth. This spring for the first time I felt I could.

Hamilton. But, Angelica?

Elizabeth. [shrugs] If she had wept each day these two years perhaps she would not now be as she is. Tears are rational. Angelica is deranged.

Hamilton. [shocked] Eliza!

Elizabeth. [emphatically but simply] Deranged. I have learned, Alexander, to call things by the names proper to them. Angelica has lost the use of her reason.

Hamilton. We do not know that her condition is permanent.

Elizabeth. We do not know that it is not.

Hamilton. Then is it not best to continue in the way we have set out? To arrange for her something as near as may be to the usual life of a young lady?

Elizabeth. I suppose so. Just so long as we do not indulge a delusion.

Hamilton. [Soberly] To be sure. *[a girl's voice calls from offstage,* Papa, Papa! Hamilton *indicates to* Elizabeth *his concern that she not display her grief to* Angelica] Should I send her to the other children?

Elizabeth. No, I'm composed. *[again the call,* "Papa!"]

Hamilton. We're in the parlor, Angelica. *[looks once more with solicitude to Elizabeth]*

Enter Angelica Hamilton, *a slender girl who, because of her afflic-*

tion, looks somewhat younger than her age of eighteen. She carries a keepsake album.

Angelica. Poor Philip Sparrow!

Hamilton. *[glances toward* Elizabeth *and raises his hand in a gesture of reassurance]* Sweet Angelica. Have you come to help us with your party?

Angelica. *[disarmingly]* No. *[Embarrassed,* Hamilton *turns away]*

Elizabeth. Do you want me to walk with you in the garden, dear?

Angelica. *[ignores* Elizabeth's *question and stands stock-still, opening her album]* Poor Philip Sparrow, the crow has pecked thy head.

Elizabeth. Angelica.

Angelica. Philip has gone to Cathay.

Elizabeth. Philip has not gone to Cathay, Angelica. Philip is dead.

Angelica. He has gone to Grandpa Schuyler's. He took the sleigh.

Elizabeth. Not to Grandpa Schuyler's, not to China, nor nowhere. Your brother was killed in a duel. He is gone . . . dead.

Angelica. *[stares at her mother willfully, uncomprehending, echoing her mother's intonation]* He is gone . . . *[consults the album, then, obstinately]* away.

Elizabeth. *[simple emphasis]* Dead. *[Angelica stares at her mother steadily but blankly]*

Hamilton. *[abruptly turning back from the mantel]* Let be, Eliza.

Elizabeth. *[also without impatience but firmly]* She must acknowledge.

Hamilton. She will not, and cannot. She is not capable. *[takes* Angelica *by the arm gently]* Do you not want to walk in the garden, Angelica? I shall show you my young gum trees. Do you want to see the new trees? Thirteen of them I've planted in honor of the thirteen colonies that became the first thirteen of these United States. Would you like to see them?

Angelica. They are dead.

Hamilton. *[laughing]* Indeed they are not flourishing. But not yet dead, my dear.

Angelica. Where have you put my pistols? [Hamilton *starts, looks apprehensively to Elizabeth]*

Elizabeth. Ah!

Hamilton. *[to steady his wife]* Eliza.

Elizabeth. John Church's duelling pistols. Would my brother-in-law had never brought them across the sea. Would he had never returned from England.

Hamilton. *[simply]* John Church's pistols are not to blame.

Elizabeth. Aye. Eaker is to blame. To slay a boy not yet twenty for defending the honesty of his father!

Hamilton. Philip was abusive beyond all need.

Elizabeth. *[overriding]* Defending his father.

Hamilton. *[absolute dejection]* Aye. And if one speak of blame, I sent Phil to his death. He took my part against Eaker in the first place. Then he obeyed me both when he accepted the challenge . . . and when he withheld fire.

Elizabeth. Withholding fire! There should have been no shots to withhold.

Hamilton. Well, as for that—

Elizabeth. *[insisting]* No. He need not have faced Eaker. *[With vehemence and disgust]* Politics!

Angelica. *[abruptly sings her version of the verse of an old war song]*
"So bring your Bible and shoot your gun."

Hamilton. *[corrects]* "Drum," Angelica. *[sings]*
"We're going to war and when we die
We'll want a man of God nearby,
So bring your Bible and follow the drum."
That's the name of the song, Angelica—"The Drum," not gun. Do you understand, my dear? *[a pause as* Angelica *stares uncomprehendingly]* Well, dear, go on for your walk and allow your mother and I to plan your party.

Elizabeth. *[to Angelica]* Go, call in the children to the back gallery. *[she watches* Angelica *go out, then half-falls into a chair at center]* I don't think that life shall ever be sweet for me again.

Hamilton. I know, dearest Eliza.

Elizabeth. *[wooden inflections]* What I cannot tear from my mind are those last moments.

Hamilton. Try not to think, my dear.

Elizabeth. Do I not try to forget? Yet all the details of his dying usurp my mind as though they had worked themselves into the grain. Every instant they lurk just back of my consciousness. Any moment of the day, when there's a sudden hush in the house, or maybe between the bites of a meal, or at a word that calls to mind his way of speaking—anything serves to bring back the image of his deathbed.

Hamilton. *[painfully but with sympathy]* Ah, Eliza—

Elizabeth. Philip, I see—ashen, tense with the agony of the bullet lodged in his spine. You and I lying on either side of the poor boy, on the same bed, clenching his hands while death took its time with him. And to the last wracking breath Philip tried to play the part he thought you required of him. Why, Alexander?

Hamilton. *[puzzled]* Why did Philip have to die?

Elizabeth. Philip had to die because you expected him to uphold your name. I ask why you laid a mortal charge upon your son. Why must he never decline a challenge, yet never fire upon his foe?

Hamilton. I did not absolutely require it of Philip. I—I said such would be my course of conduct.

Elizabeth. To have said so to a boy such as Phil was as much as to have required it of him.

Hamilton. Aye, I suppose you are right.

Elizabeth. *[numbly resigned]* Well—

Hamilton. Well, we must try to live for the other children.

Elizabeth. *[slumps]* Yes, let us then live for the children that remain *[pause]*. Perhaps at last we shall be free of contention, free of politics.

Hamilton. So, we may hope.

Elizabeth. You are content to be a private man?

Hamilton. I could be content to live the rest of my life within these walls. Were it not for my grief for Philip and for your sadness, I should say I've never before felt such blessed peace as now. *[after a moment]* A man does not need to hear his name in the public cries. *[another moment]* I do not, I know.

Elizabeth. Angelica sometimes refers to you as "the Ghost." Because you are so seldom seen. *[somewhat bitterly]* What with your staying in the town all the week, and your constant journeys to Albany . . . and then a summons to Washington.

Hamilton. *[somewhat plaintively]* Not Washington so much any more.

Elizabeth. *[agrees flatly]* Not so much any more.

Hamilton. *[after a pause]* Ah, Liza! my lot is a strange one. I've spent my life defending a Constitution I but half approved at its conception. I've neglected our own affairs just to give myself the pains to prop up that flimsy scaffold. And for my effort I have the unremitting enmity of Jefferson's party, the resentment of my own Federalist friends—and a son lost.

Elizabeth. The costs have been as great as a cost can possibly be. *[with force]* Let us hope you have done with it.

Hamilton. I've done with it. *[a* Maid *enters carrying yet another vase of flowers]*

Maid. Sir, there's Mr. Pendleton to see you.

Hamilton. *[looks with slight concern to* Elizabeth] You did not forget to send him an invitation?

Elizabeth. I sent it Monday last.

Hamilton. Show Mr. Pendleton in, Mrs. Baines. [Maid *goes off right] [to* Elizabeth] Are you more composed now, dear?

Elizabeth. *[rising from the sofa]* I am. Do you wish me to stay or do you have business?

Hamilton. I cannot think Pendleton has business. Perhaps he cannot come tomorrow and brings his good wishes to Angelica.

Elizabeth. Alexander, he has tried before to enlist you in some new cause. Do not let yourself be flattered by men who claim to need you. *[she takes his hand]* I need you. Much more, and there's no flattery.

Hamilton. And you shall have me, my dearest Liza. *[the* Maid *opens door at right, announcing as she does so,* "Mr. Nathaniel Pendleton."] *[enter a well-dressed man of about forty, carrying his gloves]*

Pendleton. Mrs. Baines always takes my hat and cane but returns my gloves. Good morning Mrs. Hamilton, *[to* Hamilton] General.

Hamilton. Mrs. Baines believes gentlemen should always have gloves about their person. It's good to see you, Nat. But you needn't address me as General.

Pendleton. *[bluff]* Eh? has the Virginia junta demoted you, then?

Hamilton. They would change the past if they could, I'm sure. No, Eliza has discharged me from the service.

Elizabeth. *[drily]* The title seems rather inappropriate, does it not, since the function expired ten years ago?

Pendleton. Aye ma'am. But there's a world of good men who still consider the rank suits your husband. Right down to the ground. And if the entire faction of Tammany still must address Aaron Burr by "Colonel" twenty years since that esteemed gentleman ever bore arms, why I see no reason my friend should not have his due.

Hamilton. *[glances at* Elizabeth] Well, Nat, that time has passed.

Pendleton. *[glancing down]* Seasons return.

Elizabeth. *[quickly with even emphasis]* Not that season, Nathaniel.

Hamilton. *[uneasily]* Yes, well . . . it's good you should come, Nat, at any season.

Elizabeth. *[somewhat stiff]* If you should need to see my husband about some matter of business, Nathaniel—

Pendleton. *[awkwardly hesitating]* Well, Mrs. Hamilton—

Elizabeth. *[quickly to* Hamilton] I still have to see about the cakes [Hamilton *takes his wife's hand briefly, she holds his gaze for a moment longer]* Nathaniel. [Pendleton *bows and* Elizabeth *goes off right]*

Pendleton. What did Cooper hear from you—[Hamilton *looking after* Elizabeth *hushes* Pendleton *with a gesture. When he sees the door firmly closed, he turns to his friend]* What could Charles Cooper have reported your saying against Burr at the Albany meeting last April?

Hamilton. God! How should I know? When did you say?

Pendleton. At Judge Taylor's house, before the gubernatorial election.

Hamilton. I dare say I haven't the slightest notion, Nat. *[turns to the table and offers the decanter, which* Pendleton *refuses with a wave of his hand]* Anyway, what does it matter?

Pendleton. I think it may matter because Van Ness has begun making something of it again.

Hamilton. Van Ness is fond of sowing tares.

Pendleton. That he is. And last night at the Tontine Tavern he was sowing tares by means of Charles Cooper's public letter to the Albany Register.

Hamilton. Why that fire is two months cold! Wasn't Cooper's letter published—

Pendleton. At the end of April. But Van Ness has rekindled it.

Hamilton. For what particular purpose? *[pours himself a glass of wine, offers to* Pendleton]

Pendleton. *[waving away the offer of wine]* I don't know. That's what worries me. But he was making much of it with the Tammany crowd. And he swore he would call on Burr today. Try to think what you told Cooper.

Hamilton. Let me try to recollect. *[after a moment]* What have I not said of my rival of fifteen years? I know he has been a moral reprobate for as long as I have known him. As a fellow attorney I cannot approve his abuse of the profession. He has turned public offices to hard dealing and downright fraud. He makes party allegiance in accord with his ambition, not from principle. He continues to be a threat to this republic. All of this I have maintained day in, day out. Burr knows and the world knows. I have struck at Burr and he at me over the course of a career. Does he suddenly grow tender?

Pendleton. *[half turns from* Hamilton] I think he grows desperate. Jefferson has cast Burr aside. He terms his Vice-President "a crooked gun." Burr had hoped to rebuild his power upon the governorship. Now that he has lost that, every way must seem blocked to him. For a man of his ambition to stand still is intolerable. Rather than decline, he would choose any course, no matter how dangerous or destructive.

Hamilton. Not unlikely, but what course?

Pendleton. *[turns back to confront his friend]* Would you preserve this Union?

Hamilton. It's curious you should ask. I was just saying to Eliza that it appears I've made an unprofitable career of supporting this ramshackle affair called a Union.

Pendleton. How dear is it to you?

Hamilton. It should be more dear to me had it not fallen into the hands of atheistic demagogues such as Jefferson and Monroe. They love anything French, and they shall transport to these shores all the fury and envy let loose by the Revolution in France. Everything that we gave ourselves to establish shall be swept away in a tide of democratic passions.

Pendleton. *[coming closer to* Hamilton *and lowering his voice]* Every prop of stability shall indeed be kicked aside if Burr has his way.

Hamilton. Burr is no democrat. He is nothing by principle but everything by opportunity and convenience.

Pendleton. Yes! And he is now the first mover in a plan to have the New England states secede from the Union.

Hamilton. *[regards* Pendleton *for a moment silently]* I have heard some talk to that effect. But what would he personally gain thereby?

Pendleton. The opportunity of leading, of founding a new government with himself at its head and chief military officer for life. That's his plan. It has become the common talk in Tammany. If Burr succeeds in splitting this country into two, the Virginians shall certainly set up the southern states as an ape of France and they shall make war on the rest.

Hamilton. *[sits back roughly upon the sofa]* And Europe will pick our bones.

Pendleton. And Europe will pick our bones. Unless, General Hamilton, you save us.

Hamilton. I? I've been rejected by my own party. Half the Fed-

eralists blame me for attacking their man Adams. Besides a few friends, I have now no followers.

Pendleton. *[coming up close to* Hamilton] The Federalists will return to you. They will return to a man, and every man of this nation who loves order will join them. The time approaches.

Hamilton. What time?

Pendleton. Time of war. Be prepared to lead out an army of government troops against Burr and his confederates in the New England states.

Hamilton. Jefferson would never call on me.

Pendleton. He should have to. He will have no choice. You are the man chosen by Washington to put down the Whiskey Rebellion. And you are the man Adams was obliged to turn to, against his will, four years ago during the Pennsylvania insurrection. The country looks to you now only in moments of danger, but in danger no one else will satisfy.

Hamilton. *[after a moment's thought]* Let Jefferson find a Virginian.

Pendleton. None will do. Besides, if Burr does head the secession he will look to Federalists for his money. He's already begun to court your friends. Jefferson will see he must have a Federalist to oppose Burr so that the force shall be clearly national and not a party affair. Jefferson will recall your assistance in the 1800 election when you pulled Federalist votes away from Burr. He will call upon you for another such proof of selfless patriotism.

Hamilton. I doubt.

Pendleton. *[quite animated]* Yes. And you become again General-in-Chief. You shall lead troops into battle. [Hamilton *has become rapt as* Pendleton *concludes with his arm raised in a gesture of signalling a cavalry charge]*

Hamilton. Only last evening I was looking at the uniform I designed for the Inspector General. Complete with plume. Have you seen it? *[pulls the chord by the fireplace]* Adams called for four generals with the Inspector General over them all. You don't know, Nat, what it took to get me appointed—*[the door opens at right and the* Maid *enters inquiring* "Sir"] Mrs. Baines, would you just step into my study there and bring the round box on my desk. Thank you. [Maid *goes off right]* Adams wouldn't have it. Pickering reports his having said to Abigail that I was the most ambitious man in this country (which may have been true then) and the most "artful" (which has never been true. Compared to Aaron Burr I am an ingenue). Anyway, Adam's entire cabinet, all of whom were in my pocket, all desired that I should have the highest command after Washington. And then when Washington himself backed me, Adams gave up. The day I heard Washington had decided to support me I gave instructions for the design of the insignia of the Inspector General. [Maid *comes from right carrying a large hatbox]* Yes, that's it, Mrs. Baines. *[takes the box and removes the lid]* Yes, thank you. [Maid *goes off right]* White knee-breeches, white waistcoat with gold buttons, a blue coat with gold buttons and braid, and a cape of blue lined in scarlet. All surmounted by *[draws out a large, black cockade. A spectacular blue plume is affixed].* Magnificent, is it not?

Pendleton. *[taking the hat]* To be sure. *[After turning it about a little and appreciatively,* Pendleton *returns the hat to* Hamilton, *who muses on it]*

Hamilton. *[runs his finger along the plume]* One could lead a charge of horse into the mouth of hell with a good mount and such hat.

Pendleton. *[heartily and lightly]* I would follow.

Hamilton. It's strange though. I had the uniforms sent round to Washington, but what became of them I do not know. Washington never mentioned my designs. When finally we went on campaign we marched in old Continental uniforms. Rather drab old sacks. Much later this was returned to me with no explanation.

Pendleton. Brilliance of attire is not thought to befit the military of a free republic.

Hamilton. *[takes it in]* Pity.

Pendleton. And so it is.

Hamilton. *[after a moment, walking to window at left]* Do you know, Nat, when I was sixteen and left St. Vincent to sail to this country, I told my friend I must seek out a war. I was certain that only a war could give scope to my spirit and bring me fame. Just now, when I felt my blood run quicker, it occurred to me that that early conviction has never left me. I've bred children and lost them; I've enjoyed the devotion of the best of all wives; I've prospered a little; studied, helped conceive a frame of government and set it going; known some power, and kept most of my friends. But I've felt the blood run to my heart only those times when I had a charge of men in the face of an enemy. It's only then that the stakes are clear enough and dear enough for simple action. Every other undertaking is revision, compromise, scaling down, salvaging. This entire republic is a mere dilution of the strong wine I sought. The people love safety more than hard liberty and profit more than grandeur. They shall not produce great men, and, if chance breeds them, there's no place for their ambition. The Presidency is too brief and too weak for great efforts.

Pendleton. I do not ask you to exert yourself for this republic, such as it is. Act for yourself. Once men are roused, they may look about.

Hamilton. *[after a moment]* Mexico.

Pendleton. Mexico! The entire New World! And by sea who knows how far our hand may reach. There's grandeur!

Hamilton. *[turning half away]* If we give the world more than we take.

Pendleton. *[pursues until he faces* Hamilton *again]* We give a new order of human association: a public life fashioned by free and equal men taking thought together.

Hamilton. *[a shallow, brittle laugh]* Do you so describe Jefferson's new party, a demagogue holding sway over mechanics and backwoodsmen by stirring up their envy of the rich, while he holds the planters through their fear of their slaves?

Pendleton. *[shrugs]* Jefferson is an aberration. You will overcome him once you have put iron once again in your countrymen. You will overcome him by vote or by force. Did he not, while Governor of Virginia, run to the woods in fear of British regulars?

Hamilton. [laughs] Well, Nat, you bring me up to Jerusalem. But on what foal of an ass do I ride in my triumphal way?

Pendleton. *[laughs in his turn]* On Burr.

Hamilton. *[puzzled but alert]* Strange vehicle.

Pendleton. *[now serious]* At the right moment you will expose Burr and call for arms against him. But that is why you must take care now. I feared that you had flushed him too early and that Cooper's gossip was of the plot to secede.

Hamilton. That's impossible because at the time Cooper reports my attack on Burr I had not heard Burr took an interest in such a scheme.

Pendleton. Good. But nonetheless do you not see what Burr now intends against you?

Hamilton. Do you mean a challenge?

Pendleton. Precisely. For the sake of disposing of you, the one man he knows capable of blowing up his design. Be sure of it, a challenge is forthcoming, and on no account must you give thought of accepting it.

Hamilton. Indeed I would never think of accepting it.

Pendleton. *[in a lower voice]* Yet you must not seem to reject it.

Hamilton. *[begins to see the dilemma]* Ah!

Pendleton. Yes. If you accept there's every probability given Burr's marksmanship and experience—he hit your brother-in-law John Barker Church?

Hamilton. His coat.

Pendleton. He shall certainly take more careful aim this time if he's given the chance. I say if you accept, he stands good chance of ending your life, yet if you should refuse, he calls into highly public question your courage. Just the wrong time to have one's reputation impaired, on the eve of a struggle. At such a crisis reputation is everything. So you cannot accept, yet you must not appear to decline.

Hamilton. *[half-jesting]* How if I should accept and slay Burr?

Pendleton. John Church tells me though he had you practice you have never come near mark. Can you contradict Mr. Church? [Hamilton *says nothing]* Then my friend, you must be more effective as a leader than lethal as a marksman.

Hamilton. In any case it does not matter. On better grounds I would not in any event accept a challenge to a duel.

Pendleton. What? I thought you had in the past.

Hamilton. That was the past. Now I hope I've put away that pernicious vanity. It does not now sit well with my conscience.

Pendleton. *[after a pause, with an effort]* Did you not instruct your son to—

Hamilton. I did. And I consider the death of Philip a reproof to my worldliness.

Pendleton. Ah my good friend let me put case to you— [Elizabeth *re-enters somewhat hurriedly from right carrying an apron in one hand and another vase of cut flowers in the other]*

Elizabeth. *[as she goes to mantel and sets down the vase]* Excuse me, Alexander. There's a Mr. Van Ness to see you. He looks rather solemn. [Hamilton *and* Pendleton *start a little and exchange a look that* Elizabeth *takes note of. She looks from* Pendleton *to* Hamilton] Is not this Van Ness one of the Tammany men?

Hamilton. *[as* Pendleton *turns away]* Yes he is dear. Did he state his business?

Elizabeth. *[regards* Hamilton *closely]* He would not, other than to say he must see you privately. What business would you have with a Tammany man?

Hamilton. *[abstractedly]* Ah it's hard to say. Would you show him in dear? And . . . *[turning slightly toward* Pendleton] Nat has expressed his willingness to give me his opinion on Stower's plan for the carriage house. Could you show him the ground?

Pendleton. Should I wait for you to conclude with Van Ness?

Hamilton. That would be kind of you, Nathaniel.

Elizabeth. *[continues to regard her husband]* Alexander, you have promised this day to the family.

Hamilton. I shall be only a minute, my dear. *[as she hesitates a moment more]* Elizabeth, if you would [Hamilton *reaches for his wife's hand.* Elizabeth *takes her husband's hand after a moment, and hesitantly. She holds his gaze for an instant, then goes out right on* Pendleton's *arm meeting* Hamilton's *gaze a final time as she closes the door.* Hamilton *walks over to the mantel, extracts a rose from the vase that* Elizabeth *has just placed there, and is sniffing the flower as* Van Ness *enters, walks stiffly to center and fetches from his coat pocket a folded note.]*

Van Ness. *[clears his throat]* Mr. Hamilton.

Hamilton. *[replaces the rose in the vase and turns]* Mr. Van Ness. We have expected you.

Van Ness. *[other than raising his brows and glancing quickly about the room* Van Ness *evinces no surprise]* Pardon?

Hamilton. Good day to you, sir.

Van Ness. I'm afraid my business is not agreeable. I have the honor to bear you a message from Colonel Burr.

Hamilton. *[a trace of mock reverence]* From the Vice President.

Van Ness. Er—not in his capacity as Vice President, no sir. This is a matter between gentleman, *[amending with unconcealed irony]* in any event, a personal matter.

Hamilton. *[bristles]* Well, man—to it.

Van Ness. I believe this note sufficiently explains. [Hamilton *takes the note, puts on spectacles and reads]*

Hamilton. *[careful and formal]* You are aware this says you are to direct my attention to a phrase in a published letter? [Van Ness *produces from another pocket a newspaper clipping]*

Van Ness. *[handing the clipping to* Hamilton] The passage I have underscored.

Hamilton. *[reading aloud]* "For really, sir, I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." Is this the passage you are directed to call to my attention?

Van Ness. It is.

Hamilton. And the Vice President desires I should offer an explanation of it?

Van Ness. Sir, I pray you should not refer to Colonel Burr in his official capacity. The proceeding we may have occasion to enter upon, although honorable in the highest degree, may not be considered by all parties altogether in conformity with—ah—the law of the land.

Hamilton. *[stares for an instant at* Van Ness] I see. *[glances again at the note]* Mr. Burr has perceived of course that the language is ambiguous.

Van Ness. I am not at liberty to guess how the Colonel may regard the grammar of the piece.

Hamilton. But I mean who or what is despised by whom? *[offers the clipping to* Van Ness *who indignantly looks away]*

Van Ness. *[refusing to take the clipping]* I suppose Colonel Burr requires of you an explanation of the reference, not a literary critique, however highly he esteems your literary powers.

Hamilton. *[hard]* He "requires"?

Van Ness. I believe the note you have in your hand expresses with tolerable clarity the intents of the gentleman who indited it.

Hamilton. *[reads aloud from the other note]* Mr. Burr desires, *[amends with a slight bow to* Van Ness] requires "a prompt and unqualified acknowledgement or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant the assertions of Mr. Cooper." *[looks inquiringly of* Van Ness *who inclines in a slight, formal bow of assent.* Hamilton *continues wordlessly to question* Van Ness *who at last shows his impatience]*

Van Ness. Well, sir?

Hamilton. What "assertions" does he mean? *[holds out the letter]*

Van Ness. Mr. Hamilton, you are known to be a most imposing courtroom performer. Doubtlessly you have it in your capacity to embarrass me with your dialectical prowess. But really sir it is most unfair that you should so question me who am merely the conveyor of the message. Colonel Burr requires either an acknowledgement or a disavowal.

Hamilton. Burr knows I can scarcely disavow having said things that bear hard upon him over fifteen years of political rivalry. *[turns from* Van Ness, *walks to the mantel and creases the note abstractedly; turns back to face* Van Ness] No, I shall not be so easily trapped. I cannot comply with Mr. Burr's requirement.

Van Ness. [measured] Do you mean you will neither acknowledge nor disavow?

Hamilton. Yes, precisely that. The matter deserves more careful consideration. [Hamilton *turns back to the mantel again and summons a servant by pulling a cord.]*

Van Ness. [cooly] In that case, sir, I must bid you a good day and take my leave.

Hamilton. [as the maid opens the door at right] Good day, Mr. Van Ness.

Van Ness. [half-turned to go out] Ah, may I ask by what means will you in due course make your reply?

Hamilton. I shall write by Mr. Nathaniel Pendleton.

Van Ness. [bows] Once more sir, good day.

Hamilton. [bows] Good day. [Van Ness *goes off right, the maid closing the door after him. In a moment* Elizabeth *returns]*

Elizabeth. [closing the door behind her, she stands against it looking apprehensively at her husband] That was the same man who came to John Barker Church when Aaron Burr challenged him to a duel. It came back to me as I was in the kitchen just now.

Hamilton. I—do not recall.

Elizabeth. I do. Van Ness' appearance always signifies Burr's hand. Alexander, you must tell me what now passes between you and Burr.

Hamilton. Only another instance of the old struggle.

Elizabeth. What is it now?

Hamilton. The form has not yet become definite, the matter as always is politics.

Elizabeth. [turns away abruptly] No! I don't want to hear of it. Not yet again. *[turns back to* Hamilton] Why can you not leave Burr alone? Leave him to his small intrigues. Why do you pursue him into every dark corner his designs bring him to? Why can't you let him be?

Hamilton. [shrugs very slightly] Perhaps we share the same dark angel.

Elizabeth. Is the issue—grave?

Hamilton. It could become so. But I shall not let it.

Elizabeth. I must know the details.

Hamilton. [hesitates] Ah—

Elizabeth. It is my due! I've borne you seven children, shared with you the loss of the eldest, helped you (so you've said) in your successes, taken the disappointments with you . . . *[some anger]* borne one great disgrace . . .

Hamilton. [quickly] In the Albany paper Charles Cooper published a letter to your father in which Cooper makes vague reference to my having said of Burr something which Cooper characterized by the word "despicable."

Elizabeth. It sounds so . . . vague.

Hamilton. That's where the danger lies.

Elizabeth. What may come of it?

Hamilton. Depending on how the exchange is managed nothing or . . . the last extremity.

Elizabeth. How do you avoid giving further provocation?

Hamilton. I'm not sure.

Elizabeth. Not simply by disavowing Cooper?

Hamilton. Possibly.

Elizabeth. Well, disavow.

Hamilton. I'm not certain that is best.

Elizabeth. [alarmed] "Best"! Best for what? You cannot think of provoking a duel.

Hamilton. It may not be a question of provoking.

Elizabeth. Why then you cannot think of anything but of avoiding giving that man an occasion for calling you out. Surely you conceive no other purpose but preventing such a barbarity.

Hamilton. Of course.

Elizabeth. [misgiving] But you have exchanged challenges before.

Hamilton. I am not the man I was before. I am sincere in the religion I profess. I assure you Eliza by the faith we both revere, I abhor the cruel vanity of men slaying one another by an absurd and wicked code.

Elizabeth. [baffled] Then, wherein lies the difficulty of abiding the dictates of God and of your conscience?

Hamilton. Well, perhaps it will not be difficult.

Elizabeth. In any case, you are clear? You see clearly that you must not accept a challenge?

Hamilton. Yes, I see it clearly. *[they continue to meet each other's gaze]* Is Nat still waiting?

Elizabeth. I believe he is. He said he would wait until you had finished with Van Ness.

Hamilton. Will you send him to me?

Elizabeth. [hesitates] Will you put off Burr?

Hamilton. [simple and without hesitation] Yes. May I see Nat alone? Before you, he would be embarrassed to go over negotiations.

Elizabeth. [regards her husband carefully for a moment] I shall send him in. *[they touch fingertips briefly and* Elizabeth *goes off right. After the door closes upon his wife* Hamilton *produces the newspaper clipping from a coat pocket, scans it once again, takes* Burr's *note from another pocket, looks from note to clipping, then replaces both papers and removing the reading spectacles stands for a moment with head bowed. As* Pendleton *reenters,* Hamilton *slowly puts the spectacles in the pocket of his waistcoat.]*

Pendleton. [closing the door behind him] Van Ness walked right past me without seeming to notice I was there. You must have put a thought in his head. *[without replying,* Hamilton *hands* Pendleton *first the note, then the clipping. In taking the clipping* Pendleton *merely glances at it appearing to recognize the piece and returns to a more careful scrutiny of the note, holding out the clipping to* Hamilton *who pockets it once again.]* Acknowledge or disavow, he says.

Hamilton. Yes, quite clever, don't you think? A perfect cleftstick.

Pendleton. How do you see it?

Hamilton. If I acknowledge, the challenge promptly follows. On the other hand, Burr knows I cannot disavow for several reasons. First, on the face of it disavowal appears timorous. Second, what, in any event, am I to disavow? That I have brought severe censures against Burr to any number of men over several years many of which could be termed "despicable." That is, if the idea is to supply an adjective for the degree of villainy charged. But I cannot make such a disavowal without exposing myself to the charge of misrepresenting Burr's character in the first place, or of disloyalty to my friends and supporters who have acted upon my representations. Either way, I am destroyed in the trust I have earned with men of consequence.

Pendleton. It's Cooper's damnable ambiguity that has played into Burr's hand. I did not think he could have drawn the noose so tight.

Hamilton. Tight if I stick my neck in it, but I shan't. I shall sim-

ply refuse Burr's challenge.

Pendleton. Yes, but you must not say so.

Hamilton. Nay, but I shall.

Pendleton. *[clearly alarmed]* But I thought you understood! You must not flatly refuse to honor the challenge of a man who is generally thought of as a gentleman worthy of receiving and of issuing such challenges.

Hamilton. But I must reject him. Since I hold his code to be impious if not wicked.

Pendleton. But the code to which you refer is not held to be wicked by the generality of men, at least not by men of standing.

Hamilton. Perhaps not, but I cannot see that such a consideration ought to be decisive. My honor is my conscience. I shall not enter into his code duello.

Pendleton. *[turns to the window and after a moment again confronts* Hamilton] You must forgive me, my old friend if I put to you a question that has puzzled me awhile. This, uh, devout religiosity that has come upon you in recent years—has it occurred to you that this belated piety has something of a—well—of an ad hoc character?

Hamilton. *[laughs ingenuously]* Ah Nathaniel, you are much too shrewd for me.

Pendleton. *[laughs also but with an air of irony]* Well, but some of the more memorable public remarks of your younger days were—

Hamilton. As callow and ill-digested as those of any other raw youth fond of his own intelligence and finding skepticism a flashy blade with which to astonish his elders.

Pendleton. To be sure. Yet even after you settled into maturity as a property holder and family head, I cannot say I found you notable for your devotions.

Hamilton. Well, more's the pity.

Pendleton. But you see, my dear friend, it has seemed so to most men. Indeed I venture to say that for most of those who have observed you, it appears that you did not discover you were pious until—until it became so very clear that your great opponent Jefferson was a free thinker.

Hamilton. *[directly but not angrily]* You cannot think it!

Pendleton. Well, I confess some doubt that you know your own mind. Year before last you inform us that we must proceed to form in opposition to the Virginia Jacobins a Christian Constitutionalist Party. We should work to propagate New Testament brotherhood and the Federalist construction of the United States Constitution. The project did not go far despite your efforts—or, who knows, perhaps because of those efforts. For surely you have been told that your plan was resented by unimpeachably devout men who deemed you to be setting God's Word in service of party. Not to speak of an equal number of skeptics and atheists who held the same opinion but with a different valuation.

Hamilton. And you, Nat, are to be numbered in that faction?

Pendleton. Just now the issue is your belief, not mine. [Hamilton *indicates he will not press]* So, those who had no cause to be jealous on behalf of the honor of the Deity nonetheless resented the alliance just as keenly. They held the importation of religious sentiment to be an imposition and something of a concession to mechanics and store clerks.

Hamilton. *[still in good humor but peremptory]* Enough! Upon my honor, Nat, you could stand in well for a Spanish inquisitor. How should I reply? My faith I hope is as sincere as I know how to be. I believe that man is a fallen creature in need of divine grace. And I hope to be saved by the grace of the Son of God. My political convictions now follow my religion. Assuredly not the other way about. I do not know if my mere avowal suffices to satisfy your question—

Pendleton. *[meekly]* But of course it does.

Hamilton. But let me attest this faith a little by acting under it. You should do me a great favor by bearing to Mr. Burr the message that for whatever wrong I may have done him I repent it, and I shall not enter upon a challenge. Neither shall I give nor accept a challenge.

Pendleton. Do not ask me to bear such a message. I should not act the part of your friend if I made that reply!

Hamilton. Why?

Pendleton. It would ruin you as a public figure, and it would make Burr.

Hamilton. *[after a moment]* Nonsense, the matter is private.

Pendleton. Burr, or Van Ness on behalf of his chief, will make it public.

Hamilton. Well, then, publicly I can make known my principles.

Pendleton. They will not be perceived to be the motives that actually motivated you. Have I not just attempted to tell you in a kindly way that your professions of faith are not taken seriously?

Hamilton. *[takes fire]* Well the world be damned! What other motive can anyone impute?

Pendleton. *[hesitates one instant]* Failure of nerve.

Hamilton. *[incredulous]* "Failure of nerve"! I? I have never guarded my life!

Pendleton. I know it.

Hamilton. *[hotly]* And the world knows it. My reputation will ensure that my true motives are credited.

Pendleton. Men are disposed to believe the worst. They will believe the lower explanation if you do not confute them by a deed that cannot be explained away. Reputation is gnawed away by envy, by fear, even by pity. You keep what you've earned only by incessantly earning it anew. Otherwise, while they admit your former bravery, men will shake their heads and say, "poor Hamilton, he once gave everything, until middle age taught him to be careful."

Hamilton. *[obstinate but subsiding]* They cannot say so.

Pendleton. Indeed they shall. They will say you have changed. Have you not just maintained to me that in respect of the sincerity of your piety you are not the same man the world has known? Well, the world shall say the same—but in respect of a former courage now renounced.

Hamilton. *[goes to small table and regards the miniature portraits of the lairds]* I—may have to accept that consequence.

Pendleton. Can you?

Hamilton. *[after a moment]* Have you an alternative to propose?

Pendleton. Temporize.

Hamilton. What do you mean?

Pendleton. Protest the vagueness of the issue as Burr has posed it. Have me say that you cannot reply to Burr's demand because he has not said how much is comprehended in Cooper's remarks. Say that when he brings himself to specify, you will be prompt to acknowledge or to disavow. But that without his clarifying, you can do neither.

Hamilton. What's to be gained thereby?

Pendleton. At the least, time for careful working. And with time who knows what may intervene to blow up Burr's project? Most important, if Burr cannot specify—

Hamilton. *[interjecting]* But of course he cannot.

Pendleton. *[continues undisturbed in his train of thought]* If he can-

not specify and the proceedings stick at that point, you may ward off his challenge without having to refuse it.

Hamilton. *[a shiver of impatience and repugnance]* Ugh! I do not like the shuffling air of it.

Pendleton. You owe yourself some trouble—and for the sake of your friends. *[as* Hamilton *hesitates,* Angelica *reenters carrying a wicker basket on her arm and in her other hand the album. Both men turn to the girl presenting pleasant expressions and she places the album in* Pendleton's *hand]*

Angelica. *[to* Pendleton *as he takes the album]* Write.

Pendleton. *[uncomprehending but still smiling]* Write what, my dear girl?

Angelica. *[patient and as though lucid]* For my fête. Anything. *[offers basket to* Hamilton] Peaches. [Hamilton *reaches into the basket and takes a peach without removing his eyes from* Angelica] Philip sent them. [Pendleton *turns away,* Hamilton *passes his hand over his face but then takes* Angelica *by the hand]* And this will sustain you as you sail past Madagascar. *[reaches into the basket and presents her father with another peach]*

Hamilton. But where am I bound, Angelica?

Angelica. Cathay.

Hamilton. Ah! A year's voyage.

Angelica. I shall await your ship at the Battery.

Hamilton. *[tenderly]* Where is your mother?

Angelica. You must fetch him back.

Hamilton. Would you ask your mother to fill another basket with those splendid peaches? For Mr. Pendleton?

Pendleton. *[turns back]* Why thank you, Angelica. That would be most kind. [Pendleton *moves to take up his gloves as* Angelica *bows to him and goes off right]* Will you at least think over my advice today?

Hamilton. You know I would do as you wish were I not bound otherwise by my conscience. I am not free.

Pendleton. True. But you are now claiming a freedom you're not entitled to. *[as* Hamilton *makes a move to protest]* No, hear this last word. Then, if you are still resolved to deny any challenge, I shall bear to Burr whatever message you will. Will you hear me?

Hamilton. Say on.

Pendleton. My devotion to you, my old friend, is the one principle of my life I have never had occasion to question.

Hamilton. I hope I may prove worthy of that trust.

Pendleton. The only condition of that trust is that you do not repudiate yourself. *[at a slight pause from* Pendleton, Hamilton *makes a gesture indicating that he should continue]* As long as I have known you I have thought of you as representing the best this nation is capable of producing. In your career I conceive that I've found a proof of popular government. The essence of that proof is the demonstration that a man can serve this people yet remain a gentleman. You have not cheapened yourself in order to enjoy the favor of crowds, but you have done good for this country all the same. So you see, there's something more than personal in my concern for you. You must defend your reputation as a gentleman as much as your reputation as a patriot. The honor of a gentleman is only proved by his willingness to shed his own blood.

Hamilton. *[bitingly]* Accompanied by the demonstration of a willingness to break the law and to shed the blood of another.

Pendleton. If you do not offer such a proof, all of your past efforts already attacked by the demagogues will also be doubted by the better sort of men. They will think that in building a system to make life secure for tradesmen and mechanics you in time became more careful of yourself than a man of honor ought to be. You owe this country a better example, *[points to the miniature portraits]* you owe it to your fathers. [Hamilton *half turns to look down at the portraits and takes one up from the commode]* Will you at least speak with Rufus King? [Hamilton *looks up without replying but with interest]* Allow me to take the reply I've suggested and use the time to talk to King. You esteem Rufus as much as I do. To me he stands for the best of the men I would have you keep faith with. Send me with a temporizing message to Burr and allow me to send Rufus to you.

Hamilton. *[looks down again at the portrait, and then takes up again the plumed hat]* Deliver Burr the message you proposed. [Pendleton *bows and goes off right as* Hamilton *turns away to the window, still with the hat in his hand]*

Act II

Scene 1

Burr's *townhouse one day later.*

At rise Burr *and the* Countess *are seated on a low sofa in the same drawing room presented earlier. As the* Countess *holds her hair up with one hand and adjusts the collar of her bodice with the other,* Burr *rises from his place beside her. In his shirtsleeves and waistcoat he crosses to a chair at left and takes up the frockcoat that has been draped over the back.*

Burr. *[putting on the coat]* Well, perhaps we might reconsider the terms of our—ah—mutuality.

Countess. *[replacing a pin in her hair]* Yes, we were yesterday both of us perhaps too abrupt.

Burr. But you must understand the manners of this town are not greatly in advance of the country as a whole. And the nation has not yet acquired a degree of refinement sufficient to allow us the liberty of society. Hence my directness with you which in Paris would not be required.

Countess. Of course my dear *[with a certain edge returning]* and hence the vigor of my remonstrations with you—a promptness of resentment which in less provincial circumstances I should not for the world have thought to exhibit against my bantam gallant.

Burr. *[stares at the woman a moment then acknowledges without conviction]* Mmm, yes. *[takes out a long-stemmed pipe and begins to fill it from a tobacco pouch he takes from the side pocket of the coat]* Now at what point of my narrative did we . . . digress?

Countess. *[adjusting herself on the divan]* At the altercation between Mr. Hamilton and Mr. James Monroe.

Burr. So it was. Well, the story is further illustrative of the republican manners to which I just made reference. Mr. Monroe became an actor in the farce when he went with two congressmen to hear Hamilton's explanation of why he was paying hush money to a scoundrel like James Reynolds. This Monroe, my nonpareil, is just as cold a cuttle fish as you should ever have the misfortune to know. I doubt that even your inexhaustible capacity for stimulation would kindle so much as a glint in those stony eyes. So you can fancy with what embarrassment he confronted the realization that the corruption of office he had hoped to detect was not to be, but, instead, the unpromising corruption of mere human infidelity in its ageless and humiliating, but politically innocuous, form of simple adultery.

Countess. *[polite snort of bored amusement]* Do you have a bit of tobacco pray?

Burr. Not fine enough for your impeccable nostrils, Madame. *[drawing his pipe]* So Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, made one senator of that Great

Republic and two members of the House of Representatives thereof sit down for an hour to read over half a dozen half-illiterate, dull, and redundantly scurrilous love letters which, supposedly, had passed between Mr. Hamilton and Mrs. James Reynolds. All to prove that the great Hamilton was no thief of the United States treasury, but only of another man's wife! The husband, James, sought to blackmail the adulterer, Alexander, quite possibly with the collusion, if not indeed at the instigation, of the loosely-tethered Maria, his wife, if but in name.

Countess. One should think a challenge might pass between this—?

Burr. Reynolds.

Countess. Reynolds and Hamilton. But how Monroe?

Burr. Monroe's own meanness let him in for it. He appeared to accept Hamilton's sordid explanation of his dealings with Reynolds. Then, years later when the matter becomes public, he spreads it about that he had only left Hamilton with the impression that his story was believed!

Countess. Mon Dieu!

Burr. At this point Hamilton and his second John Barker Church meet Monroe and his second preparatory to issuing the challenge to a duel. But Monroe shifts about, makes some protestation of his acceptance of Hamilton's account, and the matter fizzles. But, *[holding up one finger]* our farce must have an epilogue.

Countess. Ah, you must let me have it, pet.

Burr. *[languidly clasps his hands behind his head]* Hamilton then took it into his head that the public at large must be brought to admit his honesty in office. And how should the public be brought to admit it? In no way save by the same disclosures that convinced—or should have convinced—Monroe and his congressmen. Nothing would do but that the wide world should read Maria's love notes to Hamilton and his to her. Yes! He published them in the only book ever credited to his sole authorship. Published not only his immorality but his ridiculously common taste—for the Reynolds woman was a public thoroughfare—and in the process assured the lasting humiliation of his own wife, a woman as fine as the best ever bred on these shores.

Countess. He subjects himself and his wife to disgrace only to prove his honesty in office?

Burr. Just so! She ought never forgive him, but he is clean in his accounts—or so he had hoped. As a matter of fact, he damned himself the one way without clearing himself in the other. Men who only suspected his adultery now had proof, and men who suspected he profited by his office still continued so to suspect him. But the episode demonstrated how much Hamilton will pay to safeguard his political fame. And for that same reason, he dare not deny me satisfaction in the present instance. *[measures the* Countess *with his spectacles]* You do not much care for these lessons in statecraft, do you milady?

Countess. *[settling a pillow languidly]* Not much, I confess it. *[enter from right the* Housekeeper]

Housekeeper. Mr. Van Ness, sir.

Burr. Show him in. *[As* Countess *makes sure of her buttons and* Burr *relights his pipe,* Van Ness *enters from right, the* Housekeeper *departing]*

Van Ness. *[a cursory bow to* Countess] Should we converse in private?

Burr. It cannot be worth the trouble, madame knows enough of our project to be more dangerous in her conjectures than in knowledge.

Countess. *[evenly]* Diminutive bastard!

Burr. *[unimpassioned]* Whore of Babylon! *[as* Van Ness *looks on a little startled,* Burr *and the* Countess *exchange little bows of mutual acknowledgement]*

Van Ness. Very well. Hamilton equivocates.

Burr. In what fashion?

Van Ness. Pendleton has just given me a note in which Hamilton says that without your further specifying the grievances, he can neither acknowledge nor disavow.

Burr. This is mere paltering.

Van Ness. I should say so.

Burr. I expected better of Hamilton.

Countess. Why? A man who would insult his wife as you just told me he did—

Burr. *[icily]* Moral indignation does not become you, my dear, you tend to bray. [Countess *shows her teeth, but does not otherwise reply]* Let me see his note.

Van Ness. *[handing the note]* Pendleton, of course, will be advising Hamilton.

Burr. *[scanning the note]* How many others have been informed?

Van Ness. I do not know. From Hamilton I suspect no others—

Burr. *[perceiving the significance of* Van Ness' *intonation and emphasis turns to* Countess *but still without looking up from the note]* Have you yet had opportunity to inform your acquaintances?

Countess. *[wrenches away]* Hang yourself.

Burr. *[to Van Ness]* From observing him could you discern anything further of Hamilton's intent?

Van Ness. I would say he was shaken when he read the note. Though he recovered his color tolerably well.

Burr. Did he raise the question of the law?

Van Ness. No.

Burr. Did you encounter Mrs. Hamilton?

Van Ness. She saw me come and go.

Burr. But Hamilton did not have her by when you delivered my message?

Van Ness. She was not present.

Burr. That is good. Although I am still concerned that Hamilton might inform her. He has disappointed me twice now and I begin to misdoubt his delicacy in points of honor. You recall Hamilton eventually relented when he might have pressed Monroe, and in that altercation with Commodore Nicholson at the time of Jay's treaty he showed himself somewhat too ready to accept an explanation.

Van Ness. Perhaps so. But what has that to do with his wife?

Burr. You have not heard the story of the Earl of Poulett and the Duke of Marlborough? *[to* Countess] This will answer to your taste for the piquant, ma chere.

Countess. You are as copious as a gazette.

Burr. Your only chronicler of the century. Well. Just after he returned from his wars in the low countries, Marlborough was assailed by Poulett for misuse of the Queen's troops. After a time, challenges were exchanged and the time and place of the interview were set. Having reconsidered, Poulett found himself not up to it. Yet, rather than retract, he had recourse to an expedient employed now and then by peaceable fellows who would have the world think them brave. He let the affair slip to his wife who saved Poulett by making sure the authorities knew of the impending interview. Marlborough was obliged by the Secretary of State to accept a composition. *[relights his pipe]* I'm surprised, William, to find you unacquainted with the story.

Van Ness. I should think the more pertinent consideration is whether Hamilton has heard the story.

Burr. *[smiling]* I learned it from him. *[pats* Van Ness *on the cuff]*

Anyway, Poulett's finesse has earned him a certain notoriety and has occasioned an unwritten addition to the code of the duel.

Van Ness. To wit: a gentleman is and ought to be disgraced by the intervention of his wife and thus no true man shall in this particular take his wife into his confidence.

Burr. Precisely. You have a genius for inference.

Van Ness. Hamilton must not be allowed to make his escape by that door.

Burr. We cannot positively prevent the attempt. But if we are troubled by a sheriff or a justice you must let it be universally known that Hamilton applied to his wife rather than to his nerve.

Van Ness. And certainly I shall.

Burr. *[to* Countess] And you, my ladyship, shall assist. I know I can count upon your zeal for propagating. That is to say, for propagating the truth.

Countess. *[petulant]* I'll turn it over.

Burr. *[irreverent]* "Turn over" do you say?

Countess. *[angry]* I'll think about it.

Burr. Oh, I am certain you can do much better. You perform prodigies.

Countess. Go to hell.

Burr. "Is Saul too among the prophets." Alas and alack . . . [Burr *attempts to kiss the* Countess *on the cheek but fails as she averts her head. He takes her hand, kisses it, and shrugs as, after an instant, she pulls away with unconvincing hauteur]*

Burr. *[to* Van Ness] I shall have to write an answer to Hamilton's note. The object is to bring on the challenge as soon as may be and cut through these disagreeable delays.

Van Ness. The longer Hamilton delays, the greater the likelihood that someone should intervene on his behalf. He knows that, we know it, and he knows we know it.

Burr. Then this is what we shall say: it is not for me to determine in what precise particulars I have been slandered. Rather, it is necessary that Hamilton signify clearly whether or no he takes responsibility for the harm already done me. If you have occasion for further conversation with Hamilton you must stress that I judge the harm to be a thing already inflicted—that will tighten our grip on him.

Countess. Or his upon you.

Burr. *[ignoring the woman's remark]* And to throw another grapnel on our prize, let us add one line more to the effect that his letter has furnished me with new reasons for requiring a definite reply.

Van Ness. Still, now that fright has stirred him, the definite reply may be to disavow. Then you shall see your prize raise sail on sail and fly away.

Burr. *[pauses a few moments to think, idling the time by standing behind the* Countess *undoing one of the elaborate curls of her coiffure]* Then we must be sure that a disavowal should inflict disgrace.

Countess. *[pulls away from* Burr's *irreverent doodling upon her hair and walks to a mirror at left where she attempts to repair the damage]* You are a cool one, sir. You are bound and determined to ruin General Hamilton.

Burr. *[evenly]* No, my dear, he need not suffer ruin. To avoid ruin lies in his hands *[approaches* Countess *from behind and fastens one button at the tip of her collar.* Van Ness *discreetly turns away]* I am only bound to slay him. [Burr's *and the* Countess' *eyes meet in the mirror, she displaying fright.* Van Ness *turns back to face* Burr] So William, let us phrase it in such a way that Hamilton cannot disavow without disavowing everything for which he stands.

Van Ness. He stands for nothing so much as unremitting opposition to Aaron Burr.

Burr. Precisely. And so let us call for nothing less than a disavowal of every attack that has given teeth to that opposition. Here. *[taking up paper and dipping a pen]* In view of the impossibility of turning up the particular trash imparted to Cooper let us pose the question in its most lethal form. *[writes]* Yes. *[after approving the sketch, hands the paper to* Van Ness. *The* Countess *tries to read just as* Van Ness *rises]*

Van Ness. *[reciting as though to test the words by sounding them]* "The question is whether you have authorized my dishonor by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to my honor." Yes. This is pretty much a summary of Hamilton's career.

Burr. He cannot perceive it otherwise. The world will so perceive it. And he knows his followers will so perceive it. Can you return in an hour for the full message?

Van Ness. *[taking his hat]* You must leave him no uncertainty. You must give him to know that you and every public man shall consider disavowal under these conditions to be the same as total remorse and promise of penance.

Burr. That is for you to make clear to him, William. Do you think you can?

Van Ness. *[bows]* I shall. [Burr *sees* Van Ness *to the door right. Turns slowly back to* Countess]

Burr. It is possible, my dear, that you have just witnessed the conception of a new nation.

Countess. Let us hope it is the only conception I've witnessed today.

Burr. *[laughs drily]* Why? Caesar must have his heir.

Countess. *[raises her hand to ward off]* No, by this hand!

Burr. Not by your hand to be sure. *[pours two glasses of wine]* Ah, well, perhaps I may find fruit of my loins elsewhere.

Countess. You are famed for having spawned throughout New England.

Burr. If half the slanders were true, I should have my army from my own begetting. But, alas, I need a party all the same. *[handing a glass to the* Countess] So Colonel Hamilton's old party must serve. They have grown tired of his blunders and now begin to cast their eyes on me. On Washington's birthday last they received my overtures quite warmly. Should you care to be Queen of New England?

Countess. *[snorts]* The title would prove the best part of the job I fear.

Burr. *[raises his glass]* Nonetheless, I propose the toast I raised to the Federalists: "To the Union of all honest men."

Countess. With honest women?

Burr. And with their loins. *[As the lights dim,* Burr *and the* Countess *clink glasses]*

Scene 2

Early evening of June 19. Hamilton's *drawing room as arranged in Act One Scene 2. The double doors at right are open and as* Hamilton *enters from right sounds of a party can be heard with notes of a clavichord in the background. The tall hat box is still seen on the desk at center.*

Hamilton. *[speaks over his shoulder as he enters]* As soon as Mr. King has spoken with Angelica, please ask him to step in here. *[closes the double doors muting the festive sounds, notes the hatbox on the desk and takes out the plumed cockade. After a moment* Hamilton *replaces the hat without having placed it on his head. He takes up a pen and a book from the desktop and removing a slip of paper tipped into the book begins jotting upon the scrap. After a time, as*

Hamilton *continues to write,* Rufus King *enters unannounced.* King, *a man of middle height, florid complexion, and slightly balding, wears frockcoat and small clothes and in dress and gestures bespeaks more weight than either* Pendleton *or* Van Ness]

King. *[speaks with a Maine accent and with something of the terseness for which people from that region are known]* You are sketching another book?

Hamilton. *[setting down the pen]* Rufus, welcome. *[the two men clasp hands]* Thanks for coming.

King. *[points to book and paper still in* Hamilton's *left hand]* You work even through your daughter's fête?

Hamilton. No. I'm listing those of the Federalist numbers that were from my hand. I've intended to do so for some time now. You or Pendleton can check them against John's recollection—and Madison's, if he still deems himself on speaking terms with us.

King. *[becoming quite grave]* If you speak to me as though I might serve as your executor, I must conclude that the matter is fully as grave as Nathaniel gave me to believe. You are then pursuing a duel with Aaron Burr?

Hamilton. I'm pursuing every possible alternative to such an outcome. But his last correspondence leaves me little room to maneuver.

King. To what point has he brought it?

Hamilton. Pendleton gave you the gist of the first exchange?

King. Burr quotes the fool Cooper against you—you require a more specific grievance. That's what I have from Nathaniel.

Hamilton. Two hours ago Van Ness delivered Burr's reply. He refuses to specify but instead stipulates that a disavowal must cover everything said against him that might impeach his honor.

King. *[without irony]* That's everything.

Hamilton. Very near.

King. From that fact Burr gets leverage.

Hamilton. Considerable leverage. The more so in that he knows I must see it in the same light as he himself.

King. The care with which he selects the occasion and composes his demands argues a premeditated wrath.

Hamilton. Premeditated to the last grimace.

King. Further temporizing would be awkward.

Hamilton. Impossible, I agree.

King. Well then, do you seek my advice?

Hamilton. I always welcome your advice, Rufus. Although I ask you here principally to beg some favors. *[at a sign from* Hamilton *both men sit.* King *on the divan;* Hamilton *brings over his desk chair]*

King. *[not unkindly]* Favors first, advice, maybe, thereafter.

Hamilton. Nothing but a national calamity can revive my political credit. You are therefore the proper leader of the Federalist party.

King. What's left of it. And if Burr does not steal it away from us.

Hamilton. The favor I would ask of you bears upon that danger.

King. Ayeh.

Hamilton. First, how certain are you that Burr plots a secession of New York and the New England states?

King. *[growing more animated as he proceeds]* As certain as I am that I sit here. I have it from men of our party that are sympathetic to the idea and want me in. They are fed up with Jefferson and his Virginia Jacobins. They want to know their property is secure. They hate the whole breed of slaveholding, France-worshipping, atheistic, democratic flatters that have destroyed good order in this country. They want to see our party revived in a new nation free from the taint of the South.

Hamilton. *[after a moment laughs]* I believe I've just heard a friend of that cause. You surprise me, Rufus.

King. *[uncomfortable]* Ah General, I'm splitting my heart on this rock. I've fought men who've proposed no more than I've just said. But lately I've found less and less to oppose to the idea. The thought of giving this Union to Virginia slavers galls me so sore that I'd sooner see it divided.

Hamilton. Then why have you held yourself out of the counsels of those who would break off New England?

King. Doubt of success, hatred of Burr. *[rising]* I tell you sir, nothing will satisfy that man but the throne of God!

Hamilton. He could defend his new creation though. The one virtue I would not deny him is courage—at least in his own cause.

King. I wouldn't trade a Virginia demagogue for a New York tyrant. *[turning to* Hamilton *and approaching quite close]* But I would pledge my life's blood to the right man. [Hamilton *receives this silently staring back at* King] Yes, you are the man. You could found a new nation and defend it.

Hamilton. *[suddenly rising goes to window at left]* You are not serious.

King. Face me. [Hamilton *turns back to* King] You can see that I am serious.

Hamilton. *[after a hesitation]* I am not your man.

King. You know that you are.

Hamilton. What have I said that would lead you to think I might join such a purpose?

King. All that you have ever said. All that you've done. Hear me out. My father had six slaves on his estate in Maine. They were as well-treated as members of the family. But I quarreled with my father from the time I could make a quarrel arguing that he should set them free. And before my father was well-buried I had signed the papers and beaten them off my land. Every slave means two ruined men: himself and his master. I follow you because you've set this country on a course that will abolish slavery by encouraging free men to work and to love governing themselves. You found this country on the point of destroying itself by freedom run to wildness and sloth. You and Washington put freedom under law and gave us order and energy and prosperity. That's why I'm a Federalist.

Hamilton. The party you so nobly extol is doomed.

King. You can transform a doomed party into a new nation. A nation all of free men equal under the law. And—

Hamilton. You're dreaming.

King. And, my dear Hamilton, a nation composed all of freemen will offer other opportunities for men of spirit. It will be a nation of soldiers—every citizen bred up in arms. We shall not then be subject to the humiliations lately inflicted by the powers of Europe. The leaders of a nation under arms could take their place with the great men of the Old World. They would figure in every chronicle of the race.

Hamilton. *[musing]* There would certainly be war. With the South and with others.

King. And with war, vigor, industry, courage . . . glory!

Hamilton. Some grief.

King. Ayeh. But ultimately we liberate the entire New World from Spain. *[after a moment, places his hand on Hamilton's shoulder]* And who knows, perhaps we shall liberate the Old World from itself.

Hamilton. You should awaken yourself my old friend.

King. You should be President-for-Life and Commander-in-Chief.

Hamilton. [about to speak falls silent and turns away] No. *[but without positive conviction]*

King. You could be another Caesar. But more magnificent. Have you not said Caesar was the greatest man who ever lived?

Hamilton. [continues to gaze out the window] When I said so, I was—dreaming.

King. [ignoring or oblivious to the qualification] But more magnificent. Caesar destroyed a republic to make an empire. You can bring republican principles to the world. *[as* Hamilton *remains silent and continues to gaze out the window]* Give the word and the best men of New England will put aside Burr and follow you. Burr shall be crushed forever and aye and Jefferson *[laughs capaciously]* Jefferson will befoul himself with fright and flee to Monticello. [Hamilton *laughs]* Will you say the word?

Hamilton. [his laughter subsides and he holds King's *gaze for two or three seconds]* No. *[a small silence follows as neither man averts his eyes]*

King. [keeping himself very still] I've not known you to play a coy maid scene before. Am I supposed to entreat?

Hamilton. [simply] No.

King. [relaxes with one long restrained sigh] You said you had a favor to ask me.

Hamilton. I want you to help prevent any scheme to have the Northern states secede.

King. [after an instant laughs mirthlessly] Ha! You refuse my prayer that you lead a secession by asking me now to scotch the whole affair? Back out on Pickering, Sedgwick and all our friends?

Hamilton. Secession is treason.

King. "Treason"! To stand apart from Jefferson and his Virginia cabal?

Hamilton. Treason to the work we've taken in hand Rufus. *[now* King *turns indignantly to stare out the window]* I've led out troops against insurrections against this nation. You and I have worked in every way to lessen the power of these states. We've shored up the national government by every device invention could contrive. Our lives have been given to bringing strength and something like justice out of the small passions of men who think only of their near interests. Secession means betrayal of all that we have given ourselves for.

King. I did not work for a strong national government so as to give Jefferson an engine for his demagoguery. He wants to level everything.

Hamilton. We are agreed that the disease of this nation is democracy. But the cure is just the opposite of what you have supposed. The cure is union not secession.

King. How when union only feeds the power of Jefferson's democrats? He has set this nation to worship the evil genius of Equality. Equality, the arch enemy of the moral world! Equality that seeks its level by degrading what knowledge and virtue have elevated! Shall every decent man be ground down between the unwise principles of the Jeffersons and the no principles of the Burrs? *[the doors open letting in the sounds of the party as the* Maid *announces,* "Mr. Pendleton, sir"*]*

Hamilton. [looks quizically to King *who returns the expression]* Please show him in, Mrs. Baines. *[the* Maid *goes off and soon after returns bringing with her* Pendleton *dressed much like he was in the earlier scene and again carrying his gloves which he holds up to the retreating* Mrs. Baines *who ignores him closing the double doors behind her]* Good to see you, Nathaniel.

Pendleton. [hand clasps all around] General. Rufus, I thought to find you here. I'm glad. [Pendleton *shows some confusion as he looks from one to the other, evidently uncertain how far* King *has been taken into* Hamilton's *confidence.]*

Hamilton. We have been discussing the exigency posed by Mr. Burr.

King. [hurriedly] Do you bring news of a development?

Pendleton. Nothing promising. Burr has sent no further messages and from Van Ness I am told that the last allows no latitude of interpretation. When I asked Van Ness for a restatement of Burr's latest requirement he said it meant that the General must disavow having said anything that might impair Burr's honor.

King. Burr is making certain that no explanation can be offered.

Pendleton. That is obviously his intent. And I should say he has succeeded. *[an awkward silence]* You have sounded the General?

King. Ayeh. He refuses, he says—

Hamilton. Gentlemen, you meet here by prearrangement do you not?

Pendleton. No. *[Speaking simultaneously]*

King. Of course. [Pendleton *shrugs, turns away]*

Hamilton. I'm not your man to lead a secession of New England states. I am your man for preventing such a calamity as far as it lies with me to prevent it. *[turning to* Pendleton*]* I was just attempting to persuade Rufus to assist in urging Federalists to repudiate the scheme.

Pendleton. As far as I'm concerned, the idea loses half its attractions if you are not the guiding spirit.

King. I counted on you for better persuasion, Nathaniel. *[to* Hamilton*]* General Hamilton—

Hamilton. [to King*]* Secession would only open the way to the intrigues of the European powers. We do not want to be subjects again to the King of England or to the mock republic of France.

King. We can fight them and Jefferson too. Nay, Jefferson won't fight.

Hamilton. The constitution we now have is the best cure for the evils we all fear. A strong President, a responsible and stable Senate, respect for law—these are cures for envy and equality. But to have them we must have good Federalists. We must preserve what is left of the Federalist party and make that remnant the guardian of the Constitution.

Pendleton. A remnant, that we are.

King. [bitter] A little bit of leaven for Virginia dough. Is that what we've come to, General? Is that what you're proposing we settle for?

Hamilton. The better men are always few, Rufus. Do you think we would ever capture the hearts of the people?

Pendleton. Remember Dallas' warning: "No party so high it cannot fall, no party so low it cannot rise." Politics is a changeable affair.

Hamilton. Changeable it is. Yet I suspect no party shall come to power henceforth that is not some version of Jefferson's party.

King. God what a prospect!

Pendleton. For once I'm glad I'm not young.

King. There's more honor in dying by the wall!

Pendleton. You'll have no chance for such glory, Rufus. The people of New England itself will not follow us.

King. They would follow Hamilton.

Hamilton. You delude yourself, Rufus. I know better. For-

tunately the scheme will never find the support it needs to carry through because it is wrong. But if you would try it, you must either lead yourself, or place yourself under Burr.

Burr. I cannot lead, and I shall never serve Jefferson's Vice-President.

Hamilton. Not even against Jefferson?

King. *[after a moment]* Not though it should send to perdition all of Virginia.

Hamilton. Then you must go further and break up the scheme.

Pendleton. If we do not nurse the plan along, it dies of itself.

Hamilton. We can't be certain of that. If the plan goes forward, when it fails it will bring the Federalist party into disgrace. Moreover, Burr will use the plot to steal the party for himself. If you do not want to raise up Burr you must strangle his monster in its infancy. Follow me, or follow Burr.

Pendleton. Burr must be destroyed.

King. What would you have me do?

Hamilton. Visit Sedgewick in Boston. I'll write to him also. Then Bayard in Delaware, eventually you must see Pickering. I'll make sure of Morris and Jay. Nathaniel will help me in the city. *[the same thought seems to strike all three men as they fall silent.* Pendleton *turns aside to the window but* King *continues to face* Hamilton]

King. *[in a low voice]* That is the favor you said you wanted to ask? [Hamilton *nods]* I'll do it. *[again a pause]* But you must deal with the Vice-President.

Hamilton. I am thinking how best to do so.

King. Burr has appeared to be dead before and has brought himself back to life.

Hamilton. Recovery is his genius.

Pendleton. *[turns back but stays by window]* As with a cat, the resiliency owes to lack of principle.

King. This time he must stay down. Confound it, Mr. Hamilton! Have you never hit anything with a gun? *[both* Pendleton *and* Hamilton *laugh]*

Hamilton. Perhaps if we trundled up naval guns charged with grapeshot. [Pendleton *laughs again.* King *does not]*

King. *[pensively]* Still pistol and ball is so unpredictable. There's always the chance. You must stipulate close range. Ten paces. Mind you, ten paces.

Hamilton. *[calmly]* But Rufus, surely Nathaniel told you I am resolved not to accept a challenge.

King. I trust you will reconsider that hasty and ill-advised resolve.

Hamilton. Neither is it hasty nor adopted upon anyone's advice. It is my settled determination and taken after much thought.

King. *[abruptly]* Then you are reconciled to losing your party to Burr?

Hamilton. *[surprised and hurt]* You mean he can take it from me at gunpoint?

King. I mean that among men whose good opinion is worth having only two qualities are indispensable: courage and honor. Once these are questioned men will not undertake any risks on your behalf. When you can no longer bring men to take risks for your principles, you no longer lead. If you are known to have declined a proper challenge you will bring yourself under question.

Hamilton. *[drily]* It appears that you and Nathaniel are in remarkable accord.

Pendleton. *[hurriedly]* Rufus nor I question your firmness.

Hamilton. *[somewhat bitterly]* But you are certain other men shall.

King. A Jefferson could decline to no man's surprise nor censure.

Pendleton. *[to* Hamilton] What do you expect from your countrymen?

Hamilton. If I accepted Burr's challenge, I would not fire at him.

Pendleton. *[exasperated]* That is self-destruction. *[turns in disgust back to window]*

King. *[after a moment]* This also is a settled resolve?

Hamilton. I have proved it with blood more precious than my own.

King. *[abruptly and decisively]* Then will you commit that resolve to writing? [Pendleton *turns back obviously astonished and* Hamilton, *also surprised, stares for a moment at* King]

Hamilton. Of course I would. I would owe it to myself, and to posterity to correct what, without such explanation, would seem to endorse lawlessness and impiety.

King. You should see now how to be certain of Burr's destruction.

Pendleton. *[as* Hamilton *takes his own counsel]* What do you mean?

King. *[speaking only to* Hamilton] Write out a full statement saying that your religious principle does not allow your taking the life of your adversary. Therefore, although you will face Burr and hazard his fire you will not fire upon him. You must nevertheless try to slay him. *[both* Hamilton *and* Pendleton *express incredulity]* No, hear me out! You must try to slay Burr. If you succeed, destroy the note. If you do not hit him but survive his fire, then your friends may publish the statement without your taking a hand in it. It would ruin Burr and endear you both with those who honor duels and with those who condemn bloodshed.

Hamilton. Come, Rufus!

King. *[brushes the interruption aside]* If, on the other hand, you—do not survive, the world will condemn Burr. He may even be charged with murder. Certainly he will be ruined as a public figure.

Pendleton. *[speculatively]* You would either destroy Burr outright, or destroy him as a public figure.

Hamilton. Gentlemen, am I to understand that my carcass may be as dear to you as me alive so long as it serves to destroy Burr?

Pendleton. General!

King. *[quietly]* That's unfair old friend. I advise you to practice your marksmanship, stipulate close range, and fire first. It is you who have boasted of wasting your fire.

Hamilton. "Boasted"!

King. Pride is also a transgression against divine ordinance, if I remember, as also is wilful self-destruction. You sir, are resolved upon wrong. I'm only attempting to salvage some good from the waste you're bent upon.

Hamilton. But Rufus by God! What you propose is dishonorable.

King. If it be dishonorable to save your party and your country.

Hamilton. *[appealing]* Nathaniel?

Pendleton. *[discovers firmness and takes a step toward* Hamilton] Desperate ills require any remedy.

Hamilton. Gentlemen this I shall say only once again. So, as you are my friends, accept my word, and do not try to sway me. I shall not fire upon Burr. *[a lengthy pause as* King *bows his head and* Pendleton *painstakingly inspects his gloves]*

King. *[very quietly and hesitantly]* Does that mean you refuse to—face him?

Hamilton. *[as* King's *intent becomes clearer to him]* What?

King. *[getting through it all at one go]* And to write out the statement?

Hamilton. Will you go so far as to urge me to the course you characterized as wilful self-destruction?

Pendleton. Not I! For God's sake Rufus! Say you do not.

King. *[after allowing a certain time to elapse]* No, of course I suggest no such thing. *[this said in a monotone]*

Pendleton. Do not think it, General. [Hamilton *and* King *are facing each other as the* Maid *opens one of the double doors and tentatively interrupts]*

Maid. Excuse me, sir. Mrs. Hamilton asks should I cut the cake?

Hamilton. Please go ahead. And tell Mrs. Hamilton I shall be in directly.

Maid. *[departing]* Yes, sir.

Pendleton. We had best take our leave, Rufus.

King. *[sadly]* Ayeh.

Hamilton. *[as the two other men come together]* My wife already suspects the reason for your recent visits.

King. I'm sorry.

Hamilton. Any further communications must be shielded from her.

King. Is there need of further communication?

Hamilton. Burr's last note must be answered. Will you be able to leave immediately for Massachusetts to appeal to Sedgewick?

King. *[hesitates]* I—am not certain that will be advisable.

Hamilton. How do you mean?

King. *[looking away from* Hamilton] The two concerns stand or fall together.

Hamilton. You can be clearer, Rufus.

King. If it becomes public knowledge that you refuse Burr's challenge, I doubt that other Federalists will follow you and discard an agreement already in the making.

Hamilton. Why, you must convince them then!

King. *[turns to face* Hamilton] I don't think I could. I'm not sure I could carry conviction.

Hamilton. Ah! Does that mean you could not be altogether convinced yourself? *[instead of answering, after a second* King *turns away to the low table and idly fingers the miniature portraits.* Hamilton *turns to* Pendleton] And you, Nathaniel?

Pendleton. *[mutters as he also bows his head with embarrassment]* I would try to do whatever you ask of me . . . but—*[trails off with a gesture of discouragement]*

Hamilton. *[quietly]* So. I see. *[goes to the desk and stands with hand on the desktop and head bent]* You must allow me to consider my decision. *[both men now watch* Hamilton *intently]* My decision never to fire upon an opponent is irrevocable. Still, I may consent to accept his challenge. If I do, Nathaniel will deliver my note saying that I cannot respond to Burr's demand for explanation or disavowal and must therefore stand the consequences. That letter I have already written. *[takes a sheet of paper from a drawer of the desk, creases it and hands it to* Pendleton *who, without taking his eyes off* Hamilton's *face, places it in his inside pocket]* You will not deliver that letter unless I signify that you should. We must have no further meetings here that would alarm my wife.

Pendleton. How then will you signify if you choose to have the letter delivered?

King. And the other letter? The declaration of your intent to throw away your fire . . . ?

Pendleton. *[a pause]* You owe an account to those who have reposed their trust in you. You owe posterity.

King. *[as* Hamilton *still hesitates]* If you will not kill Burr, you must render him powerless.

Hamilton. *[takes up the plumed hat and turns it in his hands]* Nathaniel, you must come by this house tonight when you take your evening walk. If I decide to have you deliver the letter inviting Burr's challenge, I shall place this hat in the window.

King. *[relentlessly]* Shall the sign further assure us that you have written out the statement? [King *bends to the decanter and takes out its stopper]*

Hamilton. If I face Burr, and if the worst ensues, you will know soon enough of the statement you desire.

King. *[suggestive but not heavy-handed]* Yet with the assurance of it, I should carry more . . . conviction to Sedgewick and the others.

Hamilton. *[after a time]* Very well.

King. *[restrained but insistent as he pours wine into three glasses]* Then, if Nathaniel sees the hat he will know that the statement has been recorded and is . . . available?

Hamilton. *[taking up the plumed hat with his head bowed]* If he sees this hat, he will know that I've left the statement for your use.

King. *[handing a glass of wine to* Pendleton, *then to* Hamilton] I shall set out tomorrow morning as soon as I've heard from you. *[all three ponder their glasses a moment]*

Hamilton. *[looking to* King *then* Pendleton] If the three of us should meet again, let us hope the occasion be to celebrate the perpetuation of the Union.

Pendleton. And indeed we certainly shall meet again.

King. And so I do hope.

Hamilton. *[continues to hold his glass without drinking]* I wonder if our old toast is altogether appropriate at this moment.

King. Nothing could be more appropriate.

Hamilton. *[after a pause]* Then—To the union of all honest men.

King. "To the union of all honest men." *[touches* Hamilton's *glass,* Pendleton *raises his glass to theirs. The double doors are opened a crack and the* Maid *just sticks in her head tentatively]*

Maid. *[hesitantly]* Sir?

Hamilton. Yes, Mrs. Baines. I was coming just now. *[a bow to* King *and* Pendleton] Gentlemen. [Hamilton *goes off right, the* Maid *stepping aside for him and holding the door. The lights dim as she closes the double doors and as* Pendleton *and* King *turn toward each other with grave but otherwise impassive expressions. They do not raise their glasses a second time]*

Scene 3

Same setting as previous scene, toward dusk of the same day. Angelica's *party is breaking up, and one hears from offstage voices of guests taking their leave. After the voices subside,* Hamilton *and* Angelica *enter from right.*

Hamilton. *[turning back in the doorway at right as* Angelica *continues into the room]* Mrs. Baines, we shall want lights in a half-hour. *[turns back to* Angelica *and takes both her hands in his]* Well, my Lady, Angelica, was your party a success?

Angelica. Papa, you should have seen my aunt pretend she was you.

Hamilton. Which of your aunts?

Angelica. Aunt Angelica Church. She made herself swell up like a bantam rooster and said she were you.

Hamilton. *[laughs]* I hope then she did justice to my fine comb *[tosses his head]* and my brave voice o' the morning. Did she sing?

Angelica. No, Papa.

Hamilton. Your Aunt can sing with the best of this country. You should make her sing for you some day.

Angelica. Will you ask her for me?
Hamilton. *[dropping his daughter's hands, searches in his pocket]* Certainly.
Angelica. Will you come earlier to my next party?
Hamilton. Yes, Angelica, I most certainly shall be more prompt. *[takes from an inside pocket a ring]* I hope you will think of your father when you wear this dinner ring. *[slips the ring on* Angelica's *finger]*
Angelica. *[looks briefly at the ring but makes no acknowledgement of the gift]* I do not much admire Charles Lansing.
Hamilton. *[abstractedly]* He is rather a tepid young man is he not. *[kisses* Angelica]
Angelica. He betrayed Philip.
Hamilton. *[for an instant* Hamilton *appears perplexed and pained by the sudden reference]* No, dear. Charles Lansing is several years younger than your brother. They scarcely knew each other.
Angelica. *[incongruously casual]* In any event, you must not fail me another time. Gentlemen must observe punctuality.
Hamilton. *[laughs and takes her hand again]* Punctual I shall be.
[Elizabeth *enters from right dabbing at her forehead with a handkerchief. After she shuts the double doors behind her she leans her back against them with a broad gesture indicating both fatigue and relief.* Hamilton *and* Angelica *have turned to face* Elizabeth *as they continue to hold hands.]*
Elizabeth. So here you two have hidden yourselves. I wish I could have said, "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once." New York is nothing if it is not verbose.
Hamilton. Poor Eliza. You've been on your feet all day. *[indicating the sofa]* Light and rest.
Elizabeth. *[taking the place* Hamilton *has indicated]* I'll light but it's doubtful I'll rest. I'll hear those two dozen silly girls babbling all night. I shan't sleep. Dearest Angelica, would you hand me that pillow? *[as* Angelica *brings a throw pillow from the stuffed armchair]* Thanks, child. *[settling the pillow behind her head* Elizabeth *stretches out full length]* Did you enjoy your fête, Angelica?
Angelica. From David Livingston I received a pack of cards.
Elizabeth. *[to* Hamilton] A strange gift. But then the Livingston's enjoy nothing so much as inflicting their eccentricities. May I see them, Angelica?
Angelica. *[dutifully handing over a small packet]* I should like to be allowed to keep Mr. Livingston's gift.
Elizabeth. *[glances casually at the pack of cards, then gives them back to* Angelica] Surely you may, dearest. I would wager that your brother John will play a hand with you if you ask him kindly. I left him just now in the front parlor.
Angelica. Papa has promised to come from the beginning of my next party.
Elizabeth. *[simply]* Then you may count upon it. For your father keeps his promises. *[as* Angelica *continues to stand before her]* Your brother John is in the parlor. *[kindly]* Angelica, will you go to the front parlor and play at cards with your brother?
Angelica. *[making herself, as she thinks, severe]* And your promise, sir, shall I depend upon it?
Hamilton. *[seeing her to the door and kissing her]* Aye, my dearest, you may be sure of me. *[as* Angelica *goes off right, a brief silence falls as* Hamilton *crosses to the small table and takes up the glass decanter.* Hamilton *turns to the low table and pours into one of the wine glasses]* Would you take some sherry, Eliza?
Elizabeth. Thank you, no. Please do take some yourself. *[as* Hamilton *raises his glass to her in a quiet salute]* You may have a little alarmed your son.
Hamilton. Oh? How should I have done so?
Elizabeth. I was speaking with John Church just a while ago. He was sitting by himself as he does whenever there's a party. He told me that as he read he sensed someone standing in the doorway. He said you asked him at last if he wanted to sleep in your room tonight.
Hamilton. *[directly and without particular emphasis]* Yes, I should like him to be with me. I've not had much leisure to visit with the children lately.
Elizabeth. *[holds this reply briefly, then, affectionately]* Then we must have our chat here before bed. Now I think of it, a glass of wine would suit me. Could you?
Hamilton. *[as he crosses back to the low table and fills another glass]* A most excellent and collegial motion. *[as* Hamilton *presents the glass to his wife she looks past him to the hat on the desk and while taking the glass with one hand, gestures toward the desk with the other.]*
Elizabeth. *[lightly]* Do you plan another expedition?
Hamilton. *[blank but apprehensive]* What?
Elizabeth. *[points again to the hat]* "Hector's helm," as I recall you once named it.
Hamilton. *[turns to follow her pointing finger]* Ah . . . I had intended to show it to John Church tonight.
Elizabeth. You will not surprise him with that hat. Oh, he sniffed it out last fall. He's ridden his pony over half of Harlem Heights waving that feather. In fact, he gave it such hard use I will not undertake it on my oath that the plume you see is the one you had.
Hamilton. *[laughs]* I had not noticed.
Elizabeth. Yes. It may be that the brave flourish which now surmounts the crown came by way of Louisa Charles, who claims to have had it from Sanbourne's Haberdashery which, in turn, may have had it from the cast off finery of some unrecorded lady given to walking Broadway o' nights.
Hamilton. *[coughs urbanely]* Under whatever banner, I shall prevail.
Elizabeth. *[after another brief interval]* You were closeted so long with Pendleton and King that guests were asking after you.
Hamilton. I'm sorry. The sad fortunes of the party were our theme.
Elizabeth. I thought the Federalist Party had been pronounced dead.
Hamilton. Very nearly so I'm afraid. Yet there is still perhaps some question concerning the manner in which it will choose to expire.
Elizabeth. How would you have it die?
Hamilton. I'd have it die in such a way that it might affirm the first principle of its being: the preservation of the Constitution. If we cannot depend upon appeal to men of property to maintain our existence against the party of the mob, let us leave behind a legacy for whomever may choose to oppose Jefferson and his lovers of democracy. Let them unite behind the Constitution.
Elizabeth. I can think of more inspiring causes. You must forgive me dear, but if one talks of principle I must confess I see very little of principle in your Constitution. You might win my heart with the Declaration—even if Jefferson did draft it. The Declaration at least says what a human being may choose to live for and die for. But that Constitution—
Hamilton. It too says what a man may live for—
Elizabeth. I don't see it. So many rules for who must do what—but how people are to live does not seem to be its concern. You lawyers love procedures.
Hamilton. *[rises and walks past* Elizabeth *to the window]* We love procedures because we know that without them men pretty

much follow the direct way of beasts. The Declaration expresses the conviction that by taking thought together men may secure justice. The Constitution lays down arrangements that insure we can come at laws in no other way than by taking thought together. *[turning back to* Elizabeth] That is something to live for.

Elizabeth. *[unbegrudgingly assenting]* It is.

Hamilton. Yet it is hardly a war cry I suppose.

Elizabeth. No.

Hamilton. Jefferson will lay it all flat.

Elizabeth. Don't let him.

Hamilton. I wish I knew how to prevent him. He has seized upon the popular element and run away with it. Every move is calculated to endear him with the populace. And the popular tide carries away everything. So I said it would be if we did not provide against it, and so it has happened.

Elizabeth. Some would say there's an iron law that the rich seek more and the poor seek to plunder their wealthy neighbors, and that government always legalizes the greed of the one or the other.

Hamilton. That's true enough when a nation does not provide against its own worst passions. We tried to provide against our worst instincts. We limited the scope of the wealthy and we tried to make the kind of Presidency that could maintain its independence of the many poor. But there's nothing to prevent aristocratic crowd-pleasers like Jefferson who are willing to sacrifice stability and property for popularity. The question is whether the envy of the poor was only kept in bounds by Washington and the Federalists. What will be our fate when there's only the party of Jefferson, or when every party seeks only to win the favor of the poor and the middling?

Elizabeth. *[gets up and walks over to the desk, looking down at the military hat]* In any event, your countrymen could have had a man who would not demean the Presidency. After Washington, or at least after Adams. But not even the party you led would put you forward.

Hamilton. As Washington's Treasurer I gained the policies necessary to put this nation on honorable footing with the great powers of the world. But my person for the highest office was considered too . . . risky.

Elizabeth. Your party, for all its bluster, lacks nerve.

Hamilton. I don't know. Under the circumstances I was a risk. I was caught between one compromising entanglement and . . . *[embarrassed]* another.

Elizabeth. *[also embarrassed by the clumsy euphemism, looks away]* Of course.

Hamilton. You know Eliza, I should be glad to live my life again with all its half-successes, humiliations, disappointments, and with all my own stupidities—I would live through it all again, if only I could take back the harm I did you in those three months at Philadelphia.

Elizabeth. *[bitterly]* I've asked you never to speak of it again. Why do you now?

Hamilton. *[with great effort]* Adultery is a crime. In my case a still greater wrong of ingratitude. I . . . acknowledge. But I have prayed often for forgiveness. I hope that I have been forgiven by God and I would ask you again my dear, that you . . . forgive me.

Elizabeth. *[turns her back to* Hamilton] This is most painful.

Hamilton. Not more so for you than for me.

Elizabeth. *[gathering herself and confronting her husband]* Perhaps I am as vain as you, my dear Alexander. Perhaps I am too stiff. But one quality I esteem even more than loving compliance is honesty. I cannot say with honesty that I've forgiven you. Because the truth is, as I have told you before, not that I bear an animus against you, but that forgiveness is beside the point.

Hamilton. Can you be less yielding than the Lord?

Elizabeth. *[touches* Hamilton's *cheek affectionately]* The Deity can afford bounty in his forgiveness since he cannot be deceived in our disloyalties.

Hamilton. *[bitterly]* You said forgiveness is beside the point. What then is now the point of our marriage?

Elizabeth. You are in some ways still a child, my dear husband. There are many sufficient reasons for our continuance in marriage. But perhaps the best is that I have more regard for you than for any man.

Hamilton. How can you say that and not forgive?

Elizabeth. Your infidelity transformed me into a more judicious admirer. It's because you expect more of yourself—and of others—than other men do, for that I hold you dearer than any man, except your son.

Hamilton. Except Philip.

Elizabeth. Except Philip. Who expected as much of himself and did never fail himself.

Hamilton. Then you do not blame me for Philip's death?

Elizabeth. I cannot say I do not. You made him feel you expected so much of him that he felt obliged to court his death. But then you also succeeded in teaching him that there are worse ills than death and a finer thing than life.

[a small rapping at the double doors, then the Housekeeper *sticks her head in]*

Housekeeper. Ma'am.

Elizabeth. Yes, Mrs. Baines?

Housekeeper. John Church wants to ask something of you before going to bed.

Elizabeth. Tell John Church he has my permission to spend the night with his father. Is that not what he wants to ask?

Housekeeper. *[has edged into the room]* I think so, Ma'am.

Elizabeth. If he should need anything further, tell him I shall look in on him directly. He should wait in his father's room.

Housekeeper. *[going out]* Yes'm.

[After the door closes Hamilton *crosses to the large window and looks out for a moment]*

Hamilton. *[without turning]* How have you progressed with the accounts?

Elizabeth. I was just on the point of finishing when Angelica's party took me away.

Hamilton. Are we yet solvent?

Elizabeth. For the short run we spend no more than you earn. But the debts are large. We shall be tolerably easy under them in about twenty years.

Hamilton. *[sarcastically]* We are not so well off by far as Jefferson's pamphlet writers profess to think us.

Elizabeth. If you had taken a tenth of what they laid to your charge you might retire from the bar. I doubt any man has come away poorer from government service.

Hamilton. When Talleyrand was visiting he refused to believe that a man could retire from office poorer than when he went in.

Elizabeth. Yes I recall.

Hamilton. *[angered]* And yet Jefferson can believe the French will succeed in governing themselves. Talleyrand can be venal and think himself merely civilized. His countrymen confuse liberty with doing whatever they like.

Elizabeth. *[puzzled by his vehemence]* Why do you permit yourself anger over affairs across the sea?

Hamilton. Jefferson dotes on France as he does on any scheme

that cries out for equality. If he can, he will ally us with France against England. That would split this nation in two.

Elizabeth. There's talk of splitting off New York and the New England states from the Virginians. Would it not be possible for the northern states to ally with England?

Hamilton. I would do anything to prevent that.

Elizabeth. I think I have heard that the powerful men who've conceived the plan would have for their leader Aaron Burr. Is it for that reason that you oppose secession?

Hamilton. I would oppose the scheme even if a decent man had been sought out to lead. If the Archangel Michael undertook to lead, still I should oppose it with my blood.

Elizabeth. Why?

Hamilton. The union of these states under the Constitution honors human nature. Dissolving that union would show the world almost a second fall of man.

Elizabeth. You feel morally bound to share a common law with slaveholders?

Hamilton. *[fervent]* Yes. Or else there is no hope of ever ending slavery. No, nor any hope for proving that men can rise above their inclinations so as to govern themselves. If we cannot live with this Constitution we shall declare to our children's children that citizens cannot trust the laws to their own making because they cannot trust themselves to seek justice when they have opportunity to satisfy passions. They will prefer to submit themselves to strong men rather than to trust one another.

Elizabeth. I see.

Hamilton. *[dropping every reserve]* Do you see that decent men should go any length to prevent such a shame upon us?

Elizabeth. *[carefully]* What do you intend?

Hamilton. Some way must be found to stop Burr.

Elizabeth. *[apprehensive]* How do you mean, "stop him"?

Hamilton. *[becomes aware of* Elizabeth's *tenseness]* What?

Elizabeth. How do you mean to "stop" Aaron Burr?

Hamilton. *[evasively as he pretends casually to look over the miniature portraits]* Oh, you know, there shall have to be combinations.

Elizabeth. *[dubiously]* "Combinations"?

Hamilton. Yes, as when we prevented his getting Federalist votes for the presidency in the last election. Letters will have to be written. Pressure of one sort or another must be brought to bear on men who contemplate backing his venture.

Elizabeth. Burr's recent defeats must make him a desperate man.

Hamilton. Presumably.

Elizabeth. I think most certainly. I would not have you oppose him personally and openly. Desperate men have to be feared. He is lethal.

Hamilton. I shall take care how I oppose him.

Elizabeth. *[very rapidly]* Have you? Why did that man of Burr's come to the house sullen as thunder? I know Van Ness is a Tammany hack. Did he bear a threat from the man he serves? *[as* Hamilton *hesitates]* Did he convey a threat from Burr?

Hamilton. Of course not.

Elizabeth. *[taking his arm]* But he did.

Hamilton. No! *[after a hesitation]* He attempted to secure my help. For Burr. He . . . thought he could persuade me to support the plan of a New England secession.

Elizabeth. Do not attempt to deceive me! Burr would rather fail in any project than ask your support. Rather than share glory with you he would much prefer to fail.

Hamilton. *[faltering]* No.

Elizabeth. Yes! You are lying. There is to be a duel. You think yourself bound in honor to keep it from me. But I read it in your eyes. I could see it in the faces of your friends and in that slinking Van Ness. *[measured and cold]* Do you still deny it?

Hamilton. You are as dear to me as life itself.

Elizabeth. *[quite still]* Aye. But life to you is not dear. All that is dear to you is your fame.

Hamilton. My love.

Elizabeth. *[stepping back and away from* Hamilton's *grasp]* No! More than the religion you claim to have found you love your fame. More than the law you're sworn to uphold. More than me you claim to revere. More than this family. More than the son you have seen slain and a daughter lost. You love your fame more than all. [Hamilton *makes a movement toward* Elizabeth *who again steps back raising an open hand as if to ward off]* I don't want you to touch me! [Hamilton *drops his hands to his sides]* See yourself Alexander. See youself, and do not lie. *[after a moment]* After all is said, a man does not change. When first I met you, I thought your eyes looked past me to something just on the edge of sight. You were trying to see your fame. You still have fame only in your sight. You look past me. Far past me.

Hamilton. Not just my fame. My country. My honor and the good of my countrymen are joined.

Elizabeth. Are they?

Hamilton. *[simply]* Aye.

Elizabeth. Be sure they are one. Once before, you have guarded your fame without helping your country that I could see. Though you sacrificed your family.

Hamilton. *[altogether shaken]* For the humiliation I caused you . . .

Elizabeth. *[coldly severe]* No! Don't think. I'm not referring to my shame. That is nothing. It is now nothing to me at all. Don't you see I can't be wounded there because there's nothing left to wound? I've come to expect much less from you, and much more. I don't need your affection, Alexander. I've come to regard you as I suppose you've always intended to be regarded—as a man whose life belongs to the wide world, not to me. I'm used to it now. I too respect the name you have sustained. It's all I have.

Hamilton. Is that all you have of me?

Elizabeth. In a narrow world it suffices. It will have to. But when I said you have sacrificed your family without helping your country I meant Philip.

Hamilton. *[wooden]* And so I did. *[turns and walks to window]*

Elizabeth. You have attempted to conceal your trouble from me because you thought I would shame you by begging or by exposing your plans. I shall do neither. *[at this* Hamilton *turns back to face* Elizabeth] But I shall put a demand upon you.

Hamilton. *[tenderly]* What demand?

Elizabeth. In many ways you have raised my expectations of human beings. You must now meet these expectations.

Hamilton. How do you mean?

Elizabeth. *[abruptly takes up the medallion portrait of Philip and holds it before* Hamilton's *eyes]* You must be worthy of your son. You must be worthy of Philip. Can you risk your life now having taken away your first-born and the hope of this house? Your son sacrificed for your honor no less than everything. I charge you my husband! I charge you by the blood shed by your son to be worthy of his sacrifice!

Hamilton. *[regarding the portrait with pain, but without turning away. After a moment his expression of anguish gives way to a slowly growing triumph. He lifts his hand to the still upraised hand of* Elizabeth *that holds the portrait, and clasping hers gently brings the medallion clasped between them down to his chest]* You may

be sure of me. *[Steps to the desk at right and taking up the cockade he looks down at the hat while speaking]* I shall take no action that is not worthy of Philip. *[turning full face to* Elizabeth *and still holding the hat with a manner sad yet triumphant]* I shall act in a manner worthy of our son. *[after a moment in which husband and wife wordlessly confront one another]* The letters I mentioned to you—

Elizabeth. *[breaking in and brushing the matter aside]* I'm mindful of the letters—Pendleton and King. Is your heart quiet now?

Hamilton. It is quiet for the first time in forty years. Yet it might rest quieter still if we might say we were as we were before. *[he takes her hand]*

Elizabeth. *[not unkindly but decisively]* That may not be. *[slowly withdrawing her hand]* My respect you have—

Hamilton. Your forgiveness—

Elizabeth. *[gravely but not harshly]* is irrelevant. May God take you as I take you. *[steps to the door, opens it, and with her hand on the latch half turns]* And may God forgive your inscrutable soul. *[goes off neither in a rush nor slow closing the door quietly behind.]*

*[*Hamilton *stands for a moment facing the closed door. He then looks down at the hat in his hand, walks to the mirror and pauses as though he has thought to put on the hat before the glass but has changed his mind. Instead, he walks to the window, places the hat upon the wide sill, looks out in the distance for an instant, then sits at the table near the window and taking up a small extinguisher puts out slowly each of the three lighted candles. For a brief time the fading twilight from the window faintly illuminates* Hamilton's *face as he continues to gaze into the gathering night. Then the outside light fades completely and the stage goes dark.]*

Epilogue

[As the lights dim upon the seated Hamilton *they come up upon* Van Ness *standing at far left. He is dressed as he has been throughout the play except that he now holds a folded umbrella in his left hand.]*

Van Ness. *[facing the audience but speaking as though he were delivering a deposition at an inquest]* I can only repeat to the jurymen what I have earlier attested. They should discern the obvious intent of Mr. Pendleton *[glances toward stage right]* to exonerate his patron at the same time he defames my friend the Vice-President. As I have testified before, the two principals met at Weehawken, New Jersey on the bank of the Hudson River at seven in the morning of July 11, 1804. Nathaniel Pendleton served as second to Colonel Hamilton, I attended the Vice-President. Colonel Hamilton prescribed a distance of ten paces. Having taken their positions the two gentlemen at the command took aim, and Colonel Hamilton fired first. His shot missing Mr. Burr, the latter fired and Colonel Hamilton fell. The Vice-President threw down his weapon and attempted to approach the fallen man. But I drew him aside and opening an umbrella before his face led him away.

I have nothing more to add except to emphasize: the first shot was fired by Colonel Hamilton.

[As he concludes Van Ness *takes one step backwards. The lights go down on* Van Ness *and come up on* Pendleton *standing at far right.* Pendleton *is dressed as he had been in* Act Two, Scene Three.*]*

Pendleton. I also have nothing to add to my earlier testimony. The gentlemen of the jury have inspected the letter of General Hamilton's detailing his intentions in respect of Mr. Burr. On all sides the document is admitted to be genuine. For those of you who are acquainted with the character of the slain man—and who is not?—the fact that he so clearly stated his intent suffices to refute any testimony that stipulates a contrary action. Nevertheless, I shall again attest it under oath that in all the other particulars he recites Mr. William P. Van Ness recounts accurately the events of the morning of June 11, 1804. Yet in this one capital detail his testimony ought not be accepted: Mr. Burr fired first and fatally wounded General Hamilton. General Hamilton's pistol discharged as he was struck, the result of a spasm totally involuntary.

As he lay in the boat bearing him back to the city he warned me to beware the pistol as it was still cocked. He did not know it had discharged.

Pendleton *takes one step back and the lights dim, then leaves a stage totally dark.*

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Abraham Lincoln's Biblical Liberalism

Larry Arnhart

> Two Quakeresses in a railway coach were overhead in a conversation: "I think Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man." "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is joking."
>
> This in newspapers added the information that Lincoln said it was the best story about himself he had "ever read in the papers."
> —Carl Sandburg, "Lincoln's Laughter--and His Religion"[1]

Abraham Lincoln manifests more clearly than any other American the union of wise statesmanship and Biblical religion. At the deepest level of American history—and of the entire history of the modern Western world—there is a tension between two traditions: Hellenism and Hebraism, Athens and Jerusalem. In early American history, this tension comes into view in the contrast between the Biblical piety of the New England Puritans and the classical rationalism of the Revolutionary Founders. In critical respects, John Winthrop and Jonathan Edwards lived in a world unlike that of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. But Lincoln lived in both worlds, and thus he became the fullest expression of the American mind.[2]

We must reflect, however, on the difficulties that Biblical religion creates for statesmanship. Two of the most obvious difficulties are political indifference and political fanaticism. A statesman must fully dedicate himself to his political community as securing the conditions for a good human life, and he must inspire a similar dedication among his fellow-citizens. But he must also recognize the sometimes tragic limits upon what can be achieved through political action. If he is prudent in his political judgments, he is guided by some conception of the highest ends of human action; but he also knows that when the simply best is unattainable—as it usually is—then he must settle for something less than the best. But Christianity interferes with this kind of statesmanship—either by making Christians indifferent to political life or by making them fanatical in their apocalyptic expectations of politics.[3]

Consider the controversy among the early Christians about the interpretation of the Book of Revelations, particularly chapters 20-21. It is written that Christians will rule with Christ for a thousand years. Afterwards there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth"; the "holy city, new Jerusalem" shall descend from heaven. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away" (21:4). Many Christians interpreted this as a prophecy of the founding of the City of God on earth, and they therefore set out to fulfill this prophecy by establishing a Christian political order that would save mankind from sin and suffering. But Saint Augustine rejected this as ridiculous. He interpreted the Biblical prophecy as applying only to the ultimate salvation of Christians *in heaven* (*City of God* 20.7-9). He argued that throughout the bodily existence of Christians on earth, they must live under the secular authority of the City of Man while submitting their souls to the spiritual authority of the City of God that awaits them after death.

The political history of Christianity has been a continual battle between these two points of view—the millenarian idealists versus the Augustinian realists.[4] The established Church in the Middle Ages endorsed the Augustinian view. But the millenarians were never com-

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pletely defeated. Neither side in this controversy, however, seemed to promote prudent statesmanship. The official Church seemed to merely sanctify existing institutions no matter how unjust, while the millenarian revolutionaries led mass movements that threatened to destroy all institutions.

This conflict between Biblical realism and Biblical idealism has continued—although often through secular perversions of Biblical religion—in both the theory and practice of modern politics. We have been torn between Hobbesian realism and Kantian idealism. We depreciate politics by claiming that it has no claims on the soul and that the only purpose for politics is bodily security and comfort. Or we transform politics into a salvational activity aimed at abolishing politics itself by abolishing the human conflicts that have made politics necessary. Thus, we either drain politics of any moral aspirations, or we infuse politics with a zealous striving for moral perfection. In neither case do we secure wise statesmanship.

But Lincoln's Biblical statesmanship, I shall argue in this essay, escapes these difficulties. He imbues American politics with a Biblical moral fervor. Yet he accepts the natural limits of political judgment and political action. Although he appeals to transcendent standards of moral excellence, he never expects the earthly politics of human beings to conform fully to those standards.

Lincoln also shows us that heroic statesmanship can be combined with religious humility. He is surely an ambitious man, a lover of glory. But he sees that political glory is transitory. It is not the highest human good in itself. Although he desires glory, Lincoln is humble insofar as he acts in the service of Divine Providence. Lincoln is not, therefore, a philosophic ruler as described by Plato or a magnanimous, "great-souled" man as described by Aristotle and Cicero. For Lincoln the activity of the statesman is good not because it serves the life of the philosopher and not simply because of the glory won by the statesman himself. Statesmanship is good because it contributes to the moral improvement of human beings as dictated by the Creator.

Some recent commentators have interpreted this concern for moral elevation as evidence that Lincoln was a representative of Calvinist communitarianism in opposition to Lockean individualism. But in fact Lincoln saw the Lockean tradition of natural rights as fostering the moral emancipation of human beings in accordance with Biblical teachings. For this reason Lincoln's political thought should be identified as Biblical liberalism.

We must not ignore, therefore, the importance of Biblical religion in shaping Lincoln's ultimate motives for political action. But neither must we ignore the obvious fact that Lincoln's religion was not that of an orthodox Christian.

1. Biblical deism

Some of those who knew Lincoln insisted that he was a devout Christian who through prayer and Bible-reading sought God's personal intervention in his life. But others claimed that he had adopted the deism of Thomas Paine, and therefore his only religion was the rationalistic, natural religion of the Enlightenment. As is usually the case in judging a man as complex as Lincoln, there is evidence for both points of view. If we rely on Lincoln's own speeches and writings, we see little that could be interpreted as orthodox Christian piety. But we do see invocations of the Almighty Will that stands behind the laws of nature. This is the rational Creator as described in Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, which Lincoln read as a young man. Like Paine, Lincoln saw the laws of God revealed in the laws of the universe He had created. But unlike Paine, Lincoln relied on the Bible as the best guide to God. And it is his reverence for the Bible that has convinced many people of his deep Christian beliefs. I think it is best therefore to speak of Lincoln as a "Biblical deist." From this perspective, Lincoln's religion expresses fully the American religious tradition, because it combines the Biblical piety of the New England Puritans with the natural religion of the Revolutionary Founders.[5]

In 1846 it was easy for Lincoln to refute the charge made by his political opponents that he was "an open scoffer at Christianity." But he chose his words carefully so that he could deny being "an open enemy" of Christianity without affirming that he was an orthodox believer. One statement, however, is revealing: "That I am not a member of a Christian Church is true; but I have never denied the truth of the Scriptures" (*CW* 1:382).[6] Of course to refrain from denying the truth of the Scriptures may fall short of positively affirming their truth. But considering the evidence of Lincoln's careful reading of the Bible, it is clear that he founded his religion on his own study of the Bible rather than on any institutional statements of dogma.

According to his wife, "Mr. Lincoln had no faith and no hope in the usual acceptation of those words. He never joined a Church; but still, as I believe, he was a religious man by nature. . . . it was a kind of poetry in his nature, and he was never a technical Christian."[7] William Herndon used this and other testimony to support his claim that Lincoln believed in the natural religion of the deistic tradition. And surely Lincoln would have accepted Paine's simple creed:

> I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.
>
> I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow-creatures happy.
>
> . . .
>
> I do not believe in the creed professed . . . by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church.[8]

The human mind is the only true church, Paine insisted, because it is the immortal part of man through which he participates in the divine order by studying the rational laws of nature.[9] Pagan philosophers might have recognized this as the only proper religion for statesmen. In Cicero's *Republic*, Scipio Aemilianus says that the best

teachers of statesmen are "those who by the investigation of all the things of nature have realized that this world is ruled by mind."[10]

But the cool rationalism of this natural religion is joined in Lincoln's thought to a Biblical spirituality. One example of this is in how Lincoln speaks about the religious foundation of human nature. In his speech to the Temperance Society, Lincoln criticizes the temperance preachers: they do not understand that to expect to persuade drunkards by denouncing them is "to expect a reversal of human nature, which is God's decree, and never can be reversed" (*CW* 1:273). That God's moral laws are manifested in the laws of human nature is part of Paine's deistic creed.[11] But compare Lincoln's expression of this idea in his speech against the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854:

> Slavery is founded in the selfishness of man's nature—opposition to it, in his love of justice. . . . Repeal the Missouri Compromise—repeal all compromises—repeal the Declaration of Independence—repeal all past history, you still cannot repeal human nature. It still will be the abundance of man's heart, that slavery extension is wrong; and out of the abundance of his heart, his mouth will continue to speak (*CW* 2:271).

This kind of Biblical imagery, which permeates Lincoln's rhetoric, conveys a spiritual fervor in the devotion to righteousness that transcends Paine's rationalism. Despite his doubts about many points of Biblical theology, Lincoln did not worship the God of the philosophers but the God of Abraham and Isaac, a loving God who offers redemption to all men everywhere.

This God of absolute righteousness and wisdom cannot be confined by human laws. His rule transcends the rule of any political authority. But for this reason, the worship of this God seems to challenge the moral claims of every political community.

2. Biblical patriotism

When Jesus separated religion and politics as two realms, Rousseau complained, he "brought about the end of the unity of the State, and caused the internal divisions that have never ceased to stir up Christian peoples" (*Social Contract* book 4, chapter 8).[12] Rousseau agreed with Hobbes, therefore, that Christianity subverted politics when it gave the clergy the power to appeal to standards beyond the laws of the state. Men can be neither good human beings nor good citizens when they are torn between their religious duties and their political duties. "Everything that destroys social unity is worthless. All institutions that put man in contradiction with himself are worthless." Rousseau's response to this danger is to have the sovereign establish a "civil religion" consisting of those dogmas essential to social duties.

Ever since the publication in 1967 of Robert Bellah's influential essay on "Civil Religion in America,"[13] many scholars have regarded Lincoln as one of the principal contributors to an American civil religion that conforms to Rousseau's designs. But while the idea of a civil religion is a pagan conception, Lincoln's "political religion," as he called it in his Young Men's Lyceum Speech, is grounded in Biblical religion; and therefore Lincoln and Rousseau are not really talking about the same thing.

The public dogmas of Rousseau's civil religion are so minimal that most people would have no trouble accepting them.

> The existence of a powerful, intelligent, beneficent, foresighted, and providential divinity; the afterlife; the happiness of the just; the punishment of the wicked; the sanctity of the social contract and the laws. These are the positive dogmas. As for the negative ones, I limit them to a single one: intolerance. It belongs to the cults we have excluded.

Rousseau's civil religion would tolerate any religion that tolerates other religions so long as it does not contradict the dogmas of the civil religion itself.

The Declaration of Independence seems to assume the same religious dogmas that Rousseau prescribes. There are four references to God in that document, two at the beginning and two at the end. First, there is the appeal to "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God," then it is said that God created men equal and endowed them with rights. The Declaration concludes by "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions," and "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence." This looks like Rousseau's God—"a powerful, intelligent, beneficent, foresighted, and providential divinity" who judges human conduct and sanctions the principles of the American regime.

Moreover, it was common for the American Founders to speak of the need for a civil religion. George Washington, in his Farewell Address, warned:

> let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality, can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.[14]

Mason Weems's popular biography used the life of Washington himself to inculcate the union of religion and morality that Washington advocated.

Lincoln was deeply influenced by Weems's book. And in his Lyceum Speech, he promoted "reverence for the laws" in language that echoed Weems's biography.[15] But Lincoln's "political religion" differs from the civil religion of Washington and Weems.[16] While a civil religion makes religion merely an instrument for the support of a political order, Lincoln's Biblical religion presents the political order as ultimately subordinate to God's order. Lincoln's Biblical imagery of political rebirth—"a new birth of freedom"—suggests that political life must be reformed if it is to even approximate God's standards. If one compares the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address, one sees that Lincoln treats the sacred principle of human equality not as the secure foun-

dation of the nation but as the high goal towards which the nation must strive.[17] While Lincoln's political religion promotes the patriotic loyalty of citizens to a regime dedicated to eternal principles of justice, it does not merely sanctify existing political institutions. Rather, it demands that citizens acknowledge and then rectify as best they can the moral imperfections in their regime.

The differences between civil religion and Biblical religion can be illustrated by comparing the political religion of Shakespeare's Henry V and that of Lincoln. Henry leads his soldiers into what is probably an unjust war of aggression against France. To justify the unquestioning obedience of his soldiers, Henry declares, "Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own" (*Henry V*, Arden edition, 4.1.182–184). Henry argues that although men do have souls destined for an afterlife in which they will be judged by God, the needs of the soul never dictate any challenge to the authority of a sovereign ruler. God commands obedience to rulers, but he does not provide subjects any divine or natural law for judging their rulers' commands as just or unjust. Thus, Henry's civil religion puts no limits on the power of a Machiavellian prince.[18] But Lincoln's political religion appeals to "the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God" as providing standards for judging the actions of both rulers and ruled. When Lincoln speaks of Americans as God's "almost chosen people," he warns them that this carries with it an almost unbearable responsibility to fulfill God's law for mankind (*CW* 4:236). "We are no tyrant," Henry says of himself, "but a Christian king" (1.2.241). Yet does not Lincoln conform more closely to what we should expect of a Christian statesman?[19]

Lincoln's political religion eliminates any inclination to political indifference or complacency. Patriotism becomes a religious attachment to the laws. But citizens are not permitted to rest on the assumption that the laws are always just. Rather they must continually strive to bring the laws into harmony with God's justice. The political life of the Christian citizen is therefore one of restless activity. Thus, Lincoln channels into politics some of boundless moral energy generated by Biblical religion. The critics of Christianity say that it makes people apathetic about the things of earthly life. But Lincoln thinks the Biblical vision of life should inspire human beings to transform the world.

3. Biblical activism

In *The Age of Reason* Paine scorns the Bible as an obstacle to human enlightenment and scientific progress. "We can know God only through His works." And "the principles of science lead to this knowledge; for the Creator of man is the Creator of science, and it is through that medium that man can see God, as it were, face to face." So instead of studying the Bible, man should study "the principles of the creation, as everything of agriculture, of science and of the mechanical arts."[20] But Lincoln believes the Bible endorses this pursuit of scientific and technological progress. For he finds in the Bible an affirmation of man's essence as the perfectible being who through discoveries and inventions becomes the master of nature.

Lincoln's thinking on this point is clearest in his First Lecture on Discoveries and Inventions, which was delivered on April 6, 1858, before the Young Men's Association of Bloomington.[21] One of the many remarkable features of this lecture is its impressive display of Biblical knowledge: it contains thirty-four separate references to the Bible. And intertwined with Biblical exegesis is an almost scholarly survey of the history of technological progress. (If Lincoln had not had better things to do, he could have become a fine college professor.) Lincoln begins:

> All creation is a mine, and every man, a miner.
>
> The whole earth, and all *within* it, *upon* it, and *round about it, including himself*, in his physical, moral, and intellectual nature, and his susceptibilities, are the infinitely various "leads" from which, man, from the first, was to dig out his destiny.
>
> In the beginning, the mine was unopened, and the miner stood *naked*, and *knowledgeless*, upon it.
>
> Fishes, birds, beasts, and creeping things, are not miners, but *feeders* and *lodgers*, merely. . . .
>
> Man is not the only animal who labors; but he is the only one who *improves* his workmanship. This improvement, he effects by *Discoveries*, and *Inventions*. His first important discovery was the fact that he was naked; and his first invention was the fig-leaf apron...(*CW* 2:437).

He then devotes his entire lecture to a careful account of how technological advances have contributed to the evolution of civilization. One good example of how he reads the Bible comes when he comments on the importance of iron tools: "How could the '*gopher wood*' for the Ark, have been gotten out without an axe? It seems to me an axe, or a miracle, was indispensable" (*CW* 2:438). He concludes his lecture with some remarks on steam-power.

> The advantageous use of *Steam-power* is, unquestionably, a modern discovery.
>
> And yet, as much as two thousand years ago the power of steam was not only observed, but an ingenious toy was actually made and put in motion by it, at Alexandria in Egypt.
>
> What appears strange is, that neither the inventor of the toy, nor any one else, for so long afterwards, should perceive that steam would move *useful* machinery as well as a toy.

Because of his Biblical understanding of the human condition—every man a miner—Lincoln finds it strange that people in the ancient world did not use their practical knowledge of nature's laws to gain power for the performance of useful work. The ancients scorned manual labor and technology as ignoble, as distractions from the truly human pursuit of understanding as an end in itself rather than as a means to some practical end. But Christians—particularly those in the medieval monasteries—saw labor and craftsmanship as service to the Master Craftsman of the cosmos.[22]

Here we see another way in which Lincoln's Biblical statesmanship departs from the ancient conception of statesmanship. In the ancient world, the political realm was restricted to those few people who were free from

the physical necessities of labor. But like John Locke Lincoln believes that since every human being is in his essence a laborer, each person has an equal right—if not an equal duty—to labor. The aim of government, therefore, is to secure and promote the laboring activity of men as they work upon the world for improvement in their conditions. The ancient denigration of labor reflects an aristocratic way of life. Lincoln's elevation of labor reflects his Biblical liberalism.

4. Biblical liberalism

Since the Bible—or at least the New Testament—does not prescribe a code of laws for secular life, it leaves citizens and statesmen free to exercise practical judgment in deciding what should be done in particular cases. But the Bible does prescribe a broad moral framework within which political judgment must be exercised. Moreover, insofar as this Biblical teaching conforms to the dictates of nature, as suggested by Saint Paul (Romans 1:18–22), it does not conflict with—indeed it reinforces—man's natural sense of right and wrong. This leads us to two questions. What are the general principles of Lincoln's Biblical statesmanship? And how does he apply these principles to concrete cases? In this section, we shall consider the first question.

Lincoln's fundamental principles come into view most clearly in his arguments against slavery. Often his arguments are legal and historical. Thus, he claims that to uphold slavery as just contradicts the principles of the American Founding as expressed in the Declaration of Independence, in the Constitution, and in other records of the views of the Founding Fathers. But he also maintains that these legal norms are grounded in standards of reason and nature. In understanding why slavery is unjust, we grasp something about the universal grounds of all morality. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." (*CW* 7:281)

When Lincoln appeals to universal standards, he employs three kinds of arguments—*Euclidean, Biblical*, and *intuitionist*. That is to say, he tries to show that any moral defense of slavery either contradicts itself or contradicts the Bible or contradicts our natural sense of right and wrong. Lincoln moves easily from one line of reasoning to another as though they are perfectly compatible. Many commentators, however, find his mixture of rhetorical appeals incongruous. For example, in the Gettysburg Address, Lincoln's reference to equality as a "proposition"—suggesting the demonstrative rationality of Euclidean geometry—seems to undercut the passionate tone of the speech as conveyed in the Biblical imagery of baptism, sacrificial death, and rebirth to eternal life. But I believe that a careful examination of Lincoln's reasoning will show that his three modes of argument are similar in their fundamental logic.

Lincoln compares the Declaration of Independence to Euclid's *Elements*. Just as Euclid begins with definitions and axioms that are self-evident and then proves his propositions as logical implications of these starting-points, so Jefferson begins with the self-evident truth of equality of rights and then deduces from these the requirements of just government. "The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society" (*CW* 3:375). It is essential for Americans to accept these principles because without them political argument is impossible. Political persuasion is like geometry or any other form of reasoning in that it depends upon agreement on first principles. If everything is doubted, then nothing can be proven. If Americans disagree about the fundamental axioms of the Declaration of Independence, then their disagreements will be settled not by persuasion but by force.

But how can we respond to those who deny the first principles? In a certain sense, we cannot prove the truth of first principles because they are themselves the presuppositions of any proof. If we try to prove first principles, we end up begging the question by implicitly assuming them in the very process of proving them. This explains Lincoln's frustration when he accuses Stephen Douglas of "a bold denial of the history of the country."

> To deny these things is to deny our national axioms, or dogmas, at least; and it puts an end to all argument. If a man will stand up and assert, and repeat, and re-assert, that two and two do not make four, I know nothing in the power of argument that can stop him. I think I can answer the Judge so long as he sticks to the premises; but when he flies from them, I can not work an argument into the consistency of a maternal gag, and actually close his mouth with it (*CW* 2:282–83).

The nice play on words at the end of this passage—"I can not work an argument into the consistency of a maternal gag"—suggests a way out of our impasse. If we cannot strictly prove the truth of our premises to those who deny them, we can at least show that those who deny them contradict themselves. Of course despite the importance of rational consistency, it lacks "the consistency of a maternal gag" that would enable us to stop the babbling of those who won't listen to reason.

Even if we cannot make a demonstrative argument for the truth of first principles, we can make a dialectical argument.[23] To do this, our opponent must say something, he must assert something, and then we must show that his assertion contradicts his denial of our first principles. Moreover, our ultimate aim should be to show that no rational human being can deny our first principles without contradicting himself. Plato's Socratic dialogues provide many examples of this kind of argumentation.

Lincoln employs this technique in arguing for the equality of rights as an axiomatic truth. In a note probably written when he was debating Douglas, Lincoln reasons as follows:

> If A. can prove, however conclusively, that he may, of right, enslave B.—why may not B. snatch the same argument, and prove equally, that he may enslave A?—
>
> You say A. is white, and B. is black. It is *color*, then; the lighter, having the right to enslave the darker? Take care. By this rule, you are to be slave to the first man you meet, with a fairer skin than your own.

> You do not mean *color* exactly?—You mean the whites are *intellectually* the superiors of the blacks, and, therefore have the right to enslave them? Take care again. By this rule, you are to be slave to the first man you meet, with an intellect superior to your own.
>
> But, say you, it is a question of *interest;* and, if you can make it your *interest,* you have the right to enslave another. Very well. And if he can make it his interest, he has the right to enslave you (*CW* 2:222–23).

No rational man would argue for his own enslavement. But any man who argues for the enslavement of others must appeal to some human difference that could be the basis for his own enslavement. Therefore, no rational man can endorse slavery without contradicting himself. Human beings differ in an infinite number of ways—color, intellect, interests, and so on—but each person believes that he has a right to liberty simply by virtue of his humanity. But if I affirm that I *as a human being* have a right to liberty, then to be consistent I must also affirm that other human beings have a similar right. In Lincoln's words: "As I would not be a *slave,* so I would not be a *master.* This expresses my idea of democracy" (*CW* 2:532). Geometry teaches us the importance of consistency; and by adhering to an equally rigorous consistency in our moral reasoning, we can grasp the first principles of justice.

In the letter in which Lincoln comments on Jefferson's Euclidean logic, he writes:

> This is a world of compensation; and he who would *be* no slave, must consent to *have* no slave. Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves; and, under a just God, can not long retain it (*CW* 3:376).

Notice how easily Lincoln moves from the argument of logical consistency to the invocation of divine justice. This "world of compensations" was created by a God who is free of contradictions and who punishes those whose souls are torn by contradictions.

Lincoln relies primarily on three passages from the Bible to support his Biblical argument against slavery. From the opening chapters of Genesis, he cites two verses. The first is from the account of creation: "God created man in his own image " (Genesis 1:27). The second is from God's condemnation of Adam after his disobedience: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return" (Genesis 3:19). And finally Lincoln quotes the statement of the Golden Rule in the Sermon on the Mount: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets" (Matthew 7:12).

In his speech at Lewistown, Illinois, in 1858, Lincoln quotes from the Declaration of Independence and then explains: "In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows" (*CW* 2:546). In 1864 Lincoln wrote the following response to a delegation of Baptists:

> I can only thank you for . . . adding to the effective and almost unanimous support which the Christian communities are so zealously giving to the country, and to liberty. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise with any one professing Christianity, or even having ordinary perceptions of right and wrong. To read in the Bible, as the word of God himself, that "In the sweat of *thy* face shalt thou eat bread," and to preach therefrom that, "In the sweat of *other mans'* faces shalt thou eat bread," to my mind can scarcely be reconciled with honest sincerity. When brought to my final reckoning, may I have to answer for robbing no man of his goods; yet more tolerable even this, than for robbing one of himself, and all that was his. When, a year or two ago, those professedly holy men of the South, met in the semblance of prayer and devotion, and, in the name of Him who said "As ye would all men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them" appealed to the Christian world to aid them in doing to a whole race of men, as they would have no man do unto themselves, to my thinking, they contemned and insulted God and His church far more than did Satan when he tempted the Saviour with the Kingdoms of the earth. The devil's attempt was no more false, and far less hypocritical. But let me forbear, remembering it is also written "Judge not, lest ye be judged" (*CW* 7:368).

The Golden Rule seems to indicate the fundamental logic implicit in the other Biblical teachings, which is to be expected considering the emphasis that Jesus puts upon it—"for this is the law and the prophets." The Golden Rule affirms the simple fairness of reciprocity—treat others as you would have them treat you. Any reasonable person "having ordinary perceptions of right and wrong" would probably accept this rule. In fact, it may be one of those few moral principles that would be endorsed in some manner by every religion and moral code. But the vagueness of the rule invites criticism. For instance, George Bernard Shaw insisted, "Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."[24] But considered in conjunction with the other Biblical teachings cited by Lincoln, the Golden Rule can be elaborated in such a way that its inherent persuasiveness becomes clear.

Human beings are needy beings. And the satisfaction of their needs requires toil—no sweat, no bread. Therefore, every human being—or at least every rational adult—works for the provisions necessary for his life. He thereby assumes that it is good for him to have the freedom to provide for his needs and that it would be bad for someone else to deprive him of this freedom. But on what grounds could he justify this claim to freedom? What is there about him that would entitle him to such freedom? He cannot appeal to any of the various characteristics with respect to which human beings differ—strength, color, intelligence, and so on—because then he would have to give up his freedom to those superior to him in whatever characteristic he has specified. He must therefore appeal to the special status that he has simply as a human being. As the one being "created in the image of God," man has been set apart from the rest of creation. He is the only being capable of becoming a rational moral agent, but he cannot fulfill that capacity unless he is free. It is reasonable, therefore, for a man to claim that as a human being he has a right to freedom, but only if he understands that consistency dictates that he recognize the same right for all other human beings. To avoid

contradicting himself, every man must respect the mutuality and equality of the Golden Rule. "In *giving* freedom to the *slave*," Lincoln explains, "we *assure* freedom to the *free*" (*CW* 5:537).

That all men are created equal *is* "self-evident," therefore, in the sense that all men are equally men. Moreover, the rights with which they are endowed can be regarded as the necessary conditions for human action. To deny human beings their natural rights is to assert that human beings should be treated as if they were not human, which is absurd.

Thus, the injustice of slavery is so clear that anyone with "ordinary perceptions of right and wrong" can see it. This is Lincoln's intuitionist argument, which reinforces the Biblical and Euclidean arguments. He notes that even in the south slave-traders are despised: it is considered improper for a gentleman to even shake hands with them (*CW* 2:264–65). There is a natural sense of justice that condemns the enslavement of human beings.

But while insisting that opposition to slavery is grounded in man's natural moral sense, Lincoln concedes that the promotion of slavery is grounded in another powerful element of human nature—self-interest (*CW* 2:271). It is in a man's interest to secure his own freedom while denying freedom to others. But in doing so, he contradicts himself. And to hide this contradiction from others—and perhaps even from himself—he pretends that those human beings he enslaves are not truly human. To show the falsity of this claim, Lincoln must appeal to the facts of experience—to our recognition that human beings differ in degree but not in kind and thus that they are members of the same species[25] (*CW* 2:264–66). Slavery arises from unjustified human pride—the pride of the master that he is superior in his human essence to the slave. Lincoln ridicules the absurdity of such pride. Speaking of Douglas, Lincoln observes: "I suppose the institution of slavery really looks small to him. He is so put up by nature that a lash upon his back would hurt him, but a lash upon anyone else's back does not hurt him" (*CW* 3:410). Yet even as he condemns the pride of those who defend slavery, Lincoln must avoid the pride of self-righteous moralism. "Judge not that ye be not judged."

To see the injustice of slave labor is to see the justice of free labor. Lincoln's opposition to slavery was part of his more general aim to support a system of free labor that permitted the laborer to improve his condition. In 1861 Lincoln described the Civil War as "a People's contest" devoted to preserving popular government "whose leading object is, to elevate the condition of men—to lift artificial weights from all shoulders—to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all—to afford all, an unfettered start, and a fair chance, in the race of life" (*CW* 4:438). Thus, Lincoln interprets equality of rights as the equality of opportunity to get ahead in life. If that's what we mean by justice, then we need not fear any conflict between justice and self-interest, because it's in the interest of all to have a chance to improve their conditions and to better themselves. By interpreting equality as the opportunity to get ahead, Lincoln turns an abstract principle into a practical goal to which common people will want to devote themselves. The chance to get ahead in life—that's what we call the American Dream. We could say, then, that Lincoln turns the Civil War into a war for the American Dream.[26]

Abolishing slavery is not sufficient, however, to insure an equal right for all men to improve their conditions. To fulfill his Biblical vision of all men as laborers, Lincoln insists there must be no distinction between laboring people and educated people. And here again we see how Lincoln's Biblical liberalism departs from the aristocratic assumptions of ancient statesmanship and philosophy. "The old general rule was that *educated* people did not perform manual labor. They managed to eat their bread, leaving the toil of producing it to the uneducated." But this is unacceptable.

> Free Labor argues that, as the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should cooperate as friends; and that that particular head, should direct and control that particular pair of hands. As each man has one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands to furnish food, it was probably intended that that particular pair of hands should feed that particular mouth—that each head is the natural guardian, director, and protector of the hands and mouth inseparably connected to it; and that being so, every head should be cultivated, and improved, by whatever will add to its capacity for performing its charge. In one word Free Labor insists on universal education.

Only by providing universal education for laborers can we create a community that "will be alike independent of crowned-kings, money-kings, and land-kings" (*CW* 3:479–81).

It should be clear by now that those recent commentators who regard Lincoln as an opponent of the Lockean tradition are mistaken.[27] For Lincoln there was no necessary conflict between the Lockean tradition of individual rights and the Calvinist tradition of communal virtue. His Biblical liberalism elevated the right of each man to get ahead in life into an inspired moral goal that could unite Americans into one community.

Of course the Lockean pursuit of property can become debasing. In a speech in 1860, Lincoln explains what he means by a "free society" in which all have a free chance in the "race of life." "I take it that it is best for all to leave each man free to acquire property as fast as he can . . . we wish to allow the humblest man an equal chance to get rich with everybody else." He goes on to describe how any poor man's son can start as a hired laborer, work for himself later, and then finally become an employer of others—"and so it may go on and on in one ceaseless round so long as man exists on the face of the earth!" (*CW* 4:24–25). Is *this* the eternal promise of free government—every man restlessly trying to get rich, "on and on in one ceaseless round"? We might be reminded of Alexis de Tocqueville's melancholic reflections on the joyless life of Americans in their insatiable pursuit of material comforts.

But here is where we must stress the *Biblical* foundation of Lincoln's liberalism. The only justification for liberal democracy is that it allows the many to share in the highest things. In practice, this is hard to achieve because it is so difficult to elevate the desires of the many. If liberal democracy is to be defensible as a high-minded way of life, it must somehow be possible to ennoble common people so that the pursuit of equality becomes a pursuit of excellence. Doesn't the Bible—both in the style of its poetry and in the substance of its teachings—contribute to that goal by combining perfect plainness with perfect nobleness and thus inspiring common people to moral excellence? Lincoln surely thought so.

Lincoln's use of Biblical rhetoric to elevate liberalism is clearest in his handling of the Civil War. John Stuart Mill provides some testimony as to his success. Prior to the Civil War, Mill worried about the degrading effects of American democracy. For example, in the original 1848 edition of his *Principles of Political Economy*, he said that in America, "the life of the whole of one sex is devoted to dollar-hunting, and of the other to breeding dollar-hunters." But when he revised this passage in the sixth edition of 1865, he wrote that economic growth "is not necessarily destructive of the higher aspirations and the heroic virtues; as America, in her great civil war, has proved to the world, both by her conduct as a people and by numerous splendid individual examples."[28]

There is a danger, however, in turning politics into an expression of heroic spiritedness. The moral passions—particularly those generated by Biblical religion—can excite a general frenzy that impedes good judgment. But Lincoln in the Civil War demonstrated that Biblical statesmanship could combine righteous fervor with Machiavellian prudence.

5. Biblical prudence

In *The Prince* Machiavelli explains that "prudence consists in knowing how to recognize the qualities of inconveniences and to pick the less bad as good."[29] It might seem shocking for a Biblical statesman to exercise such prudence, especially when the "inconvenience" is slavery. The abolitionist preachers warned that any moderation in dealing with slavery was an accommodation with Satan. But the Bible itself is more cautious. Although he knows that all men are free in Christ, the Christian may have to compromise with the institution of slavery. (See Romans 13:1–8, Corinthians 7:20-24, and Ephesians 6:5–9.) Although the emancipation of all would be best, the Bible counsels patience. The Christian must not expect moral perfection in the earthly politics of the City of Man. But neither must he hesitate to promote moral reform whenever it is practicable. This explains Lincoln's handling of slavery, as indicated in his Peoria speech in 1854 on Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska Act:

> Much as I hate slavery, I would consent to the extension of it rather than see the Union dissolved, just as I would consent to any GREAT evil, to avoid a GREATER one. But when I go to Union saving, I must believe, at least, that the means I employ has some adaptation to the end. To my mind, Nebraska has no such adaptation (*CW* 2:270).

It is reasonable to choose the lesser of evils because the end *does* justify the means—but only when the end is good and the means properly adapted to the end.

What are the practical obstacles to abolishing slavery? In his Peoria speech, Lincoln speaks of the racial bigotry of whites. The "feelings" of "the great mass of white people" would not permit the emancipation of the slaves on the basis of social and political equality. "Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment, is not the sole question, if indeed, it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill-founded, can not be safely disregarded." Furthermore, Lincoln does not assume that whites in the North are morally superior to those in the South. "They are just what we would be in their situation." "I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself" (*CW* 2:255–56). But while acknowledging those "feelings" of the whites that support slavery, Lincoln also speaks in this same speech of the natural "feeling" that slavery is wrong. The problem, then, with the issue of slavery is that it creates a conflict between the selfish feelings of people and their just feelings (*CW* 2:264–65, 2:271, 2:281–82). According to Lincoln's Biblical understanding of human nature, human beings combine good and evil inclinations. So even as the statesman fosters human goodness, he must respect the limits set by the evil in human beings. Of course, this is even more emphatically true for the democratic statesman whose pursuit of moral ends is constrained by the need for popular consent.

Thomas Aquinas acknowledges such constraints when he warns that

> human law is laid down for the multitude of human beings, the majority of whom are not perfect in virtue. Therefore human law does not prohibit all the vices from which virtuous men abstain, but only the more serious ones from which it is possible for the majority or the multitude to abstain (*Summa Theologiae* 1–2, 94, 2).

Therefore, "human law cannot punish or prohibit all evil, for were it to try to do away with all evils it would also do away with many good things" (*Summa Theologiae* 1–2, 91, 4). Furthermore, Thomas recognizes a tension between legal duty and natural justice. While claiming that an unjust law is not truly a law, he cites Romans 13:1 to support his belief that "even a wicked law, insofar as it keeps something of the appearance [*similitudo*] of law, or account of the order of the one in power who made the law, is derived from the eternal law." Even a wicked law may somehow promote the common good (*Summa Theologiae* 1–2, 92, 1, ad 4; 93, 3, ad 2). Thomas even advises that private individuals should not depose a tyrant if the resultant disorder would be a greater evil than the tyrant's unjust rule (*On Kingship*, I, 6).

Lincoln made a similar distinction between legal duties and moral judgments. This was evident in his handling of the Emancipation Proclamation.[30] In his letter to A. G

Hodges in 1864, Lincoln wrote:

> I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think, and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling (*CW* 7:281).

But Lincoln goes on in this letter to justify the Emancipation Proclamation as a military necessity within his power as Commander-in-Chief in time of war. The Proclamation itself, as issued on January 1, 1863, is carefully written in accordance with Lincoln's prudential restraint. Consider, for example, the concluding paragraph:

> And upon this act sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God (*CW* 6:30).

Lincoln never doubted the justice of emancipating slaves. But he refused to act until constitutional legality and practical necessity coincided with justice.

Perhaps the most remarkable manifestation of Biblical prudence as applied to the question of emancipation is Lincoln's meeting with a delegation of Chicago Christians on September 13, 1862. Since this meeting has not received the attention that it deserves, I will quote extensively from the newspaper account found in Basler's *Collected Works* (5:419–25).[31]

Lincoln begins by responding to their memorial recommending emancipation.

> The subject presented in the memorial is one upon which I have thought much for weeks past, and I may even say for months. I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will. I am sure that either the one or the other class is mistaken in that belief, and perhaps in some respects both. I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me; for, unless I am more deceived in myself than I often am, it is my earnest desire to know the will of Providence in this matter. *And if I can learn what it is I will do it!* These are not, however, the days of miracles, and I suppose it will be granted that I am not to expect a direct revelation. I must study the plain physical facts of the case, ascertain what is possible and learn what appears to be wise and right. The subject is difficult, and good men do not agree (*CW* 5:419–20).

He explains that he does not raise moral objections to emancipation, such as the danger of bloody slave insurrections in the South. Nor is he any longer bothered by legal or constitutional objections, because the measure can be regarded as an exercise of his power as Commander-in-Chief. Consequently he must "view the matter as a practical war measure, to be decided upon according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion" (*CW* 5:421). And from this point of view, Lincoln raises about a half dozen practical objections to emancipation. I will mention only two. Lincoln worries that a proclamation of emancipation from him would be absurdly ineffective. "Would *my word* free the slaves, when I cannot even enforce the Constitution in the rebel states?" (*CW* 5:420). He also worries that after a proclamation, the fifty thousand Union soldiers from the Border Slave States would go over to the rebels. "I do not think they all would--not so many indeed as a year ago, or as six months ago--not so many today as yesterday. Every day increases their Union feeling. They are also getting their pride enlisted, and want to beat the rebels" (*CW* 5:423).

The Christian delegates respond.

> We observed (taking up the President's ideas in order) that good men indeed differed in their opinions on this subject; nevertheless *the truth was somewhere,* and it was a matter of solemn moment for him to ascertain it; that we had not been so wanting in respect, alike to ourselves and to him, as to come a thousand miles to bring merely *our opinion* to be set over against the *opinion* of other parties; that the memorial contained facts, principles, and arguments which appealed to the intelligence of the President and to his faith in Divine Providence; that he could not deny that the Bible denounced oppression as one of the highest of crimes, and threatened Divine judgments against nations that practice it; . . . so that there is the amplest reason for expecting to avert Divine judgments by putting away the sin, and for hoping to remedy the national troubles by striking at their cause.
>
> We observed, further, that we freely admitted the probability, and even the certainty, that God would reveal the path of duty to the President as well as to others, provided he sought to learn it in the appointed way; but, as according to his own remark, Providence wrought by means and not miraculously, it might be, God would use the suggestions and arguments of other minds to secure that result. We felt the deepest personal interest in the matter as of national concern, and would fain aid the thoughts of our President by communicating the convictions of the Christian community from which we came, with the ground upon which they were based (*CW* 5:421–22).

They then answer each of Lincoln's practical objections to a proclamation of emancipation. So, for example, they argue that a proclamation would be effective, because as the Union armies march southward they could enforce both the Constitution and the proclamation. Moreover, the proclamation would have the practical effect of inspiring the people in the North to fight for a high principle. It would also stir greater support for the North in Europe. As to the possibility of the desertion of Border State soldiers, that danger decreases every day, as even Lincoln concedes. And even if some of these soldiers are lost, the increased recruitment in other states prompted by the proclamation would probably more than compensate for the loss.

After an hour of "earnest and frank discussion," Lincoln concludes:

> Do not misunderstand me, because I have mentioned these objections. They indicate the difficulties that have thus far prevented my action in some such way as you desire. I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves, but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind, by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will I will do. I trust that in the freedom with which I have canvassed your views, I have not in any respect injured your feelings (*CW* 5:425).

Lincoln and the Christians agree on the existence of Divine Providence, which determines the cosmic order in accordance with which human affairs must be judged. They also agree that Providence favors the abolition of slavery. But as to *when* and *how* that should be done, the will of Providence has not been clearly expressed. Lincoln has little patience with Christians who offer him contradictory opinions as coming directly from God. God is not contradictory. And if God wanted to reveal His will with respect to the Civil War, He surely would speak directly to the President. So Lincoln is left to decide the issue as best he can based on his own judgment. But these Christians from Chicago—a city famous for political craftiness—do not claim any direct revelation from God. Although God no longer works through miracles, He might "use the suggestions and arguments of other minds" to help the President determine His will. To believe in Divine Providence is to believe that despite differing opinions about great moral issues in politics, *the truth is somewhere*. To find that truth God has given us minds. And it is our duty to study the "facts, principles, and arguments" that will allow us to determine what is right. Therefore, no Christian is entitled to speak about God's will concerning the proclamation if he has not shrewdly calculated the political gains and losses, because God's will may depend upon practical contingencies—such as the popular reaction in the Border States.

Lincoln and these Christians from Chicago are able to engage in a tough-minded discussion of a practical political problem because of the intellectual foundation provided by the American Biblical tradition. They can agree on certain abstract principles of justice. But they also agree on the need for a practical assessment of probabilities in deciding when and how to put those principles into practice. Most importantly, their belief in Providence gives them confidence in the rational order of things and in the capacity of rational men to live in accordance with that order. And yet because of the limitation of the human mind, the will of Providence must always remain mysterious in its unfathomable transcendence of human things. So even as men rationally search for God's will—believing there is a truth somewhere to be discovered—they must forever remain humble in the knowledge of their own ignorance.

Christians need such humility to escape the tempting presumption that their human purposes coincide perfectly with God's. It is especially dangerous for a statesman to believe—or to persuade others to believe—that he is God's agent for executing the final judgment and redemption of mankind. Is there not evidence that Lincoln yielded to this temptation by transforming the Civil War into a holy war? Did he not speak with the language of a millenarian prophet who saw the New Jerusalem at the end of history?

6. Biblical history

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:/ He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;/ He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:/ His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;/ They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;/ I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;/ His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:/ "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;/ Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,/ Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;/ He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:/ Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!/ Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,/ With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:/ As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,/ While God is marching on.[32]

It is reported that Lincoln wept when he first heard Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and he told the singer he had never heard a better song.[33] Is there anyone among us who is not excited by this song? Isn't the appeal of this song a disturbing sign of how Biblical religion fosters political fanaticism? After all, this song portrays the Civil War as the Apocalypse—the Last Battle in which God destroys the ruling powers of evil and establishes the messianic rule of the righteous.

Moreover, some of Lincoln's speeches during the war seem to indicate that he accepted this millenarian view of history. Consequently, many commentators on Lincoln's political thought—including many who are sympathetic to Lincoln—agree with Edmund Wilson's conclusion that Lincoln "came to see the conflict in a light more and more religious, in more and more Scriptural terms, under a more apocalyptic vision." And Wilson observes, "This conception of history as a power which somehow takes possession of men and works out its intentions through them is most familiar today as one of the characteristic features of Marxism, in which 'history' has become the object of a semi-religious cult and has ended by supplying the stimulus for a fanaticism almost Mohammedan."[34] But this image of Lincoln as spiritually intoxicated by what he believes to be his messianic role in history clashes with the prudent sobriety that we have seen in his discussion with the Christians from Chicago. Indeed, there is plenty of evidence to suggest that Wilson is wrong in his popular characterization of Lincoln as a man possessed by his own millenarian view of history.

For one thing, Wilson has overlooked the connection between Lincoln's religion and his humor. Consider the story about Jefferson (Davis) and Abraham (Lincoln), which appears at the beginning of this paper as an epigram. If God suspects that Abraham is joking, is it because God knows that Abraham sees the absurdity of men on opposite sides in a war praying to the same God

for victory? Wouldn't this make Abraham more truly pious than Jefferson? For the truly pious man knows that God cannot contradict Himself. He knows too that God has His own purposes that may differ from those of men. So in seeking God's will, the truly pious man must detach himself from his own passionate commitments so that he can look down upon the passing scene of practical affairs. Similarly, humor allows a man to detach himself from his situation and thus to gain some relief from anxiety and care. Lincoln once told a funny story to his Cabinet but no one laughed. "Gentlemen," he said "why don't you laugh? If I didn't laugh under the strain that is upon me day and night, I should go mad. And you need that medicine as well as I."[35]

But if Lincoln had to laugh to maintain his sanity, it was because he took his role in history seriously. And it is true, as Wilson says, that Lincoln accepted the Biblical understanding of history as a linear progression unfolding from a beginning towards ever higher levels. Here is another point on which Lincoln would disagree with ancient statesmen and political philosophers. The ancient Greeks and Romans were certainly aware of historical development and historical cycles. But they had no conception of history as a rationally ordered ascent from a beginning to an end. Apparently this idea arose from Biblical religion.[36]

One interpretation of Biblical historicity promotes political indifference: Why should we act if God has already determined the outcome? Another interpretation promotes political fanaticism: Why should we act with moderation if we are bringing about the final purpose of history? But Lincoln rejects both interpretations. He believes that history does conform in some mysterious way to the will of God. But this is no reason for human passivity, because God works through the deliberations and actions of men. Nor does this justify fanaticism, because since no man can claim to know God's will absolutely, every man must act within the limits of human rationality.

Lincoln agrees with the Christians from Chicago that we serve the will of God by carefully deciding upon whatever course of action is reasonably justified by weighing the relevant "facts, principles, and arguments." But the private deliberation of individuals will be ineffective if the general public cannot be persuaded as well. Lincoln must therefore appeal to the good judgment of the people as an expression of God's will.

On his way to his first inauguration, Lincoln delivered many speeches in which he confessed his dependence on Providence as manifested in the American people.

> I am sure I bring a heart true to the work. For the ability to perform it, I must trust in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land, through the instrumentality of this great and intelligent people. Without that assistance I shall surely fail. With it I cannot fail (*CW* 4:220–21).

In his First Inaugural Address, he was even more explicit in identifying the will of God and the will of the people.

> Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better, or equal hope, in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth, and that justice, will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people (*CW* 4:270).

Of course Lincoln knows that the people do make mistakes, especially when they act without careful deliberation. "My countrymen, one and all," he implores them, "think calmly and *well*, upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time." But in a certain sense, Lincoln *does* believe in the maxim that the voice of the people is the voice of God. If the Bible supports the claim of the many to participate in the highest things, then it is up to the many to verify that claim by showing that they can govern themselves by deliberating together as a community.

But any deliberation about practical matters is constrained by the unknowable contingency of history. Chance is critically important. No human being, therefore, can know the order of history as it is known to God. In the words of Lincoln's "house divided" speech, we must first know "*where* we are, and *whither* we are tending" before we can judge "*what* to do, and *how* to do it" (2:461). But since we can at best know only the general tendencies of the near future, we can never know all the consequences of our actions. Lincoln regarded the Civil War as an evident example of this since the course of events in that war conformed to no one's expectations at the beginning of the war.

Perhaps we should remember Hegel's comment, in the Preface to *The Philosophy of Right*, about the owl of Minerva flying only with the falling of dusk. The movements of history, it seems, are fully comprehensible only when they are completed. Therefore, those who make history cannot understand it, and those who understand it cannot make it. When Lincoln looks back at the American Revolution, he can understand its necessity. "All this is not the result of accident. It has a philosophical cause" (*CW* 4:168). The "philosophical cause" of the success of the Revolution was its appeal to the principle of liberty to all. "No oppressed people will *fight*, and *endure*, as our fathers did, without the promise of something better than a mere change of masters." But he cannot be as confident that he understands his own historical role in the Civil War. "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me" (*CW* 7:282).

Since God has created human beings with certain natural inclinations, Lincoln can try to act in accordance with the regularities of human nature. But understanding these general tendencies of nature gives him no knowledge of what exactly will happen in particular cases. In the electoral campaign of 1864, for instance, Lincoln could not be sure that the voters would re-elect him. He even had to deny rumors that he was prepared to launch a *coup d'etat* if defeated in the election (*CW* 8:52). But after the election, he could see it as a demonstration

of an uncertain proposition—that a "government, not *too* strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong *enough* to maintain its own existence, in great emergencies."

> The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case, must ever recur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak, and as strong; as silly and as wise; as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this, as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged (*CW* 8:100–101).

Lincoln is surely not claiming that from the study of this one election we can learn to predict exactly the outcome of any similar election in the future. But we can see in this election the unchanging regularities of human nature "practically applied to the facts of the case."

Many commentators, however, have concluded that Lincoln's claim to historical knowledge was not this modest. Particularly in the Second Inaugural Address, he seems to assert that he knows God's purpose for the war because he knows that God has sent the war as a punishment for the sin of slavery. But in fact Lincoln offers this only as a conjecture—carefully indicated by the preposition 'if.'

> Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continues, until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether" (8:333).

He does *not* know that this is what God wills, but he *does* know that *if* He wills it, it will be just. This passage comes after Lincoln's account of how the war has failed to conform to anyone's expectations, so that we must conclude: "The Almighty has His own purposes." Rather than presuming to know God's purpose for the war, Lincoln is confessing that neither he nor any other human being can have such knowledge.[37]

Not long after delivering the Inaugural, Lincoln wrote to Thurow Weed:

> Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech, and on the recent Inaugural Address. I expect the latter to wear as well as—perhaps better than—any thing I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told; and as whatever of humiliation there is in it, falls directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it (*CW* 8:356).

As in previous cases, we see Lincoln applying the principle of non-contradiction. If God governs the world, and if He cannot contradict Himself, then there must have been a "difference of purpose" between God and men in this war since no man's purpose has been fulfilled. There could hardly be a clearer denial of Wilson's assertion that Lincoln was a fanatic in believing that his political aims were divinely sanctioned. For like Job Lincoln has questioned God as to the meaning of human suffering. And at last Lincoln has been forced to confess his own "humiliation" before a mysterious God who "has His own purposes."

Lincoln is in a strange position here. On the one hand, he faces the humiliation of trying to serve a God whose will is never fully comprehensible to human beings. On the other hand, he welcomes compliments on his speech, which he expects "to wear as well as—perhaps better than—any thing I have produced." In fact, he was so proud of this speech that he mailed out autographed copies of the eloquent passage quoted above (*CW* 8:367). Thus, Lincoln displays the peculiar predicament of the Biblical statesman—he must combine humility and pride.

7. Biblical heroism

The inscription above the statue in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., reads:

> In this temple as in the hearts of the people for whom he saved the Union the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever.

Is this the reward that Lincoln sought—to live on in the memory of his people as a godlike hero whose image would be enshrined in temples and whose words would be carved in marble? The ancient Greeks and Romans would have understood this, since they assumed that great statesmen would always strive for the secular immortality of political fame. After all, don't the Lincoln Memorial and all the other manifestations of the Lincoln myth imitate the ancient procedures for divinizing political heroes? But if Lincoln himself sought this as the proper reward for his deeds, then we would have to question the Biblical foundation of his statesmanship.

We know that Lincoln was an ambitious man. In the words of Herndon, "his ambition was a little engine that knew no rest."[38] In the winter of 1840–41, Lincoln suffered from melancholia. His close friend Joshua Speed told Herndon:

> He was much depressed. At first he almost contemplated suicide. In the deepest of his depression he said one day he had done nothing to make any human being remember that he had lived; and that to connect his name with the events transpiring in his day and generation, and so impress himself upon them as to link his name with something that would redound to the interest of his fellow-men, was what he desired to live for.[39]

In 1863, after issuing the Emancipation Proclamation Lincoln reminded Speed of the earlier conversation and said, "I believe that in this measure my fondest hope will be realized."[40]

Lincoln spoke candidly about his ambition. But his pride was combined with humility. In July of 1858, he prepared himself for possibly losing the Senatorial contest with Douglas. "Even in this view, I am proud, in my passing speck of time, to contribute an humble mite to

that glorious consummation, which my own poor eyes may not last to see" (*CW* 2:482). (The reference is to the widow's mites in Mark 12:41-44.) In 1861, on his way to Washington, Lincoln spoke of the influence of reading Weems' *Life of Washington.*

> I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for . . . that something held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come . . . I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his almost chosen people, for perpetuating the object of that great struggle (*CW* 4:236).

The success of a statesman—especially in time of war—may require that his people regard him as godlike. But while he allows or even contrives his own divinization, the prudent statesman must not deceive himself into believing what he would have his people believe. Like Shakespeare's Henry V, he must see his divinity as mere "ceremony" (*Henry V* 4.1.235-290).[41]

Lincoln's humility was surely related to his melancholic awareness of the mortality of all human things. He was surrounded by coffins—his mother (when he was nine years old), his sister, childhood friends, his father, two children, and 140,000 soldiers. According to one of his colleagues at the bar, any literary composition "which faithfully contrasted the realities of eternity with the unstable and fickle fortunes of time, made a strong impression on his mind."[42] His favorite poem, which he often quoted from memory, was William Knox's "Mortality." Developing themes from Job and Ecclesiastes, the poem concludes:

> 'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,/ From the blossoms of health, to the paleness of death./ From the gilded saloon, to the bier and the shroud./ Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud![43]

Death also permeated Lincoln's own poetry (*CW* 1:378, 1:385).

Cicero quotes Scipio Aemilianus as recommending that statesmen should be taught to see "the fragility of human things and the fickleness of fortune."[44] The greatest statesmen, Cicero suggests, may be those who are philosophers or at least students of philosophers, because a contemplative vision of the whole can foster a prudent respect for the limits of political action. But Lincoln was neither a philosopher nor the student of a philosopher.[45] His sense of "the fragility of human things" seems to arise not from a philosophic understanding of things but from the Biblical tradition.

But Lincoln combined humility with pride. And in his proud awareness of his own greatness, he seemed to resemble Aristotle's "great-souled" man—the man who knows himself worthy of great things and who seeks glory as the proper public recognition of his greatness. Surely Biblical religion cannot sanction this proud assertion of human grandeur.

In fact, most of the early Christian theologians refused to recognize magnanimity—"greatness of soul"—as a virtue.[46] Thomas Aquinas, however, sought to justify the moral claims of the magnanimous man as consistent with humility before God. In describing magnanimous hope, Thomas says, "man has hope in himself, yet under God" (*Summa Theologiae* 2-2, 128, 1, ad 2). The greatness of the magnanimous man does not remove him from his subordination "under God." Thomas distinguishes between the perfections of God and man: God's perfection is absolute, but man's is according to his own nature—that is to say, in comparison to God, he is imperfect (2-2, 161, 1, ad 4). Thus, Thomas can endorse simultaneously without contradiction magnanimity and humility. Against the objection that Aristotle in the *Nicomachean Ethics* does not mention humility as a virtue, Thomas replies:

> It must be said that the Philosopher intended to treat the virtues according as they are ordered towards the civil life, in which they are limited to the subjection of one man to another according to the order of the law, and, therefore, they are held under legal justice. Humility, however, as a special virtue, principally provides for the subjection of man to God, on whose account one subjects oneself in humility even to others (2-2, 161, 1, ad 5).

Humility comes not from the relationships among men, but from the relationship of man to God. Magnanimity and humility do not conflict, then, since they arise from two different ways of considering man. Magnanimity expresses man's greatness, which is due to "the gifts of God"; humility expresses man's weakness, which is due to his own defects (2-2, 129, 3, ad 4). This explains Saint John Chrysostom's observation that since the great-souled man shows his greatness by scorning all creation, even himself, he is also humble.[47]

This formulation may be the best way to account for the complex character of Lincoln as a Biblical statesman. He knows that he is a great man. He is the kind of man who always tries to see things for what they are. And it is easy for him to see that he towers over everyone else. But to see things for what they are, he must look up as well as down. And when he looks up, he sees that as tall as he is, he still stands "under God." He is a proud man. But the virtue of pride differs from the vice of vanity. And it would be foolishly vain for him—for any man—to think that his deeds will escape the decay to which all human things are prone. He must be properly humble to be properly proud.

It is fitting, therefore, that Colonel Alexander McClure chose to conclude his collection of *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories* with a story under the title "No Cause for Pride."

> A member of Congress from Ohio came into Mr. Lincoln's presence in a state of unutterable intoxication, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed in tones that welled up fuzzy through the gallon or more of whiskey that he contained, "Oh, why should (hic) the spirit of mortal be proud?"
>
> "My dear sir," said the President, regarding him closely, "I see no reason whatever."[48]

NOTES

1. Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years and the War Years*, one-volume edition (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1939), 573.

2. Harry Jaffa has described Lincoln's "engrafting of the passion of revealed religion upon the body of secular political rationalism." *Crisis of the House Divided* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1973), 238. In distinguishing the Biblical and classical elements of the Western tradition, I have found the following writings most useful: Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West*, trans. Charles Francis Atkinson, 2 vols. (New York: Knopf, 1928); Charles Cochrane, *Christianity and Classical Culture* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1957); Hans Jonas, *Philosophical Essays* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall 1974), 21-44; Harry V. Jaffa, *Equality and Liberty* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1965), 209-29; Leo Strauss, "Athens and Jerusalem: Some Preliminary Reflections," in *Studies in Platonic Political Philosophy* (Chicago Press, 1983), 147-73; Matthew Arnold, chap. 4 of *Culture and Anarchy*, in *The Portable Matthew Arnold*, ed. Lionel Trilling (New York: Viking Press, Penguin, 1949), 557-73; and Eva Brann, "The Roots of Modernity in Perversions of Christianity," *St. John's Review* 35 (Spring 1984): 66-69.

3. For elaboration of these points, see Larry Arnhart, "Statesmanship as Magnanimity: Classical, Christian, and Modern," *Polity* 16 (Winter 1983): 263-83. On Lincoln, see the last few paragraphs of this article.

4. See Norman Cohn, *The Pursuit of the Millennium* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970); Paul Johnson, *A History of Christianity* (New York: Atheneum, 1983), 255-64; and Larry Arnhart, *Political Questions: Political Philosophy from Plato to Rawls* (New York: Macmillan, 1986), chap. 3.

5. Perhaps the three best general introductions to Lincoln's religion are William J. Wolf, *The Religion of Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Seabury Press, 1963); David Hein, "Abraham Lincoln's Theological Outlook," in Hans J. Morgenthau and David Hein, *Essays on Lincoln's Faith and Politics*, ed: Kenneth W. Thompson (Lanham, Md.: University Press of America, 1983), 103-205; and Glen E. Thurow, *Abraham Lincoln and American Political Religion* (Albany, N.Y.: State University of New York Press, 1976). The serious flaw in Wolfe's work--as opposed to that of Hein and Thurow--is that he sometimes gives too much weight to dubious reports about what Lincoln believed.

6. The reference is to Roy A. Basler et al., eds., *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 8 vols. (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1953), 1:382. All subsequent references to the *Collected Works* will be indicated in the text in the same manner.

7. Quoted by William Herndon, *Herndon's Life of Lincoln* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1983), 359-60.

8. Thomas Paine, *The Age of Reason*, in Philip S. Foner, ed., *The Life and Major Writings of Thomas Paine* (Secaucus, N.J.: Citadel Press, 1948), 464.

9. Ibid, 482, 484, 591-93.

10. Cicero, *De Republica* 1.56. Compare the influence of Anaxagoras over Pericles and Socrates. See Plato, *Phaedo* 96b-100b; and Plutarch's *Lives*, trans. John Dryden (New York: Modern Library, 1932), 185-88.

11. See Paine, 595-604.

12. All the quotations from Rousseau are taken from Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *On the Social Contract*, ed. Roger D. Masters, trans. Judith R. Masters (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1978), book 4, chapter 8, pp. 124-32.

13. Robert N. Bellah, "Civil Religion in America," in Russell E. Richey and Donald G. Jones, eds., *American Civil Religion* (New York: Harper & Row, 1974), 21-44.

14. George Washington, Farewell Address, in Daniel Boorstin, ed., *An American Primer*, 2 vols. (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1966), 1:202.

15. Compare Mason L. Weems, *The Life of Washington*, ed. Marcus Cunliffe (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1962), 1-5, 172-86, 215-24; and *CW* 1:108-15, 4:235-36. For a brilliant commentary on the Lyceum speech, see Jaffa, *Crisis* 182-232.

16. See Jaffa, *Crisis* 238-42; and Wilson Carey McWilliams, "The Bible and the American Political Tradition," in Myron J. Aronoff, ed., *Religion and Politics* (New Brunswick: Transaction, 1984), 15, 24.

17. See Jaffa, *Crisis*, 191-92, 227-30; Wolf, *Religion*, 170-72; Thurow, *American Political Religion*, 63-87; and Glen Thurow "The Gettysburg Address and the Declaration of Independence," in Leo Paul de Alvarez, ed., *Abraham Lincoln, The Gettysburg Address and American Constitutionalism* (Irving, Texas: University of Dallas Press, 1976), 55-75.

18. My reading of *Henry V* has been guided by Michael Platt's commentary on the play in his book, *Shakespeare's English Prince* (Lanham, Md.: University Press of American, 1985). See also John Alvis, "A Little Touch of the Night in Harry: The Career of Henry Monmouth," in John Alvis and Thomas G. West, eds., *Shakespeare as Political Thinker* (Durham, N.C.: Carolina Academic Press, 1981), 95-125.

19. Commentators have noticed parallels between Shakespeare's portrayal of Henry V and Desiderius Erasmus's *Education of a Christian Prince* (1540), trans. Lester K. Born (New York: Norton, 1965). If one adjusts for the differences between a king and a democratic leader, Lincoln would more fully exemplify Erasmus's Christian prince. Consider Lincoln's comment that he saw in Stephen Douglas' argument for popular sovereignty "a strong resemblance to the old argument for the 'Divine Right of Kings.' By the latter, the King is to do just as he pleases with his white subjects, being responsible to God alone. By the former the white man is to do just as he pleases with his black slaves, being responsible to God alone" (*CW* 2:278).

20. Paine, *Age of Reason*, 601-602.

21. This lecture should not be confused with the second lecture as revised and delivered on February 11, 1859. *CW* 2:437-42, 3:356-63. Richard N. Current includes only the second lecture in his collection, *The Political Thought of Abraham Lincoln* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1967), 112-21.

22. See Jean Gimpel, *The Medieval Machine: The Industrial Revolution in the Middle Ages* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1976); Lynn White, Jr., *Medieval Religion and Technology* (Berkeley: University of California, 1978); and Lionel Casson, "Godliness and Work," *Science '81* 2 (September 1981): 36-42. Of course one should also consider Max Weber's classic, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, trans. Talcott Parsons (New York: Scribners, 1958). See also Plutarch's *Lives*, 376-80.

23. See Aristotle, *Topics* 100a20-101a16; and *Metaphysics* 1004b19-1012b33. See also Alan Gewirth, *Reason and Morality* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1978), 42-47.

24. Quoted by Alan Gewirth, "The Golden Rule Rationalized," in *Human Rights* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1982), 128. Gewirth's essay is quite instructive.

25. See Larry Arnhart, "Darwin, Aristotle and the Biology of Human Rights," *Social Science Information* 23 (June 1984): 493-521. On Lincoln's possible acceptance of evolutionary biology, see Herndon, *Life of Lincoln*, 353-54.

26. See G. S. Boritt, *Lincoln and the Economics of the American Dream* (Memphis: Memphis State University Press, 1978).

27. See, for example, McWilliams, "The Bible in the American Political Tradition," 30-32, 37.

28. John Stuart Mill, *Principles of Political Economy*, ed. W. J. Ashley (London: Longmans, 1927), book 4, chap. 6, sec. 2, p. 748.

29. Niccolo Machiavelli, *The Prince*, trans. Leo Paul de Alvarez (Irving, Texas: University of Dallas Press, 1980), chap. 21, p. 135. On Lincoln's prudential realism, see Hans J. Morgenthau, "The Mind of Abraham Lincoln," in Morgenthau and Hein, *Essays*, 1-101.

30. The best study of Lincoln's prudential calculations in issuing the Proclamation is George Anastaplo, "Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation," in Ronald Collins, ed., *Constitutional Government in America* (Durham, N.C.: Carolina Academic Press, 1980), 421-46. See also Anastaplo, "American Constitutionalism and the Virtue of Prudence: Philadelphia, Paris, Washington, Gettysburg," in de Alvarez, *The Gettysburg Address*, 77-170.

31. Richard Current reprints Lincoln's comments but not the responses of the Christian delegates. As a result, Current's editing conveys the impression that the Christians were naively imprudent in ignoring the practical problems noted by Lincoln. But a reading of the entire account suggests to me that Lincoln found the discussion with the Christians fruitfully challenging. Current, *Political Thought of Lincoln*, 216-19.

32. Julia Ward Howe, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," ed. William G. McLoughlin, in Boorstin, *American Primer*, 1:380-85. See Edmund Wilson, *Patriotic Gore* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966), 91-98.

33. Should this remind us of John 11:35, which records the one occasion on which Jesus wept? At least we can say that Lincoln grieved as

much over the deaths of the soldiers as Jesus grieved over the death of Lazarus. And although Lincoln could not raise the dead to life, he looked for every opportunity to commute a death sentence.
34. Wilson, *Patriotic Gore*, 102, 106.
35. Wolfe, *The Religion of Abraham Lincoln*, 141.
36. See Karl Lowith, *Meaning in History* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1949).
37. For careful studies of the Second Inaugural that support this conclusion, see Thurow, *American Political Religion*, 88–108; and Hein, "Theological Outlook," 111–56.
38. Herndon, *Life of Lincoln*, 304.
39. Ibid., 172.
40. Ibid., 423.
41. Compare Walter Bagehot's distinction between the "dignified parts" of the English Constitution and the "efficient parts"—the monarch being the head of the former and the prime minister the head of the latter. Bagehot, *The English Constitution* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1966), 61–86, 150, 235–38, 248–51, 262. Lincoln is one of the best examples of how American presidents can combine monarchic dignity and parliamentary efficiency.
42. Quoted by Herndon, *Life of Lincoln*, 496.
43. Quoted by Stephen B. Oates, *With Malice Toward None: The Life of Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), 95.
44. See Arnhart, "Statesmanship as Magnanimity," 268–71.
45. Harry Jaffa *implies* that Lincoln was in some manner a Socratic thinker. See Jaffa, *Crisis*, 5, 207–25, 232, 260-61, 264-65. For criticisms of Jaffa on this point, see Anastaplo, "American Constitutionalism and the Virtue of Prudence," 165–68. At the least Lincoln learned from Shakespeare and Emerson the Socratic dictum that men cannot do evil without suffering evil. See Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Compensation," in Essays and Lectures (New York: Library of America, 1985), pages 285–302.
46. See Rene Antoine Gauthier, *Magnanimite* (Paris: Libraire Philosophique J. Vrin, 1951).
47. Ibid., 430–31.
48. Colonel Alexander K. McClure, *Lincoln's Yarns and Stories* (Grand Rapids, Mich.: Bengal Press, 1980), 368.

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After Hecuba

I tell you, no female's god gives birth to warriors.
No, men build gods
and afterward women stumble through their rubble.

Choked on smoke, slipping in blood,
we crept forward from the walls
to drag the bodies back.
But on that field, flatter than my breast,
there arose an Anger before me,
and she spat at me—''Why?''
''Why not leave them for the birds, Hecuba?
They should fill the bellies of some beast of the air
for all the good of their ships on water or their horses on earth.''

My sisters, did you wonder at my fury
to build a funeral pyre?
From the first tiny flames until the last dusty ash
I will watch the air carry upward all the fuel of my heart.
Fire, scorch bones, blister eyes.
Wind, bear away all shades of what I have loved.
And when the firelight fails, I will still see it where it was.

M. L. Coughlin

America's Rise to a Mature Party System

Donald V. Weatherman

Our image of the American founders probably differs little from the image they have enjoyed ever since we won our independence. Despite the efforts of political historians like Charles Beard, our founding fathers continue to loom in our political history like a generation of Davids conquering one giant after another. Gordon A. Wood captured the feelings most of us have toward the founders: "The awe that we feel when we look back at them is thus mingled with an accute sense of loss. Somehow for a brief moment ideas and power, intellectualism and politics, came together—indeed were one with each other—in a way never again duplicated in American history."[1] The greatest tribute to the American founders—greater than all the monuments in Washington, D.C., even greater than the annual Fourth of July orations—has been the strength and endurance of the republic they founded. Their plan for government has withstood foreign wars, industrialization, massive expansion, and a bitter civil war. Despite these challenges to their handiwork, the regime they founded appears so secure that it is hard for us to imagine the novelty and adventure associated with such a bold experiment. Equally hard for us to remember is that one of the institutions that has proven vital to America's political existence was mortally feared and openly condemned by these same founders.

Political parties, as the founders understood them, were considered one of the greatest threats to the young republic. And yet, the founders themselves could not resist the temptation to organize parties in support of the causes they held most dear. For this reason, party divisions started forming early in America's political history. In time, some of the most ardent opponents of the "spirit of parties" began to soften their views on the possible effects of parties on republican government.

The founders' apparent change of heart toward parties was never complete and far from enthusiastic. For this reason the establishment of a mature party system did not occur until our second generation of political leaders was in control of the national government. The historical factors leading to our first true party system (which is, unfortunately, usually called the "second American party system"[2]) have been adequately covered in such works as Richard Hofstadter's *The Idea of a Party System.* Let us now consider some of the reasons why the founders appear to have had such an ill-conceived notion of the role political parties could play in the political system they created out of the ruins of the Revolution.

A full understanding of the founders' opposition to parties requires that we first determine what they had in mind when they referred to "parties." Generally, it appears that three types of parties were recognized by the founders. The first type, as we learn in *Federalist 10,* is indistinguishable from factions. Parties of this description are primarily economic and are "actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community." Madison provided further clarification of these parties when he continued:

> But the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever

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> formed distinct interests in society. Those who are creditors, and those who are debtors, fall under like discrimination. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views.

Madison left no doubt that while economic factors are not the only source of partisan differences they certainly are the most "common and durable."

George Washington has provided us with our second view of parties. In his *Farewell Address* we find a slight distinction drawn between factions and parties, a distinction that renders neither more desirable. As Washington saw it, parties "serve to organize factions to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of a party; often a small but artful enterprising minority of the community." He warned against parties generally, but was particularly concerned about parties of a "geographical discrimination." What economic parties were to Madison, geographical parties were to Washington; the attribute these two types share is that both are products of selfish concern and serve interests other than the common interest of the community.

The third and last type of party acknowledged by the founding generation is the philosophical party described by Jefferson. He believed that these parties develop because of conflicting notions about the extent to which people are capable of self-government. Jefferson explained to Adams:

> Men have differed in opinion, and been divided into parties by these opinions, from the first origin of societies, and in all governments where they have been permitted freely to think and to speak. The same political parties which now agitate the United States have existed through all time. Whether the power of the people or that of the aristoi should prevail, were questions which kept the States of Greece and Rome in eternal convulsions, as they now schismatize every people whose minds and mouths are not shut up by the gag of a despot. And in fact, the terms of whig and tory belong to natural as well as to civil history. They devote the temper and constitution of mind of different individuals.[3]

Like Madison and Washington, Jefferson recognized that parties naturally blossom in free societies; he also concurred with their belief that the naturalness of parties renders them neither beneficial nor desirable to republican government. However, unlike Madison and Washington, Jefferson did in one of his more optimistic moments indicate that the United States might be able to overcome natural and civil history by freeing itself from partisan differences:

> With those, too, not yet rallied to the same point the disposition to do so is gaining strength; facts are piercing through the veil drawn over them, and our doubting brethren will at length see that the mass of their fellow citizens with whom they cannot yet resolve to act as to principles and measures, think as they think and desire what they desire; that our wish as well as theirs is that the public efforts may be directed honestly to the public good, that peace by activated, civil and religious liberty unassailed, law and order preserved, equality of rights maintained, and that state of property, equal or unequal, which results to every man from his own industry or that of his father's. When satisfied of these views it is not in human nature that they should not approve and support them. In the meantime let us cherish them with patient affection, let us do them justice, and most than justice, in all competitions of interest, and we need not doubt that truth, reason, and their own interest will at length prevail, will father them into the fold of our country, and will complete that entire union of opinion which gives to a nation the blessing of harmony and the benefit of all its strength.[4]

Jefferson's optimism was stated more clearly by one of his partisan successors to the White House. In a letter to Andrew Jackson, James Monroe expressed his belief that the existence of parties in ancient republics and in England was due to "certain defects of those governments" and that "we have happily avoided these defects in our system."[5] Given the kind of parties Jefferson had in mind, such optimism was partially warranted. Jefferson felt that his partisan beliefs were the only ones consistent with the principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence. If the partisan beliefs at that time were based on such fundamental differences, it would not be unreasonable to expect one of those parties to prevail and, thus, determine whether or not the principles set forth in the Declaration were "self-evident."

The founders' limited understanding of parties helps clarify two important points. First, all three of the sources cited provide an accurate and helpful description of particular types of parties that have historically existed and do currently exist in the United States. Second, while they provide an accurate description of certain types of parties, none of them describes what we generally recognize as *political* parties. This should not surprise us since the formal type of grassroots party organization that we are familiar with was unknown to the founders and everyone else at that time.

The concerns expressed by Madison and Washington have proven to be well-founded. Harry V. Jaffa equates the parties or factions in *Federalist 10* with what we call interest groups today.[6] With a few exceptions, these interest groups continue to put their narrow interests before the "permanent and aggregate interest of the community." Washington's greatest fears about parties of a "geographical discrimination" could hardly have exceeded the events surrounding the Civil War. As for Jefferson's statements about philosophical parties, it would appear that something fairly close to what he described has appeared, from time to time, in American politics. America's critical or watershed elections have usually focused on more fundamental questions than are generally addressed in American politics. But Jefferson

did not believe that such a sweeping transformation of the American electorate would be needed after the "revolution of 1800."

Lack of foresight is not the only thing that kept Jefferson from being the founder of America's two-party system. Jefferson and most of his followers viewed the Jeffersonian Republican party as the party to end all parties. What Jefferson and his followers lacked, at least until the 1920s, was what Richard Hofstadter describes as "comity." Hofstadter contends:

> Comity exists in a society to the degree that those enlisted in its contending interest have a basic minimal regard for each other: one party or interest seeks the defeat of an opposing interest [or party] on matters of policy, but at the same time seeks to avoid crushing the opposition, denying the legitimacy of its existence or its values, or inflicting upon it extreme and gratuitous humiliations beyond the substance of the gains that are being sought.[7]

Few parties have been crushed as swiftly and completely as were the Federalists. To Jefferson, the Federalists were as illegitimate as the monocratic values they held.

There was something like Hofstadter's "comity" when Jackson reached the White House. By the 1820s, people like Martin Van Buren and Thomas Ritchie were fully aware of the salutary effects political parties could have on republican government. The alliance forged between Jackson and the party chieftains of his day, and the response this drew from Henry Clay and his followers, gave rise to America's first mature party system.

In *Statesmanship and Party Government*, Harvey Mansfield, Jr., credits Burke with "introducing parties into the public constitution."[8] He contends that parties had existed as part of the private constitution for some time, but that it would have been totally irresponsible to go "public" with parties because that would have made parties useful to all, "good men and traitors alike."[9] Parties were considered a secret weapon that should be used only in the most extreme circumstances and, therefore, should always be publicly decried by the knowledgeable political actors who might find a need for parties at some point in their political careers. In this sense, parties were an ultimate political weapon whose potential was recognized by some politicians, who hoped that they would never have to resort to their use. Jefferson's involvement with party politics in the United States appears quite consistent with Burke's belief that one should resort to parties only as a last resort.

But this attitude did not survive the nineteenth century. In the United States as in Britain, parties became not only public, but respectable. Mansfield posits one reason for the change. "Defining 'party' as a body of men united on some particular principle, [Burke] made parties available to good men in association against bad men." But certain sacrifices had to be made to achieve this respectability. Mansfield describes one such sacrifice:

> A party principle is necessarily attuned to lesser capacities than is a statesman's principle. Burke conceived the respectability of party because he was willing to accept the less exact principle in exchange for a lessened reliance on statesmen; for great statesmen are unreliable, at least in the sense that they are not always available. Burke believed that the regularity of honest men could compensate for their lack of discrimination, and that party government could substitute for statesmanship.[10]

Government's inability to rely on great or enlightened statesmen was noted by Publius as well. Recognition of this fact is what led him to the "invention of prudence."

This could also explain what the United States did not turn to a formal party system until the 1820s. If Burke was correct in his assertion that the only—or primary—justification for a "respectable party" is the absence of great statesmen, then the United States clearly did not need such parties as long as there was a Washington, Jefferson, or Madison at the helm. Perhaps this is why Jefferson and Madison looked more favorably toward parties in their later years. Such a change in attitude is especially clear in Madison's works.

Foremost in the minds of the founding generation was how a popular government could tolerate (or survive) differences of opinion and still function as a single entity. Only after our institutions of government were well-established could politicians look to differences of opinion as something that might be organized to serve as a positive political force in American politics. Two of the first and most enduring proposals for using differences of opinion to serve the interests of government were developed by Andrew Jackson's two vice presidents.

John C. Calhoun's concurrent majority thesis considered using these differences to the advantage of distinct or fragmented (state) interests; Martin Van Buren's permanent two-party system advocated using these differences to further a national interest or national interests. The only premise these two proposals shared was that diverse political opinions could be used to strengthen our political system. Calhoun's system proposed strength through greater decentralization of decision making, while Van Buren's proposed strength through centralization. Calhoun's proposal was designed primarily to protect economic, regional interests; Van Buren's was designed to help create, clarify, and perpetuate national political principles. Van Buren's system was posited on the belief that the political is superior to the economic; Calhoun's appears to be based on the reverse assumption. Both are based on assumptions that differ radically from those of the founders.

Van Buren's recognition of the potential of political parties resulted directly from his ability to expand on the founders' understanding of parties. Unlike Madison and Washington, he had no difficulty distinguishing parties from factions. One of his numerous attacks on the so-called "era of good feeling" pointed out the difference as he saw it:

> In place of two great parties arrayed against each other in a fair and open contest for the establishment of principles in the administration of Government which they respectively believed most conducive to the public interest, the country was overrun with personal factions. These having few higher motives for the selection of their candidates or stronger incentives to action than individual preferences or antipathies, moved the bitter waters of political agitation to their lowest point.[11]

Once he established the line of demarcation between parties and factions, Van Buren's position recalled that expressed by Machiavelli some 300 years earlier. In *The Discourses,* Machiavelli argued that few people understand the true nature of parties:

> Those who condemned the quarrels between the nobles and plebs, seem to be cavilling at the very things that were the primary cause of Rome's retaining her freedom, and they pay more attention to the noise and clamour resulting from such commotions than to what resulted from them. . . . [A]nyone who studies carefully their result, will not find that they occasioned any banishment or act of violence inimical to the common good, but that they led to laws and institutions whereby the liberties of the public benefited. (I,4)

Without trying to make more of this analogy than it deserves, let me make one more comparison. According to Machiavelli and Van Buren, one of the greatest contributions by parties is their preservation of the public nature of political controversies. Governments that provide a public arena for opposition to individuals and policies maintain greater control over such opposition. Public opposition requires that one's claims be backed by evidence; when such evidence is provided, the party or parties under attack can present evidence in their own defense. An open exchange of this nature affords government a better opportunity to settle an issue and then to move on to other matters. Rumors and accusations not made public have "no need of witnesses or of any other corroboration of the facts." Furthermore, a two-fold educational advantage comes from public controversies. First, public controversies draw more people into the dispute; second, the larger number of citizens involved is permitted to consider the evidence of both sides and then to draw conclusions. There is no better way to educate the general citizenry than to make it a party to the political battles that occur within the state. Another advantage to which Van Buren alluded is that public controversies tend to stem from higher motives than do private controversies. This led Van Buren to conclude that the "era of good feeling" had "moved the bitter waters of political agitation to their lowest point."

Van Buren, like Machiavelli, relied quite heavily on history to support his contention that parties have a salutary effect on republican government. He openly opposed those who claimed that the party division of the 1790s was caused by conflicting notions about whether the United States should have aligned itself more closely with England or France. Van Buren recognized the sharp division on that issue, but argued that to consider this the source of partisan divisions "is to mistake for the cause one of its least important effects."[12] He developed his idea about the source of party differences in this way:

> The Administrations of Jefferson and Madison, embracing a period of sixteen years, from first to last, opposed by the federal party with a degree of violence unsurpassed in modern times. From this statement one of two conclusions must result. Either the conduct of these two parties which had been kept on foot so long, been sustained with such determined zeal and under such patriotic professions and had created distinctions that became the badges of families—transmitted from father to son—was a series of shameless impostures, covering mere struggles for power and patronage; or these were differences of opinion and principle between them of the greatest character, to which their respective devotion and active service could not be relaxed without safety or abandoned without dishonor.[13]

To Van Buren, the choice was clear: either one accepted parties as a healthy and respectable part of America's political machinery or one accused Jefferson and Madison of being "shameless impostures." Since Jefferson's reputation has probably never exceeded the heights it attained during the Jacksonian era, Van Buren was confident of which conclusion the political leaders of his generation—and probably the leaders of generations to follow—would draw. To make this choice clear, Van Buren relied heavily on Jefferson's actions and avoided many of his words. He cleverly drew on the partisan political history of the founders to overcome the partisan (actually anti-partisan) political theories they had espoused. Since Jefferson, Madison, and Hamilton produced the history upon which Van Buren rested his case for a permanent party system, he had at his disposal information that simply was unavailable to the founders. With his Jeffersonian prejudices intact, Van Buren built a foundation for a new partisan division based on historical attachments and governmental policies. He began his discussion by echoing Jefferson's statement on the permanence of party divisions in Western history, but he quickly translated those natural parties into American parties and then concentrated his efforts on the specific policies and programs that had resulted from those divisions.[14] He glossed over Hamilton's theoretical differences with Jefferson and chose, instead, to focus on the policies that had grown out of Hamilton's political preferences. Van Buren realized that party loyalties and antagonisms are easier to maintain if they are attached to specific programs and policies instead of general theories.

Van Buren's success in building a permanent party system was not based on a rejection of the earlier party theories espoused by Washington, Madison, and Jefferson; on the contrary, Van Buren was keenly aware of the permanence of the driving passions that produced these early theories. The future of American parties would be determined by their ability to maintain a tenuous balance

between the interests described by Madison and Washington and the ideals described by Jefferson. Van Buren charted a middle course that could appeal to both the noble and the base and thus provide a common ground for both the informed leaders our country would continue to need and their less-informed followers. Statesmen are able to address the concerns of the entire community through party principles in a way that they could not with Madison or Washington's parties. At the same time, the less-informed members of society can recognize the practical effect certain party principles might have in a way that they probably could not have in Jefferson's parties.

Van Buren certainly realized that party principles are better understood by people of "lesser capacities" than are the principles of statesmen. But given the shortage of statesmen, society as a whole is elevated by these "lesser principles." As the American political system grew increasingly democratic, there was an increasing need for partisan principles that would help "refine and enlarge the public's view."

The founders' partisan oversight, if we can call it that, was addressed indirectly by Alexis de Tocqueville. In his discussion of patriotism, he provided at least a partial explanation of the increased need for political parties after the founding. According to Tocqueville, there are two distinct forms of patriotism: instinctive and reflective. The former he describes as a "kind of religion: it does not reason, but it acts from the impulse of faith and sentiment."[15] At the time of the founding, as in a time of war, such patriotism formed strong bonds between the citizenry and the state. Nevertheless, "like all instinctive passions, this kind of patriotism incites great transient exertions, but no continuity of effort."[16] At some point, citizens must make the transition to reflective patriotism if they are to maintain their attachments to their government. This requires that people "go forward and accelerate the union of private with public interests, since the period of disinterested patriotism is gone by forever." The transition is especially crucial to republics because while reflective patriotism is "less generous and less ardent . . . it is more fruitful and most lasting: it springs from knowledge; it is nurtured by the law; it grows by the exercise of civil rights; and, in the end, it is confounded with the personal interest of the citizen."[17]

As we have already noted, the hallmark of Van Buren's party system is the union it forged between the private interests that sustained the parties of Washington and Madison and the public interests which guided Jefferson's party. The founders could not have anticipated the necessity for political parties; in the early years of the republic, private and public interests were held together by a reverence for the authors of America's founding documents and the passions that produce "instinctive patriotism." Political parties filled the vacuum created by the passing of the founding generation and of the patriotic passions they inspired.

1. "The Democratization of Mind in the American Revolution," in Robert W. Horwitz, ed., *The Moral Foundation of the American Republic* (University Press of Virginia: 1977).
2. I have explained why this terminology is unfortunate in "From Factions to Parties: America's Partisan Education." In Schramm, P., and Silver T. (eds), *Natural Right and Political Right: Essays in Honor of Harry V. Jaffa.* Carolina Academic Press, 1984.
3. Adrienne Koch and William Peden, eds., *The Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (Random House: 1944), p. 627.
4. James Richardson, ed., *A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Presidents, 1789-1908,* 12 vols. (Bureau of National Literature and Art: 1909), 1:381-82.
5. John Spencer Bassett, ed., *Correspondence of Andrew Jackson,* 7 vols. (Carnegie Institution: 1927), 2:268.
6. "The Nature and Origin of the American Party System" in *Equality and Liberty* (Oxford University Press: 1965).
7. *The Progressive Historians: Turner, Beard, Parrington* (New York: 1968), p. 454.
8. Harvey Mansfield, Jr., *Statesmenship and Party Government* (University of Chicago Press: 1965), p. 17.
9. Mansfield, p. 14.
10. Mansfield, pp. 17-18.
11. Martin Van Buren, *Inquiry into the Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States* (New York: 1867), pp. 3-4. This point is also noted by James Ceaser in *Presidential Selection* (Princeton University Press: 1979), p. 135.
12. Van Buren, *Inquiry,* p. 270.
13. *The Autobiography of Martin Van Buren,* ed. John C. Fitzpatrick (Washington, D.C.: 1920), p. 123.
14. Van Buren, *Inquiry,* pp. 7-8.
15. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America,* ed. Phillips Bradley, 2 vols. (Vintage Books: 1945), 1:251.
16. *Democracy in America,* 1:252.
17. *Democracy in America,* 1:251-52.

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Penelope's Dream

Navigare necesse est . . .

In the cold olive bed of night
the work of day lies around me,
as if some portion of sunlight were netted there
that in darkness gives up a daily gathered heat.

In imagination I smooth again
the wrinkled surface of my skin,
and resurrect a form of youth —
memory will be the shuttle of desire.

Each night I lie,
an island in the soft grey sea of sleep,
and count, as waves, the doing and undoing
that run together in a tide.

My wakefulness, a forgotten watchfire, has grown cold,
and still I cannot close my conscious eye.
If I could, all I'd dream would be a vision:
    the longed-for draught,
    a silence unjoined from solitude,
    and a second, more singular journey — begun.

M. L. Coughlin

Housebound or Floating Free: The American Home in *Huckleberry Finn*

Mera J. Flaumenhaft

Far from home, Huckleberry Finn finds himself in the house of a family named Grangerford. Among the neatly stacked books in their parlor is a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, "about a man that left his family, it didn't say why." Huck reads "considerable" in it and finds it "interesting but tough." Having escaped from what remains of his own natural family, and from a well-meaning adoptive family, Huck has attached himself to a fugitive slave who intends to buy or steal his own family to freedom. Missing the northern turn, the boy and the slave remain together in what has become the most famous alternative family in American literature. Huck's experiences south of Cairo raise the question of what family and civic arrangements are appropriate to human beings, and especially to human beings in the special circumstances of Twain's nineteenth century America. These alternatives help us to reflect on the meaning of the small and temporary community formed by Huck and Jim.

Many of Twain's readers have noted the resemblance between the Grangerfords' parlor and that of the "House Beautiful" in *Life on the Mississippi*. It is clearly the same room. What differs is the point of view of the describer. Huck's delighted admiration for the "style" of the "beautiful oilcloth," plaster fruits, and fine pictures is an amusing contrast to Twain's mockery of the vulgar affectations of a typical well-to-do western family. But there is another difference between the two passages, one which points to a much more interesting question raised by the Grangerford episode. The "best dwelling" described in *Life on the Mississippi* is located in a river town. The passage begins by calling the mansion "the home of its wealthiest and most conspicuous *citizen*" [emphasis added]. The house is set back in a grassy yard; the paling fence, painted white, is "in fair repair," and a brick walk leads from "gate to door." The reader might imagine the "principal *citizen*" [emphasis added] referred to at the end of the passage welcoming fellow citizens to his home, walking out the gate to do business in town, and leaving the town in the luxury steamboat described in the following paragraphs.

The establishment Huck "runs across" in the dark after a steamboat overturns his raft is markedly different. Located a quarter mile of rough ground from the river, the house sits in an isolated clearing away from any town and even from other houses. There is no fence, walk, or yard, and welcoming a visitor requires "unlocking, unbarring, and unbolting." Only by relocating the "House Beautiful" can Twain in *Huckleberry Finn* connect this passage with another, not yet related to it in *Life on the Mississippi*, the description of the Darnell-Watson feud. For the Grangerfords' feud can only be understood by exploring the implications of their isolated way of life.

While the lengthy, detailed description of the house marvelously portrays the sensibilities of a boy like Huck, it is of even greater interest in that it characterizes the people who live there—not only by what they have in the house, but by the elaborate, orderly care they take for it. By dwelling on their dwelling, we become aware that this private household is the only community in the lives of its inhabitants. Resembling Homeric Cyclopses, "they have neither assemblies for council, nor appointed laws, but they dwell on the peaks of lofty mountains in hollow caves, and each one is lawgiver to his children and wives."

The Grangerfords, however, are indoors people, the products of an economy based on slavery. Huck remarks

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on the Colonel's "darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres." Freed from the necessity to work, by themselves or with others, they devote themselves not to public business, but to family ceremonials, to hunting, and to a peculiar debased form of dueling. Privacy reigns. As the absolute masters of over a hundred slaves, they are occupied not in productive work, but in the forms of their everyday life. This life is static and repetitious in its meticulous routines, and is uninterrupted except by the cyclical feud killings, the round of tribal parties, and by an occasional visit from a stranger boy who livens up a midnight snack with his false tales.

The inequality of master and slave is echoed in the patriarchal arrangements of the Grangerfords. Before we even hear his name, we realize that the Colonel is running a *private* military unit:

> "Snatch that light away . . . take your places."
> "All ready."

He refers to his sons, fine men in their thirties, as "boys." Not free to contract themselves in marriage or occupation, they begin each day with an elaborate ceremonial in which they pay homage to the patriarchal master of the house. There is none of the easy affection which Tocqueville notes between most American fathers and the grown sons who work with them as equal men. Rather, as Tocqueville says,

> When men live more for remembrance of what has been than for the care of what is, and when they are more given to attend to what their ancestors thought than to think themselves, the father is the natural and necessary tie between the past and the present. . . . In aristocracies, then, the father is not only the civil head of the family, but the organ of its traditions, the expounder of its customs, the arbiter of its manners. He is listened to with deference, he is addressed with respect, and the love that is felt for him is always tempered with fear. (II.viii)

Colonel Grangerford will pass down to his sons his house, land, slaves, name, blood and the blood feud that comes with it. Like all patrilocal aristocratic families, the Grangerfords look backwards. Their past determines their present; on Sundays they discuss "preforeordestination." Though Twain may overdo Emmeline, her fixation on death and her family's morbid fixation on her, ring true. While the sons die off before their fathers in an ancient feud whose origins they can't remember, Emmeline's mother spends her days visiting the room of the daughter who has predeceased her.

Every Grangerford is first of all a Grangerford, tied by name, looks, and loyalties to his tribal clan. There is little sense of individual identity apart from the home and inherited name. Family is not a bridge to relations with others, but an extension of one's self. The feud which preoccupies them expresses an excessive and inverted love of one's own. The only social activities we hear of are those extended family "junketings" in which "mostly kinfolks" come for days at a time to hunt, picnic, and dance. At such affairs, one imagines, are arranged the marriages of second and third cousins, unions which preserve the "worth" of such "tribes" and, above all, prevent disastrous alliances with the sons of enemy clans of aristocracy.

The Grangerfords have no public relations, and frequent no public places. We hear of the steamboat landing—which seems to welcome no one to this backwater settlement—and of the church, the only neutral meeting place of the hostile clans. There they listen attentively to the sermon—"all about brotherly love." But, recognizing only *blood* brothers, they keep their guns "handy against the wall." In both *Huckleberry Finn* and the Darnel-Watson passage in *Life on the Mississippi,* no one but the two families seems to be in the church.

Compare this Grangerford Sunday with the St. Petersburg Sunday on which Tom Sawyer loses his pinch bug. On the latter, the church is full of children fresh from Sunday school, where Tom must introduce himself to the new judge by his full family name. Older worshippers are identified by their public position or by family name and public role: the aged postmaster, the mayor, the justice of the peace, the widow Douglas—always associated with her palatial "hospitable" mansion, Major and Mrs. Ward, Lawyer Riverson, young belles, and clerks, and the Model Boy. St. Petersburg is a community where even the town drunk acquires a sort of civic status. The church is clearly a public meeting place. After the hymn the minister "turned himself into a bulletin board and read off notices of meetings and societies . . . a queer custom which is still kept up in America." The prayer which follows is a "good generous" one. Unlike the "ornery" backwoods preaching about brotherly love, it reaches out to include pleas for

> the church; the little children of the church; the other churches of the village; for the village itself; for the county; for the State; for the State officers; for the United States; for the churches of the United States; for the Congress; for the President; for the officers of the Government; for poor sailors tossed by stormy seas; for the oppressed millions groaning under the heel of European monarchies and Oriental despotisms.

It is to this *community* of families that Tom makes his triumphal return after lighting out for a boyish adventure. Twain makes marvelous fun out of the disastrous Sunday school award, the pretenses of the parishioners, the cadences of the prayer, and the delightful busting up of the service as all hearts and minds are turned towards—the pinch bug! But there is no doubt that the members of the congregation constitute a satisfying community of fully developed civic beings as well as family members. The same can be said of the honor-bound First Families of Virginia in *Pudd'nhead Wilson.* They show off their town's new graveyard, jail, town hall, churches, indepen-

dent fire company, militia company, and "where the richest man lived" to visiting Italian noblemen. With one foot tied to their aristocratic Virginia pasts, they eagerly partake of their democratic Missouri presents and futures, visiting the homes of Aunt Patsy and the uprooted Pudd'nhead, even as they duel for their ancient honor.

For all their refinement, then, the housebound Grangerfords seem peculiarly primitive in the light of the new "sivilization" on the banks of the Mississippi. It is not just that their carpets and white clothes and plastered, whitewashed walls cover over the dark savagery of their ancient feud. It is that their ancient feud—and everything else in their way of life—harks back to a pre-political condition in which human beings have not yet emerged from natural family associations to conventional civil law. Not only do his slaves and his sons remain "boys," but the undisputed master, as Cyclopean lawgiver to his wife and children, remains somehow undeveloped. As the only man among a household of women, boys, and slaves, he never deals with his equals in a public arena in which law, and not his own will, regulates relations. Political life anywhere requires the separation of individual responsibility and action from blood kinship, and the agreement to punish wrongs by disinterested communal authority and law. The first step away from patriarchal feuds is appropriately an elopement. Lighting out from their ancestral homes, Harney and Sophia take refuge across the river, to be married by authorities outside their families. The children of this union will look like Grangerfords *and* Shepherdsons, and will probably live in a town. No longer bound to their paternal origins, they will turn their attention to the wider community and live by its laws.

Tocqueville's observations are again helpful. Free, adult life in the United States requires that "all classes display the utmost reliance upon the legislation of their country and [be] attached to it by a kind of paternal affection"(I.xiv). American patriotism, however, goes beyond instinctive patriotic feelings which tie men to their birthplace and make them love their country as they "love the mansion of their fathers." Nurtured by the laws," it encourages citizens to exercise their civil rights"(I.xiv), and in assemblies to "salute the authorities of the day as the fathers of their country"(I.xiv). Besides Emmeline's originals in the Grangerford parlor, Huck sees pictures of Washington and the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is not clear what place these founding fathers could hold in the hearts of the "nice family" that lives there. At any rate, one is not surprised to find that the "House Beautiful's" chief "slander of the family in oil"—in big gilt frame—"papa holding a book ('Constitution of the United States')"—is absent from the House of Grangerford.

We must return to *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book in the parlor. It *is* about a man that leaves his family. The man has only one name, the generic name of Christian. Christianity loosens the powerful bonds of blood kinship and turns man's attention from family and political life to the heavenly city. At the end of the journey all are equal—fathers and sons, men and women, aristocrats and commoners, freemen and slaves. Universal brotherly love is promised along with eternal life, liberty and happiness. The American founding fathers promised much less. In return for abandoning the unchanging names, property, privileges, duties, and ceremonies of ancient, ancestral ties, they offered unlimited mobility, individuality, and an equal right to this-worldly life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They guaranteed this right not by relying on the private charity of Bible-reading widows, sermons about brotherly love, or camp-meeting preachings to the wicked, but by inculcating a respect for public institutions and the secular law, a respect which was closely bound up with self-interest and self-respect. In America one could always change one's name, earn one's place, name that place, or light out for the territory. These are cures for the evils of the House of Grangerford. But they bring on their own characteristic American diseases, ones which Twain goes on to explore as Huck travels south from the Grangerfords. Excessive and exclusive family ties are replaced by excessive isolated individualism, and then by a complete lack of individuality which also threatens viable community life. And America is plagued with its characteristic outsiders, in the forms of drifters and slaves. In each incident we are still searching for a viable combination of free individuality and attachments to family and civic communities, for an appropriate American home.

Bricksville, Arkansas, is deep south, far from the western river towns of Missouri, and a good distance from the woodland, backwater compound of the Grangerfords. Its ills are a peculiar combination of American traits and the special perversions of southern slavery. The town is too close to the river; its characteristic element is mud. The traces of family, civic, economic structures are visible, but, with respect to "sivilization," Bricksville's "been there before." Private houses are "old and shackly," propped up to avoid flooding; their gardens are full of weeds, hogs, and trash, and the fences are in disrepair, with hanging gates, "whitewashed some time or another, but the Duke said it was in Columbus's time, like enough." The human inhabitants of this community aren't at home much. They have little to do with women and children. Their ramshackly gates lead out to a public space where, again, hogs make themselves at home. Slavery has arrested the development of these men as much as it has the master, sons, and slaves of the Grangerfords. No one works. They hang around storefronts, but their only public business is conducted in grunts about "borrowing" tobacco. Their names echo the first names of St. Petersburg children and Grangerford "boys," but they are not completed by surnames; thus, they seem, at the same time, characteristically American, and yet un-American. As Huck remarks in *Tom Sawyer*, kings and slaves have only given names. Unarticulated from each other by home, work, or name, and unconcerned with the past or future, these ragged men loaf

away their present, tormenting stray animals, much as the patched schoolboys "stir up" ticks and pinch bugs in *Tom Sawyer*. When a harmless old drunk bearing only the muddy last name of Boggs is shot to death, this "community" bands together to lynch the murderer. They "swarm" to his house, terrifying women, children, and slaves, and threatening to "tromp" everything to "mush." The loafers described at the beginning of the chapter are the raw material for the anonymous, inarticulate mob which Twain would later describe as the "United States of Lyncherdom."

They are faced down by the murderer, Colonel Sherburn, the most isolated individual in *Huckleberry Finn*. His well-cared-for house and "twenty-foot yard" are the first objects of attack; the mob must first "tear down the fence, tear down the fence." Isolated from the townspeople, Sherburn greets his neighbors from his roof, looking down on those who would lynch him. He makes the longest, most articulate speech in the book. He has lived in many places, north and south, and is apparently unattached to any human being. Unlike Huck, who also has no family, he is unmoved by the fear and grief of Boggs' "sweet and gentle" daughter. Sherburn resembles Grangerford, but this colonel stands alone. For him, armies, like mobs, are composed of subordinate half-men who can be scared into courage by their mass and by their officers. The incident which sets off the Bricksville mob is an anachronistic parody of an aristocratic duel. Sherburn's name has been insulted, and he punctiliously fulfills all the ceremonies—challenges, time, cocked pistol, discarded weapon—to avenge his detached and self-oriented honor. He would not stoop to the ambushes and bowie knives of the backwater feud. He is unimaginable in the democratic militias which extended frontiers against savage Indians and resisted the civilized armies of European kings. And he is unassimilable in the democratic towns for which these militias cleared the way. In sum, he is as far from legal community as are his anonymous attackers. Twain returns to the entertainments of the Bricksville loafers twice again before Huck moves on. The murder of Boggs is reenacted in their pleasure in the drunk circus clown's danger, and in their early delight in and later revenge against the perpetrators of the Royal Nonesuch.

The two frauds who suffer their wrath again raise the question of isolated individualism as an American danger. Mobility, anonymity, and an uncontrolled desire for quick riches characterize these homeless drifters. They repeatedly light out from "sivilized" communities which they "work," but within which they have no sustained working identities. Isolated at first, they form an uneasy association based on self-interest, and are never slow to cheat each other, as well as their shared dupes. Lacking true pasts or names, they are self-made men who assimilate themselves into the families of European aristocracy and American democrats whenever they stand to profit. But the true "secret of their birth" is that they have *no* selves. The two buddies who bellow out a version of the love scene from *Romeo and Juliet*—Twain won't let us forget Harney and Sophia—have nothing to do with homes and families, feuding or otherwise. Their handbill for the Royal Nonesuch "fetches" their dupes in Bricksville, but it also characterizes the dupers: "LADIES AND CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED." Though they carry the rags and pieces of "sivilized" places in their carpetbags and heads, they are, like Sherburn, totally detached. We last see them, like him, being attacked by the anonymous mob which counters their violations of communal law with equally lawless punishment.

* * *

What has this tour through river communities, homes, and families to do with the lovely boy who reads *Pilgrim's Progress* and then follows his heart and vows to go to Hell to save a slave? Only a reader whose own heart is as "deformed" as Twain elsewhere says Huck's "conscience" is, would fail to become deeply attached to the kid who humbles himself before Jim, writes poetry for Emmeline, "cries a little" over Buck Grangerford, and feels sorry for murderers, for Boggs, and the clown, and Mary Jane, and Silas Phelps, and even for "them poor pitiful rascals," the Duke and the King. His liveliness, intelligence, and, above all, his sympathy for others, are born of the heart. Twain gives no other indication of their origins. But Huck is a sprite—an American one to be sure—and, like all sprites, he does not partake of the lasting attachment that most mortals form. The Prosperos of this world are always sadder than the Ariels when the latter light out for freedom. *Our* attachment to Huck should not prevent us from recognizing that America has a tendency to invite and encourage lighting out, and that lighting out is the source of both strengths and weaknesses in the home of the free.

Huck is a homeless orphan in St. Petersburg. The boy is taken in by a well-meaning widow in a nice house—in *Tom Sawyer* it's the best mansion in town. He's sent to school and church, and he plays with the children of respectable families. To his father's horror, he learns to read and write, and like all nineteenth century American children, to spell. But he declares his independence from his first to his last paragraphs with the only misspelling in his book—"sivilization." At home he is taught table manners and prayers, and is always reprimanded with the full version of his first name, Huckleberry! But at night, when the restrictive routine gets him down, he lights out to less confined spaces, not through the gate, but out the window and off the roof. Though there are town fathers in this village, the "sivilization" in which Huck dwells for a time is primarily female. Miss Watson and the widow of the former justice of the peace offer a stiff and somewhat dessicated family, a home from which men no longer go forth to work with other men.

Huck's father is a juicier type, closer to the river. At the edges of "sivilization," he's attached to no one. There's only a passing mention of Huck's mother, and

the paternal "home" has been mostly barrels in a muddy hogyard. Like all the homeless drifters in this book, he lives, not by working, but by "borrowing off" others. Pap—his full name is rarely used—disappears on the river for long stretches, and returns to plague his son for his independently acquired legacy. He cannot be received at the widow's, so he hangs around the garden fence and later climbs in by the shed. A brief attempt to "sivilize" Pap by removing him from the tanyard to a new judge's "own house," ends with Pap's lighting out off the porch roof in the middle of the night, returning to make a shambles of a beautiful spare room. Later he imprisons Huck in an abandoned log hut in a thick wood where "there warn't no houses." There they live the disorganized life of men without women—no books, study, prayers, schedules, or neighbors—and no reliable nurture or protection. Housebound again, Huck escapes from the unpredictable rages of Pap, again not through a door or gate, but by sawing a hole in the house itself.

In the long trip down the river, Huck lives among men. You can't live on the river unless you have some kind of solid platform. But the raft wigwam is unattached; it has no foundations. It houses an easy, free, unregulated life which is always in flux. As you drift by, no one knows your name, or your father's. There are no rooted trees, no adjacent yards, and no fences to admit neighbors or prevent others from "borrowing." The river washes a two story house in its flood and Huck and Jim climb in a second story window to plunder the dirty detritus of its anonymous former inhabitants. Their possessions are further increased by the loot taken from the murderous thieves who are left to die in the well-furnished Walter Scott.

The prime cigars which Huck takes from the Walter Scott remind us that life on the raft is not so pure as it might at first seem. Like native American huckleberry bushes, which are neither cultivated nor woods-wild, but which thrive on cleared land where human settlers have left their mark, Huckleberry Finn lives off the "sivilized" life from which he continually escapes. His canoes, hats, melons, cigars, and even his company, are supplied by settled towns along the river. The "lazying," "borrowing," "smoking" idyll is the attractive version of the more disturbing American lives led by the Walter Scott thieves, the Bricksville tobacco chewers, and the Duke and the King. Huck, like them, has no settled home.

Huck is a sojourner in various houses for brief periods in his trip down the river. At Mrs. Loftus', the Grangerfords', the Wilkses' and the Phelpses' he is welcomed, entertained, and told all about the inhabitants. Aunt Sally, who at last knows who he is, invites him to remain permanently grounded in a community of family farms. This prompts him to light out for good. All his other hosts never learn his name, which he freely changes for new acquaintances. They'll never see him again. Huck is a homeless guest-friend who'll never reciprocate by freely offering his own hospitality. His own river home is peculiarly open to visitors. He himself welcomes the Duke and King because they are fugitives from "sivilization," and need help. By the time Huck realizes what this means, his home has become their castle, and the best he can do is to try to "keep peace in the family." As we have seen, they "borrow" freely from their oppressed hosts, and eventually return one of them to his status as goods for their own profit. Having no natural or conventional attachments, and no fixed place in a community, Huck is powerless to defend himself, his home, and his friend against invaders.

Jim's need for defense raises radical questions about what kind of home America can be for all the people who live there. America is born in the declaration that all men are created equal and that they are endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But perhaps there is a tension between the unequivocal recognition that slavery is an evil, and other principles of the new nation. Having abandoned public exhortations to love one's neighbor and to fight for his soul, and having relinquished the direct formation of character in its fullest sense as a public goal, America's social contract seems to have let loose self-interested individualism. In this respect, the masters of huge estates and homeless drifters like the Duke and King may not be so different from each other. Southerners already in the awkward position of depending on slaves, might justify wrenching black Africans from their homes and keeping them homeless in the land these masters considered their own. Even a confused belief that enslaved blacks were less than human, incapable of contract, was sufficient to deny them the rights declared at America's foundation. Twain's *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is as dark a depiction of the consequences of this belief as can be found in American literature. It is no accident that uprooted slaves so readily turned to the destination and freedom promised in *Pilgrim's Progress*. To those deprived of names, families, homes, and possessions, the "home in that rock" seemed a sure future. Angels in sweet chariots would carry them to the home America promised to all men but, in practice, did not provide. Twain's story makes no argument for Jim's rights as an American. His powerful case against slavery is founded on his depiction of Jim as a full human being who is capable of having home, family, friends and work.

On his own, Huck sleeps in the open. It is Jim, the domestic slave, who makes their first "home," a cave—with several rooms and a front door—to protect them from the elements and from other human beings. Their second house, the raft wigwam, is made and repeatedly repaired by Jim. It is he who stands watch most often and who tends the hearthfire during Huck's absences. And, most tellingly, it is he who grows "homesick" on the river. For Jim, Huck's judgment that "there warn't no home like a raft" must be qualified. Attached to his wife and children, who do not even have the legal status of family, he looks forward to work among other grown men, and to keeping the money he will earn by that work. Though the future for men like Jim is clearly bleak, the

former house slave, "Miss Watson's big nigger Jim," in seeking freedom seeks the right to own property—a house for his family—in his own full name. Considering the numerous snatches of poems, plays, and songs which echo through this book, it is interesting that Jim never sings the spirituals which Twain learned in his boyhood, and loved to sing long after he had left the south. Jim's "religion" seems relatively uninfluenced by Miss Watson's. For him full adult freedom must mean looking to the immediate, this-world, future, and freely contracting for marriage, work, and property of his own earning. Jim's aspirations, though clearly limited by his education and the society he lives in, are the clearest indication that he is, by nature, fully human—more fully human than many of the "free" men Huck meets on their journey, and, perhaps, more fully human than Huck himself will ever be.

Despite the risks Huck takes for Jim, and despite his genuine chosen friendship and concern for him, his attachment here, too, is passing. Huck fails to comment on the news of Jim's freedom, and never speaks to him alone after Tom reveals it. Likewise, he has no response to Jim's revelation that Pap is dead. The offer of female "sivilization" is quickly rejected and the last word from our American sprite is that he will "light out for the territory ahead of the rest." This time he'll go alone, and we know that Tom's plans for "a couple of weeks or two" of "howling adventures amongst the Indians" are unlikely to materialize. *America* will follow, of course, with her Declaration of Independence, churches, schools, and plans for future city halls, roads, and fire departments. But Huck Finn, the perennial boy among boys, whose freedom consists in lighting out through windows and off roofs, lives always in the present. Always in transit, never at home, he has no destination. His future offers only repeated lighting out. Another American future lies with kids like Tom Sawyer, who hang around the fences of the little girls they court and eventually marry, who whitewash the fences that separate their own houses from those of nearby neighbors, and who are expected to grow up and to go the National Military Academy and the best law school in the country. And it lies with grown-up men like Judge Thatcher—and, perhaps, someday, like Jim—who have work of their own and greet their neighbors through front doors and garden gates.

The picture looks much prettier in *Tom Sawyer,* the book for children who'll follow in Tom's footsteps. When they're older, perhaps, they'll be ready to think about Huck and what he rejects and embraces. Some readers think that not only the fence is whitewashed in the earlier book, but also the greed, hypocrisy, and potential violence of the town Huck once considered home. The dark hints about St. Petersburg are surely more fully developed in *Huckleberry Finn,* and Tom is, in some ways, the most disturbing character in the book. But St. Petersburg with all its warts must be compared to the alternatives we see. There is little doubt that community life as one goes down the river gets worse, that Grangerford feuds and Arkansas towns are more debased than the more northern town from which Jim runs. Huck's lighting out, his natural delight in the water and stars, and his unexamined goodness, teach us much about the defects of the "sivilized" places he moves through. Their slavery is more than a defect. It is an unacceptable evil, and Twain has no illusions about the ease with which this evil can be eradicated. But, as we have seen, Huck's life depends on the lives of these towns. And, despite the shortcomings which Twain so sharply reveals in the townspeople, their rootedness and their attachment to homes attached to other homes, are the only foundations on which viable American communities can be built. If freedom can mean anything besides continual lighting out, these are the men and women who will be at home in America. If not, then Twain's book is very dark indeed, and he has left us all alone and homeless.

1784: The Year St. John's College Was Named

Charlotte Fletcher

In late December 1784, a western shore college was chartered by the Maryland General Assembly and was given the name St. John's College. Contemporary records do not reveal how and why the name was chosen.

If the college was named for a saint, there were three strong contenders. First was St. John Chrysostom. In 1807 he was a favorite of two of the college's early graduates, John Shaw and Francis Scott Key (class of 1796), who were young poets with literary ambitions. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed" bishop of Constantinople, was a muse to John Shaw. "By the blessing of St. Chrysostom," he wrote Francis Scott Key on January 24, 1807, "As I am in great haste, and in no less need for our Saint's assistance, I hope you have not forgotten our plans, but will soon be ready in the litany, *O Sancte Chrysostome! ora pro nobis.* I have examined the college library and find many valuable books in it. There is an edition of Chrysostom in twelve volumes, three of which are wanting..."[1]

After 1870, John the Evangelist was generally accepted as the favored saint. In a dedication speech at the opening of Woodward Hall on June 18, 1900, John Wirt Randall commented that the Evangelist's name was particularly appropriate for an educational institution because it suggested "more than those of the other apostles—the relation between a scholar and a teacher."[2] Indeed, St. John's College at Cambridge University was named for the Evangelist. Randall knew this, and also that a college historian of the 1870s had claimed that certain unnamed 1784 incorporators had attended St. John's College, Cambridge. For this reason, it was believed, the Annapolis college had been named "St. John's" after the Cambridge college.[4]

In 1894 Bernard Steiner introduced another theory about the origin of the college's name. He wrote: "Other authorities say the name (St. John's) was given in compliment to the Masonic fraternity then very strong in Annapolis."[4] It is true that the seal of St. John's College, as well as that of Washington College (founded 1782), bears a masonic symbol. It is also true that the old Masonic lodge of Annapolis warranted by the St. John's Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1750 was a St. John's lodge. It was a "modern" lodge, i.e., descended from the Grand Lodge of England (founded 1717). Other Maryland lodges of the colonial period were chartered by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and were "ancients," or Ancient York Masons. It was customary to call all local lodges that were warranted by Grand Lodges by the generic name St. John's lodges.[5]

But if the college was named "in compliment to the Masonic fraternity then very strong in Annapolis," as Steiner suggested, a third saint, John the Baptist, could have been the one honored in the naming of the college. The Masons honored two St. Johns, John the Baptist and John the Evangelist.

Steiner's reference to an active Masonic fraternity is also unclear because the old Annapolis St. John's Lodge was moribund after 1764.[6] Yet many Masons visited Annapolis in the revolutionary period. They came from the counties of Maryland and other states of the Confederation to attend the Continental Congress, the General Assembly, and the General Courts. They included officers in the Maryland Line[7] and other distinguished military figures. Moreover, throughout the state new "ancient" lodges were being warranted under the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, and members of "modern" lodges who wished to enter into the mysteries of Ancient York Masonry were being "healed." Two Masons in Kent County were active in promoting Ancient York Masonry in Maryland during the 1780s: they were the Rev. William Smith and Peregrine Leatherbury, who had been among the incorporators of Washington College in 1782.[8]

The year before, Smith, the Grand Secretary of the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, had digested and abridged an *Ahiman Rezon*, or book of masonic constitutions, for the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge. Published in 1783, the *Ahiman Rezon* was a guide to Masons on moral conduct and discretion and laid out an orderly procedure to be followed at lodge meetings. Repeatedly, it designated the two St. Johns' days, that of the Baptist on June 24 and that of the Evangelist on December 27, for special business and festive occasions.[9] However, it offered no information about the Masonic symbols used at the time on official seals like those of Washington and St. John's colleges.

Two books on European Masonry of the period, however, do offer examples of Masonic symbols used as teaching devices. An old Russian Mason in Tolstoy's *War and Peace* described an example to Pierre Bezuhov when he instructed him in the mysteries of Masonry. The old man described a mount, raised stone by stone by succeeding generations, on which the temple of wisdom, or Solomon's temple, was erected.[10] This description was an aid in identifying the device adopted for the St. John's seal (see Figure 1). The layers of stones in the pile number seven, the usual number of steps leading up to Solomon's temple and a number corresponding to the seven Masonic virtues. On the St. John's seal, a man climbing aloft carries a T-square.[11]

The second book about European Masonry of this period, Jacques Chailley's *Magic Flute: a Masonic Opera*,[12] is replete with illustrations of Masonic devices. Washington College adopted one that shows a shield hung from a column. The three stars on the shield symbolize the three Masonic degrees of St. John's Masonry: apprentice, fellow-craft and master mason. Key-like tools hold garlands of roses as a drapery above the column to celebrate the enthusiasm that brought about the founding of the college. A picture in the book[13] identified these tools as the miniature trowels used in Masonic rites to "seal" the mouths of initiates (Figure 2), i.e., to remind them of the first Masonic virtue, discretion, or the keeping of secrets.

The date on the Washington College seal—1782—commemorates the year that the college was founded, which was also a year in which two well-established Masonic lodges were flourishing in Kent County.[14] If the St. John's seal had been similarly dated with the year that it was chartered, its seal might also constitute evidence of a Masonic fraternity in Annapolis in 1784. But the St. John's seal is dated 1793, the year that the Board of Visitors and Governors ordered that a seal be designed and executed to imprint diplomas for the college's first graduates.[15] Coincidentally, it also commemorated a significant date for Annapolis Masonry: in 1793 the Amanda Lodge No. 12, an "ancient," was founded, creating a brotherhood of Annapolis Masons to help lay the cornerstone of the new capitol at Washington in November 1793.[16] The Masonic device on the St. John's seal dated 1793, then, does not refer to a Masonic fraternity in Annapolis in the 1780s and does not substantiate Steiner's theory.

Yet a Masonic enthusiasm had promoted education throughout Maryland in the 1780s. In 1784 the imminent creation of a Western Shore college was greeted with fervor by Freemason William Smith in his introduction to *An Account of Washington College.* The preamble of the "Charter of 1782" published therein described an eventual state university comprised of a Western and Eastern Shore college united under "one supreme legislative and visitatorial jurisdiction." Smith's uplifting and inspiring introduction was written in the spirit of the times:

> For however flattering it may be to consider the growth of these *rising states* as tending to encrease [sic] the wealth and commerce of the world; they are to be considered in another more serious view, as ordained to enlarge the sphere of HUMANITY. In that view the great interest of civil LIBERTY, the parent of every other social blessings, will not be forgotten. . . . We must regard the great concerns of *religion* and another world. We must attend to the rising generation. The souls of our youth must be nursed up to the love of LIBERTY and KNOWLEDGE; and their bosoms warmed with a sacred and enlightened zeal for every thing that can bless or dignify the species. . . .[17]

In that spirit—wishing "to attend to the rising generation" and to found a university—a group of gentlemen met in Annapolis to promote a Western Shore college on December 3, 1784. They ordered

> that the reverend John Carroll, William Smith, D.D. and Patrick Allison, D.D. together with Richard Sprigg, John Steret and George Digges Esquires, be a committee to complete the heads of a bill for founding a college on the Western Shore, and to publish the same immediately, with a proper preamble for taking in subscriptions....

Accordingly, by December 16 the text of "A Draught of a Proposed Act, Submitted to Public Consideration, for Founding a College on the Western Shore of This State, and for Constituting the Same, together with Washington College on the Eastern Shore, into One University, by the Name of The UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND" was released to the public.[18]

One subscription list was actually filled by December 16. Known as the Annapolis list, it bore signatures of sixty-two subscribers who pledged a total of 2703 pounds. Those who pledged were planters, legislators, state officials, a barracksman, a silversmith, a carpenter, a clergyman, a tavern-keeper, a barber, a sea captain, and all the merchants of Annapolis.

The six men ordered "to complete the heads of a bill for founding a college on the Western Shore" were to be known as "subscription agents." They were a clergyman and a layman from each of the three major religious denominations in Maryland, the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian and the Protestant Episcopal. Of these men, only William Smith was from an Eastern Shore county.

The "Draught" borrowed large portions of the Washington College charter of 1782 but added a new preamble and plan for electing members to the Board of Visitors and Governors. Much else was left out because, as they explained, it would merely repeat similar articles in the Charter of 1782.[19]

A letter written by William Smith dated January 16, 1785, told how in early December he had been called "in Conjunction with two Clergymen of other Denominations . . . to draft the University Law which we happily did with great Unanimity."[20]

While "happily" drafting the "Proposed Act," the subscription agents expanded paragraph 9 of the Charter of 1782, which read "youth of all religious denominations shall be freely and liberally admitted . . . according to their merit . . . without requiring or enforcing any religious or civel [sic] test," by adding "without urging their attendance upon any particular worship or service, other than what they have been educated in, or have the consent and approbation of their parents or guardians to attend." Apparently, the authors of the text that finally became the "Charter of 1784" intended that students should enjoy religious liberty and that the college would nurture students in their own faith, for as John Carroll said, "It being an intended stipulation that provision be made, from the College funds, if necessary, to procure all of them opportunities to frequent their particular forms of worship."[21]

To the paragraph on civil liberty contained in the Draught, the Charter of 1784 added an introductory clause for emphasis, saying the college would be established "upon the following fundamental and inviolable principles"—and made several other changes as well. Where the Draught had read "upon the most liberal and catholic plan," the Charter of 1784 omitted the word 'catholic.'[2]

William Smith explained the necessity for omitting "and catholic." The word 'catholic,' he wrote, "although intelligible enough to many, yet—is not approved by many others, on account of the vulgar application to one particular church."[23] He continued to use it in his own letters, however, in its all-embracing sense. When the Charter of 1784 was finally enacted, he proudly commented that "Maryland has been among the last of the States in her Provisions for Learning; but none of them can boast so noble a Foundation as her University now is."[24]

In May 1783, eighteen months before the passage of the Charter of 1784, William Paca and his council sent a message to the General Assembly recommending that the legislature give special attention to two issues as soon as peace was firmly established: "Trade and Commerce" first, and then "Matters of so high Concernment as Religion and Learning."

For the latter they recommended "Public support for the Ministers of the Gospel," which the Maryland Bill of Rights allowed, and acknowledging the strong public encouragement given Washington College, as shown by the

> Zeal of the Eastern Shore for the Advancement of Learning, in that the Sum of five thousand pounds which the Act required . . . has been nearly doubled in less than One Year,

they trusted that

> the General Assembly will think this College deserving of their further Attention and favors, and will extend their Views to the establishing and encouraging of Seminaries of Learning in the State.[25]

As a matter of fact, the three clergy agents who were commanded in December 1784 to "complete the heads of a bill for founding a college on the Western Shore" had been engaged in "Religion and Learning" all their lives. All were teachers and educators. John Carroll was a graduate of St. Omer's College in France and of the Jesuit academy at Liege, Belgium; he was a priest and a teacher at the Jesuit college in Bruges until the Jesuit order in Belgium was suppressed by a papal bull in 1773. In 1784 he was engaged in organizing the American Catholic Church. Patrick Allison, a graduate and then a teacher at the College of Philadelphia, came to Maryland in 1764 to become pastor of the Baltimore Presbyterian Church, where he served for the remainder of his life. And William Smith, a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, was the young Scotsman whom Benjamin Franklin had recruited to develop the Philadelphia Academy into a college. He was the teacher of Natural Philosophy and Provost of the College of Philadelphia from the time the College was chartered in 1753 until the revocation of its charter in 1779. In 1784 he was rector of Chester Parish, Kent County, and President of Washington College, as well as a leader in the formation of the new Protestant Episcopal Church.[26]

All three men were polemicists who wrote pamphlets, letters to the newspapers, and petitions to the Assembly on behalf of their particular churches, sometimes attacking each other. Though sectarian interests divided them, the rise of Freemasonry may have created a climate that allowed them to work in concert for the advancement of learning. Indeed, John Carroll described a new kind of religious freedom in America following the Revolution:

> in these United States our Religious System has undergone a revolution if possible, more extraordinary, than our political one. In all of them free toleration is allowed to Christians of every denomination; and particularly in the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, a communication of all Civil rights, without distinction or diminution, is extended to those of our Religion. This is a blessing and advantage, which is our duty to preserve & improve with utmost prudence.[27]

Either Freemasonry or the Spirit *of* '76, or both, created such a climate. In the fall of 1784, John Carroll replied to a "Letter to the Roman Catholics of Worcester," which was published in three different issues of the *Maryland*

Gazette[28] after having been printed as a pamphlet in Philadelphia the previous winter. The author, Charles Wharton, Carroll's cousin and ex-Jesuit, had recently joined the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the "Letter" he explained to his former congregation in Worcester, England, the doctrinal reasons for his leaving the Roman Church. All three parts are scholarly, referring often to the church fathers, and especially to St. John Chrysostom, who he claimed supported his Protestant view of the Scriptures. Carroll, a convinced Catholic, took the opposite view and refuted this argument in a pamphlet, "An Address to Roman Catholics on Wharton."[29] He quoted from the volumes of Chrysostom that he found in the "public library" in Annapolis.[30] Responses from Catholic readers assured him that he had succeeded in reaffirming their faith. When Wharton published another letter, "To the Roman Catholics of Maryland,"[31] Carroll refused to reply: "I shall forbear reviving a spirit of controversy, *least* it should add fuel to some spark of religious animosity."[32] Carroll was eager that Catholic youths and teachers seize the opportunity offered them by the Maryland colleges.[33]

Patrick Allison, on the contrary, was far more contentious in 1783 and 1784 because he saw a concerted effort to set up a new established church in Maryland. Along with Anabaptists, Methodists, Quakers, and Roman Catholics, he continued to smart from having been taxed for the support of the Church of England in Maryland before 1776. Immediately after Governor Paca's address in May, 1783, he began writing a series of articles in the *Maryland Journal* against the tax proposed to "support the ministers of the Gospel." Allison thought the tax could only benefit the new Protestant Episcopal Church, which had been designated heir to all real property of the old established Church of England. Moreover, because the church's membership and property already exceeded that of the other sects, the tax would extend its influence out of all proportion to that enjoyed by the others, and, indeed, lead to a new church establishment. He suggested that to prevent such a development, former Church of England property be divided among all the sects that had paid a church tax before the Revolution.[34]

The first of Allison's articles (published July 15, 1783) attacked the clergyman nominated by the Maryland Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to become the first bishop of Maryland, William Smith. Allison used his rapier pen exuberantly:

> Nor is it my wish to disturb the reverend Dr. S. in his retirement from the world and the things of the world, where he is inhaling copious draughts of sublime contemplation, purifying himself by a course of mental recollection, contrition, and extraordinary devotion, for the mitred honours to which he is destined.[35]

Smith took no lasting offence at Allison's attack, although it may have been one of the factors influencing the church to reject him as a candidate for bishop. Smith was perhaps toughened by years of controversy endured in Pennsylvania before he came to Maryland. In 1758 and 1759, while William Paca and Patrick Allison were attending the College of Philadelphia, Provost Smith was jailed by the Pennsylvania General Assembly on a charge of libel. However, with the backing of the trustees of the college, he had continued to conduct classes and to function as Provost while in jail.[36] An appeal to the King freed him but did not endear him to the Assembly: they already felt threatened by Smith's efforts to promote the Church of England in Pennsylvania. Finally, in 1779, when they revoked the charter of the College of Philadelphia, he was ousted as both Provost and teacher. He then moved to Chestertown and started a school. This school merged with the Kent County School and under his direction grew in size and importance to the point where its trustees petitioned the General Assembly of Maryland to charter it as Washington College.[37]

It seems most unlikely, however, that Smith, the Freemason, would have suggested the name "St. John" to honor a Masonic fraternity in Annapolis at the time when the "Draught of a Proposed Act" was being written: he would have been afraid that such a suggestion might destroy the "great Unanimity" that the committee was enjoying. Furthermore, though many Catholics, and notably John Carroll's brother Daniel, belonged to the Masons, Carroll would have had a deep personal aversion to them: they had played an active role in the suppression of the Jesuits in Europe. But while he would not have chosen to honor the Masons, most likely he would not have objected to naming the college after his patron saint (who was one of the "Johns"). Allison, however, had actually expressed his personal distaste for Masonry when he ridiculed Smith's participation in Masonic purification rites.[38] Moreover, the Presbyterians (like the Jews) consider all members of a congregation saints, and they (the Presbyterians) scarcely ever name their institutions after any except St. Andrew and St. Giles. These two agents, then, Carroll and Allison, would certainly not have suggested the name "St. John" to honor the Masons.

On December 24, 1784, ten days after its publication in Annapolis, the "Draught of a Proposed Act" appeared in Baltimore's *Maryland Journal*. Six days later a revised version that incorporated hitherto unpublished sections borrowed from the Charter of 1782 was enacted by the House of Delegates. It included provisions for collecting revenues through licenses and taxes on the Western Shore for the support of the college[39] and outlined a policy for the governance of a University of Maryland. Where blanks had been left in the Draught for insertion of a name, "St. John's College" now appeared. The naming action was a fait accompli at the time the bill was introduced, for the *Journal* of the House reported neither motions nor discussion regarding the college's name.

Neither the *Maryland Gazette*, nor the *Maryland Journal*, nor the *Journals* of the Senate and the House of Delegates for the November 1784 Session of the General Assembly, explains what happened. Some special influence was

at work in Annapolis during the last week of December 1784.

While Governor Paca spent Christmas at Wye Hall on the Eastern Shore, the General Assembly convened every day, including Christmas and Sunday, in Annapolis. Two major pieces of legislation that he had recommended in the message of 1783 were slated to come up during his absence: one bill embodied the interests of "Trade and Commerce," and the other, the interests of "Religion and Learning." Although promotion of the second, the "University Law" (St. John's College), began early in the session, action on it was delayed until the report from a conference of Maryland and Virginia legislators concerned with "Trade and Commerce" was pushed through the Assembly on December 27.

The *Journals* of the House and Senate report that General Washington and General Gates arrived in Annapolis on December 22. On the same day the following Maryland commissioners were appointed by the Assembly to confer with the Virginia delegation: Senators Thomas Stone, Samuel Hughes and Charles Carroll; and Delegates John Cadwalader, Samuel Chase, John DeButts, George Digges, Philip Key, Gustavus Scott and Joseph Dashiell. George Washington—the lone Virginian after General Gates had fallen ill on arrival—was chosen to chair the conference.

The Senate and House *Journals* give the barest facts about the conference, and the newspapers less. A letter from George Washington, in Annapolis, to the Marquis de Lafayette in Paris on December 23, is more forthcoming:

> You would scarcely expect to receive a letter from me at this place. A few hours before I set out for it, I as little expected to cross the Potomac again this winter, or even to be fifteen miles from home before the last of April, as I did to make a visit in an air-balloon in France. I am here, however, with General Gates, at the request of the Assembly of Virginia to fix matters with the Assembly of this State respecting the extension of the inland navigation of the Potomac, and the communication between it and the western waters; and I hope a plan which will be agreed upon, to the mutual satisfaction of both States and to the advantage of the Union at large. . . . [40]

On December 22 five days of unremitting labor began for all the conferees. If there were any parties, balls or dinners given in honor of Washington between December 22 and 29, 1784, in Annapolis, the *Maryland Gazette* failed to report them. On the 28th, Washington wrote James Madison at the Legislature in Richmond, "It is now near 12 at Night, and I am writing with an Aching Head, having been constantly employed in this business since the 22nd without assistance from my Colleagues, Genl. Gates having been sick the whole time, and Colo. Blackburn not attending. . . . "[41]

The *Journals* of the House and Senate do reveal one strange hiatus in these five days of intense legislative effort. On December 27 the commissioners who were preparing a Potomac bill introduced their report in the House of Delegates and received a first and second reading early in the morning session (only nine dissenting votes were cast). From the House the bill was taken to the Senate, where it was read and ordered "to lie on the table" until the Senate reconvened at five o'clock for a "post meridiem" meeting: the House followed suit and also adjourned for a "post meridiem" meeting to begin a half hour later than the Senate's.

When the Senate reconvened at five o'clock, the Potomac bill, entitled "An Act for Establishing a Company for Opening and Extending the Navigation on the River Patowmack," had a second reading; the Senate then concurred with the action taken by the House and adjourned, probably no later than six o'clock. The House had reconvened at five-thirty, and since they had no business to transact—their meeting had apparently been called so that they would be on hand if needed by the Senate—had adjourned forthwith.

The Potomac bill thus passed both houses on December 27, 1784, the Festival Day of St. John the Evangelist, the anniversary celebrated by all Freemasons. On the following day, December 28, the Senate resolved "that an attested copy of the act . . . be transmitted to Gen. Washington and Gen. Gates . . . signing by the governor will be complied with when he returns to town."

On December 29, the House proceeded to take action on the second major bill of the session, the "University Law," which was submitted by gentlemen whose names were on a list of Annapolis subscribers dated December 16, 1784 requesting that the General Assembly enact legislation to establish a Western Shore college.[42]

Like the "Draught of a Proposed Act," which headed all the subscription lists, the Charter of 1784 allowed one vote toward election of a Visitor and Governor to each subscriber who paid nine pounds or more on any list totaling one thousand pounds. Other provisos in the Charter for electing members to the Board of Visitors and Governors differed in some significant respects from those in the Draught. Where the Draught specified "person or persons" as sources from whom the agents might solicit contributions, and who might form a class of subscribers who could elect one board member, the Charter of 1784 adds "bodies politic and corporate";[43] and where the Draught said the last seven members elected to the Board to complete an aggregate of twenty-four "may be chosen from this or any part of the adjacent states," the Charter narrows the geographical field to "any part of this state." In both documents the first seventeen members are required to be residents of the Western Shore.[44]

These provisos are among the "considerable alterations" to which William Smith referred in a letter to the Rev. William White in late December 1784:

> Considerable alterations were made in the plan first settled by Mr. Carroll, Dr. Allison and myself, respecting the *nice* provisos amongst different denominations in proportion to their *subscriptions*. The paper was printed off before I came

over. But I was told by Carroll of Carrollton, Mr. Sprigg, etc., that the alterations were made in concert with Dr. Allison. I am satisfied, as I hope all our society will be, with the plan as it now is, and as I would have agreed it should originally have been, as I know that a *few grains* of mutual confidence and benevolence among different denominations of Christians will be better than splitting and torturing a design of this kind with all the provisos possible. . . . Carroll of Carrollton, Mr. Digges, etc. have subscribed liberally, as it is expected the rest of that society will do.[45]

During his less than peaceable sojourn among the Quakers in Pennsylvania, William Smith had very likely learned to call all denominations "societies," a term used by some denominations but very seldom used by the Episcopalians and Catholics to whom he referred in this letter. For example, the rapidly growing denomination of Methodists called themselves "members in society" and their congregations "societies" as late as 1857.[46] During Christmas 1784, they were organizing the Methodist Episcopal Church at a conference in Baltimore, declaring themselves independent of the British Conference in the choice of their bishops and superintendents. They were also laying plans to found a college of their own to educate their youth.

In response to the request of the Annapolis subscribers, the House of Delegates on December 29, 1784 proceeded to order a committee of seven men — Samuel Chase, George Digges, Allen Quynn, Nicholas Carroll, John Cadwalader, David McMechen and Gustavus Scott — to prepare and bring in a bill for "Founding a college on the Western Shore of this State." Chase, Digges, Cadwalader and Scott had been on the committee to confer with Washington on the Potomac bill; all but Scott and Cadwalader were signers of the Annapolis subscription list dated December 16. The very next day they were ready with the bill.

The *Journals* reveal no additions or corrections to the bill as introduced on December 30. The name "St. John's College" as well as any other changes made in the Draught must have been agreed on beforehand. The only recorded discussion or motions on the House floor while the Act was under consideration came from jealous Baltimore town delegates: they proposed that some of the proceeds collected in Baltimore from the taxes and licenses designated for the support of the college be returned to Baltimore. When the question on the total bill finally came—no changes had been made in the text introduced by the committee—there were 33 yeas and 18 nays.

The nays came from the counties farthest removed from Annapolis—Harford, Cecil and Washington Counties; the Eastern Shore (they already had a college) and southern Maryland delegates were almost to a man in favor. The one Baltimore delegate who voted yea was David McMechen, a Freemason.[47]

One year before (December 23, 1783), when Washington had resigned as Commander-in-Chief before the Continental Congress in Annapolis, the Maryland House of Delegates had sent him the following message:

Having by your conduct in the field gloriously terminated the war, you have taught us, by your last circular letter, how to value, how to preserve and to improve that liberty for which we have been contending. We are convinced that public liberty cannot be long preserved, but by wisdom, integrity, and a strict adherence to public justice and public engagements. The justice and these engagements, as far as the influence and example of one state can extend, we are determined to promote and fulfill; and if the powers given to congress by the confederation should be found to be incompetent to the purposes of the union, we doubt not our constituents will readily consent to enlarge them. . . .[48]

Proud to have enlarged the powers of the Confederation by the expeditious passage of Washington's Potomac bill, the Maryland legislators named the Western Shore college for the day when his bill was enacted, the Feast Day of the Evangelist. (If the Eastern Shore had not already preempted the name for their college, "Washington" might have been a natural choice for the Western Shore college.) Not only was it a day that they had enjoyed in the company of their former Commander-in-Chief, but also it was a day that would have had special significance for Washington, the Freemason.

George Washington, a private citizen in 1784, would have observed the Feast Day of the Evangelist. Young George had been initiated as a Mason in the Lodge at Fredericksburg on November 4, 1752. He attended various Masonic functions while Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, notably the celebration of the anniversary of the Evangelist in Christ Church, Philadelphia, on December 28, 1778, when William Smith preached the sermon. On December 23, 1783, the brethren in the Alexandria Lodge had sent greetings to him on his return home, which he had acknowledged on the 28th of December as "Yr. Affect. Bro^{r} & obed^{t} Serv^{t}." These were not Christmas greeting that were being exchanged: they were the customary exchange of greetings between Masons on the anniversary of the Evangelist—December 27. On June 24, 1784, on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, another festival day observed by the Masons, Washington was invited to dine with Lodge No. 39 in Alexandria. He had replied, "I will have the honor of doing it. . . . " Minutes of Lodge No. 39 for that day record

The Worshipful Master Read to the Lodge a most instructive lecture on the rise, progress & advantages of Masonry & concluded with a prayer suitable to the occasion. The Master & Brethren then proceed'd to Jn^{o} Wise's Tavern, where they Dined & after spending the afternoon in Masonick Festivity, returned again to the Lodge room. The Worshipful Master with the unanimous consent of the Brethren, was pleased to admit his Excellency, Gen^{l} Washington as an Honorary Member of Lodge No. 39.[49]

Two months after his visit to Annapolis in December 1784, on February 28, 1785, Washington walked in a

procession of Freemasons at the funeral of his friend William Ramsay.

Moreover, Maryland Masons were particularly in the habit of observing the St. Johns' days with festivities. According to Schultz, "It will be observed how scrupulously our Brethren of Maryland in the early times observed the Saint Johns' days and the custom was continued as we shall see by the Lodges in the jurisdictions for many years."[50]

It is possible that the Maryland General Assembly returned for a "post meridiem" meeting on December 27, 1784 for an evening dinner to celebrate the festival of the Evangelist with Freemason George Washington. The *Journals* of the House and Senate show that they did adjourn and reconvene in the evening, probably for a joint affair. The House had completed its business for the day; there was no reason for them to reconvene at five-thirty, one half hour later than the Senate had scheduled their evening meeting, unless it was to participate in some sort of event with members of the Senate after the Senate had concurred with the House's action on the Potomac bill. The Senate reconvened at five o'clock. An hour would have given them ample time to read the Act and concur—no debate or voting was required for this. Their business could have been finished easily by six o'clock—in time for a St. John's dinner. The "post meridiem" meeting scheduled by both Houses on December 27, 1784—a rare event in the recorded history of the two Houses—indicates some special circumstance.

Another possibility is that a festive dinner was held during the afternoon recess, although the majority of the legislators were not Masons. Certainly a number of them were Masons, and even those who were not Masons accepted Masonic rituals. Masonry provided an accepted ceremonial in the young republic: for example, Washington, as well as many other prominent men, was buried with Masonic rites.

Nonetheless, in spite of much interest in Freemasonry in Annapolis during the 1780s, there was no active Annapolis lodge in 1784. But gentlemen of the town enjoyed several social and literary clubs, notably the Hominy and Tuesday Evening Clubs, where subjects of literary and philosophical interest—and Freemasonry perhaps—were discussed by "enlightened men." On the other hand, the counties of the state and Baltimore had only their Masonic lodges for fraternal occasions and for intelligent conversation.

Also, Washington, the Freemason, was aware that a Western Shore college was being founded as part of a University of Maryland; he knew that an act for establishing it would be introduced after he left Annapolis. Just a week later, on January 5, 1785, he wrote Samuel Chase, a member of both the committee to confer on the Potomac bill and the committee to present the Charter of 1784 to the House of Delegates, that

> the attention which your assembly is giving to the establishment of public schools, for the encouragement of literature, does them great honor: to accomplish this, ought to be one of our first endeavours: I know of no object more interesting. We want something to expand the mind, and make us think with more liberality, and act with sounder policy, than most of the States do. We should consider that we are not now in leading strings. It behooves us therefore to look well to our ways.[52]

Washington was clearly intrigued with the grander scheme of which the Western Shore college was a part—the University for "the encouragement of literature"—and his letter showed that he must have talked about the bold scheme with Samuel Chase and perhaps others.

When eleven members were finally elected to the Board of Visitors and Governors in early 1786 from the various classes of subscribers, the Board was duly constituted. Under the date of March 21, 1786 they published the following notice: "The subscribers of St. John's College, by order of the visitors and governors, are hereby requested to make their first payment to the subscriber, treasurer to the college on or before the first day of June next. (signed) BENJAMIN HARWOOD."[53] Previous to this, all notices published by the subscription agents had been addressed to "subscribers of *St. John's* or the Western Shore College." In the notice dated March 21, 1786 "Western Shore College" was omitted, and "St. John's College" appeared in roman type, alone, for the first time.

"St. John's College" became the corporate name when enacted in the Charter of 1784. The tradition promulgated in 1870 that said that the college was named by its incorporators after an English institution had little basis. If honoring a noted English college had been the reason for calling the Annapolis college "St. John's," few of the Maryland populace would have been pleased, so soon after the conclusion of a bloody war with Britain.

In 1971, President Richard D. Weigle searched the student rolls at St. John's College, Cambridge (also Oxford) University to discover which men associated with the 1784 incorporation had actually registered there. Evidently the generally accepted theory that the Annapolis college had been named after St. John's College, Cambridge (or Oxford), and which went unquestioned for many years thereafter, reflected the anglophilia of the 1870s rather than the anglophobia of 1784. For no names of men directly tied with the founding of the Maryland college were found.

At the same time, The Board of Visitors and Governors of St. John's College, Annapolis and Santa Fe, were persuaded that prospective students and donors were repelled by the name "St. John's College," and they considered adopting a secular name instead.[54] As a preliminary step in effecting a change in name, a committee of the Board sent a questionnaire to all alumni, students and faculty to gather their reactions. Response from the group was overwhelmingly in favor of continuing to operate as "St. John's College," a name now rich with associations gathered over the years, including the 1937 adoption of a curriculum nationally known as the St. John's Pro-

gram.[55] The Board proceeded no further.

In 1786 the name already had strong associations, and the first Board of Visitors and Governors continued to use it. They did not revert to "Western Shore College," or any other name, although through process of law they could have. Indeed "St. John's College" proved so acceptable that it prevailed through the first stormy half century of the college's history, and long after participants in the naming had died. Although no one had bothered to record the circumstances from living memory, we have seen that the records show that a remarkable legislative performance did take place on the Feast Day of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, 1784, when on behalf of their good friend, George Washington, Maryland legislators enacted the first piece of cooperative legislation among the various states in the Confederation following the definitive "Treaty of Peace." They were naturally proud of a name that reminded them of that day, and they adopted it for the new college several days later.

Thus, although no contemporary records state why the college was called St. John's, one can infer that it was in honor of the Evangelist, and coincidentally, it was in compliment to the Masonic fraternity of Annapolis in 1784. Perhaps some few were reminded of the Cambridge college as well, but no contemporary records suggest this.

It is hard to understand why a cloud of mystery has ever since enveloped the circumstances of the college's naming, but if Masons were responsible, one could expect secrecy about their role: discretion, the keeping of secrets, is the first of the Masonic virtues.

Acknowledgments

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2. *Memorial Volume: Dedication Ceremonies in Connection with the Formal Opening of the Henry Williams Woodward Hall at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.* (Annapolis, 1900), pp. 30, 31.

3. Bernard Christian Steiner, *History of Education in Maryland*, Contributions to American Educational History, #19 (Washington, D.C., 1894), p. 103n.

4. Steiner, *History of Education in Maryland*, p. 103n.

5. *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 11th ed., s.v. "Freemasonry:" *Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*, s.v. "St. John As a Generic Term and As a Lodge Name;" Edward T. Schultz, *History of Freemasonry in Maryland*, 4 vols. (Baltimore: Mediary, 1884), 1:389-390.

6. *One Hundredth Anniversary, 1848-1948, Annapolis Lodge No. 89, A.F. and A.M.* (Annapolis, n.d.), pp. 12, 13.

7. Generals Otto Holland Williams, John Swan, Mordecai Gist, Major Archibald Anderson, Capt. Stephen Decatur, Commodore James Nicholson, Col. Nathaniel Ramsey; see Schultz, *Freemasonry in Maryland*, 1:97-106. (General Lafayette also visited Annapolis many times.)

8. Schultz, *Freemasonry in Maryland*, 1:382, 393, 396, 397.

9. William Smith, *Ahiman Rezon, Abridged and Digested, As a Help to All That Are, or Would Be Free and Accepted Masons* (Philadelphia, 1783), pp. 62, 65, 66, 67, 80, 82, 83.

10. Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace* (New York, 1931), pp. 323-336.

11. Motto encircling the St. John's seal: "Est Nulla Via Invia Virtuti" (No way impassable to courage). There are seven masonic virtues: (1) discretion, the keeping of secrets; (2) obedience to the higher authorities of the order; (3) morality; (4) love for mankind; (5) courage; (6) liberality, and (7) love of Death. See Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, p. 331.

12. Jacques Chailley, *The Magic Flute, the Masonic Opera: an Interpretation of the Libretto and the Music* (New York, 1971), pl. 35, p. 130.

13. *Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*, s.v. "St. John."

14. Lodge No. 6 in Georgetown on the Sassafras and Lodge No. 17 at Chestertown were founded in 1766.

15. St. John's College, *Minutes of the Board of Visitors and Governors*, July 2, 1793: "Resolved: that Bishop Carroll, Bishop Claggett, Mr. Nicholas Carroll, Dr. Scott, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Jennings and Mr. Hanson, or any three, be a committee to attend at any time, when requested by the principal for the purpose of superintending a private examination of such students as shall be candidates for the first degree to be conferred, at a commencement to take place in November next." "Resolved: that the said committee be authorized to procure for the board one *common public seal* and likewise one privy seal with such devices and inscriptions as they shall think proper; the particular uses of the said seals to be hereafter ascertained, fixed and regulated by this board."

16. *One Hundredth Anniversary*, pp. 13, 14.

17. William Smith, *An Account of Washington College* (Philadelphia, 1784), p. 2. Compare with Pierre Bezuhov's speech to the Petersburg lodge in 1809 (Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, p. 405).

18. *Maryland Gazette*, December 16, 1784.

19. For text of the Washington College charter of 1782 see Smith, *Account of Washington College*, pp. 5–14. Hereafter Washington College's charter will be cited as "Charter of 1782;" "Draught of a Proposed Act . . . " will be cited as "Draught" or "Proposed Act" (*Maryland Gazette*, December 16, 1784), the Act bearing the same name as the "Draught" will be cited as the "Charter of 1784," or the "University Law" (*Laws of Maryland, Made and Passed at a Session of Assembly Begun and Held at the City of Annapolis, on Monday the first of November, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Four* [Annapolis, 1785], c. 36).

20. William Smith to William White, January 26, 1785. The Rt. Rev. William White Papers, v. 1, #56, Archives Historical Collection of the Episcopal Church, Austin, Texas.

21. *The John Carroll Papers*, ed. Thomas O'Brien Hanley, 3 vols. (Notre Dame, 1976), I:158.

22. "Charter of 1782," paragraph 9:..."and youth of all religious denominations and persuasions, shall be freely and liberally admitted to equal privileges and advantages of education, and to all the literary honors of the college, according to their merit, and the standing rules of the seminary, without requiring or enforcing any religious or civil test whatsoever upon any student, scholar or member of the said college, other than such oath of fidelity to the state as the laws thereof may require of the Visitors, Governors, Masters, Professors and Teachers in Schools and seminaries of learning in general" (Smith, *Account of Washington College*, p. 10).

"Draught" "First, That the said intended college shall be founded and maintained for ever upon the most liberal and catholic plan for the benefit of the youth of every religious denomination, who shall be freely admitted to the equal privileges and advantages of education and to all the literary honours of the college according to their merit, without requiring or enforcing any religious or civil test or urging their atten-

dance upon any particular religious worship or service, other than what they have been educated in, or have the consent and approbation of their parents or guardians to attend; nor shall any preference be given in the choice of a principal, vice-principal, or any professor or master in the said college on a religious score: but merely on account of his literary and other necessary qualifications to fill the place, for which he is chosen" (*Maryland Gazette*, December 16, 1784).

"Charter of 1784" "II. Be it enacted, by *the General Assembly of Maryland* That a college or general seminary of learning, by the name of Saint John's, be established on the said western shore, upon the following fundamental and inviolable principles, namely; first the said college shall be founded and maintained for ever, upon a most liberal plan, for the benefit of youth of every religious denomination, who shall be freely admitted to equal privileges and advantages of education, and to all the literary honours of the college, according to their merit, without requiring or enforcing any religious or civil test, or urging their attendance upon any particular religious worship or service, other than what they have been educated in or have the consent and approbation of their parents or guardians to attend" (*Laws of Maryland*, 1785, c. 36).

23. Smith to White, January 26, 1785. Speaking of opposition to the Religious Bill in the General Assembly of 1785, Smith wrote "some men who call themselves Christians,—but I need not tell *you*, seem never to be pleased with any Thing however *Christian*, or however Catholic, where their Numbers will not enable them to be the *sole* or *chief* Directors. . . ." In passing it is interesting to note that the word "Christian" never appears in either the 1782 or 1784 charter.

24. Smith to White, January 26, 1785.

25. *Archives of Maryland*, ed. William H. Browne, 72 vols. (Baltimore, 1883-), 27:408-409.

26. For Carroll see *John Carroll Papers*, 1:xlv-li; for Allison see John H. Gardner, Jr., *First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore* . . . (Baltimore, 1966) and William B. Sprague, *Annals of the American Pulpit*, 9 vols. (New York: Carter, 1857-69), 3:257-63; for Smith see Horace W. Smith, *Life and Correspondence of the Rev. William Smith*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia, 1879), 1:22-28, 2:18-23, 34, 35 (2 vols. in 1 reprint 1972, New York, Arno).

27. *John Carroll Papers*, 1:80, 81.

28. *Maryland Gazette*, September 30, October 7, October 21, 1784.

29. *John Carroll Papers*. 1:82-143.

30. *John Carroll Papers*, 1:112: "I procured a friend to examine the edition of Chrysostom's work belonging to the public library in Annapolis." The "public library"—known today as the Annapolitan Library or the Thomas Bray Collection—is in the possession of the St. John's College Library and is on deposit at the Maryland Hall of Records on the college campus. These are the volumes referred to in John Shaw's letter January 24, 1807 (see note 16).

31. "To the Roman Catholics of the State of Maryland; Especially Those of St. Mary's County," *Maryland Gazette*, November 25, 1784.

32. *John Carroll Papers*, 1:191.

33. *John Carroll Papers*, 1:185, 186. Carroll wrote to Father Eden at the Academy of Liege, April 1785: "Do you know any young men of improved abilities and good conduct, capable of teaching the different branches of science with credit and reputation? It is now in contemplation to establish two Colleges in this state, open to Professors and Scholars of all denominations, and handsome appointments are to be annexed to the professorships. To me it appears, that it may be of much service not only to Learning, but to true Religion, to have some of these Professorships filled by R. C. men of letters and virtue; and if one or two of them were in orders, it would be so much the better. . . . "

34. *Maryland Journal* July 15, 1783, "To the Public:" October 28, 1783, "To the Hon. the General Assembly:" November 26, December 7, December 14, 1784. "To the People of Maryland;" December 28, 1784, "A Design to Raise One Sect of Christians above Another." A restatement of these articles may be found in Allison, *Candid Animadversions* cited in note statement of these articles may be found in Allison, *Candid Animadversions* cited in note 35.

35. Patrick Allison, *Candid Animadversions on a Petition Presented to the General Assembly of Maryland by the Rev. William Smith and the Rev. Thomas Gates, First Published in 1783*...by Vindex (Baltimore, 1793) pp. iii-v, 1-16.

36. University of Pennsylvania, *Minutes of the Trustees of the College, Academy, and Charitable School* (Wilmington, 1974), p. 91: "The Assembly of the Province having taken Mr. Smith into Custody, the Trustees considered how the inconvenience from thence arising to the College might be best remedied, and Mr. Smith having expressed a Desire to continue his Lectures to the Classes, which had formerly attended them, the Students also inclining rather to proceed on their Studies under his Care. They ordered that the said Classes should attend him for that Purpose at the usual Hour in the Place of his present Confinement."

37. Smith, *Life and Correspondence of Rev. William Smith*, 2:34, 35.

38. Schultz, *Freemasonry in Maryland*, 1:382-393: "When Bro. Smith removed to Maryland, he was the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and as all Lodges of Ancient York Masons in Maryland were under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, he was active in his official and other Masonic duties. The Lodges which had existed in Maryland prior to the introduction of the Lodges by the Ancients, were held under the authority of the Moderns, or other branch of the Masonic fraternity, and as these had now no ruling head in America, many of their members sought admission into the Ancient York Lodges. Brother Smith, and Brother John Coats, a Past Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, who also resided at the time in Maryland, were deputed by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania on the 2nd of September, 1782, to take to their assistance such true brothers as they might see proper, and enter into the mysteries of Ancient York Masonry any respectable Modern Masons in Maryland who might desire to be so *healed*...." and Allison, *Candid Animadversions*, p. 3.

39. The sources of revenue are similar to those enacted for Washington College in "An Act to Provide a Permanent Fund for the Encouragement and Establishment of Washington College," *Votes and Proceedings of the House of Delegates for the State of Maryland* (Annapolis, 1783-5), pp. 15-18.

40. *Writings of George Washington*, ed. John C. Fitzpatrick, 39 vols. (Washington, D.C., 1931-44), 22:17, 18.

41. *Writings of G. W.*, 22:20.

42. Walter Bowie, James Brice, John Bullen, John Callahan, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, James Carroll, Nicholas Carroll, John Chalmers, J. Chase, Samuel Chase, Abraham Claude, John Davidson, George Digges, Joseph Dowson, Joseph Eastman, Joshua Frazier, Thomas Gates, Alexander Golder, John Graham, T. Green, William Hammond, Alexander Hanson, Benjamin Harwood, Thomas Harwood, William Harwood, Samuel Hughes, Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, Thomas Jennings, John Johnson, Rinaldo Johnson, Philip Key, James Mackubin, Nicholas Mancubbin, George Mann, David McMechen, John Muir, James Murray, Ben Oake, Aquila Paca, William Paca, George Plater, Edward Plowden, Allen Quynn, James Reid, Christopher Richmond, Abasalom Ridgley, John Roger, Richard Sprigg, Charles Steuart, James Steuart, John Steuart, William Steuart, J. D. Stone, Thomas Stone, Michael Taney, Alexander Travers, James Tro(?), Charles Wallace, James Williams, Nathaniel Yates. (Annapolis Subscription List, December 16, 1784 in St. John's College Archives.)

43. "Draught": "Thirdly,...agents...are hereby authorized and made capable to solicit and receive contributions and subscriptions...of any person or persons, bodies politic and corporate, who may be willing to promote so good a design."

"Charter of 1784:" "III. . . . and they are hereby authorised to solicit and receive, subscriptions and contributions . . . of any person or persons, bodies politic and corporate, who may be willing to promote so good a design."

"Draught" and "Charter of 1784": "Secondly, there shall be a subscription carried on in the different counties of the western shore, upon the plan on which it hath been opened, for founding the said college; and the several subscribers shall class themselves, according to their respective inclinations, and for every thousand pounds current money which may be subscribed and paid, or secured to be paid, into the hands of the treasurer of the western shore, by any particular class of subscribers, they shall be entitled to the choice of one person as a visitor and governor of said college. . . . " The addition of "bodies and politic and corporate" allowed the King William School to give 2000 pounds and to qualify as two classes of subscribers, each of which could elect a member to the Board of Visitors and Governors of St. John's College.

44. "Draught of a Proposed Act," *Maryland Gazette*, December 16, 1784: " . . . and provided further, that is in three years from the first day of June 1785, there shall not be twenty-four visitors and governors

chosen as aforesaid by classes of subscribers of one thousand pounds, each class; the other visitors and governors being not less then eleven duly assembled at any quarterly visitation, shall proceed by election to fill up the number of twenty-four visitors and governors, as they shall think most expedient and convenient: provided nevertheless, that seventeen of the said visitors and governors shall always be residents on the western shore of this state, but that the additional visitors and governors (to make up and perpetuate the number of twenty-four) may be chosen from this or any part of the adjacent states, if they are such persons as can reasonably undertake to attend the quarterly visitations, and are thought capable, by their particular learning, weight, and character, to advance the interest and reputation of the said seminary. . . . "

"Charter of 1784: "IV. . . . Provided always, that seventeen of the said visitors and governors shall be resident on the western shore of this state, but that the additional visitors and governors (to make up and perpetuate the number of twenty-four) may be chosen from any part of this state, if they are such persons as can reasonably undertake the quarterly visitations, and are thought capable, by their particular learning, weight, and character, to advance the interest and reputation of the said seminary."

45. Smith, *Life and Correspondence of Rev. William Smith*, 2:249.
46. *The History of American Methodism*, 3 vols. (New York, 1964), 1:222.
47. Schultz, *Freemasonry in Maryland*, 1:105.
48. *Votes and Proceedings of the House of Delegates of the State of Maryland*, 1783-85 (Annapolis, 1785), p. 73.
49. William Morley Brown, *George Washington, Freemason* (Richmond, 1952), p. 332.
50. Schultz, *Freemasonry in Maryland*, 1:76-78; and *Maryland Gazette*, December 29, 1763: "Tuesday last, being St. John's was observed by the Brethren of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons with great order and decency."
51. *Coil's Masonic Encyclopedia*, s.v. "St. John." Smith, *Life and Correspondence of Rev. William Smith*, 2:85-86.
52. *Writings of G. W.*, 22:25-27.
53. *Maryland Gazette*, March 30, 1786. For earlier notices to subscribers see *Maryland Gazette*, June 9, 1785 (no name at all, only reference to the Act); December 1, 1785; January 12, 1786. First eleven members of the Board of Visitors and Governors who were elected March 1786: Thomas Claggett, D.D. and William West, D. D. (Episcopal clergymen, who would later be elected bishops); subscribers on the Annapolis list of December 16, 1784: Nicholas Carroll, John H. Stone, William Beans, Thomas Stone, Samuel Chase, Thomas Jennings, A. C. Janson, John Thomas (a Quaker) and Richard Ridgeley.
54. Robert Reinhold, "For Relevance, the Students at St. John's College Turn to Galileo," *New York Times*, October 18, 1971, 39:1.
55. St. John's College, *Minutes of the Board of Visitors and Governors*, May 12 and 13, 1972. A branch college, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico, was founded in 1963.

Charlotte Fletcher was Librarian of St. John's College, Annapolis, and is now retired and living in Annapolis.

Montaigne

Brother Robert Smith

À la mémoire de M. Jacques de Monléon, homme complete

In his introduction of the *Essays*, "To the Reader,"[1] Montaigne states he has only one purpose in writing—to help his relatives and friends to recover after he has gone the features of "his habit and temperament." This modest calim inspires two questions: 1) Why should we, who are not his relatives and perhaps not yet even his friends, bother to read his book? 2) Why should we believe him when he says such a complex book, stuffed with quotations from other authors, is a self-portrait?

Besides, what kind of self-portrait can we expect when we read the title of the first essay? Is it the very general statement that *we*—all men, supposedly—arrive at the same ends by diverse means? Moreover, the first paragraph asserts that "the commonest way of softening the hearts of those we have offended when, vengeance in hand, they hold us at their mercy is by *submission* to move them to *commiseration* and pity."[2] What kind of self-portrait is that?

Maybe most of us have not thought a great deal about how one goes about making a portrait of oneself, but, off hand, it does not seem obvious that the way to do so is to bring up circumstances that one sincerely hopes never to find oneself in and then to follow up with a plausible prescription for escape from that plight. Why make general statements if one intends personal and private ones?

Therefore, our two questions can be restated: Are Montaigne's *Essays* really a self-portrait? Even if they are, what interest do they have for us?

Montaigne wanted to be judged for his whole book. He was not satisfied with just parts of it. He kept adding thoughts right up until his death. He would certainly have wanted us to hear him through before judging him. However, in the interests of keeping this discussion a manageable length, and, I hope, as a preparation for further reading of Montaigne, I propose to discuss here just the first essay, although Montaigne did not write this essay first, by giving it the place he did, he asked us to read it first. The first essay is, therefore, an introduction. It has other advantages, too. It is short--a mere ten paragraphs--and Montaigne made additions to it not long before his death. These additions show that the subject of the first essay was of lasting concern to him and covered most of his life as a writer.

However, before we begin to analyze the whole essay, I call your attention to a little phrase in the second paragraph. The phrase is "our Guienne." I intend to expand these two innocent words beyond all proportion because they imply a world that Montaigne's first readers knew and that we do not, unless we have read and digested all three Books of the *Essays*. Nearly all I have to say about "our Guienne" comes from them, and what comes from other sources is unimportant. By dwelling at length on "our Guienne," we may acquire some of the advantages that the first readers had over us when they opened their books to Essay One.

One more prefatory remark. I feel the weight of the task before us. It seems important to try to answer the questions posed above, especially the one about Montaigne's importance to us. I think of generations of students whom I have heard or overheard saying they don't care about Montaigne's kidney stones, however painful they may have been to him. He would certainly have been on the side of these complainers. Unless a clearly private matter like pain has general significance, it is an intrusion to bring it up in company. It is not unreasonable to have the fleeting thought that all or most of Montaigne's private business is just that, private—a matter for him and his relatives, not for the rest of us. I hope to change your mind about that.

On the other hand, in the four centuries since they first appeared the *Essays* have been read and loved by many people. Does it seem likely that all those readers were

led by morbid curiosity about the private life of a sixteenth century French gentleman? Certainly not all Montaigne's readers were antiquarians. Shakespeare read and quoted the first English translation of the *Essays* almost in the lifetime of Montaigne. At least one passage in *The Tempest* is a word-for-word transposition of that translation into blank verse.[3] Apart from this direct quotation, there are skeptical passages on the condition of man in *Measure for Measure* that echo similar questioning in the *Apology for Raymond Sebond*.[4]

Montaigne, like Shakespeare, parades before our eyes an array of characters, from the historically important to far less important people. We meet kings and subjects, men and women, wise men and fools, indeed a wide sampling of mankind. We are shown all the ups and downs of their lives, and to be uninterested in the works of these authors, Shakespeare and Montaigne, is to show lack of interest in life.

Let us now turn to "our Guienne."

Our Guienne

Guienne is a deformation of the word "acquitaine,"[5] a Roman name for the southwestern part of France. In Acquitaine is found a piece of land called Montaigne, where our author was born. His family name was Eyquem, but he called himself, and was called by others, Michel de Montaigne.

For us the name Guienne brings to mind three things: 1) the land in which Montaigne was born, 2) the college at which he was education (which was called the College of Guienne, and was in Bordeaux, capital of Acquitaine), and 3) political institutions, like the Parlement of Bordeaux, where Montaigne exercised public responsibilities and over which he presided when he became Mayor of Bordeaux. The Parlement, along with a governor appointed by the king, was responsible for the assessment and levying of taxes, for enforcing laws, and for military operations. This last point is important. During all of Montaigne's active life, a civil war was being waged in France, and much of it was fought in southwest France.[6] The war was of direct personal concern to Montaigne: he took part in military operations, he was forced to flee from his home, and, with his family, he lived as a refugee for several years.

Let us now examine each of these associations with "our Guienne."

I. The Montaigne lands

Montaigne was born in the castle of Montaigne in 1531. That fact and his family's ownership of the lands on which the castle stood (and still stands) were the basis of his claim to be a member of the nobility.[7] The significance of this claim lies in the fact that the military commands, the higher administration of justice, the levying of taxes, and the administration of justice were placed in the hands of a small group of people, the parliamentary nobles. More importantly, this situation was accepted by all. No one seriously questioned the right of the nobility to rule. They did not depend on the king for their position, and, like his, their status came to them through inheritance. A nobleman often had on his own land men on whose services he could draw as soldiers. The nobility could and sometimes did wage civil war against the king.

The king was still only first among equals. After Montaigne's time the king began successfully to erode the power of the nobility, and two centuries later, the Revolution abolished their privileges altogether, but none of this gradual decay had started in Montaigne's time. Montaigne assumed that he had wide responsibilities, and others concurred. He spoke realistically of himself when he said that he was capable of being adviser to the king.[8] There was a king in Paris who trusted him and who helped to make him mayor of Bordeaux. In nearby French Navarre, there was a man waiting in the wings to become king of France. This man twice visited Montaigne's house, and when he succeeded as king in Paris, Montaigne was one of those who aided in the transition from one dynasty to another. Montaigne was influential with each of two suspicious rivals. He said of himself that he was honest and disinterested enough to say exactly what he thought without flattery. In doing so he was rendering a priceless service to men whose office invited flattery. No doubt it was Montaigne's awareness of his own integrity that made it possible for him to speak the way he did about his own capacities, but it was also possible because as a nobleman he had an unassailable, intrenched position.

Montaigne was well aware of the advantages of being a nobleman, and he was concerned with the obligation of living up to what was essentially a military profession.[9] In this context virtue is mainly military and political virtue—integrity in carrying out public charges, fearlessness in face of death, and courage against any adversity—true manliness. When he was young, Montaigne thought that intrepidity is an advantage nobles have over the common herd.[10] Later he saw the peasants on his lands face death with courage and without ostentation.[11]

Montaigne thought like a member of a governing class. For him education meant the formation of judgment, so that one could take on public responsibility.[12] His heroes were all public figures, most of them military and political leaders. That Homer, Vergil, and Socrates were also heroes for him shows the complexity of his mind. Even so, Vergil and Homer sang of military men.

II. The College of Guienne

Like many people who attend good colleges, Montaigne was ambivalent about his *alma mater*. He did say that it was the best college that ever was, but he also blamed it for spoiling the purity of his Latin.[13]

He could say so because he brought to his school an extraordinary preparation, one that none of his fellow stu-

dents could approximate. His father, like many of his contemporaries, thought that education meant being able to read, write, and speak the refined Latin of imperial Rome. His actions were fully consistent with his beliefs. He took no half measures. He had his son brought up hearing only Latin spoken. From the age of two, Montaigne had a Latin-speaking tutor in attendance. Even before that, all the servants who came into contact with the child spoke in Latin exclusively. Even his father and mother mustered up enough Latin to speak in Latin in their son's presence.[14]

As a result Montaigne, was unlike anyone who had lived in France for more than a thousand years before his time: His native language was Latin.

The first books Montaigne read were by the best Roman authors and his taste in literature was formed by them. At a very young age he knew all of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. He also knew Vergil, Plautus, and Terence. Later he knew historians and philosophers. To the very end of his life, Seneca held his attention. The fair-mindedness and the respect for virtue he found in Seneca—and another favorite author (read in translation) Plutarch—were echoed in his admiration for the Emperor Julian. Despite the antipathy of Julian toward the Church and of churchmen toward him, Montaigne said, "He was in truth a very rare man, being one whose soul was deeply dyed with the arguments of philosophy, by which he professed to regulate all his actions; and indeed there is no sort of virtue of which he did not leave notable examples."[15] Montaigne saluted this man because their similar educations made them, over the gap of the centuries, compatriots.

In the same place where Montaigne speaks so admiringly of Julian, he also speaks disapprovingly of the fanaticism of those who destroyed all existing copies of works by Tacitus because they contained some sentences contrary to Christian belief.[16]

In discussing miracles he did say that one can well doubt the prodigies attributed to the relics of St. Hilary du Bouchet, but that it is illegitimate to dismiss their authenticity out of mere prejudice against miracles in general when they are attested to by refined minds like those of Caesar and Pliny.[16a] He expressed a sympathy any well-educated Roman might have felt.

This does not erase the fact that Montaigne was a Catholic, and, in my opinion, a devout one in his later years. On the contrary, there were different strains alive in his memory, but one did not destroy the others. Again, Montaigne was like a late Roman of consular family—Christian, but retaining pre—Christian memories.

After this education at home, Montaigne went, at about the age of six, to the College of Guienne.[17] There he was surrounded by young people striving with pain and misery to learn the language that had become second nature to him. No wonder he said his Latin had been corrupted. Still, he was active, reading a lot on his own, and taking part in Latin plays written by his tutors. He apparently did well as an actor. One play performed in his time at school was about Julius Caesar.

One of his shrewder tutors simply left around books by Latin authors that were not officially being studied. Montaigne fell into the trap and surreptitiously (or so he thought) read many non-program books that were still in the best Latin. Among these were the less than edifying comedies of Plautus. He spoke of Ovid as a source of delight. He also carried on the work of writing Latin compositions, but unlike his schoolmates he did so in his native language.

The authors he read during his school-days—Vergil, Seneca, and Ovid, for example—were to remain his favorite authors for the rest of his life. If we add Plutarch, in French translation, we have completed the list of his most favorite authors. In the *Essays* he sorts out his impressions of them and shows their superiority over lesser, although important authors—Cicero, for example. Late in his life, when he wanted to express what his love affairs meant to him, he turned to Vergil for the words that express for him what is splendid in the sexual act.[18] Around those verses he grouped his further and more complicated evaluation of what the erotic side of his life meant to him and how he did or did not square it with his religious convictions.

Thus the authors that Montaigne started to read in his youth and continued to read throughout his life were the touchstones for evaluating his scattered thoughts about all that mattered to him. This is shown most strongly in his judgment about what essentially constitutes virtue.[19]

III. The Parlement of Bordeaux

Montaigne was for many years a member of the Parlement of Bordeaux,[20] which ruled over not just the capital city but also the surrounding province. Montaigne, like his father before him, served as Mayor, or presiding officer. We now so closely associate the term "mayor" with a city official that we have forgotten its more obvious meaning—Major (Maior), i.e., senior member of a governing council.

The Parlement was a body of nobles who had, as has been said, responsibility for making laws, administering existing laws, hearing suits, levying taxes, and directing military operations during the civil war. And we must note that a civil war meant a war that was even more savage than other wars, and the fact that the alleged grounds for fighting were religious made the struggle very bitter.

When Montaigne wrote of parlays, ambushes, and of the breakdown of law he was not mulling over passages in Plutarch or Caesar's *Gallic Wars* as much as he was thinking about his own life. When he was quite young, perhaps still in school, he witnessed a mob murder the Mayor of Bordeaux, who had left the safety of his fortified residence to parlay with his angry fellow citizens.

The civil war was dangerous for Montaigne personally. He had to flee his home and lands with his family and servants. He found shelter where he could. The workers

on his lands were scattered; his vines could not be cared for, and his grapes could not be picked, so he lost his main source of income. Once he was surrounded and captured by a hostile band, and he describes vividly in the Essay *On Physiognomy*[21] how he was capriciously saved from death because his captors decided he had an honest face.

The war affected him on a more deep personal level. The war was eventually fought between Protestants and Catholics, but in its beginnings it was fought between Catholics who had become *reformé*, reformed Christians, and Catholics who had refused that choice. At first—and by that I mean for a number of years—the reformed allowed themselves to be killed without resistance.[22] Later, they and their political leaders took to arms. After that, as in all wars, especially civil wars, horrible things were done by each side.[23]

It is very important to note that the lines did not harden all at once. Many Catholics did not like all that was done and said by their clergy or their co-religionists. Some of these troubled men and women never broke with their own tradition, while after a long time others did so. This firming up of sides was still going on during Montaigne's lifetime. At some time Montaigne must have chosen to remain a Catholic. Many others whom he knew made the opposite choice. His own brother was one of these, at least for some years, and his sister was until her death.[23a]

Montaigne's choice was to remain in the Catholic Church, "in which I die and in which I was born!"[24] That this choice was a personal choice need not concern us directly, but the political decisions that went along with it influenced his work as a public official, as adviser to kings, and as writer of the *Essays*.

The longest Essay, the *Apology for Raymond Sebond*, is an attempt to show that there were no justifiable religious grounds for fighting a civil war. Montaigne tries to prove that human reason is not capable by itself of proving theological or moral truths. The opinions of men, including the wisest and most learned, are many and diverse. Custom has not led mankind to a consensus on the most serious matters. Worse, reason relies finally on the senses, and they are unreliable. Consequently, no one can claim that he has a right to impose his own version of religious truth by force of arms. Montaigne's advice is that we should remain in the way of our fathers and so avoid public disorder.

He charged guilt on both sides, accusing each side of proclaiming they were justified in fighting for religious convictions when they were really acting out of worldly, partisan interest. His proof was that they changed principles as soon as interests suggested. "See the horrible impudence with which we bandy divine reasons about and how irreligiously we both (Catholics and Protestants) reject them and take them again as fortune has changed our place in these public storms. This proposition, so solemn, whether it is lawful for a subject to rebel and take arms against his prince in defense of religion—remember in whose mouth—this year just past the affirmative of this was the buttress of one party (the Protestants when the king was a Catholic), the negative was the buttress of the other (the Catholic) and whether the weapons make less din for one than the other. . . . "[25] Montaigne was addressing men who had reversed their strongly touted positions because the lawful claimant to the throne was now a Protestant.

Montaigne's political effort was to put an end to the civil war. It was not to support the Catholic extremists who wanted to force their opponents to conform. Because there were deep religious convictions on each side, there could be no political solution except mutual tolerance. A law to this effect was made by Henri IV after he came to the throne and became a Catholic. Montaigne's own efforts were in conformity with that solution.[26]

Montaigne's conciliatory bent of mind was not to the taste of extremists on either side. Montaigne tells how close he came to being put to death by Protestants who had captured him in an ambush. Extremists on the Catholic side had him held in the Bastille until he was rescued by members of the Royal family.[26a] Using terms proper to the quarrels Dante was involved in, Montaigne said, "To the Guelfs I am a Ghibelline, and to the Ghibellines a Guelf."[27]

Now we have seen how our author was deeply rooted in his native Guienne. Because of his position there he was also concerned with the political life of France. He was an adviser to kings and he participated in the effort to end the civil war. He was also a private man working in his library to put his own thoughts in order. The record of that effort is the three Books of the *Essays*. It is through them that we know him. Through them he belongs not just to Guienne or to France, but to all of us.

Let us now turn our attention to Essay I, 1. The title of the Essay tells us that we can come to the same end by diverse means. This general statement is hardly a confidence about his personal life, since the "we" presumably includes everyone, and by that token is not special to him. However, let us have enough faith in our author to see what his seemingly vacuous title may be leading to. If we persevere, we will see that, step by subtle step, he was making a self-portrait.

The essay reproduced here (see Appendix) has ten paragraphs, but in its original form it had only seven. These seven paragraphs are marked by the letter 'A' and are paragraphs 1–4 and 6–8. Montaigne twice made additions to his original text. First he added paragraphs 5 and 9 and the first sentence of paragraph 10. They are marked by the letter 'B'. Still later he added the rest of paragraph 10 in his own handwriting on the margin of the last edition published in his lifetime. This addition appears as the bulk of paragraph 10 in our text and is preceded by the letter 'C'.

When studying the text of a Montaigne Essay, readers will find it less confusing if they first read the 'A' text and see what structure it has and then read the later additions. After all, that is how he wrote them.

For example, the original text of this first essay has a clear structure. In paragraphs 1–4 Montaigne proves what he sets out in the title, and in 6–8 he makes three attempts to draw general conclusions from what he has shown. Let us look at what he says more closely.

His topic throughout the essay is something dramatic, but especially so in the first part: How does one soften the heart of an enemy whom one has offended and who has at hand the means of taking vengeance? Montaigne did not need a strong imagination to know what those words meant. Memories of ambushes in which he had been caught and scenes when someone he knew was torn apart by a mob were sufficient. (Most of us, seeking a relevant example, would have to refer to childhood, when an irate parent, teacher, or schoolyard bully had us in his or her power! Of course, when I say this I am speaking of myself and probably of some of you. Others may well know from harsher experience what Montaigne is talking about.)

Montaigne says the commonest way of softening an enemy is to submit to him, to show that we recognize that we are in his power. By doing so we transfer the responsibility for acting to the aggressor, who holds unquestioned power and must decide how to use it. Montaigne was not thinking of an ordinary situation, such as an irate parent, but of another one entirely. He was considering ruthless conquerors who had been moved to spare the lives of those they were minded to kill, not because their prospective victims were submissive, but because they bravely stood up against their opponent despite the odds. Although the stakes were life and death, they kept self-respect and honor uppermost in their minds.

Paragraph 2 gives an example of this kind of bravery. An angry Prince of Wales, having been injured by the citizens of Limoges, was forced to take their city by armed force, and as he was vengefully watching his soldiers butcher the citizenry, including women and children, he saw three French gentlemen who with incredible boldness were still holding out. Although they were defeated men, they refused to admit defeat. This valor aroused the admiration of the Prince and led him to spare their lives and those of the other Limousins. Pitiable sights had no effect on him; great bravery did. This point is also illustrated in paragraphs 3 and 4.

What possible lesson can we learn from the general truth that some angry rulers have been softened by pity and others only by admiration for bravery?

Montaigne makes three attempts to answer this question (paragraphs 6, 7, and 8). First, he says, tentatively, that the three historical examples are more to the point, more useful, in teaching us how to escape being killed, because they show what softened the hearts of a hard-headed military leader. Presumably it is such a man that we—or at least Montaigne—should most fear. He reminds us that they held up unshaken against appeals to their pity but bowed to examples of great bravery. The fact that weaker natures, such as "women, children and the common herd, are inclined to subdue their desire for vengeance because of easy-going indulgence and softness" is relatively unimportant, presumably because such weaker people are less likely to have the lives of others in their power. To save our lives it is more important to know how to soften the wrath of someone who can take them.

This conclusion is too facile for Montaigne. He immediately remembers that death may come not only from those who hold in affection masculine and obstinate vigor but also from "less lofty souls" (paragraph 7). Sometimes they will be moved by pity, sometimes by "astonishment and admiration."

> Paragraph 7
> The people of Thebes having put their generals on trial for their lives for continuing in their posts beyond the time prescribed. . . , they just bravely absorbed Pelopidas who bowed under the weight of such accusations and used only pleas and supplications to protect himself; whereas with Epaminondas, who came out and related proudly the things done by him and reproached the people with them in a haughty and arrogant manner, they did not have the heart even to take the ballot in their hands, and the assembly broke up, greatly praising the loftiness of this man's courage.

These examples partly reverse the point of paragraph 6. If we take into account both inflexible admirers of virtue and weaker people, both appeals to pity and examples of audacity may be useful. This is Montaigne's *second* general position.

It is immediately revised in paragraph 8. There we read about one of the great generals of all time, Pompey, first behaving like the Prince of Wales, then on another occasion totally unlike him.

> Here is Pompeius pardoning the whole city of the Mammertines, against which he was greatly incensed, in consideration of the valor and magnanimity of the citizen Stheno, who took the fault of the people on himself and asked no other favor but to bear the punishment alone. Yet Sulla's host, who displayed similar valor in the city of Praeneste, got nothing out of it, either for himself or for others.

This inconsistency leads Montaigne to attempt a third generalization: "Truly man is a marvelous, vain, diverse and undulating object. It is hard to found any constant and uniform judgment on him." Note he says 'hard,' not impossible.

By comparing these three tentative conclusions with the first four paragraphs, we can learn what Montaigne means by an Essay. He says elsewhere that, if he could, he would make decisions, but since he cannot, he writes essays.[28] In the first four paragraphs of the present Essay he sets down certain thoughts that have come to him from

reading history. Then he attempts to judge his own musings, to say what can be learned from them. He says this assessment is the purpose underlying the reading of books. Reading yields matter to reflect on, so that we can form our judgment.

We should not be put off by the tentativeness of the judgments arrived at. Montaigne is a lot nearer to knowing what importance to give the three examples in the first part of the essay after trying to assess them than he was by merely reading them. The verb "to *essay*" is akin "to *try*".[29] It is also related to "trial," where judgments, however fallible, are delivered. Moral and political judgments are made by careful and repeated comparisons with what we know and have stored in our memory. They do not have the firmness and majesty of grand generalizations, but they are not devoid of content either. We may gradually discover the meaning for us of what we claim to admire and/or reject.

In another essay, Montaigne says "History is my quarry."[30] It is the source of the stones with which he intended to build the monument he would leave for his relatives and friends. We see better how this works in paragraph 5.

Upon rereading the examples in the first part of this essay, Montaigne discovers that either of these ways—appeals to pity or an outstanding example of bravery—"would easily win me." This is what he learned about himself by re-examining those examples. Not only bravery moves Montaigne, but so do pitiable sights. There are "tears of things" as his favorite poet Vergil tells us, "For I am wonderfully lax in the direction of mercy and gentleness. As a matter of fact, I believe I should be likely to surrender more naturally to compassion than to esteem." The expressions "as a matter of fact" and "I believe" indicate that Montaigne is learning something on the spot. Furthermore, when he says he is likely to surrender more *naturally* to pity he is claiming to have a glimpse of something quite stable, a *natural tendency in himself.* Not everything about him, then, is completely diverse, vain, and undulating. Self-portraits need ground from which the figure can emerge.

Those who know Montaigne's essay *On Three Great Men* will have remarked upon two names in this first essay: Epaminondas (paragraph 7) and Alexander (in the last two paragraphs). They are the names of two of the three men whom he considered the greatest in human history. The third is Homer. What we can learn about Montaigne by looking at the reasons he gives for choosing these men over all others?[31]

The choice of Homer, although sincere on Montaigne's part, is really a disguised way of pointing to Vergil, his real hero among the poets. Montaigne never read Homer in Greek and claimed not even to know him. He praised him partly because "it is principally from Homer that Vergil derives his ability . . . he is his guide and schoolmaster, and . . . one single detail of the *Iliad* furnished both body and matter for that great and divine *Aeneid.*"[32] Montaigne denied that these were the determining reasons for his choosing Homer as one of the three greatest men in the world. Instead he pointed to the place that Homer holds in history and that "makes (him) . . . a source of wonder to me almost above man's estate. And indeed I am often astonished that he, who by his authority created and brought into credit . . . many deities, has not himself gained the rank of God." Still Montaigne would say "possibly in his art . . . Vergil may be compared with him. I leave it to those men to judge who know them both. I who know only the one can say only this according to my capacity that I do not believe that even the Muses themselves could surpass the Roman." How much Montaigne owes to Vergil can be seen only by reading very many essays very well.

His choice of Epaminondas as the second greatest man is almost as bizarre as picking Homer and praising Vergil through him. We do not know much about Epaminondas, and Montaigne did not either, mainly because Plutarch's life of him did not survive. Still, Montaigne's reasons were serious, and, I think, deeply personal. He admired Epaminondas because "his resolution and valor did not arise from ambition but from motives that wisdom and reason are capable of implanting" in a well-ordered soul. "As for . . . this (military) virtue he has . . . as much in my opinion as Alexander himself and Caesar. But as for his character and conscience, he very far surpassed all those who have ever undertaken to manage affairs. For in this respect which must principally be considered, which alone truly means what we are, and which I weigh alone against all the others together, he yields to no philosopher, not even to Socrates."[33] "In this man, innocence is a key quality, sovereign, constant, uniform, incorruptible."

If we do not know fully the grounds for such a judgment, since we do not know Epaminondas, we do learn about Montaigne from it. What he admired most was moral integrity in a man vigorously carrying out his public and private duties. "In this man alone can be found a virtue and ability full and equal throughout, which in all the functions of human life, leaves nothing to be desired, whether in public or private occupations, in peace or war, whether in living or dying greatly or gloriously. I know no form or fortune of man that I regard with so much honor and love."

Those words are a clear statement of what he admired and sought in life. He may not have known much about Epaminondas, but from that little he learned how to say what he most admired and what he thought he should strive for. It is not possible here to recount all that Alexander meant to Montaigne. (It would be easy to write an entire lecture on that subject alone.) Briefly, there are seventy-one mentions of Alexander in the *Essays,* and they were made at all periods of Montaigne's writing.

Alexander, his works, his deeds, and his habits, are used as means of measuring other great men. How far short do others fall from that overpowering figure? He is almost a god in relation to other men, even great ones.[34] Still, Montaigne says that he could imagine Socrates, if circumstances had been other than they were, accom-

plishing all that Alexander did, but he could not imagine Alexander achieving what Socrates did.[35]

Socrates seems not to be included in the list of the greatest men only because his virtue was of such a high order that it put him on a higher plain. "The soul of Socrates . . . is the most perfect that has come to my knowledge . . . I know his reason to be is powerful and so much master in him that it would never so much as let a vicious appetite be born."[36] Montaigne said this even though he knew and told the story of Socrates' overhearing people discuss his facial appearance and saying that it had the marks of lust on it. Socrates interrupted them to say that they were right. Those tendencies were within, but that he had overcome them by effort.[37]

Cato the younger also seems to be a man so far above others as to brook no comparison. "Cato *alone* suffices for every example of virtue."[38]

Thus the last two paragraphs of the essay are a glimpse of Montaigne wrestling with a disturbing flaw in the character of his hero, Alexander—his cruelty. As mentioned above, Montaigne says it is difficult to found anything stable on man, because he is such an undulating object. This statement applies even to the ebb and flow of Montaigne's own thoughts. On the one hand, Alexander was a supremely great man, on the other hand he was cruel, which was in Montaigne's judgment a great vice.

The condition for growth in understanding is to face these contradictions. The truth about human thought is flux, but flux in which some line of constancy must still be sought.

Montaigne ends the essay by trying to find out what possibly could be in a great man's mind that allows him to be shamefully cruel. The fact that in paragraphs 9 and 10 he comes up with two different and plausible explanations means that he has not found one true explanation. However, the act of facing the problem and producing plausible hypotheses is progress. The quest is not an idle one. It is part of his finding out what he should admire and at what point those whom he thought were heroes have to be rejected. Julius Caesar might appear to have as much claim to be admired as Alexander, but he is rejected because he overthrew the civil government and plunged his country into civil war. In examining Alexander's cruelty Montaigne is questioning his own right to admire him. This is a deep moral question.

Anyone reading the last paragraphs of this essay will gain an authentic glimpse of Montaigne's way of thinking. They will see Montaigne creating Montaigne—by trying to judge his own loyalties.

When I was mid-way into the writing of this piece, a friend asked me what I was writing about. When I told him, he said, "Good. You will be getting away from all that heavy philosophy" by which he meant the Hegel I was reading for seminar. I disagree. It is questionable whether anyone deserves to be called a philosopher who departs very far from the self-examination Montaigne carried on to the end.

NOTES

1. All quotations from Montaigne are taken from *The Complete Essays of Montaigne*, translated by Donald M. Frame, Stanford, 1965. References are made to that work as *Essays*, followed by the Book, the number of the essay and the page in the Stanford edition.
2. *Essays* I, 1, 3.
3. *Tempest* II. 1, 148 ff. Cp. *Essays of Michael, Lord of Montaigne*, translated by John Floris, Vol. 1, chapter 3, 219-20, Everyman Library no. 440, London-Toronto, 1910.
4. References to *Measure for Measure* and the *Apology for Raymond Sebond* are found in *The Relations of Shakespeare and Montaigne*, by Elizabeth Robina Hooker [Modern Library Association XVII (1903), 358-59, and 360 ff.].
5. See *Encyclopedia Brittanica*, 14th Edition, "Guienne."
6. For information about the political events in which Montaigne was involved, I am especially indebted to *Henri IV*, Babelon, Paris, 1982, and to *Montaigne*, a biography, Donald M. Frame, San Francisco, 1954.
7. See *La Jeunisse de Montaigne*, R. Trinquet, Paris, 1972, 41-77 for a complete account of how the Montaigne family came to be numbered among the nobility.
8. *Essays*, III, 13, 825 ff.
9. *Essays*, I, 14, 38.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Essays*, III, 12, 805.
12. *Essays*, I, 26, 109 ff.
13. *Essays*, I, 26, 129 ff.
14. *Essays*, I, 26, 128.
15. *Essays*, II, 19, 507.
16. *Ibid.*

16a. *Essays*, I, 27, 134.

17. *Essays*, I, 26, 129.
18. Frame, *Montaigne*, 40.
19. See *Essays*, Book I, 20, *"That to Philosophise is to Learn to Die."* This essay, written early, has additions made in the last year of his life. His starting place is in one place an opinion of Seneca's, against which he engages in a vigorous polemic (p. 26 ff.).
20. See Frame, *Montaigne*, 234-45.
21. *Essays*, III, 12, 812.
22. See *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. II, London and New York, 1918, 290 ff.
23. The most memorable of these tragic happenings is the massacre of St. Bartholomew. See *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, Henri Nogueére, translated by Eliane Engel, London, 1962.

23a. Frame, *Montaigne*, 30 ff.

24. *Essays*, I, 56, 229.
25. Essays, II, 12, 323 and note. Even more severe about the Protestants is III, 12, 798.
26. See Frame, *Montaigne*, 179.

26a. *Ibid.*, 281.

27. III, 12, 798.
28. III, 2, 611.
29. See Olivier Naudeau, *La pensee de Montaigne et le developement des Essais*, Geneve, 1972, p. 51 and note 51. For all the last part of the lecture I am deeply indebted to M. Olivier's book. Anyone seriously interested in Montaigne owes it to himself to read it.
30. I, 26, 107.
31. See II, 36, "Of the Most Oustanding Men."
32. *Ibid.*, 569.
33. *Ibid.*, 573.
34. *Ibid.*, 572.
35. III, 2, 614.
36. II, 11, 308.
37. II, 12, 809.
38. II, 13, 462.

Appendix

1.) A.The commonest way of softening the hearts of those we have offended, when, vengeance in hand, they hold us at their mercy, is by submission to move them to commiseration and pity. However, audacity and steadfastness—entirely contrary means—have sometimes served to produce the same effect.

2.) Edward, prince of Wales, the one who governed our Guienne so long (a person whose traits and fortune have in them many notable elements of greatness), having suffered much harm from the Limousins, and taking their city by force, could not be halted by the cries of the people and of the women and children abandoned to the butchery, who implored his mercy and threw themselves at his feet—until going farther and farther into the city, he saw three French gentlemen who with incredible boldness were holding out alone against the assault of his victorious army. Consideration and respect for such remarkable valor first took the edge off his anger; and he began with these three men to show mercy to all the inhabitants of the city.

3.) As Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, was pursuing one of his soldiers in order to kill him, this soldier, after trying by every sort of humility and supplication to appease him, resolved in the last extremity to await him sword in hand. This resoluteness of his put a sudden stop to the fury of his master, who, having seen him take such an honorable stand, received him into his favor. This example may suffer another interpretation from those who have not read about the prodigious strength and valor of the prince.

4.) Emperor Conrad III, having besieged Guelph, duke of Bavaria, would not come down to milder terms, no matter what vile and cowardly satisfactions were offered him, than merely to allow the gentlewomen who were besieged with the duke to go out, their honor safe, on foot, with what they could carry away on them. They, great-heartedly, decided to load their husbands, their children, and the duke himself on their shoulders. The Emperor took such great pleasure in the nobility of their courage that he wept with delight and wholly subdued the bitter and deadly hatred which he had borne against this duke, and from that time forward treated him and his humanely.

5.) B.Either one of these two ways would easily win me, for I am wonderfully lax in the direction of mercy and gentleness. As a matter of fact, I believe I should be likely to surrender more naturally to compassion than to esteem. Yet to the Stoics pity is a vicious passion; they want us to succor the afflicted, but not to unbend and sympathize with them.

6.) A.Now these examples seem to me more to the point, inasmuch as we see these souls, assailed and tested by these two means, hold up unshaken against one and bow beneath the other. It may be said that to subdue your heart to commiseration is the act of easygoing indulgence and softness, which is why the weaker natures, such as those of women, children, and the common herd, are the most subject to it; but that, having disdained tears and prayers, to surrender simply to reverence for the sacred image of valor is the act of a strong and inflexible soul which holds in affection and honor a masculine and obstinate vigor.

7.) However, in less lofty souls, astonishment and admiration can engender a like effect. Witness the people of Thebes: having put their generals on trial for their lives for continuing in their posts beyond the time prescribed and foreordained for them, they just barely absolved Pelopidas, who bowed under the weight of such accusations and used only pleas and supplications to protect himself; whereas with Epaminondas, who came out and related proudly the things done by him and reproached the people with them in a haughty C.and arrogant A.manner, they did not have the heart even to take the ballots into their hands, and the assembly broke up, greatly praising the loftiness of this man's courage. . . .

8.) A.Truly man is a marvelously vain, diverse, and undulating object. It is hard to found any constant and uniform judgment on him. Here is Pompeius pardoning the whole city of the Mamertines, against which he was greatly incensed, in consideration of the valor and magnanimity of the citizen Stheno, who took the fault of the people upon himself alone and asked no other favor but to bear the punishment alone. Yet Sulla's host, who displayed similar valor in the city of Praeneste, got nothing out of it, either for himself or for the others.

9.) B.And directly contrary to my first examples, the bravest of men and one very gracious to the vanquished, Alexander, forcing the city of Gaza after many great difficulties, came upon Betis—who was in command there and of whose valor he had experienced marvelous proofs during this siege—now alone, abandoned by his men, his armor cut to pieces, all covered with blood and wounds, still fighting on in the midst of many Macedonians who were attacking him from all sides. Stung by such a dearly won victory—for among other damage Alexander had received two fresh wounds on his person—he said to him: "You shall not die as you wanted, Betis; prepare yourself to suffer every kind of torment that can be invented against a captive." The other, with a look not only confident but insolent and haughty, stood without saying a word to these threats. Then Alexander, seeing his proud and obstinate silence: "Has he bent a knee? Has any suppliant cry escaped him? I'll conquer your muteness yet; and if I cannot wring a word from it, at least I'll wring a groan." And turning his anger into rage, he ordered Betis' heels to be pierced through and had him thus dragged alive, torn, and dismembered, behind a cart.

10.) Could it be that hardihood was so common to Alexander that, not marveling at it, he respected it the less? C.Or did he consider it so peculiarly his own that he could not bear to see it at this height in another without passionately envious spite? Or was the natural impetuosity of his anger incapable of brooking opposition? In truth, if it could have been bridled, it is probable that it would have been in the capture and desolation of the city of Thebes, at the sight of so many valiant men, lost and without any further means of common defense, cruelly put to the sword. For fully six thousand of them were killed, of whom not one was seen fleeing or asking for mercy, but who were on the contrary seeking, some here, some there, through the streets, to confront the victorious enemy and to provoke an honorable death at his hands. Not one was seen so beaten down with wounds as not to try even in his last gasp to avenge himself, and with the weapons of despair to assuage his death in the death of some enemy. Yet the distress of their valor found no pity, and the length of a day was not enough to satiate Alexander's revenge. This slaughter went on to the last drop of blood that could be shed, and stopped only at the unarmed people, old men, women, and children, so that thirty thousand of them might be taken as slaves.

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Occasional Discourse

Mental Imagery

(The College and Contemporay Cognitive Science) Homecoming Lecture, September 1985

Eva Brann

I am very much alive to the fact that this is Homecoming weekend—homecoming not only for the alumni but also for me. I've been gone from St. John's far and long—as far as Delaware and as long as a year. So I look on the place where I've spent exactly half my life as an astronaut in outer space looks on the very small planet which is home. That, together with the nature of tonight's subject, prompts me to indulge in five minutes' worth of looking backwards.

When I came to the college well over a quarter century ago, I entered a fresh and heady world of learning, leaving behind what I felt, rather than understood, to be a hide-bound, dreary academia, the academia of the decade after the Second World War. The college, then only existent in Annapolis, was less than a third the size it is on this campus now, and it had a kind of guardian spirit, a philosopher king, as one might say (provided one said it with a smile), in Jacob Klein, the Dean. It was conveyed to me that he had described me as behaving like a fish in water, and that was just how I felt—like one who was disporting herself in her element, to whom understanding came as she breathed. I am recounting this largely for the freshmen among you. For as it may for you, it turned out for me that one cannot glide along in freshman glory forever—there followed the notorious sophomore slump bringing sophomore sobriety and with it a second beginning, the exchange of a weightless exhilaration for a better-anchored interest. One can't be forever tumbling about in one's element; the time comes when the thronging intimations of truth have to be turned into precise questions and problems. The program itself offered the way: twenty-eight hundred years' worth of commentary on fundamental questions, not excluding the question whether these are always the same or subtly or even cataclysmically different in different ages.

So, like most of my colleagues at the college, I paid only very passing and largely aversive attention to the contemporary state of affairs. (I mean intellectual affairs, since ignoring politics for very long is what a citizen does at her peril.) At the end of tonight's lecture I mean to make a principled argument for living in isolation from "current thinking," from vogues and trends, for long stretches of time. Nonetheless, a moment eventually came, and happily an opportunity too, for catching up. I simply felt a certain avidity to know what the world was saying. I did a lot of reading, but of course I haven't begun to master the matter—no one could, anyhow. Yet I think I have certain inklings concerning at least one area and its associations which I'll come to in a minute.

Let me, though, repeat to you in the largest and vaguest terms my first impressions: Our contemporaries have verve and sophistication. Quite a few of the best are, not to mince words, charming (or not so charming) smart-alecks. Their intellectual mode has explicitness, precision, and often a kind of purity. All the possibilities which used to remain obtusely unconsidered in the mid-century have been articulated and worked over. The engine of invention has been producing faster and faster, and the mill of rational speech has been grinding finer and finer. I hear that there is a Chinese curse: "May you live in exciting times" and also a Greek counter-curse: "May you hear nothing new." Well, we're afflicted in the way of China and blessed in the way of Greece—at least on the face of it.

I want to claim right away that this condition of affairs can't help but draw in the college. It may and ought to affect the program in only a limited way, but I think it might put us in a new position vis-à-vis the intellectual world which I want to sketch out in a broad and somewhat undigested way later on. Consequently my lecture will have two parts, which I will call with grand simplic-

ity *Psychology* and *Philosophy*, the first to set out what I learned this past year and the second to be a sort of coda of conclusions for us. So then:

I. Psychology

Again, I must begin with a bit of intellectual history, both personal and public. For a decade now my thoughts have circled about the theme of the imagination. In fact, I have collected so much stuff that my ideas are beginning to sink under its weight—the time has come to carve out some conclusions. As for the theme itself, I have been drawn to it along several approaches—and, as I've learned, when all roads lead to Rome, to Rome one must go.

One of these approaches is bookish. The imagination plays the role of the missing mystery in a number of philosophical texts, by which I mean that a faculty by that name is given a central task while its operation is left sanguinely unexplained. As Kant says, it is: "a hidden art in the depth of the human soul." I might say here what is, broadly, meant by imagination in the philosophical sense: It is a faculty which presupposes that somehow or other two worlds of objects are present to us, one of which seems to us to be outside, the other inside ourselves. The inner world, in turn, appears to consist of two realms, one of which, though lacking a certain feature of "thereness" which belongs to the external world, has at least one characteristic apparently and yet elusively in common with it: it is shaped and colored and, in short, space-like; the other realm is non-sensory and word-like. Philosophical texts have much to say on the role the imagination plays in cognition, that is, in knowing. Lately they have said quite a bit about the unintelligibility of imagining, but what has rarely been confronted head-on is the question: "How is such an ability possible?" And that is what intrigues me.

Another approach is through politics. The imagination is a puzzle not only as a universal cognitive capability but also as a general human gift which may be abused either through hyperactivity or desuetude. I've become convinced that most political catastrophes are connected to a fault in imagination: the inability to imagine accurately the minute daily detail which any large vision might entail. So I became interested in what one might call "imaginative coherence," or the projective powers of the imagination.

The third and last approach I'll mention is through the fact that the imagination is usually regarded as the source of made-up realms such as dreams and fictions. Since by my reckoning I spend about 62.5% of my day betwixt the one and the other of these, I wanted to learn something about the power that is behind these non-existent and all-important worlds. But tonight I haven't got much to say about that topic.

In search of a clue to my theme I set about reading the shelves of the excellent research library at the University of Delaware where I am teaching. It turns out that there is a new and burgeoning science called *cognitive psychology* and in it a fiercely embattled area called *mental imagery*. The title of tonight's lecture, "mental imagery," betokens the translation into the new science of the old mystery concerning inner, space-like representations ("representations," as opposed to the original external presentation, though our juniors are about to learn that most philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century think that representations are all we have).

The *newness* of the science that studies mental imagery is expressed in the fact that most of what I am about to report to you was published within the last five years. That it is indeed a *science* can be seen from its method: It tortures nature, as Kant puts it, or teases out the facts, as psychologists like to say, by simple but clever experiments. As for the slippery and intriguing business of turning a philosophical question into a scientific problem—what changes the issue undergoes on the way and which endeavor ends up guiding which—I hope to say something about that at the end.

To introduce cognitive psychology and to explain its special interest in mental imagery, in what actually goes on when we see images before the mind's eye, I must one last time go backward to give you a thumbnail sketch—written on a tiny thumb at that—of the history of psychology.

The state of psychology represented a considerable part of the aforementioned intellectual dreariness of the mid-century. In the half-century which lies between about 1910 and 1960 the discipline was dominated by two schools, a soft one and a hard one, so to speak. The former was *psychoanalysis*. Freud proposed as a provisional theoretical framework—ultimately reducible to biology—a model or topography of the soul, in which the most extensive territory was assigned to the unconscious, a pandemonium of anti-social passion, which a skillful analyst might nonetheless tease out into the open and render less harmful. Although its founder did not think of psychoanalysis as primarily therapeutic, it eventually became almost wholly the province of psychiatrists. The imagination played a role in psychoanalysis since the interpretation of dreams was thought to give access to the unconscious. However, the interest was in establishing a symbolic interpretive vocabulary for therapeutic use, and that turned out to be scientifically soft, that is to say, not extensively amenable to verification. At the same time the imaginative agency that did the dream work, that turned the passions into symbolic representations, was not itself a central subject of study. The interest in their symbolism suppressed the interest in the images. (Freud also had a theory of the origin of imagining in infantile wish-fulfillment-hallucination.)

The hard school was *behaviorism*. It was very much driven by what post-Freudian psychologists refer to as their irrepressible "physics envy." Its crude but forceful tenet was that to be a science, psychology must deal with what is verifiably observable. Therefore internal events,

being *ipso facto* unobservable and at best known through the unverifiable reports of introspection, were excluded from its field of inquiry. No event is more internal than a mental image, and so Watson, one of the founders of the school, uttered his notorious dictum directed at reports of "reminiscence-imagery:" "Touching, of course, but sheer bunk." Sir Arthur Eddington summarized this mind-set, which at once bedevils and buoys up the sciences, in a sarcasm which might well stand as the epigraph of this lecture: "What my net can't catch isn't fish."

In the sixties both empires waned, psychoanalysis because as a theory it was unverifiable, as a therapy it was expensive, and as a world view it had been established. Behaviorism, on the other hand, choked by the huge accumulations of quantified experimental results unlevigated by any interesting overall theory, more or less died of tedium, though its method, too, had seeped into general opinion.

But mainly it was a new and vigorous interest that usurped their place, the interest in cognition, in the temporal stages of learning in childhood and in the patterns and processes of cognitive events in adults. Piaget, who pioneered the former investigation, called "genetic epistemology," had long had a special interest in the imagination because he thought of it as not as a congenital ability but as a symbolizing function developing in the second year of infancy, intermediate between mere perception and rationality and responsible for the first interiorization of representations.

The concern with imagery in adult cognition sprang from several sources. One was a recollection of the fascinating imagery studies undertaken by experimental psychologists in pre-behavioral times. Another was the spectacular new discipline of Artificial Intelligence, the attempt to write programs which would, when run (sometimes rather incidentally) on computers, simulate human cognition. Cognitive functions involving figurative features turn out to be both rather recalcitrant to simulation and theoretically intriguing. The effort fed a very old philosophical debate concerning the distinction between space and thought, for which the contemporary computer terms—I will just throw them out for the moment—are given by the pair "analog" and "digital."

Yet another source of the new interest in images is the burgeoning new brain science. The gist of the problem here is that, contrary to earlier expectations, the brain events which appear to be the accompanying conditions of, or to mediate, the cognitive function of imagining show absolutely no evidence of any formations of the sort that used to be called "engrams," formations analogous to the imagery reported by subjects; that is to say, there are no pictures in our brain, although the whole scientific community, with *no* significant exception, supposes that in some, often rather sophisticated, sense cognition is just brain states and events. (Note, therefore, that when I spoke before of computers merely simulating cognition and brain events merely mediating it, I was speaking far more conservatively than do most cognitive psychologists.)

The most pertinent source is, finally, philosophical, not however insofar as the imaginative faculty is acknowledged but precisely insofar as it is denied. In this century was written the first full-scale thematic treatment of the imagination that I know of in the history of philosophy, namely by Jean-Paul Sartre. He was inspired largely by Edmund Husserl, who founded phenomenology, a philosophical school which is interested in the description of experiences *as* experiences. However, it is not that work which most cognitive psychologists take account of but rather Ludwig Wittgenstein's scattered and, above all, Gilbert Ryle's systematic attack on the possibility and significance of cognition through mental imagery.

Ryle's *Concept of Mind* is one of those bold books which mask the obscurity of their position by the hard-hitting clarity of their opposition. What Ryle attacked is what he identified as the essence of Cartesianism, namely the very idea of internal mental representation which I spoke of before: the notion that we have something—ideas, thoughts, symbols or pictures—in or before our minds. What Ryle found absurd in mental representations, and so rejected on logical grounds, was that they required a *mind's eye,* a mental mannikin before which to appear; he dubbed it "the ghost in the mind's machine." What he objected to in the interiority of mental representations was their lack of public evidence; here he followed the methodological requirements of the behaviorists—but he went further, converting the requirement of observability into a conclusion of non-existence. It's Eddington's fishy argument all over: What my net can't catch, just isn't. Naturally, mental images were included in this annihilation.

I want to interject here a comment on the attitude of students of cognition toward ordinary experience. Their method-driven mode sometimes makes them cavalier about what they nowadays call "folk psychology," meaning everybody's natural suppositions, for example the distinction we all ordinarily make between ourselves and our bodies, and, most to the point, the fact that we all just do seem to see pictures in our head. For my part, no theory is plausible which, yielding to mere logical squeamishness, fails to begin by honoring and to end by grounding what we naturally say and believe.

This, happily, is the hypothesis of the book from which most of what now follows is taken (from it, I should say, with the aid of about six-hundred and sixty-six other texts). The author is Stephen Kosslyn, a cognitive psychologist at Harvard. The title of the book, published in 1983, is, pertinently, *Ghosts in the Mind's Machine.* Its impetus was the sense that, Ryle notwithstanding, we do *have* and also *use* mental images, and that methods might be devised for testing and tricking truths about them out of subjects—in short, to make mental imagery somehow observable by devising experiments which would make the protocols of introspection more reliable. (I should say here that Kosslyn has succeeded in developing a detailed theory of the structures and processes un-

derlying mental imagery, but it would go too far to try to describe it tonight.)

The problem proposed itself in three parts. The part investigated first was: do people *use* mental imagery in solving some problem? If the answer was yes, the question: "do people *have* mental images?" would have been implicitly answered. The second part was to determine what the distinctive features of such imagery might be. The third part, which shaded confusingly into philosophy, was to determine the essential nature of such imagery. You might think these are plain enough questions, but to ask them clearly and to answer them productively turns out to be a, possibly bottomlessly, complex business.

The first problem, then, whether people have mental imagery, was attacked by Galton a century ago by the naively empirical method of sending round questionnaires to great men, asking them to describe their breakfast tables. It was partly the surprising response of a number of the scientists among the respondents that sent the subject into eclipse—they claimed not to have such imagery. No one regards this result as very significant nowadays; experiments presuppose that subjects can and do follow the order: "Visualize (or imagine) x"; the result of the experiments is taken further to corroborate the assumption. In the seventies Alan Shepard and his associates devised a series of experiments designed to reveal the mental representations of subjects by seeing if they actually used imagery in doing certain tasks.

(I want to note two items on the way. First, people under the constraints of an experiment are called "subjects" by psychologists. It is obviously a major question whether a subject is coextensive with a full human being. Second, in order to avoid the distracting bustle of visual aids, I shall choose from a horde of experiments those most easily describable in words, and I shall omit some of the complicating control features.)

Shepard presented the subjects with pairs of pictures of somewhat complicated three-dimensional block shapes. In half of the pairs the two shapes were slightly different, in the other half they were the same, though differently oriented, at increasing angles of rotation. The subjects were asked to look at the pictures and then to judge whether each pair included different or identical shapes. The hypothesis was that the response time would be a linear function of the angle of rotation, that is to say, subjects would take longer to answer in proportion as the second member of the pair was farther rotated from the original. The results startlingly confirmed the hypothesis, and were interpreted to mean that the subject mentally performed a rotation on the second member of the pair to see if it would be brought into coincidence with the first, taking twice as long for a doubly large angle. Consider how remarkable it is that the participants, who had been looking at mere drawings, apparently did the mental rotation of the depicted solids not flatly in the picture plane but through a mental space, mimicking depth-perspective.

(I want to point out here that "reaction time" is the bread and butter of cognitive psychology, used in boring cases to festoon with numbers a dull fact no one disputes, but in interesting ones to make cognitive processes reveal themselves. It means, of course, that in the most telling cases subjects are required to report on some *kinetic* aspect of *pre-given* imagery. Since it seems to me that when most itself, most absorbing, our imaginative capacity tends to *self-produced timeless* tableaus and transformation, it follows that the imagery processes clocked by cognitive psychology are characteristically of a narrowly mundane sort—but that is the price to be paid for hard results.)

It is the second part of the problem, concerning the distinctive marks of mental imagery, to which Kosslyn addressed himself. Here much ingenuity was required first just to articulate the features which an internal image *might* display and then to devise experiments to make them manifest themselves. Kosslyn, too, fell back on the very hypothesis attacked by Wittgenstein and Ryle, the notion that our imagery has something depictive, something picture-like about it.

Let us stop to see what in our experience of imaging might drive us to the picture analogy. First of all, people do in fact experience themselves as viewing their images "in their heads."—Much as they inspect scenes and portraits and still-lives outside, they seem to be gazing on appearances in inner space. (In fact, there is a curious and beguiling theory that the earliest art images are cave paintings because caves serve as a physical representation of the black internal space that appears when the eyes are shut.) Furthermore, they don't think that the landscape or persons or objects themselves appear but their likeness or image, just as happens in a picture. That's after all, exactly why we call it "imagining." Not to be what it represents is the hall-mark of any image, be it on mirrors, reflecting pools or photographic plate, as you can read in Plato's *Sophist*. And finally, mental images share with artificial images the fact that they are shaped by and imbued with the author's knowledge and feelings, and sometimes even more: It seems somehow to be possible to imagine and to paint what the eye of perception has never seen.

Guided by some such considerations (and helped by the new field of visual information processing), Kosslyn could frame a first precise question: Do we actually scan our interior images? To elicit an answer he devised the following double-checked experiment. Subjects were shown a picture of an island containing seven unevenly distributed features, a rock, a tree, a beach and so on. They were to inspect it until they could hold it before their mind's eye, and fixing on a given location, they were to determine whether or not a certain announced feature was on the island by making an imaginary black speck move to it at top speed, and when it had arrived, they were to press a button. The reaction times bore out Kosslyn's expectations. The little speck took proportionally more time to reach more distant features. Subjects were

evidently passing mentally over the intermediate distance, that is to say, mentally scanning their images.

To explain the double check part of the experiment I have to begin to say something about an old battle of latter-day gods and giants that rages in cognitive psychology. These days the antagonists are called "imagists" and "propositionalists," or, for fun, "iconophiles" and "iconophobes." The former claim that we both have images and use them cognitively along with propositional thought. The latter (whose chief proponent is Zenon Pylyshin) argue either that we don't have them, or that if we have them we don't use them—that they are merely along for the ride, "epiphenomenal," and that all cognition is propositional. I won't attempt to be precise about what is meant by "propositional" (except that it implies not-figurative and non-spacial representations), but let Kosslyn's double-check indicate the distinction. After having had his island experiment criticized by the propositionalists because, they claimed, reaction times could have been the same had the subjects run through mental lists of features rather than scanned their mental images, Kosslyn simply instructed a second group of subjects not necessarily to use images but just to answer as quickly as possible, on the supposition that seven features could easily be kept in mind as a list. Lo and behold, reaction times were indifferent to the distances of the features from base. Apparently the task could be done *either* by scanning mental image *or* by consulting a word-like mental list.

Next Kosslyn investigated the mental image as object. First he posed a rather startling question suggested by the picture analogy. As opposed to sculpture in the round, picture images, be they mirror reflections, newspaper photographs, paintings, or wax impressions, are all manifested on a medium: silvered glass, newsprint on paper, paint on canvas, wax. The question became: Do mental images have a medium which underlies all imagery in general? What is the inner picture plane like? For example wax takes impressions differently if it is dry or soft (here Kosslyn cites Plato's *Theaetetus* where the mental medium is compared to a wax tablet), and paper can be coarse or fine grained. Does the mental medium too set a limit on the resolution of images? If so, it would underwrite the picture-likeness of the imagery, since pictures are distinguished from their real originals precisely by the fact that we can expect real objects to offer almost infinite prospects of detail, bounded only by the acuteness of our sight, whereas a picture has an inherent limit of resolution past which we are no longer looking at the images it carries; for example, a human being can be inspected down to the pores of the skin and beyond, while a newspaper photo presently dissolves into mere dots.

To test the grain of the mental medium, subjects were asked to commit to memory pictures of a rabbit next to an elephant and of a fly next to a rabbit, so that the larger animal would in each case take up most of the mental space. They were then asked to report the features of the large and the small animals. The latter took consistently more time, as if the small features were harder to see, or as if the viewers had to zoom in on them. Since many people have a favorite familiar rabbit while few have a favorite fly, they were also asked to look at a tiny rabbit next to a large fly, lest they be reporting features from mere verbal memory. Again the tiny animal's features took longer to make out. Kosslyn concluded that the mental medium had a definite grain which makes small objects harder to discern—perhaps somewhat dubiously since the result might be equally attributed to the resolving power of the mental eye. But then he didn't consider the mind's eye to be an organ of sight, as we will see. (I must inject here a doubt I feel myself about Kosslyn's procedures, which is that he always has subjects memorize objects which are pictures to begin with, that is, he works with mental images of real images. There may be a predisposing factor in that, but let us set it aside for this lecture.)

Again the propositionalists demurred, claiming that subjects were not inspecting mental images but verbal-like lists of features. They would look at the larger animal, which also had more features, first and store its description in their short term memory. (Short term memory is the kind of memory where we "keep," say, telephone numbers we have just looked up between the book and the dial.) Now experiments have shown that the short term memory can hold only plus or minus seven items. Consequently the small animal's features had simply been crowded out, and subjects would have to dig into their long term associative memory files, where general coherent knowledge about flies is stored, to answer questions about them, and this would take longer.

Again Kosslyn devised a double-check. When subjects are asked without a picture whether cats have claws they can answer just as immediately as when asked if they have heads. In fact, claws which are spatially small, have as much associative memory strength as heads which are comparatively large, but when subjects are asked to answer the question by inspecting a mental image, they nonetheless take longer to ascertain the presence of claws than of a head. The medium does seem to obscure small features, and furthermore, in general, we seem to be able to solve memory tasks in two ways, through mental images and through verbal registration. (Ask yourself, for example, how many windows there are in your house. Most people answer by taking a mental walk through the place. Now wait five minutes and ask yourself again. Usually the answer will come in a word—fourteen in my case.)

Finally, Kosslyn considered, a medium has a size and a shape. For real pictures these are given by the dimensions of the frame. For our perceptual window on the world the size is given by our angle of vision and the shape by the fact that our eyes are set horizontally side by side—consequently our visual field is roughly elliptical. To measure the size of the field-medium, Kosslyn had subjects mentally walk toward memorized images of animals of various sizes, a rabbit, a dog, a cow, until they

overflowed the mental field. The subjects then placed a real tripod at a distance from a real wall which they judged equal to the mental distance of overflow of each animal. That distance, it turned out, increased proportionally with the size of the animal. The angle of sharp central mental vision was calculated with a little trigonometry to be roughly 25°, similar to that of the perceptual field. Furthermore, subjects were to imagine walking toward a foot-long ruler held first horizontally and then vertically. The vertical ruler overflowed the field sooner than the other, showing that the inner medium, too, is roughly elliptical in shape.

Most people suppose that seeing and imagining have similarities. That they can be confusingly alike was shown in a famous experiment made by Perky in 1910 on the eve of the great eclipse of imagery studies and replicated more recently in improved format. She seated subjects before a screen in a well-lit room and asked them to project the mental image of, say, a banana on the screen. (There seem to be animal and vegetable psychologists.) Unbeknownst to them she projected a faint slide image on the same place. Subjects declared themselves a little surprised that while they were thinking of the banana as lying on its side, they kept imagining it as standing on end, but no one caught on. Kosslyn considers her results as well as his to indicate that perceiving and imagining share certain cognitive processes. For him that means, of course, that they share brain mechanisms, namely those that take place well behind the organs of visual perception (as suggested by the fact that people who lose their eye-sight in youth continue to have mental images).

So much for a small sampling of the experiments and their results. Now comes the serious business, the effort to say what all this might amount to, in itself and for us.

II. Philosophy

I hope I have not left you with the impression that the so-called propositionalists have been repulsed. All the conclusions have been called in question, though for my part, I'm pursuaded by the *design* itself of Shepard's and Kosslyn's experiments that introspection can be tricked into yielding disciplined, hard information about internal, that is, psychic, states and events while the *results* indicate first, that we have an internal space-like receptacle which resembles in some respects the medium of pictures and in others the field of perception, and second, that the images therein are cognitively effective, that they are at least sometimes used in the act of knowing and are not merely epiphenomena—idle accompaniments of cognition. That's what I am persuaded of, but as I mentioned, in cognitive psychology the battle between the so-called iconophiles and iconophobes continues to rage—some say *ad nauseam*. I think, however, that the combatants show good instincts in carrying on, because although within cognitive science it may be that as the formulations become more and more refined the issue becomes more and more obscure, and perhaps finally recalcitrant to experimental resolution, from the philosophic point of view the question won't go away.

Before summing up what, in rock-bottom terms, that question is and why it matters, let me just quickly run through some of the subsequent perplexities concerning the imagination. There is the great dual question about the relation of perception and imagination: could we perceive if we didn't imagine?; can we image what we haven't perceived? Then we might ask whether we inspect our mental images passively or whether in beholding them we are actually producing them. Then there is the question of the difference between real images and imagination-images: what is the distinction between perceiving an image such as a portrait, and imagining a perception, such as the visualization of a friend's face? Then we can ask about composition of images: are they wholes made of parts?; for instance, can they fade in sections or are they fragilely integral, generated and lost as a whole?; and in general, how sturdy or evanescent are they? Are they altered piecemeal or by so-called blink transformations? Do they obey compositional laws like the "law of good form" proposed by the Gestalt psychologists? And since mental images, whatever else they are, are somehow *images*, there are all the questions about the way they mix being and non-being first raised in Plato's *Sophist* and now treated in logic under the heading of fictional or nonexistent objects. These are the enticing inquires which would come next.

But for now let me state the two terms which seem to sum up the debate, as I said, in the most rock-bottom and revealing way, namely: *depiction* vs. *description* (Ned Block). The pictoralists say that *some* of our mental representations are *picture-like*. Aristotle's famous remark that "the soul never thinks without images" would seem to be the founding dictum of this camp. (Though that has been doubted, in fact by Martha Nussbaum, who lectured here a couple of years ago, in her commentary on the *De Motu Animalium.*) The descriptionalists claim that *all* our mental representations are language-like, that our inner representations, although *about* the world, are never *like* it.

I am now going to conclude by trying to show what matters about this controversy and how it might affect us in particular.

First, you might think it was pretty obvious that the debate would drive its proponents smack into such questions as: what *is* depiction? What can it be but the representation of an object as a space-like image (not, by the way, necessarily visual)? But what is representation, what is space, what is an image? Well, the psychologists mostly do what I've done tonight, skirt around these questions. But when the moment comes to take them up a student of this program should be way ahead. What is the inner point of the sophomore study of analytic geometry, for instance, but to think about just these issues? There is a picture on one side of the text and an equation

on the other. The diagram is spatial and figurative and appears to *image* something. The equation consists of letters and signs and seems to *symbolize* something. Are they two manifestations of the same object which they represent differently? Is the equation closer to words or to logic than the figure is? What *is* the difference among figure, symbol and word, and what difference does that difference make? A successful sophomore mathematics tutorial cannot help but be a rather deep introduction to the depiction-description debate. In fact, come to think of it, our study of Apollonius already offers a prime introduction to the issue: Remember the propositions where figure and words jibe at the beginning and at the end, but in between we are required to follow letter manipulations which are geometric nonsense (or are they?), while, on the other hand, Apollonius' very understanding of his curves as conic sections can't be adequately rendered in symbols (or can it?).

Images, however, are only a subheading of the category representation, and mental images come under mental representations in general. Cognitive psychologists are one and all committed to the existence of mental representations—else what would their experiments be forcing into the open? But as I mentioned way back in this lecture, students of philosophy in this century have taken to attacking the whole notion of representation. Recall that the title of Kosslyn's book *Ghosts in the Mind's Machine* was intended as a rebuttal of Ryle's attack on mental representations, images, of course, in particular. Kosslyn could take this position because he thinks he has solved the very problem of that mind's eye before which the images appear whose necessity made mental imagery an absurdity to Ryle. Of course, the mind's eye is just a sub-problem: all mental representation requires a self, or subject, or, derogatorily, a "homunculus," before whom the representations are present, and that fact always leads to bottomless difficulties—though, in my opinion these are mysteries we'll just have to live with. I mentioned earlier on that Artificial Intelligence, or computer simulation of cognitive processes, was one of the impulses behind the new study of mental imagery; Kosslyn was able to construct a computer model of his theory, and it is indeed through a computer analogy that he means to dispose of the question: "what or who watches the pictures of the mind?" The answer is simply that the imaginal medium of a computer, the display screen, is actually an array of dots, and that the computer's central processing unit, the analogue of the mind's eye, can "interpret" the imagery because it is immediately translatable into words and numbers like: there is a dot in row 5, column 7. So a computer can both generate and read images without benefit of a mind's eye. "Goodbye homunculus" is Kosslyn's chapter heading for this solution.

Now, to my mind, it is both a surrender and an evasion (though, I should add, Kosslyn seems to know exactly what he is doing—I just can't make out his explanation). It is a surrender of the notion that imagery has some ultimate cognitive independence or value, because it implies that an image is only what is called an "emergent" whole, or as he says: a display "does not have to be a picture to function as one." That is to say, the image emerges from non-figurative elements, namely from dots marking coordinate positions. Furthermore the interpretation, so called, of the image, the computer simulation of its comprehension, is nothing but just the stored matrix of these points expressed in words and digits, or even in digits only. In short, images are at the bottom "digital," and not "analog," a pair of terms from computer science which I've mentioned before, referring to discrete word-, digit-, or symbol-like representations as opposed to continuous, figurative, or space-like representations. What we know when we apprehend an image is finally its algebra, just as Descartes first implied in his *Geometry*, which, as I mentioned, we study so carefully for that reason.

The evasion in Kosslyn's solution to the mind's eye perplexity is simply this: As he explicity says, *cognitive science is not competent to deal with experience,* with the conscious sense we have of our cognition (although Dennett has tried to provide cognitive science with a theory of consciousness). As a science it is bent on turning the interior into an exterior, on making inner processes observable, and consciousness is hopelessly and recalcitrantly and essentially interior. (It is this conscious experience to which the phenomenological school of philosophy which I mentioned before specifically attends.) Consequently, the computer analogy simply circumvents the perplexing sense we have of an inner vision—an evasion which is practiced throughout the Artificial Intelligence community, only that generally the "what my net can't catch isn't fish" principle is in full force. What *is* evidently possible, though hellishly complex, is to devise equipment and programs which will "perceive" simple scenes, and image them, or put images having the established features of mental imagery on the display and read them off—an accomplishment which is then hypothesized to give insight into human imagining.

If you think about it, what the fish principle does is to put philosophy under the domination of science—with the whole-hearted concurrence of what might be called the hard-nosed branch of academic philosophy. The cognitive scientists decide what method of theorizing will keep their inquiries within the concerns of science, and then more or less knowingly move to exclude from being what their canon excludes from notice—that after all is just what it means to turn human beings into experimental subjects. And they do this without let or hinderance, not to say with the connivance, of a large part of the contemporary academic philosophical community. For the contest about who asks the questions has been won by the scientists, in this case the cognitive scientists ("Cognitive Science" being the overall name for "Cognitive Psychology," "Artificial Intelligence," "Information Processing," and so on), and *they* sit inside calling the digital tune, while the professional philosophers skulk

at the windows making comments. This state of affairs can't help but eventually arouse our community's anxious interest, because, while our program is built on the trust that the important questions are perennially the same however diverse the attempted answers, the capitulation of philosophy to science makes urgent the question of questions I mentioned in the beginning, namely whether the terms of the questions themselves may be transformed radically and beyond translation from age to age. For science itself, by its very progressive nature, undergoes periodic revolutions which appear to some to consign the old problems and terms to irreducible incommensurability with the new ones, and perhaps philosophy *should* reflect this discontinuity. We could do the intellectual world a great service by rousing ourselves to a rigorous debate with the very clever contemporary proponents of this point of view.

Lest I seem to have gotten away from the significance to us of the imagery debate, let me quickly show how it fits in. On the one hand there is a bunch of terms like "imagistic," 'pictorialistic," "analogous" and "analog." On the other there is "propositional," "descriptional," "symbolic" and "digital." As we have seen, even the scientists who have devoted themselves to discovering the precise characteristics of mental imagery soon abscond into the camp of those who believe that all cognition is finally to be characterized by the second complex of terms, although somehow the first keeps intruding itself on experience. Why is the battle so drawn out while underneath the profession is so unanimous? The chief reason is this: Human experience may speak for the significance of our imaging power, but the underlying impulse of cognitive scientists is to turn the mental into the physical (forgetting, by the way, that their heroes, the physicists, are meanwhile busy turning the physical world into an intelligible one). Specifically, they expect to explain all cognitive processes in terms of the sort of logical functions which can be realized as a physical machine, be it computer or brain. Now as I mentioned, brain science apparently has at present no evidence that well accommodates picture-knowing, although there are basic facts of the brain's functioning which would lend themselves to the "digital" cognition. So it is plain that the impulse in cognitive science would be to explanations in those terms.

Now I have a deep-felt though not yet very well-grounded suspicion that it is our imagining capacity which will turn out to be the impregnable center of our embattled humanity—embattled, because it appears to be infernally difficult to articulate in principle the difference between the *activity* of a perceiving and reasoning human being and the *behavior* of a sophisticatedly programmed machine, that is if the factor of self-consciousness or inner experience is disallowed, while the purely and precisely rational argument for hanging on to what I might as well call the soul, are confoundedly elusive. We might talk about that in the question period.

My inklings that the imagination will be crucial in finally distinguishing human cognition from its computer simulation do have some evidence and some arguments in their favor. The evidence is chiefly in claims from critics of the Artificial Intelligence project that it will come to its limits in capturing just those functions which have analogue character. The arguments I can only gesture toward by bringing up, belatedly, a pair of pertinent terms which is conspicuously missing from the imagery debate: *imagination* and *intellect.* It is one of those old thought complexes whose meaning is supposed to be hopelessly inaccessible to us once its transformation into the current terms has been accomplished. Well, since I can believe that only for a minute at a time, I think there is a world of light to be gotten from carefully retranslating the debate into these terms, since we can then re-ask (without ignoring the new contributions of cognitive science) old but unanswered questions concerning our strange double power to bring the looks of this world into ourselves while leaving its stuff outside, and to bring forth within us figures which were never of the outer world and yet can act potently on it. One of the chief boons will be that the traditional pair, unlike the contemporary set, is not an opposition but a conjunction, and that whenever imagination and intellect are considered as equally and unseverably necessary to knowledge, reflection on thinking, reasoning, acting intelligently, takes on a very different coloration than when the faculty of imagery is regarded as an analytical embarrassment. What I mean is: to my mind what the contemporary intellectual world needs most urgently is a *revision of its mode and its understanding of rationality.*

Early on I described the thinking of our more interesting contemporaries as being smart, precise, pure. That begins to catch its flavor but of course not the serious impulse behind it, which is, to think of thinking as essentially analytic and formalistic, symbolic, logical rather than analogical. I am using somewhat opaque buzz-words because I have not yet quite come to grips with what is going on, except for a sense that sweet reason requires the curbing of this rampant rationality, requires, if I may put it this way, a logically legitimate way of respecting the mysteries. Now I can imagine that it might be one of our students who is destined to work out such a revisal, having been prepared for the task by a program which does not segregate works of the imagination from works of the intellect and which contains many texts honoring—and also despising—the appearances in a way wholly different from that of current cognitive science—a way in which our environment is not understood as a *source of information* to be processed but as a *world of figures* sending us significant looks and speaking to us in intelligible tongues.

And in general, it is because of the temporal cosmopolitanism of the program, its intention to make a serious attempt at empathy into radically diverse human possibilities, that the St. John's program can be a protection against the regimented seduction of the bubbling Babylon which constitutes our contemporary intellectual

world; were I a child's mother I would not wish to send it out there unprepared in some such way, because for all its vaunted multiplicity and its vigorous polemics, the marchings and wheelings of opinions take place in amazingly close formation—as is perhaps not so surprising considering the temporal parochialism of university training. When I said in the first couple of minutes of this lecture that I hoped to give reasons for maintaining distance from "current thinking," enticingly brilliant though it be—practically I suppose this means clearing only a very modest and very deliberately designed space for it in the program—I had in mind mainly this phenomenon of homogeneity. It has recently been given a sophisticated rationale under the heading of "the social justification of belief" by Richard Rorty (who lectured here a couple of years ago) and has been joyfully taken up by para-scientific disciplines such as Anthropology (Geertz) and Educational Studies (Bruffie). "We understand knowledge," Rorty says, "when we understand the social justification of belief," meaning that knowledge arises not from taking in and testing for oneself what the world has to give, but from devising language for obtaining the concurrence of the community accredited to judge, while learning means being absorbed into that society which carries on the pertinent, essentially terminological conversation. To me this view of a community of learning seems like philosophy's self-imposed revenge for its voluntary subjection to science, for it is modelled on the current philosophy-of-science view of science as a social construction (which, by the way, apparently infuriates practicing scientists, insofar as they pay it any mind). Now this college is not only a *program* but also the *community* designed for the study of the program, and those of our students who were self-aware members of the former should make peculiarly discerning judges of the pervasive and potent view I've just described. For the community Rorty projects is a *spatially scattered* league of competent *professionals* whose largely *written communications* are aimed at the *fixation of shared belief,* while St. John's is a *living* community of people of carefully guarded *amateur status* who *converse with each other face to face, to save their souls,* and, standing somewhat apart, prepare for four years to grapple with a present that has been twenty-eight hundred years in the making.

To conclude: Under these circumstances it is not so surprising that, while in the sciences hopes are high, the dominating philosophical mood is, according to temperament, either a rage for finis-writing or a lugubrious nihilism—a zealous anticipation of an end to philosophy which is no consummation but either a self-destructive bang or an unravelled whimper of mere endless argumentation. But I imagine that some of us can think of an understanding of philosophy by which it excapes these ignominies. If philosophy is *directed wonder* then we need not follow the lead of the sciences in asking only warrantably pursuable questions or abandon answers because their complete formal justification proves elusive. Then we are permitted to assume that when something arouses such wonder in us it is given to us, first and last, as wonderful, however relentlessly we may work it over in between.

A practical illustration: Close your eyes and summon the image of some attractive shape—an elegant object, a familiar face, a significant scene. When you have it before your mind's eye, ask yourself, perhaps vaguely at first but then more pointedly, what might have to be true for that wonder to occur. How could such an inquiry, refreshed by frequent recurrence to the inner experience itself, peter out into mere argumentation? It seems to me to consist of continual beginnings, impulses toward a truth which is just out of sight.

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Mozart's Happy Endings: A New Look at the "Convention" of the "Lieto Fine"

Wye J. Allanbrook

We romantic moderns all too often make the tacit judgment that the conventions of eighteenth-century *opera buffa* are hollow devices—"mere convention." We tend to think of them as having been elaborated to serve a purely musical function, and offering no support to the drama, or even hindering it to the extent of causing serious obstruction. A case in point is the elaborate many-sectioned finale which closes the principal acts of an *opera buffa*. Certainly the innovation of this so-called "chain" finale was largely responsible for the great success of the comic-opera style in the mid- and late-eighteenth century; its fast pace and musical continuity offered a pleasing antidote to the monolithic stops and starts of *opera seria*. But the finale style nevertheless had its detractors, even at the time, notably Lorenzo da Ponte, who may be the first in that line of critics who raised the cry of "mere convention" against this fertile form. Da Ponte, writing, one suspects, with concealed pride about his mastery of finale poetics, calls the finale "a little comedy or small drama all by itself." Enumerating ironically the types of singing which must take place in it—"l'adagio, l'allegro, l'andante, l'amabile, l'armonioso, lo strepitoso, l'arcistrepitoso"—he comes at last to "lo strepitosissimo," with which it must close. This, he says, "in musical jargon is called the *chuisa*, or rather the *stretta*, I know not whether because, in it, the whole power of the drama is squeezed together, or because it gives generally not one squeeze but a hundred to the poor brain of the poet who must compose the words." The practice of gradually massing all the characters on stage as the finale concludes he terms a mere "dogma of the theater," and complains that this convention prevails over the plot "in the face of judgment, reason, and all the Aristotles on earth."[1]

This talk of "mere convention" implies the presence of a truth buried beneath the convention which one can get at by stripping away its calcified layers. In one extreme case, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, the attempt to get at this supposed underground truth has occupied realizers of the opera for two hundred years. The section which most offends is of course the moment in the second-act finale after the Don has descended to Hell when the rest of the characters reassemble, chatting almost urbanely about their experience with the mysterious shade they encountered on their way in. Then in a stylized movement reminiscent of the French *vaudeville* finale, each pair (and Leporello solitary) steps forth to pronounce his or her fate. Finally, for what in da Ponte's terms would be the *strepitosissimo*, the characters are called upon by Zerlina, Masetto, and Leporello to sing what they call the *antichissima canzon*, and all give vent together to the moral of the story: "This is the end of the evil-doer: And the death of wicked men is always equal to their life!"[2] The first line of the moral is set as a pious and wildly fake fugue, the last as a passage of *stile legato*, motet style, the strings dropping out—another massive period to balance the squared-off fugue. The antiquity of the style of these two periods makes it clear that this is indeed the *antichissima canzon* called for in the text.

Successive critics have found this epilogue woefully inappropriate, its symmetries pallid and empty after the D-minor fireworks of Giovanni's disappearance. Jahn gives an appalling catalogue of various scenes nineteenth-century stage directors conceived as substitutes for the epilogue which would free the truths of the opera from the fetters of "mere convention." In one performance in Paris the Don's descent into Hell was followed by the entry of Donna Anna's corpse borne by mourners and the chanting of the *Dies irae* from Mozart's *Requiem*. Jahn himself preferred to omit the entire epilogue, restricting the entry of the other characters to one final D-major scream after Giovanni has fallen.[3]

Even the recent Cambridge Opera Handbook devoted

to *Don Giovanni,* with intelligent commentary by Julian Rushton, speaks of the *scena ultima* "problem," and terms it a "trivialization of the action"[4] which is necessary only to provide the obligatory measures in the proper concluding key. But such judgments are surely misguided; does it make any sense to turn *Don Giovanni* into a tragedy? Mozart gave us a clue to the answer to this question by calling the work in his own private catalogue an *opera buffa,* and its familiar classification, *dramma giocosa,* meant about the same thing. To have the opera end on a dying fall in imitation of the great nineteenth-century operatic tragedies is to force a private meaning on this work which it will not bear. Clearly stripping away conventions is not the answer; instead we must enter imaginatively into them and make them come alive.

It is my intention within the brief compass of this paper to examine one occasional practice of *opera buffa* which I have noted which seems to me to provide a way into the question—the habit of making music into a subject of discourse at the close of an *opera buffa's* last-act finale. To focus attention on music in opera, where music is the natural mode of expression, and thus not a theme or subject matter, it is necessary suddenly to put music in relief by placing quotation marks around it. This is most frequently done by troping into the operatic setting a kind of music which is usually used for some social or ritual purpose—*Gebrauchsmusik,* "occasional music." It is of course great fun to use occasional music in an opera, and most composers have tried it in one form or another. In *Don Giovanni* three stage orchestras playing social dance music are characters in the first-act finale, and a wind-band on stage in the second-act finale plays three famous tunes as *Tafelmusik* for the gluttonous Don. Giovanni, and Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro,* both sing obvious songs, and in *Figaro's* third-act finale a Turkish march and a fandango play crucial roles. These are all uses of occasional music which emerge from the plot, and at the same time play a more significant—even symbolic—role in the cosmos of the opera. But there are other occasions in Mozart's operas when music comments on music in a purely musical way. For example, toward the close of an ensemble Mozart often lets music take over on the way toward the final cadence, notably in those sublime and dramatically purposeless digressions into species counterpoint in the second-act finale of *Le nozze di Figaro* or the second-act sextet of *Don Giovanni,* where the antique vocal style becomes the only topical reference, and we are carried away to the climax on the wings of Fuxian song. But belonging to a third and special class of overt musical reference in these operas are the moments at the very end of last-act finales when music is named—when attention is drawn to the human habit of celebratory music-making. Then the singers, by way of rejoicing, self-consciously sing, and in realizing that they are singing, we the audience surrender our doubts about the events on stage, compelled by the sheer exuberance of their choral song. This occurs at the close of *Don Giovanni* when the characters sing out the *antichissima canzon.* It also happens at the close of *Le nozze di Figaro,* where the participants, after the orchestra mimics suitable martial music in a brief interlude, call upon each other in chorus to run off and celebrate "to the sound of the happy march,"[5] all doubts about the permanence of the reconciliation they have just witnessed momentarily dispelled in the joy of shared festival.

A random sample of *opera buffas* of the last three decades of the eighteenth century yields a number of last-act finales which display the same habit in one form or another. In Pasquale Anfossi's *La finta giardiniera* of 1787, the lovers in their closing duet imitate bird songs to celebrate their happiness, commenting on this in the text. In Haydn's *L'incontro improvviso* (1775), another seraglio opera, the delivered lovers enjoin each other to rejoice by singing happy tunes, at which point the texture turns conspicuously imitative to suit actions to words. In Cimarosa's *Giannina e Bernardone* (1781) the entire last-act finale is framed by occasional music, in the person of a military band which is on stage throughout. The characters comment on the beauties of the music at the opening, and at the close of the finale command the band to play again so that they can dance. Then in antiphonal choruses the men and women sing nonsense syllables—"Laira, laira, lallallera," and so on. The close of Cimarosa's famous *Il matrimonio segreto* contains a brilliant chorus consisting of extravagant vocal excursions in imitative and concerto style, on the text "Let there be music, let there be singing; everyone must shine."[6] Martin y Soler's *Una cosa rara,* one of the operas quoted in the last-act finale of *Don Giovanni,* concludes with the two female leads dancing and singing a "seghidilla" in honor of their queen Isabella. Even closer to home, the Bertati-Gazzaniga *Don Giovanni Tenorio* closes with a comically triumphant chorus in which the survivors all imitate the sounds of musical instruments, again with nonsense syllables. The text is worth quoting in full:

> All: Let us no longer speak of this dreadful event. Now let us think instead of rejoicing. . . . What shall we do?
> Women: a a a I want to sing. I want to leap.
> Duca Ottavio: I want to play the guitar.
> Lanterna: I want to play the bass.
> Pasquariello: And I, to add to the fracas, want to play the bassoon.
> Duca Ottavio: Tren, tren, trinchete trinchete tre.
> Lanterna: Flon, flon, flon, flon, flon, flon.
> Pasquariello: Pu, pu, pu, pu, pu, pu, pu, pu.
> All: What beautiful madness! What strange harmony! Thus shall we all be happy?

None of this will seem surprising to anyone familiar with the conventions of comedy. Comedies traditionally end with weddings; Figaro takes this convention for granted when in the second-act finale to *Le nozze di Figaro* he seizes upon it to manipulate the discomfitted Count, taking Susanna's arm and saying to her with feigned innocence: "To finish the farce happily, and after the custom of the theater, let us perform for them a matrimonial

tableau."[8] Two horns in horn fifths add the flavor of the ceremonial to his music. By bringing his own comedy within the prescenium arch under the sanction of its conventions Figaro is trying to ensure that it can play itself out to his satisfaction. Shakespeare's comedies often close with double or triple weddings, and the blessing of music and dancing. As Titania puts it at the end of *A Midsummernight's Dream:*

> Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
> Will we sing, and bless this place.

Of course many operas were in fact officially celebratory: as *feste teatrali* commissioned to honor a royal wedding or other ceremony they put their blessing on an actual nuptial rite. In Martin's *Una cosa rara* the *seguidilla* in honor of the queen would have joined fact and fiction when performed on a royal occasion. Comedy ends with the assertion of the proper orders, and thus an act of communion and public festival is in order. Roman comedy often ended with an invitation issued to the audience to an imaginery banquet, and in Old Comedy the players even threw morsels of food to the audience.[9] In eighteenth-century *opera buffas* composers substituted for the communal feast the musical banquet of the *Tones Macht*—the "power of the tone" celebrated at the end of *Die Zauberflote*—the sheer power of music to effect a sense of joyous commonality. It is no accident that in several of the examples I mentioned above the choruses close with bird song imitations or nonsense syllables. The word is a distinguisher, a divider; at the moment when the barriers between audience and performers so carefully kept erected during the course of the drama are to be lowered, language is an alien influence, hindering complete surrender to the healing process of music.

Comedy, as I have just said, ends with the assertion of the proper orders of society, and in most of the *opera buffas* I have quoted from above, that assertion is achieved unequivocally, with no doubts about its validity or strength. When the imbroglio is finally untangled, the appropriate couples joyfully united, there is only celebration, and no regrets. But that cannot be said to be true in the extreme case of an *opera buffa* which I cited at the beginning of this paper—*Don Giovanni,* where the survivors appear at best diminished creatures in a pallid and unpalatable universe after the departure of the Don. Nor is it entirely true for *Le nozze di Figaro.* For there, although the private pastoral reconciliation sequence which Susanna and Figaro join in promises true wedded bliss for the servant couple, the public ceremony in which their noble counterparts are reconciled is much less convincing; surely the future holds more pain for the gentle Countess from her husband's harsh and philandering nature. Great comedies like these two operas of Mozart's do not seek to please by merely mechanical couplings and uncouplings, or a harsh and reductive caricature of human foibles. Yet it is this very quality of depth and honesty which occasions the wrongheaded charge that their endings are incommensurate with their content, and do not in fine "tell the truth." Certainly it is true that the joyful assertion of the *Tones Macht* at the end of *Don Giovanni* functions rather like the traditional *deus ex machina*—a celebration of life in the face of cruelty, disorder, and blighted hopes. So the most venerable comedy we possess—Homer's *Odyssey*—closes with Athene the *dea ex machina* stopping the raised ax of the enraged and bloodthirsty Odysseus and ringing a curtain of sanity and order down over a dismaying scene of violence and near-slaughter. Comedy ends with the assertion of the proper orders, but this assertion may not necessarily be the crown of a serene and sane society; it may indeed be a lid clapped on disorder and despair. Only our greatest playwrights and composers—the names of Shakespeare, Molière, and Mozart might nearly complete the list—can live with comedy on those terms. Having no illusions about the darker side of human nature, they nevertheless choose to assert at the end of their works the goods of continuity and order, and the equilibrium of good sense. Is this not often the braver, higher act, to assert that life goes on in the face of disorder, and not to succumb to the easy temptations of melodrama or to the solitude of tragedy? The cry of the *lieto fine,* the happy ending—"This is the way things ought to be, just exactly as they are"—is not always a facile assertion of an earthly utopia, but a pledge to make the best of a bad—or at least a difficult—job. The communal celebration effected by the healing power of the tone is hardly "mere convention," but a gesture of the hopelessness of any more articulate celebration superintended by the word, the explanation. The celebration in these two great *opera buffas* of the necessity of human accommodation to what is moves one to suspect that comedy at its greatest has a range and power which are capable of encompassing even the tragic mode.

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1. Lorenzo da Ponte, *Le memorie di un avventuriero* (Milan, Club degli Editori, 1973), p. 78.
2. "Questo è il fin di chi fa mal:/E de' perfidi la morte/Alla vita è sempre ugual!"
3. Otto Jahn, *The Life of Mozart,* trans. Pauline Townsend, 3 vols. (New York, Kalmus, n.d.), III, 213-214.
4. W.A. Mozart, *Don Giovanni,* ed. Julian Rushton (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1981), pp. 64-65.
5. "Al suon di lieta marcia."
6. "Che si suoni, che si canti, tutti quanti ha da brillar."
7. "Tutti. Più non facciasi parola
   Del terribile successo;
   Ma pensiamo in vece adesso
   Di poterci rallegrar . . .
   Che potressimo mai far?
   Donne. A a a, io vò cantare:
   Io vò mettermi a saltar.
   Duca
   Ott. La Chitarra io vo suonare.
   Lant. Io suonar vò il Contrabasso.
   Pasq. Ancor io per far del chiasso
   Il fagotto vò suonar.
   Duca
   Ott. Tren, tren, trinchete trinchete tre.

Lant. Flon, flon, flon, flon, flon, flon.
Pasq. Pu, pu, pu, pu, pu, pu, pu, pu.
Tutti. Che bellissima pazzia!
Che stranissima armonia!
Così allegri si va a star."

8. "Per finirla [la burletta] lietamente
E all'usanza teatrale,
Un'azion matrimoniale
Le faremo ora seguir."

9. Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton University Press, 1957), p. 164.

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Achilles and Hector: The Homeric Hero (Part II)

Seth Benardete

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Introduction

It is very difficult at the present time to talk sensibly about the Homeric hero, for not only has "virtue" itself become an anachronism, we ourselves no longer responding to it at once, but also, because of this unawareness, we either dismiss with contempt the tragic hero, who embodies all virtues, or we rank him beyond his worth. We have lost a just appreciation of virtue, which only the world around us, and not poetry alone, can supply. Unlike the philosopher, who may write down all of his thoughts, the tragic hero resists translation. No matter how well he is described, unless we have seen him beforehand in action, and know what kind of man he is, the poetic hero will ever remain alien to us. Unless we are in immediate sympathy with Achilles, and regard not his submission but his apostasy as the sign of his greatness, the *Iliad* will never seem real. His submission, which his humanity imposes upon him, signifies his tragedy: but his greatness lies in his disregard of all civility. We, however, tend to turn his virtue into a vice, repelled by his superhuman excellence and secretly pleased with his downfall; or if we are more unconventional, we will blame "society" for his own failure and assign his defects to his opponents. The reason why we are so apt to distort the tragic hero, ignoring either his vices or his virtues, is the absence of examples in our midst, by whom we could be guided in our estimate of their poetic counterparts. Indeed the "Homeric Problem" perhaps could hardly have arisen, had not the hero as a reality no longer been recognized and understood. Most other ages have had an Alcibiades or a Marlborough to lend substance to the poet's fiction; so that the paradoxical mean between virtue and vice which the tragic hero maintains, being both better than ourselves and yet unexceptional in justice and virtue, was at once convincing. If we, however, must look in vain for contemporary examples of the hero, our only recourse is to fictional accounts that may impress more deeply than the *Iliad* itself. Where then are we to find them? Plutarch's *Lives* perhaps would have served us best: but if his "moralizing historiography," which was "for centuries the mental fare of the reading public," was "weighed by the nineteenth century and found wanting,"[1] we cannot hope that a reference to him now would suffice to restore him and make intelligible to us the tragic hero. Although Plutarch has no other theme than the hero—and how difficult it is either to praise or blame him[2]—he is too old-fashioned to be of any use. We need a poet whom we still read and partly understand: so I have invoked the aid of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, not in order to compare it with the *Iliad* and note the differences, but rather to appeal to everyone's imagination, which *Coriolanus*, stripped of divine intervention, might more easily excite. Since it is much shorter than the *Iliad* (as well as simpler), its actors are forced to be more outspoken than Achilles and Hector, who only hint at what Coriolanus and Aufidius state openly. By glossing the *Iliad* with this play, and thus making it less inaccessible and more pertinent, I hope that my analysis of the *Iliad* proper may carry more conviction than it otherwise might have done.

The play's motif is the transformation of Coriolanus from a man to a god: it is, like the *Iliad*, an experiment in immortality. Coriolanus' progressive alienation from Rome, from his friends, from his family mark his progress toward a divine status. He becomes at last alienated from his own body and ends up as a mere thing. He is thought at first to be a god by others: he becomes a god at the end in his own opinion. The play moves, as it were, from simile to fact, from metaphor to tragedy.

Caius Marcius, outraged by the people's insistence on their rights, who are in war nothing but "cushions,

leaden spoons, irons of a doit," comes on the scene, after Menenius has likened them to a body's limbs and the Senate to its belly, crying[3]

> What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
> That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion
> Make yourselves scabs?

The people are to him superfluous sores, whose authority (vested in their tribunes) he cannot respect, for they lack all power. Menenius had given them a place, however small, in the commonwealth; Marcius denies them all place, except what they might unlawfully usurp. They are worse than strangers: they are a hostile infection. Their weakness constantly increases his contempt, which reaches its first climax in the battle where his own prowess earns him the title "Coriolanus."[4] So even while he curses the people as enemies, he is assuming the name of the enemy's city. In his Roman triumph, he becomes less Roman.

When Lartius hears how Marcius entered the gates of Corioli alone, he announces the first stage in his becoming more than human:[5]

> O noble fellow!
> Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
> And when it bows, stand'st up!

He is like "his sword, death's stamp,"[6]

> Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
> He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
> Was timed with dying cries.

Once set in motion, he cannot stop but seems a perpetual instrument of death, indifferent to the object of his slaughter and unsparing of himself. The operations of his sword have been communicated to himself; and, now that he is transmuted into that which he himself should wield, whoever has, can use him.[7] He becomes like the spoil he so much had despised.

But Coriolanus needs an enemy, no matter who it may be; for what Valeria says of his son applies equally well to himself:[8]

> I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; I warrant, how he mammocked it!"

Coriolanus thinks all things are gilded butterflies, whose brilliance irritates his ambition, but whose capture deprives them of their worth. To attain or lose his object is equally fatal; his restlessness longs for ever-greater aggrandizement. Surfeit would kill him.

The envious tribunes, Sicinius and Brutus, are the first to notice his godlike state:[9]

> As if that whatsoever god who leads him
> Was slily crept into his human powers,
> And gave him graceful posture.

And when Coriolanus grows angry, calling the plebs "those measles," Brutus remarks:[10]

> You speak of the people,
> As if you were a god to punish; not
> A man of their infirmity.

To him Sicinius was a "rotten thing," but to Brutus he is the "disease that must be cut away;" and though Menenius objects to the Tribunes remedy, yet he thinks Coriolanus is "a limb that has but a disease," or a "foot gangrened."[11] Not only the tribunes but Menenius, who before had called the people limbs, must now call Coriolanus so. He and the people reverse their roles: he becomes the boils and plagues he thought they were.[12] From being at the center of the body politic, he is now an infection at its extremity. "Too absolute" and "too noble for this world," hating all dissemblance and rhetoric, he can only play what he is;[13] and unable to be a traitor to himself, he prefers to be a traitor to Rome. He is decreed an outcast. "I shall be loved when I am lack'd," he tells his mother, as if in echo of Achilles' threat:[14] but Achilles did not have to help the Trojans in his own person—Zeus was his surrogate—while Coriolanus enters into open conspiracy with Aufidius, the enemy whom he had most hated and most admired.[15] As his hatred of the people had turned him, metaphorically, into one of those whom he thought most inimical, so now his former hatred of Aufidius seals his alliance.[16] Aufidius welcomes him, compares him to Jupiter, proclaims him a "noble thing" and "Mars."[17] He assumes all the aspects of an avenging deity.

The Volscians make their attack on Roman territory, and Cominius brings the news that Coriolanus has joined them:[18]

> He is their god; he leads them like a thing
> Made by some other deity than Nature,
> That shapes man better; and they follow him
> Against us brats with no less confidence
> Than boys pursuing summer butterflies, or butchers killing flies

The gilded butterfly that his son had chased, as if in sympathy with his own attack upon the Volscians, is transformed, by his wrath's alchemy, into Rome and her people. Though his opponent is different, his fury is the same. Cominius beseeches him, who "wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in."[19] to spare his native city, urging an "old acquaintance," but[20]

> 'Coriolanus'
> He would not answer to; forbad all names;
> He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
> Till he had forged himself a name i' th' fire
> Of burning Rome.

Having dropped the surname Coriolanus, which had been in his exile the one thing that remained his,[21] he wishes now to be known as "Romanus": he has switched sides, but stayed, ironically, the same.

Unmoved by Cominius and later by Menenius; his mother, wife and son come to petition him, when the Romans send them as a last resort; but he resolves to refuse them:[22]

> I'll never
> Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
> As if a man were author of himself
> And knew no other kin.

Only for a moment, however, does he succeed in checking instinct; for he soon succumbs to natural affection. But having failed to acquire "Romanus" as a title, and Aufidius having denied his right to the "stolen name Coriolanus, in Corioli," he belongs nowhere.[23] Traitor to Rome, he seems to have betrayed his adopted city. His divinity played him false; it admitted of no political sanctions; it passed beyond his own power: he became its slave. He could not fulfill the obligations that the image of himself, made by others and perfected by himself, imposed on him. Out of place everywhere, an alien deity in the shape of a man, his nature trips him up in the end. Once having gone beyond the bounds that he thought conventional, he could not return to convention.[24] The no-man's land, into which he had trespassed "like to a lonely dragon,"[25] was set with the lures of his own conceits, that drew him finally to his ruin.

Achilles is Coriolanus: both are gods in their wrath. Achilles' attack on Agamemnon's authority corresponds to Coriolanus' refusal to acknowledge the tribune's office; his loss of Briseis to the loss of the consulate; the ingratitude of Agamemnon to that of the people; his withdrawal from the battle to the other's banishment; the fulfillment of his wish that Zeus avenge his wrongs to Coriolanus' invasion of Rome; his rejection of the embassy of Ajax and Odysseus to the other's denial of Cominius and Menenius; and his acceptance of his duty, after Patroclus' death, corresponds to Coriolanus' sparing of Rome after his family's petition. But that Patroclus had to die before Achilles returns to the war, that Patroclus is not even related to him, that his mother is divine and his father far away, and that he is not married: all this deepens Achilles' tragedy. His ties to this world are more attenuated than Coriolanus'; and as it is easier for him to break them, so it is harder to renew them. Drained of all human substance, isolated from other men, but unable to become divine, Achilles cracks, turns monstrous, and dies.

Chapter I

The Gods

If the heroes regard divinity as the end of their ambition, we must first see what the gods do—before we can understand why Achilles and Hector, Sarpedon and Ajax, are so desirous to become like them. Blunt Ajax states the paradox of heroic virtue: "Alas, even a fool would know that Zeus himself defends the Trojans: the spears of all, no matter whether good or bad do hurl them, hit their target: Zeus makes all go straight."[1] Zeus' partiality makes it almost impossible to practice virtue. Were Ajax to retreat, he would be blameless.[2] Zeus can render vain and useless the distinction between good and bad, base and brave. What should prove merit—success—may be wholly undeserved. The javelin-cast of Paris, were Zeus to wish it, would go as straight as that of Hector; if the gods had always favoured Nireus, he would have equalled Achilles. Were not the providence of the gods inconstant and fitful,[3] they would obscure completely any natural order of excellence; but as it is, they sometimes withdraw and let the heroes run themselves. Then does the world run true; then we can see the heroes for what they are.

After Achilles sets the prizes for the horse-race, and urges the best Achaeans to compete, Homer gives us the order in which they accept the challenge. First Eumelus, who excelled in horsemanship and had the best horses;[4] then Diomedes with the horses of Aeneias; third Menelaus with one horse of his own and one of Agamemnon's; and then Antilochus.[5] Before Homer tells us who came last, Nestor counsels his son on the power of craft. Although Antilochus' horses are swift-footed, they are slower than the three pairs of horses that entered before him, yet faster than Meriones' which are the slowest of all.[6] Meriones is naturally reluctant to compete: only after Nestor, whose praise of craft gives him a chance, has spoken at length can he bring himself to risk his horses in a contest they cannot possibly win.

If we look at the race itself, we see that Homer has presented the horsemen in the order in which they should, but do not win.[7] That Eumelus should have been first, although he comes in last, Achilles, Homer, and all the Achaeans acknowledge; and were it not that Achilles wishes to gratify Antilochus, even in his misfortune he would have taken second prize.[8] Had not Apollo and Athena interfered, Diomedes would have either come in first or tied Eumelus:[9] we shall never know which, but in any case he would be second. Menelaus was due for third place, but the craft of Antilochus upset him; and yet if the course had been longer, he would have outstripped him.[10] Antilochus then should have been fourth, and Meriones, unequal in skill to the others, fifth.[11]

Two things disturb the natural order; art and providence. If Apollo had not wished to help Eumelus, Athena would not have broken his horses' yoke, nor given more strength to Diomedes' horses.[12] The gods made him who was to be first last, and him who was to be second first. And Antilochus' art put him ahead of Menelaus:[13] but human art is not eternally superior; for the natural slowness of his horses would have eventually betrayed him.[14] Thus providence and art stand very close to one another: both change the hierarchy set up by nature and substitute for it an unpredictable order. The superiority of art is short-lived, and given enough time, nature triumphs: whether the gods too are subject to nature re-

mains to be seen.

Homer has also given a third order, the line-up, that the casting of lots determined. Here no one is in his right place except Menelaus: Eumelus is second, Diomedes last, Antilochus first, Meriones fourth.[15] Menelaus, who was third in excellence and third in victory, is also third when mere accident tells his position. Chance mistakes everyone else but Menelaus: mediocrity is all that you can trust it to find out.

The heroes can never be certain, in whatever they do, that they will be successful. They live in constant apprehension that the gods may interfere; who not only may give them strength but deprive them of victory. They often snatch the heroes from death. At the start of Diomedes' exploits, had not Hephaestus saved Idaeus, "hiding him in night," he "would not have escaped a black doom;" but he was saved only because Dares, his father, was a priest of Hephaestus and might have been vexed if his son had died.[16] Diomedes' bold strength, bestowed by Athena, could not overcome the opposition of Hephaestus, who, as the son of Hera, was partial to the Achaeans, but did not dare disappoint his priest, Trojan though he was.[17]

When Athena sees what Hephaestus has done, she fears lest the other gods might save their own favourites; so, confident that the Achaeans will press their advantage, she persuades Ares, her most formidable enemy, to stand aside, with herself, from the battle.[18] Ares complies, and each Achaean king slays a Trojan: Agamemnon slays Odius, Idomencus Phaestus, Menelaus Scamandrius; Meriones slays Phereclus, Meges Pedaeus, and Euryphylus Hypsenor.[19] Among the Trojans who are slain, Scamandrius was taught to hunt by Artemis; Phereclus was the son of Harmonides, who "knew how to make many curious things, for Pallas Athena loved him;" and Hypsenor was the son of Dolopion, who served as priest to the river Scamander. And yet Scamandrius dies as surely as Odius, when they both turn to flee, even though one was Artemis' favourite; and Phereclus meets the same fate as Padaeus, though the one was illegitimate, and the other had a father who was taught by Athena. Neither Artemis, nor the Scamander, nor Athena saved the heroes to whom they were attached; and they are slain along with those who had before been less fortunate and had always lacked divine protection.

As soon as the gods withdraw, everyone indifferently dies: bastard as well as a priest's son, plain coward and a coward whom Artemis loved. "Loathsome darkness" seized Phaestus, whom no god had ever befriended; and "purple death and strong fate closed the eyes" of Hypsenor, whose father was the priest of the Scamander. The death of neither is much adorned: Homer merely states what happened; but later, when the gods reappear, Aeneias kills Crethon and Orsilochus (their ancestor was a river), and they not only die, when "the end of death covers them," but they die beautifully. They are like two lions who, having caught sheep and cattle, are slain at last by men; and they fall like tall pines.[20] Their death appears not only as itself but as something else: doubled in the simile's reflection, it magically loses all its horror, becoming beautiful and almost pleasant. Heroes may die horribly—Homer sometimes is medically precise—yet in his similes of death, employed only if the gods are present, nothing but a noble death, purged of grossness remains. The gods transfigure death, which is, without them unfeigned, but in their presence more poetic.

It might be objected to this, that no distinction can be drawn between Homer and the gods; but, although Homer inserts the gods whenever he pleases, he does not treat them as his own machinery, over which he has any control. He accepts them to be as real as the heroes themselves, and to actively belong to the story; while he rarely shows himself to be present. He only tells what happened, not what he himself has made. To us it may seem a pious fiction, but we are forced to accept it. Homer separates himself from his work: he presents neither the narrative nor the speeches nor the similes as his own; and if they follow a pattern, we must understand their proximate causes, before we can refer everything to Homer.

That the gods alone can inspire a simile about death, holds true throughout the *Iliad;* for even the one exception, that I know of, supplies another proof. Patroclus, whom the gods never prompt or encourage, drives his spear through the jaw of Thestor, and grabbing hold of it, drags him over the rim of his chariot, "as when a man, sitting on an overhanging rock, pulls from the sea a sacred fish with hook and line, so he dragged him gaping on the end of his shining spear.[21] The death of Thestor, ghastly in itself, becomes more ghastly in the simile; for no gods are present but only Homer, who, feeling bound to stand beside Patroclus on his one triumphal day, calls to him as if he himself were there.[22] Homer favours Patroclus and follows him everywhere, calling him "horseman Patroclus" and repeating "you answered him this, Patroclus." To no other hero does Homer seem so attached, but since the gods are absent, he can, as it were, only ensure the aptness and not the beauty of a simile.

When Patroclus has killed Thestor and many other Trojans, and Sarpedon rushes against him, Hera persuades Zeus not to save his son, who soon after is killed by Patroclus.[23] Sarpedon, however, unlike Thestor, dies beautifully—like a white poplar, or an oak, or a stately pine—and nobly—like a high-spirited bull whom a lion slays in the herd. Thestor died like a fish without the benefit of the gods; Sarpedon's death was heralded by bloody drops that Zeus poured down. The gods beautify death; they order the ugly chaos of war; they are the gilders of the heroic world.

We have seen the heros godless in snatches of war: we must now see them thus over a longer period. Athena and Hera return to Olympus at the end of the fifth book "having stopped baneful Ares from his slaughter of men;" and the sixth book announces the departure of all the gods.[24] Each event will now be unconditioned by the gods: the heroes will act without them and hence will act differently.

Diomedes kills Axylus, who was "a friend to human beings"—*philos d'ēn anthrōpoisi*—"but no one of them warded off his mournful death."[25] When the gods are absent, it is sadly fitting that a philanthropist, whose kindness benefited other mortals but not the gods, should die. He does not share in a divine providence. He is alone.

Menelaus captures Adrastus alive, whose horses had entangled his chariot and spilled him on the ground.[26] As an accident puts him at the mercy of anyone who might find him, Menelaus cannot congratulate himself on his own prowess. He owes everything to chance and nothing to himself; and aware of this, he is willing to accept ransom, until Agamemnon comes up and rebukes him for his leniency, urging him to kill all the Trojans, "even a boy still in his mother's womb." Nothing equals the cruelty of Agamemnon's advice or Menelaus' action. Though Agamemnon himself later kills the two sons of Antimachus, who plead for their lives, he at least defends his decision to kill them; and when Achilles rejects Lycaon's supplication, his excuse is his fury which, ever since Patroclus' death, has overtaken him.[27] Here Agamemnon, without offering any excuse, persuades Menelaus to kill Adrastus; and, Homer adds, "saying what he ought, what is just" *(aisima pareipōn)*.Not only Agamemnon has become cruel but Homer as well; for the gods, who before had taken sides, are now nowhere to be seen. Their partiality had made the heroic world moral; they had set limits to right and wrong, however arbitrary they sometimes may seem; their disapproval, which depended on their affections, had guided Homer in his own judgment. When Achilles refuses to save the life of Tros, who wordlessly grasps his knees, Homer tells us his opinion: "He was not a sweet-tempered man nor mild in spirit;" and when Achilles slays twelve Trojans as an offering to Patroclus, he again blames him: "He resolved evil deeds in his heart;" for Homer, knowing that some gods disapprove of Achilles, can echo their opinion.[28] But now that the gods have lost all interest in human affairs, no one tells the heroes what they ought to do, and without the gods they become monsters.

Hector, encouraged by Helenus, charges the Achaeans, who retreat and cease their slaughter: "They thought some one of the immortals had come down from the starry heaven to aid the Trojans."[29] The Achaeans mistake Hector for a god, when no gods are present; they think he has come from the starry heaven when he is a mortal who crawls upon the earth.[30] As heaven and earth, gods and men, have never been so far apart, the heroes confound them. Diomedes, whom Athena had so recently favoured, cannot tell whether Glaucus is a god or a man; he is as uncertain as Odysseus when he confronts Nausicaa.[31] He asks Glaucus: "Who are you, O most mighty power, of mortal human beings *(kata thnētōn anthrōpōn)*? Only here does a hero call another to his face a "human being" and not a "he-man."[32] Diomedes reckons in absolutes: Glaucus is either human or divine; he cannot be, what he himself once was, divinely inspired.

Critics have been puzzled that Diomedes, who has wounded Aphrodite and Ares, should now be unwilling to fight Glaucus if he turns out to be a god.[33] But there is no difficulty: the gods have departed and left the heroes, Diomedes along with the rest, alone. His ability to distinguish between man and god depended on Athena's favour:[34] as soon as she withdrew from the battle, he knew no more than the Achaeans, to whom Hector seemed a god.

The burden of their mortality oppresses Diomedes and Glaucus. One seems at a loss without the gods, the other sees all men as alike and undistinguishable: "as are the generations of leaves, such are those also of men."[35] Genealogy is a mere succession of men, *akritophyllon*,[36] "undistinguishable leafage." But Glaucus wishes to gloss over his own sense of smallness, and to impress Diomedes with his divine lineage, even if he cannot quite believe it himself. He deals in superlatives: Sisyphus was the *craftiest* of men; Bellerophon said his battle with the Solymi was the *fiercest* he had ever entered; and Bellerophon slew all the men who were *best* in Lycia.[37]Glaucus, the son of Sisyphus, fathered blameless Bellerophon, whose beauty and manliness came from the gods, and whom the gods escorted to Lycia and helped to slay the divine Chimaera. Providence sponsored his deeds, and even the king of Lycia was forced to believe in his divine descent. But Glaucus knows how fitfully the gods favour men: Bellerophon became hateful to all the gods and wandered alone, "avoiding the track of human beings;" and two of his children fared worse: Ares killed Isandrus, and Artemis in anger slew Laodomeia. And yet all their fates were supernatural; Glaucus' ancestors were not ordinary mortals. Thus Glaucus himself, looking back on his past, partly proves that men are like leaves, and partly tries, as he bolsters himself, to astonish Diomedes.[38] If he cannot claim that he is a god, at least he has divine ancestors. And Diomedes, who before had such contempt for the genealogies of Pandarus and Aeneias,[39] now finds an excuse to break off the combat. As his grandfather Oeneus entertained and exchanged gifts with Bellerophon, so he and Glaucus should exchange their armour and proclaim themselves "ancestral friends."

Axylus, a friend to strangers, dies; Glaucus and Diomedes, whose grandfathers were friends, agree to separate. Axylus had no divine protection, while Glaucus had its shadow, a divine lineage. In his lineage are the gods, whose presence then can save Glaucus (or Diomedes) even now. By calling up his past—made glorious by heaven—Glaucus reminds Diomedes that the gods control, morally and physically, the actions of men. He holds up, as a desperate shield, the flimsiest providence; but Diomedes, no more anxious than himself to fight, jumps at his offer. Their ancestral friendship replaces the gods, who are, more remotely, their ancestors.[40]

When Hector has returned to Troy and bid his mother pray to Athena, he curses Paris: if the earth swallowed up Paris and he saw him descending to Hades, Hector would forget his sorrow.[41] Hector's wish before, though just as vehement, that he be without offspring and die

unmarried,[42] Paris' cowardice had warranted; but now, whether he shirks or not, Hector longs for his death. Zeus Olympius raised Paris as a bane to the Trojans, for Zeus Olympius is gone.[43]

Everyone feels the absence of the gods. When Helen had heaped scorn on Paris' strength, he falsely attributed his defeat to Athena: "Now Menelaus has won a victory with the help of Athena, but I another time shall be victorious over him; for there are also gods on our side."[44] Another time he will be victor, whenever the gods so wish it. Although he then was wrong about Menelaus, he was right about himself—Aphrodite did save him—so it seemed reasonable to suppose that some god had protected Menelaus. His mistake was justifiable. But now not even he thinks the gods make for victories: *nikē d'epameibetai andras.*[45] Victory alternates between men: who knows why? No longer Aphrodite but Fortune is his goddess: Athena has just refused the Trojans' prayer.[46]

Helen feels despair more deeply than Paris. Priam had kindly received her on the ramparts of Troy; and she, provoked by his kindness, had burst out with: "Would that death had been pleasant to me when I followed your son to Troy."[47] But now, though Hector has not even spoken to her, her sense of guilt is even greater: on the very day she was born, not on the day she committed her crime, she wishes to have died; but, she adds, the gods decreed otherwise.[48]

Hector leaves Helen and Paris, and meets his wife Andromache with his son Scamandrius. They form a beautiful but gloomy scene. Despair finally overtakes Hector; he predicts the fall of Troy: "Well I know this in my mind and my spirit, that there will be a day when sacred Ilium will perish, both Priam and his people."[49] What Agamemnon had foretold, when Pandarus wounded Menelaus, Hector has come to believe, and in the very same words prophesies: but Agamemon saw Zeus, shaking his dark aegis, as the cause of Troy's capture.[50] Hector sees nothing. The future is black: the gods have deserted.[51]

The absence of the gods has made the sixth book the darkest in the *Iliad*, and we can now better understand how the gods interfere in the heroic world. In the *Iliad* providence makes a difference; it is despotic and can either enhance or nullify a hero's virtue; but in the *Odyssey* it is kind and just (except for Poseidon, a benign ogre), and it never interferes with merit but only assists it; none of the gods favours the suitors. War and peace differ most in this. In peace failure is man's own responsibility,[52] for the gods have less at stake and exert little influence. In war the heroes become puppets of the gods, and submit to a fate beyond their control: necessity sets the course and is the prevailing wind. And yet men still remain responsible: this is the theme of the *Iliad* and the tragedy of Achilles.

Chapter II

The Plot of the Iliad

Hector and Paris re-enter the battle in the seventh book, appearing like a fair breeze that a god sends to tired rowers; and after some success on their part, Athena and Apollo agree to stop the war for a day, and let Hector challenge an Achaean to a duel.[1] Helenus, a prophet, intuits the plan of the gods, who do not openly show themselves but assume the shape of vultures, and remain, as in the sixth book, invisible to men.[2] Hector is pleased with his brother's proposal, and offers to fight anyone whom the Achaeans might choose as their champion; he also promises, if he should kill his opponent, to give back the corpse for burial, so that a mound may be built near the Hellespont, "and someone of later times, sailing by in a large ship over the wine-faced sea, may say: 'That is the tomb of a man who died long ago, whom excellent though he was, glorious Hector killed': so someone will say, and my fame shall never die."[3]

Hector wants immortal fame. Though he believes that Troy will be taken, he wants a monument to be left behind for himself.[4] It shall perish, he shall live on. The gloom of the sixth book, brought on by the gods' absence, is dispelled in the seventh by the light of a future glory. Hector finds his way out of a godless present in his fame to come. Fame is despair's remedy. If the gods are gone, if they no longer care, then men must take care of themselves; they must adopt a surrogate for them, and Hector suggests what the Achaeans reluctantly accept, immortal fame. Instead of being dependent on the gods, they will become dependent on other men *(anthrōpoi)*. They will snatch from the very uncertainty of war a permanent gain. No matter who will be victorious, and regardless of the justice of their cause, both sides can win glory. They can share in the success of their enemy, and even find a certain satisfaction in being killed.

The difference between the combat of Menelaus and Paris, that took place a few hours before, and the present contest of Ajax and Hector, indicates the great change in the character of the war. Menelaus fought with Paris to settle the war, Ajax and Hector fight in a trial of prowess. They fought to decide the fate of Helen—who would be her husband?—Ajax and Hector fight without any regard for Helen, but only to determine who is the better warrior. They exchange threats and boasts; Menelaus and Paris fought in silence. They were in deadly earnest, while Hector and Ajax can break off their combat and give each other gifts in parting. Menelaus had wished to accept Hector's challenge, but Agamemnon (with all the other kings) restrained him, for though he was the right opponent against Paris, he would have now lost his life to no purpose. He is no longer the champion of his own cause. Had Menelaus killed Paris, he would have recovered Helen; if Hector now wins, the Achaeans would recover Ajax' corpse, which would serve, once it

was buried, as a memorial to both Ajax and Hector. Fame and renown would seem to be as precious to Hector as Helen is to Menelaus, and his new ambition so much inflames him that he can refer quite brazenly to the Trojans' perfidy.[6] Whatever oaths they may have broken, whatever injustice they may have done, has no relevance now. As long as Helen was at the center of the dispute, the Trojans were in the wrong; but now that she is discarded, and becomes merely a theme for heroic exploits, right and wrong no longer apply. "*Publica virtutis per mala facta via est*" ("The public way of justice is through crimes").

As the cause of the war has changed, so also have the central characters. Helen unleashed a war over which she loses control. The war, having worked loose from its origins, now feeds itself: the desire for Helen generated the desire for fame, but the offspring no longer acknowledges the parent. There can now be no other end to the war than the destruction of Troy. The restitution of Helen will no longer suffice. Diomedes speaks for all the Achaeans when, in answer to the Trojans' proposal (of returning all the stolen goods except Helen), he says: "Now let no one accept either the goods of Alexander or Helen herself; for even a fool would know that the ends of destruction have already been fixed for the Trojans.[7] Not even if the Trojans give back Helen would the Achaeans stop fighting. The war has passed out of her hands and become common property. No longer is the war petty. It has transcended the bounds of its original inspiration and assumed the magnificence of heroic ambition. Paris and Menelaus now have minor roles, Helen is scarcely mentioned.[8] She was a necessary irritant that has become superfluous, and Helen herself knows this. "Upon myself and on Paris," she tells Hector, "Zeus has placed an evil fate, so that we might be the theme of song among men *(anthrōpoi)* who shall be."[9] Not herself but her fame justifies the war: in the perspective of later generations can be found her own *raison d'etre.* What gives purpose to the quarrel is not a present victory but a future fame. In the third book Helen was weaving into a cloak many contests of the Achaeans and Trojans, "who for her sake suffered at the hands of Ares."[10] As the war had been staged for her benefit, she had gone up on the walls to watch her two husbands, Menelaus and Paris, fight for her; but now an impersonal fame has overshadowed any personal pleasure, although she may still find some comfort in a future glory. Her pleasure has become more remote and less immediate: nothing that can be woven into cloth or that can be seen. She is the plaything of the future (of her own renown) and no longer manages her own destiny.[11] She is caught up in a larger issue and concedes her own insignificance. And Menelaus, like Helen, realizes the change which Hector proposes, for he berates the Achaeans and calls them "spiritless and fameless in vain,"[12] since they are not eager to accept Hector's challenge; for unless they are animated by fame his challenge is meaningless. They must disregard Menelaus and look to themselves. Their own aggrandizements, not Menelaus' vengeance, must become their aim. As their ambition, in becoming more selfish, becomes more grand, so their prowess, in advocating immortal fame as its end, can at last justify itself.

Socrates once derived the word *hērōs* ("hero") from *erōs* ("love")[13] and though it is a jest, it is metaphorically true. The heroes, or their ancestors, are the offspring of gods who fell in love with mortals; and they retain in themselves a divine longing, which is not just confined to physical desire, though that is its origin,[14] but which prompts them to a transcendent hope, that turns their only weakness into their best resource. If they are fated to die, if they are barred from becoming immortal in deed, their death can ensure them a fictional immortality. Were a goddess to fall in love with them again, they could only continue an heroic line; but were they to turn aside from a hopeless quest, and rely on themselves, they would be assured of a deathlessness unaffected by the gods *(oiothen oios,* "all alone").[15] War absorbs into itself the desire they have for self-perpetuation (after Helen left Sparta, she became barren);[16] for it unites their virtue with their ambition, so that, in displaying the one, they satisfy the other. And if we are not repelled by allegory, no better image for the *Iliad* could be found than the fable told by Demodocus, about the adultery of Aphrodite and Ares and its detection by Hephaestus. Here is all the horror and glory of war in secret agreement with the desires and delights of love, which the threads of art, more subtle than a spider's web, bind together and reveal.

Homer has carefully prepared the shift from Helen to fame as the cause of the war, a shift that the magical disappearance of Paris first indicates. When victory is almost within Menelaus' grasp, as he drags Paris toward the Achaeans, Aphrodite breaks the strap by which Menelaus held him, and "snatching Paris away, she hid him in a great mist, and set him in the sweet-smelling bridal chamber."[17] Paris is as effectively dead as if he had been killed. Overcome by desire for Helen, he is indifferent to fame: if Athena gives victory now to Menelaus, the Trojans' gods at another time will aid him.[18] He becomes isolated from the war, which now begins again without him. Although his original injustice began the war, it continues by the injustice of Pandarus, which serves as the transition between the recovery of Helen and the desire for fame. Not Paris but Pandarus wounds Menelaus. Paris disappears, and the responsibility for the war spreads among the Trojans, while among the Achaeans Menelaus remains the central figure, about whom they still rally. But he too disappears in the seventh book, when Agamemnon persuades him not to accept Hector's challenge.[19] To transform pettiness into grandeur, a private quarrel into a public war, may require injustice; but once the transformation is completed, once both sides accept the new conditions, the demands of justice no longer apply.

> Were it not glory that we more affected
> Than the performance of our heaving spleens,

I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.[20]

The change that takes place among the heroes finds its echo among the gods. Aphrodite saved Paris, but Diomedes in the fifth book wounds her, and she never reappears among men. Even as Paris, a man wholly dominated by desire, disappears, so Aphrodite, the divine principle, as it were, which gives him most support, retires, and leaves the war to Ares and Apollo, Athena and Hera.[21]

After the contest of Ajax and Hector, Nestor proposes that a trench be dug and a wall built as a protection for their ships and themselves.[22] The kings agree, and while they are labouring at the wall, the gods, seated by Zeus, admire their work, and Poseidon speaks among them: "Zeus father, what mortal on the boundless earth shall still disclose his plans to the immortals? Do you not see how the Achaeans have built a wall for their ships and run a trench about it, but they have not offered famous hecatombs to the gods? Its fame will go as far as the dawn scatters light, and they will forget the wall that I and Phoebus Apollo built for the hero Laomedon."[23] Poseidon fears that the fame of the Achaeans' wall will outstrip the fame of his own wall. He interprets the wall as an insult to the gods. Fame is not a concern of the gods: they can neither hinder nor advance it. Not even the destruction of the wall, which Homer describes,[24] prevents us from hearing of it. As long as the war concerns the quarrel which Hera and Athena had with Paris,[25] the gods are the ultimate authority; but as soon as the war turns away from Paris and embodies the desire for fame, the gods seem unnecessary. Just as Hector attempted to break loose from them, in challenging an Achaean to a duel, so Nestor takes up his suggestion and proposes the building of tomb, trench, and wall. Hector was unsuccessful, for he does not kill Ajax. Nestor succeeds for a time, but even his attempt is thwarted by the gods. The wall would make the Achaean camp as permanent as Troy: should they win or lose, it would remain as a record of their siege. Nestor improved on Hector, for victory was the price of his fame, while Nestor relies on a collective effort that disregards prowess as well as success. The wall is the most glorious attempt to break out of the gods' influence, it fails. But Zeus helps them along in their belief, for he forbids in the eighth book any intervention by the gods in the war.[26] In the fourth book Hera was given *carte blanche* to do what she wanted, but now that her personal revenge has been transcended, Zeus no longer will brook any interference.

The desire for fame enhances everything. The shield of Nestor, "whose fame reaches heaven," and the "curiously-wrought breastplate of Diomedes, which Hephaestus had fashioned" become the objects of Hector's ambition.[27] These unknown arms become desirable in the light of fame. Everything is worth acquiring if fame is the goal. Teucer is encouraged and urged on by the offer of a tripod or two horses or a woman, if Troy is captured.[28] Teucer, who plays no role in the fifth book and is mentioned once in the sixth, becomes in the middle books an important figure. And in the same way, Glaucus and Sarpedon, Idomeneus and Meriones, become more important. Everyone joins in the desire for fame.

Once the transition has been completed to the second cause of the war, Homer begins to lay the foundations for the third cause. It is now in the eighth book that Zeus outlines the death of Patroclus and the return of Achilles.[29] Even as the disappearance of Paris announced the shift to the second cause, so Zeus' prophecy indicates the final cause. Thus three causes underlie the *Iliad*: Helen first, fame second, and Patroclus third. From personal revenge to impersonal ambition and back again to revenge is the *Iliad's* plot. The love for Helen turns into the love for fame, which in turn becomes Achilles' love for Patroclus. From *erōs* to *kleous erōs* ("love of fame") to *erōs* is the cycle of the *Iliad:* but how Achilles' eros unites the other two will be our final problem.

Chapter III

The Embassy

Agamemnon calls an assembly of all the Achaeans, where he proposes in earnest what he had once used as a test of their resolution; and yet now they hear silently the same speech which before had upset them and induced them to return home.[1] Their roles are reversed: Agamemnon wishes as much to flee as the Achaeans had wished before, and they now seem as determined to stay as Agamemnon had been intent on capturing Troy. Agamemnon, however, has changed his speech in two respects: he no longer addresses the Achaeans as a whole (though they all are present) but only their leaders, and he omits to say how shameful their flight would appear to future generations.[2] What now keeps the Achaeans seated, though they are troubled in their hearts,[3] is the desire for immortal fame. The plague and the withdrawal of Achilles had so broken their spirit that not even the prospect of disgrace had then dissuaded them; but now, even though Agamemnon fails to mention it (for fame no longer attracts him), they are inclined to stay. As long as Agamemnon wished to capture Troy, the ignominy of his return was paramount; but his despair now makes him ignore what has inflamed everyone else. Even as Menelaus had been replaced by Ajax, so Agamemnon, once his brother's suit lost its importance, had to yield his own preeminence. He knows that the Achaeans will not obey him, that the darkness of the night as well as their new ambition will check them. He hands over to the Achaean kings the business of the war. He is as ready now to humble himself before Achilles, as prompt on the

morrow to be wounded and remain out of action for the rest of the *Iliad*.[4] Thus Diomedes can openly assert Agamemnon's wearness,[5] for Agamemnon has already abandoned his pretensions to power, now certain that no one will question his authority. Were Helen their object, his force must equal his rank, so that the Achaeans may be obliged to avenge an abstract wrong that does not affect them; but if their appetites are engaged, if immortal fame is now their object, so that defeat would seem a personal disgrace, Agamemnon can afford to forego an absolute sway and be content with the titular superiority. Diomedes can bid him depart as brusquely as he himself once ordered Achilles to return home, and be as confident as Agamemnon once was that the others will stay behind.[6] Even without Agamemnon the Achaeans cohere and stick together: he has become superfluous. But fame is so much more an inducement than justice, that Diomedes goes even farther than Agamemnon ever did: the others can also depart, he and Sthenelus will win alone. Thus he usurps the power of Agamemnon and replaces Achilles as the emblem of virtue.

Nestor, in partly approving of Diomedes' rebuke of Agamemnon, assigns to him the leadership of the war (of the young), while he reserves for Agamemnon his authority in the council (among the kings).[7] He distinguishes between the sceptre and the fist of Agamemnon, and thus prepares the way for his reconciliation with Achilles. But although he is willing to grant Agamemnon's weakness before the whole assembly, he does not wish to propose before them the embassy to Achilles: for if they remain ignorant, they can always count on Achilles' future support, but if they know (as Achilles hopes),[8] its success would compromise Agamemnon, and its failure would deprive them of hope. Were Achilles to re-enter the war, Agamemnon would be forced, in admitting his error, to surrender his sceptre; whereas Diomedes can excel Agamemnon by night (the Doloneia) without being his rival by day: he is wounded soon after him in Book Eleven; but should Achilles refuse to return, the Achaeans, in losing their mainstay, would also lose heart. Nestor knows that Diomedes' nocturnal prowess will not seriously affect Agamemnon's authority; but he fears that an Achilles, able to support his ambition by daytime deeds, would disturb again the hierarchy of command. Achilles must be coaxed by something other than the return of Briseis, something that no longer will allow him to threaten Agamemnon, nor show up his own pride as petulance. And that bait is immortal fame.

Nothing more clearly reflects the changed purpose of the war than the embassy to Achilles. It offers the Achaeans their best chance to reconcile Achilles with Agamemnon. If Hector had not made his challenge, the embassy would have been impossible. Only on this new basis can the Achaeans hope to persuade Achilles to forget his wrath, and be aroused by a new ambition that affords greater scope to his fury. If Helen has disappeared as the cause of the war, Briseis should also lose her importance. If the stake is now immortal fame, and the conflict is indifferent to Menelaus' just complaint, then Achilles' quarrel with Agamemnon, who as unjustly provoked him as Paris did Menelaus, should be resolved in favour of this larger issue. An indivisible trophy, immortal fame, will replace the division of spoils. What would always lead to disputes, the petty arithmetic of how much each man is worth, will vanish before a more generous calculation, whose scales are no longer in the hands of Agamemnon but of all mankind. The exact weighing of virtue in the coinage of booty becomes contemptible, and what is beyond measure, immortal fame, is now set up as its standard. Achilles is to be lured by honour: he can forgive Agamemnon because Agamemnon can never again dishonour him. Merit would be the only guide to reward, and, in spite of Agmemnon's jealousy, Achilles would receive his due. Let Agamemnon deprive him of all material gain: it can only please for a lifetime, and Achilles in the future will so much the more be recompensed. Achilles' fame lies beyond the touch of envy: if he can now show himself magnanimous, the authority of Agamemnon will yield before his own power. Agamemnon must rely on gifts and bolster his rank by the arbitrary display of his will, but Achilles can trust in the present to his might, and to his deeds in the future. The quibbles on their relative positions among the Achaeans will not arise in the face of Achilles' future superiority. Agamemnon can irritate Achilles, but Achilles' revenge is assured. As long as Achilles looks to Agamemnon for satisfaction, no number of gifts can disguise Agamemnon's false position, nor persuade Achilles to relinquish his claim to Agamemnon's sceptre; but if he can only look beyond this temporary injustice, his ascendancy to come his own virtue guarantees. Agamemnon's sway extends no further than the narrow circle of the Achaean camp, and his every act of aggrandizement is bought at the price of a future ignominy; while every accommodation by Achilles to his mean tyranny will only increase his reputation and add lustre to his name. Achilles' dangerous ambition, to rule over all the Achaeans, can be diverted into a safer and more glorious end. To render him harmless as well as more worthy of himself prompts the Achaeans to send the embassy: that Achilles cannot bring himself to accept their offer, and that he cherishes more deeply his present humiliation than a lasting fame, all this makes the beginning of his tragedy.

The embassy prayed to Poseidon that they might easily convince the great heart of Aeacides (*Megalas phrenas Aiakidao*) "whom they found pleasing his heart (*phrena terpomenon*) with the clear-toned lyre—beautiful it was and intricately wrought, and it had a silver bridge—he chose it from the spoils after he had sacked the city of Eetion, and with it he was pleasing his spirit (*thymon eterpen*) and was singing the famous deeds of men" (*klea andrōn*).[9] Achilles as Aeacides, as the grandson of Aeacus, sings the deeds of famous heroes. In taking up the lyre he puts on his ancestral self: as he finds his pleasure in the past, he becomes part of the past and loses his present identi-

ty. Excluded from action, he sings of the actions of others; he consoles his inactivity by rejoicing in others' prowess; and wrapped up in their past, he lives more by his own past than by himself. Achilles remained by the ships, and though "he never visited the ennobling assembly (*agoran kydianeiran*), nor ever went to war, yet he was destroying his spirit, and kept on longing for the battle-cry and war."[10] His self-imposed idleness still chafes him. His absence from the war has not diminished his desire. Even the assembly seems a place to win glory: *kydianeira* ("bringing glory") is used elsewhere only of battle, but Achilles, now that he is cut off from all action, sees even in speaking a certain prestige. As he cannot share in present deeds nor in present counsel, he cannot hope for a future fame. He is isolated from the present and the future and so only the past exists as something which cannot be taken from him. He sacked the city of Eetion—no one can deny it—but the witness to his virtue is this lyre, which testifies as well to his failure; for it gave him an instrument more suited to a blind Demodocus than to an Achilles. He celebrates the deeds of others, but others should celebrate his own. The lyre cannot satisfy him, for he is now forced to please himself instead of having others please him. His pleasure is in another's fame and not in his own. *Klea andrōn* ("the famous [deeds] of men") stand one remove from *erga andrōn* ("the deeds of men"); they are the reflection of virtue, not virtue itself; and Achilles, in singing of another Achilles, becomes the shadow of what he was. In becoming a minstrel, he has become unwillingly an *anthrōpos*; in withdrawing from the war, he deserts his own character. If martial excellence is denied Achilles, he no longer is Achilles, no longer what he thinks and we think he is. His "name" depends on his deeds, and he cannot abandon all deeds without forfeiting himself. In becoming passive, he loses that which distinguished him: "idleness is the corruption of noble souls."[11] But it was the very source of his actions, his *megalopsychia* ("greatness of soul"), which had made him withdraw and betray his former self. And the tragedy of Achilles lies here: what made Achilles destroyed Achilles. As soon as he reflects, he is lost, and he is bound to reflect, to pick up this lyre, once he stops fighting. If he ever doubts the worth of what he has been trained to do, he will destroy himself. Any check to his outer action will turn all that force upon himself. His sword needs an object, and if it is wanting, it will be himself. When the embassy arrives, he is ripe for persuasion.

When Odysseus has enumerated the gifts Achilles will receive, if he puts off his rage, he tells Achilles that "even if Atreides is hateful to your heart—he and his gifts—take pity at least on all the other forlorn Achaeans, who will honour you like a god: surely you might have great honour among them, for now you might slay Hector, who in his murderous lust would come quite near you, since he says no Danaan, whom the ships brought hither, is his equal."[12] Odysseus is quite willing for Achilles to reject Agamemnon's gifts, but he tries to irritate Achilles by repeating the boast of Hector, even though Hector did not mention him but Diomedes.[13] Achilles is right to reject Agamemnon's gifts, for though the gifts acknowledge Agamemnon's need of Achilles, they do not admit Achilles' superiority. Not only do they gloss over his challenge to Agamemnon's rank, but they aim to restore Agamemnon's predominance. Agamemnon has put a price on Achilles' worth; he has calculated his equivalence in terms of so many horses and so much gold, and were Achilles to accept them, he would be accepting Agamemnon's estimation of himself. If he is reducible to a cipher, he must submit to Agamemnon's domination. He would not acquire a greater rank, were he to allow "more" to mean "better"; for then he would acknowledge Agamemnon's right to settle his worth: but he had withdrawn his support originally because Agamemnon had presumed to decide what he could and could not have. To accept the gifts is to accept Agamemnon's authority; and what is more, to receive seven Lesbian women, whom he himself had captured,[14] would humiliate himself. In giving them to Agamemnon, Achilles was the arbiter of Agamemnon's worth: in giving them back, Agamemnon would usurp his own position. Were then Achilles to acknowledge Agamemnon's equation, and confound numerical superiority with natural greatness,[15] his whole attack on Agamemnon's position would fail.

Even as the catalogue of ships was intended to confound number with strength, and thus whole peoples are mentioned who never reappear in battle (for example, the Rhodians and Arcadians), so now Agamemnon's generosity gives a limit to Achilles' excellence, and half his promises can never be put to the test. Achilles will not live to enjoy the spoils of Troy, nor will he be able to claim Agamemnon's daughter, nor the seven cities below Pylos. Not even if his daughter rivaled Aphrodite in beauty and Athena in skill, would Achilles marry her.[16] He could not. Only if he returns now to his father's home, could he hope to marry; only his withdrawal now would assure him the wealth Agamemnon so vainly promises, only in Phthia would he live with the ease he cannot have in the future if he stays.

Agamemnon wished to reestablish his position prior to Achilles' withdrawal, to forget his injustice so that Achilles might forget his weakness, and to reduce Achilles' attack on his authority to a mere outburst of temper. But once the gap between them has been opened no appeal, that seeks only to restore Achilles' former status, can bridge it. Once Achilles has seen how valuable he is, he will never be content with less than complete domination. If Achilles had not retired from the war, he would have never known if he was as great as he assumed, nor would the Trojans have ventured to fight in the plain, nor would the Achaeans have built their wall. His wrath freed the war from a static siege, where the worth of each hero could never be tested, and turned it into a precise measure of excellence. Achilles' absence from the field lets Diomedes and Ajax, Hector and Sarpedon come forward, and make the frame, as it were

within which we must see Achilles, when he at last reappears. The random sorties, that had made up so large a part of the war,[17] have now given way to a full-scale war, a war for immortal fame. It is this new kind of engagement Achilles is asked, but cannot bring himself, to join; nor is he asked so much for the sake of Agamemnon (or Menelaus or Helen) but because of Hector, who can now become the measure of Achilles' prowess, which no longer has to be weighed by the amount of booty he receives. Achilles, however, refuses to consider the war as changed, but prefers to gloat over Hector's success rather than accept it as a challenge.[18] He takes for granted what is by no means so certain, that he is better than Hector.[19] He does not see the war as anything other than what it was. He is indifferent to immortal fame.

Achilles had already protested against the war in the first book, saying that he had not come to fight because of the Trojans, who had neither driven off his horses nor plundered his land, but to obtain redress for Agamemnon and Menelaus.[20] Achilles had been fighting in an alien war; a war he had joined more out of lack of any other attraction than out of a deep-seated feeling to see justice done. He was willing to stay, if his prerogatives were respected, and if nothing occurred that more affected him. But Agamemnon, in taking away Briseis, had not only dishonoured Achilles, but also had made Briseis herself more desirable than she was. She may not be worth fighting over,[21] yet she is the equal of Helen, who could not be dearer to Menelaus than Briseis to Achilles.[22] If the Achaeans fight for Helen, he askes the embassy, why should not he fight for Briseis? If Agamemnon leads so great an expedition to recover so small a prize, why should not he desert a war that can bring him no satisfaction, and has already brought him disgrace? As long as Achilles hammers away at the pettiness of the war, he is perfectly justified: and yet he fails to see the change he himself brought about. Achilles is careless of immortal fame. Although he mentions it as a choice his mother gave him, it does not move him; although his return means the loss of his fame, he still considers it a possibility.[23] His fame and his return are balanced for him, as if they were equal alternatives; and they *are* nicely poised if one has the chance, like Achilles, to reflect upon them. He had not at first thought there was an alternative. He had resigned himself to a short life,[24] but his enforced idleness made him reflect. To choose immortal fame demands a certain blindness to the pleasures of life, of which Achilles, in his very minstrelsy, has become aware. Life seems more worthwhile than a bloodless renown.[25]

Achilles, in having no care for the Achaeans, loses all care for his fame. Their destruction and his ignominy seem minor losses. He cannot pity them unless his "name" has greater weight than himself. Achilles believes in the absoluteness of his virtue: it does not need to be put into action, nor does the opinion of others measure it. He wishes to enjoy his virtue alone,[26] without performance and without regard for others. He does not need to use his virtue in order to prove himself virtuous. What Shakespeare's Odysseus tells him, he does not believe,[27]

> That no man is the lord of any thing,
> Though in and of him there be much consisting,
> Till he communicate his parts to others;
> Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
> Till he behold them formed in the applause
> Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
> The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
> Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
> His figure and his heat.

Achilles finds his applause not in earth but in heaven, where Zeus honours him. When Phoenix warns him that it would be baser (*kakion*) to defend burning ships than to receive Agamemnon's presents now,[28] he replies, "I think that I am honoured by the will of Zeus" (*phroneō de tetimēsthai Dios aisē*).[29] He can disregard the honour he would have from the Achaeans, because he has a greater honour from Zeus. Achilles sets Zeus higher than immortal fame. What the Achaeans and Trojans have tried to escape from, the arbitrary decrees of the gods, Achilles trusts completely. He does not find them arbitrary, for they are mere extensions of himself: they are his surrogates. In neglecting human affairs, in thinking he can decide when to interfere and when not, Achilles is elevated to a god. He despises the promises of Odysseus, that the Achaeans will honour him like a god, for he believes that Zeus (his Zeus) has bridged that "likeness," and transformed it into a complete identity. Achilles is a god. He wears the ring of Gyges. He does not heed the advice of his mortal father,[30] nor of those who are dearest to him: Phoenix, Odysseus, and Ajax.[31] He has cut all his ties with mortality but one. Patroclus is the flaw in his presumed perfection, and is the silent witness to his own doom. The true subject of the embassy is not Agamemnon and his gifts, nor even immortal fame, but Patroclus.

Achilles is given the cruelest choice: immortal fame, but without the enjoyment of a living renown, or a present luxury and ease, but without fame. Hector could challenge Ajax because he knew he would not die.[32] Immortal fame was something in the future and not what would at once ensure his death. Euchenor knew he would perish if he went to Troy, but he knew as well he would die of a cruel disease if he stayed at home.[33] He chose the more glorious end, and shunned not a peaceful old age but a painful death. And Adrastus did not believe his father, who prophesied his death at Troy.[34] Achilles is quite different from Adrastus, Hector, or Euchenor. Unlike Adrastus he believes his mother, unlike Hector his prowess will certainly end in death, and unlike Euchenor he could enjoy his kingdom. If Achilles were not Achilles, the choice would never arise, for his wrath lies outside the will of Zeus, and it was the pause in the fighting which his wrath afforded that made the decision acute; but insofar as Achilles is Achilles (that is, virtuous) there can only be one answer, to elect immortal fame. And yet Achilles decides too late, when, no longer willingly, he

reenters the war. He is forced by necessity, as he himself admits,[35] and that necessity is Patroclus' death. Achilles decides not by himself but by another. Patroclus makes his decision for him. He wanted to be absolute, but he discovers that it entails the death of his companion. In trying to escape all dependence on other men, he sends to his death Patroclus. When he at last returns to the war, he no longer fights for immortal fame, though he may deceive himself into so believing,[36] but to avenge Patroclus, and that vengeance is what Phoenix had called baser and less honourable than acceptance of Agamemnon's gifts.[37] But before we look at this final stage, we must first look at an absolute Achilles, an Achilles most clearly revealed in the speech of Phoenix.[38]

After Phoenix has pledged his loyalty to Achilles, he inserts the story of his life most casually. "I would not wish to be left apart from you," he tells Achilles, "not even if a god himself would promise to scrape off my old age and make me a blooming youth again, such as I was when I first left Hellas, with its beautiful women;" after which he tells how his mother begged him to sleep with his father's concubine, and when his father learned of it, how he cursed him and called upon the Furies to make his son childless, which, Phoenix adds, "the gods, Zeus of the dead and Persephone, fulfilled."[39] Phoenix recites this as if the mere remembrance of his youth sufficed to recall his entire past, and yet it retells, though ambiguously, Achilles' own action, and weighs the right and wrong of his wrath. Achilles bitterly allows Agamemnon, in spite of his promised oath, to sleep hereafter with Briseis,[40] and, with that assumed, Phoenix can draw the parallel between his own story and Achilles'. Phoenix, insofar as he slept with his father's concubine and was cursed by Amyntor, and insofar as the curse was fulfilled by Zeus, is like Agamemnon, who will soon sleep with Briseis, was cursed by Achilles, the curse to be fulfilled by Zeus. If the conflict between Agamemnon and Achilles is seen as similar to that between a father and his son, where, strangely enough, Achilles assumes Amyntor's and Agamemnon assumes Phoenix' role, we cannot tell who was right and who wrong; but Phoenix goes on to say, in lines that Plutarch alone has preserved,[41] that he considered killing his father, was restrained by one of the gods, and finally left home and came to Phthia.[42] And likewise, Agamemnon dishonoured Achilles (by taking away Briseis), even as Amyntor dishonoured his wife and son (by having a concubine); and Achilles would have killed Agamemnon, just as Phoenix would have killed father, had not Athena restrained him; and again, having withdrawn from the war, he intended to return home. Phoenix then is also like Achilles. His dishonour, his wrath, his murderous intent and its check, his escape from home, all correspond to something in Achilles' own past. Phoenix has presented a complex story, so that Achilles may have the best of both roles. As an outraged father or a dishonoured son, as Amyntor or Phoenix, Achilles is justified; but Phoenix, by telling it in such an offhand way, wishes to warn Achilles that his grievance is now past history, that already he has obtained as much vengeance as could be wished, and that, if he persists, he will destroy himself. The loyalty of Phoenix to Achilles should serve as a model for Achilles, of what he owes to Patroclus: for the gods protected Phoenix in his youth, but he would not now accept their aid even if they promised to make him young; just so Achilles, who has been favoured by Athena and Zeus, should not now look to them for assistance. Meleager's story, then, is the condemnation, as Phoenix' own was the justification, of Achilles. It is introduced expressly as a warning to Achilles, and as Phoenix had summarized the books before the embassy in his own life, so now he fortells the subsequent events of the *Iliad* in the story of Meleager.[43]

The high-spirited Aetolians were defending the city of Calydon against the Couretes, and as long as Meleager fought, things went badly for them; but when he became angry at his mother and stayed at home, the attackers began to succeed, and the elders of the Aetolians, promising a great gift, beseeched Meleager to return; his father, mother, and sisters urged him, but only when his wife Cleopatra recounted how many sorrows befall a captured city, did he pity the Aetolians and re-enter the war.[44] It is not difficult to see how this corresponds to the plot of the *Iliad*, but the most important point, I think, has not been noticed: the situation is completely reversed. Meleager is not one of the Couretes but one of the Aetolians; he is not attacking but defending Calydon; and not his friend but his wife persuades him to forget his wrath. Meleager is Achilles, the high-spirited Aetolians are the high-spirited Trojans, and Cleopatra is Patroclus.[45] Achilles then is a Trojan, and even as Patroclus' name is reversed in Cleopatra,[46] so the whole story presents a mirror-image of the events at Troy. Achilles has become, in his wrath, an exile; he has turned into an enemy, not just an observer, of the Achaeans; he has changed his allegiance and become enrolled as a Trojan ally. He is a Trojan outside the walls, a Hector enraged. The Trojans could have appealed to Hector, as the Aetolians did to Meleager, by recounting the human sorrows that would attend a captured Troy:[47] but the Achaeans could not move Achilles except by pointing to a silent Patroclus. If Hector had withdrawn from the war, and had Priam, Casandra, Hecuba, and Andromache beseeched him to return, Phoenix' story would exactly correspond; but their very absence in Achilles' case lays stress on his isolation, and shows how close he has come to an inhuman self-sufficiency. Hector could be as much Meleager as Achilles is: but he is a civil Achilles, an Achilles who has not lost *aidōs* ("shame"); and yet in all else he resembles him, so that this first meeting between them, as it were in the realm of an old fable, marks the first stage in their ultimate identity.

Agamemnon had ended his speech of reconciliation thus: "Let Achilles submit—Hades is implacable and unconquerable, and therefore he is the most hateful of all the gods to mortals;"[48] and though Odysseus quite reasonably omits it when he addresses Achilles, yet he

replaces it by promising him that he will be honoured like a god.[49] He somehow suspects Achilles' divine pretensions, and Phoenix more openly, when he urges Achilles to relent because the gods themselves are not inexorable, "whose virtue, honour and power are greater," numbers Achilles among the gods.[50] Agamemnon and Phoenix try to persuade Achilles by example, and as their choice of Hades and the gods depends on what they think would seem convincing to Achilles, we can readily measure his ambition by his refusal. Achilles wants to be absolute: he almost succeeds. He has forced himself into a posture that can admit (and ask) no quarter. He thinks himself alone, splendidly alone, and though Patroclus proves him wrong, his conviction lasts long enough to seal his doom. As long as he believes in his own uniqueness he is as monstrous as the Cyclops. What is metaphorically true in the *Iliad* becomes a fabulous reality in the *Odyssey*.[51] Both live alone: Polyphemus actually, Achilles by belief. Both cultivate and consult only their *thymos*.[52] Both are huge (*pelōrios*): Polyphemus is so huge that the stone which blocks his cave not even two and twenty wagons could move; Achilles is so huge that three Achaeans had to bolt and unbolt the door to his tent.[53] If Polyphemus were killed, Odysseus would never be able to leave the cave: if Achilles were killed, the Achaeans would never take Troy.[54] War is like the cave of the pastoral Cyclops, from which none escape but by the unwilling help of its denizen. Polyphemus must be blinded so that Odysseus may escape, Achilles must lose Patroclus so that Hector may be killed. Polyphemus devours the companions of Odysseus, Achilles wishes his angry strength would allow him to devour Hector.[55] Thus Polyphemus is one extreme of Achilles' charter, as his immortal horses are the other: one the embodiment of the animal, the other of the thing. Achilles is called merciless, and he has a merciless heart (*nēlēes ētor*), and only Polyphemus is also said to be so *nēlēs thymos*).[56] Polyphemus is wild and untamed (*agrios*) so is Achilles.[57] The Cyclopes are lawless (*athemistoi*), not because they do not lay down laws each to his own family, but because they do not have regard for one another, that is, they lack civil shame.[58] Achilles likewise gives commands among his followers but has no regard for Agamemnon's decrees.[59] Polyphemus boasts that he does not pay attention to Zeus: Phoenix warns Achilles that he does not regard the Litai.[60] Polyphemus then is the brute perfection of Achilles, Achilles without weakness, without Patroclus. He is what Achilles wants to but luckily cannot be. He shows what a monstrosity is bred out of disobedience to order, no matter how arbitrary that order may seem. He is almost Homer's final verdict on Achilles, whose disrespect for Agamemnon, though a trifle, unleashed a fury that sweeps Achilles on to his own death.

Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

Chapter IV

The Deception of Zeus

Achilles acts like a god, but Patroclus makes him forfeit that likeness. Though he suppresses nature, it finally betrays him in the shape of his friend: *naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret* ("You may expel nature with a pitchfork, yet it will always return"). His imitation of immortality cannot last: Patroclus stops it. But the gods whom Achilles imitates, do they too have their Patroclus? Are they too subject to a power beyond their art? Homer gives us his answer in the so-called "deception of Zeus."

When Hera sees Poseidon in disguise urging the Achaeans to battle, she thinks of a plan to end the war quickly: to put on a disguise that will deceive Zeus. She enters her chambers, made by her son Hephaestus, the lock on whose doors no other god but herself could open, and adorns herself as artfully as possible.[1] Then, taking aside a guileless Aphrodite, Hera begs of her: "Give to me love and desire, by which you overpower all immortals and mortal men."[2] Her excuse is that she wishes to reconcile Oceanus, the "genesis of the gods," and Tethys, who have been at strife with one another, and for a long time have not slept together, ever since "wrath fell upon them."[3] Aphrodite grants her request and gives her a magical girdle, "wherein there was love and desire and persuasive speech, that is wont to steal away even the mind of the prudent."[4] Having put on this girdle, Hera goes to the brother of Death, Hypnos, the "king of all gods and all men."[5] If he will lull to sleep Zeus, she promises, he will receive a golden throne and a footstool, made by her son Hephaestus.[6] Hypnos at first refuses, protesting that he would even put to sleep Oceanus—*hos per genesis pantossi tetuktai* ("he who is the genesis for all")—but not Zeus, unless he himself so wished it; and reminding Hera how he had deceived Zeus once before, when Heracles sailed home from Troy, and had not Night saved him—"queen of gods and of men"—Zeus would have cast him into the sea.[7] Hera deprecates his fear: Zeus does not care as much for the Trojans as he had for Heracles; and she changes her reward: anyone of the Graces shall be his bride.[8] Hypnos then agrees, if Hera will be willing to swear an oath,[9] and once she is sworn, he accompanies her to Olympus where Zeus surveys the Thasians and Mysians.[10] Coming into the presence of Zeus, while Hypnos assumes the shape of a bird, Hera's beauty dazzles Zeus, and he wishes to sleep with her at once.[11] Hera, however, "thinking guile," says it would be shameless to sleep out in the open, where anyone might see them: would it not be better to retire to her own chamber, which her dear son

Hephaestus had made?[12] At last Hera's plan is discovered: she wished to lure Zeus into her chamber, whose lock no one but herself could open; and once locked in, Zeus would have to submit to her terms, and the Trojan war would come to an end. And yet she cannot persuade Zeus (in spite of her girdle), for his desire admits of no delay. They sleep together, and "under them the divine earth sprouted fresh grass, the dew-drenched lotus, the crocus, and the delicate hyacinth."[13] Thus Hera is foiled by nature. Even as Hypnos would not accept her proposal, as long as she offered him the throne of Hepaestus, so Zeus' passion outstrips her guile. She had hoped to enlist natural powers, sleep and desire, into the services of art: to entice Zeus by the charms of Aphrodite and hold him by the craft of Hephaestus. She believed that nature would submit to art, but she ought to have known, when Hypnos rejected the throne made by Hephaestus, that art must submit to the passions, that the superiority of art is ephemeral, and that nature will always triumph. Thus the deception of Zeus is a failure.[14]

If then Hera fails to deceive Zeus, it is not surprising (as some have thought it is) that Poseidon does not help the Achaeans more than before; for Hypnos, who is as guileless as Aphrodite, did not know what Hera had intended, and, thinking her plan a success, goes of his own accord to tell Poseidon.[15] The Achaeans are entitled to no more than a short respite. Their leaders succeed in routing the Trojans, until Zeus awakens and forces Poseidon to retire from the war.[16]

Sleep, Desire, and Night have equal powers over gods and men, and only Death, the brother of Sleep, is man's peculiar fate. Mortality distinguishes men from the immortal gods. It makes the gods, who are free from death, the masters of men. Although they are subject like men to sleep, desire, and night, yet their immortality grants them one advantage: they are not forced to be moral. The gods have the ring of Gyges, which allows them to do whatever they wish without regard for the consequences. If they sometimes feel responsible for their charges, they help them; but if they ignore the heroes, they never pay for their neglect. If they choose to be as arbitrary as Achilles, they will never feel as guilty as he, after he has sent Patroclus to his death. Ares is easily soothed by Athena when he hears of his son Ascalaphus' death:[17] the revengeful grief of Achilles cannot be solaced. Mortality puts a limit to Achilles' irresponsibility, not only by checking his aggrandizement but also by forcing him to admit, that he can lose something more precious than his own life. His virtue cannot stand alone; for even when he thinks he is self-sufficient, he relies on the gods; and this reliance becomes so great that in the end he can do nothing unless they assist him. Achilles thought he was closer to Zeus than to Agamemnon, but when Zeus denied his prayer, that Patroclus return alive, he discovered his ties with *anthrōpoi* were stronger than his claim to immortality. When Sarpedon rushed against Patroclus, and Zeus pitied them both, undecided whether he should have Sarpedon or not, Hera dissuaded him, and Zeus quite readily resigned himself to the loss of his son;[18] while Achilles, who imitated his indifference (as he relied on his protection) could not bring himself to accept the death of Patroclus. He feels compassion more strongly than a god ever can. His natural affections outstrip his self-taught principles. His indifference crumbles. He comes to see himself as more the son of Peleus than the son of Thetis, more human than divine. Cyclopean Achilles, an automaton of enormity, puts not only himself but all heroes on trial. His experiment in immortality is disastrous, for it depends on a providential world, a world that the gods must always take care of. Achilles sums up heroic virtue, and shows that its price is eternal providence. *Pantes de Theōn chateus' hērōes.*

Chapter V

Patroclus

Patroclus was much affected by Nestor's appeal, and as soon as he returned to Achilles, forgetting to report what he was charged to find out,[1] begged Achilles to re enter the war:[2]

> *ainaretē, ti seo allos onēsetai opsigonos per, ai ke mē Argeioisin aeikea loi mou amorēis?* (accursed [*or* dreadful] in your virtue, how will another even yet to be born have profit from you, if you do not ward of shameful ruin for the Argives?)

Achilles' virtue is accursed and dreadful, for no one in the future (let alone now) will take pleasure in or derive benefit from it, unless he prevents an unseemly disaster. Patroclus warns Achilles, as Phoenix had warned him before, that he is gambling away his fame as he holds stubbornly to his virtue. What Nestor had said, that Achilles would enjoy his virtue alone—*oios tēs aretēs aponēsetai*—Patroclus takes to mean the loss of immortal fame. Agamemnon had pleaded with Achilles (through Odysseus) to help Agamemnon; Odysseus on his own account had pleaded with him to help the Achaeans; Phoenix had pleaded for him to help himself; and Patroclus to help posterity. He can be as isolated in the present as he wants, if he will display toward the future a ghostly beneficence; but were he to abstain from all action, his untested virtue would deny him all fame. Achilles insists so much on immediate honour, to compensate for his early death, that he ignores the danger of a lasting infamy. He wishes to enjoy now, in fact, what posterity can only grant him in fancy, to gather into the present moment all of the future. He cannot balance, against his conscious perfection, a promised glory. Although he has threatened to leave, he must stay, so that the defeat of the Achaeans may sustain his intense awareness of his own virtue. Indeed he would even wish for the death of all Achaeans and Trojans, were he and Patroclus to escape (being

neither Achaean nor Trojan), "in order that we might alone destroy the sacred heights of Troy."[4] He does not think on the barrenness but merely on the self-sufficiency of such a triumph; which would make him at last the absolute master of his own honour.

When Odysseus reported Achilles' refusal to Agamemnon, he only mentioned Achilles' threat to depart at dawn, and not his milder answer to Ajax, that he would not consider "bloody war," before Hector would come to the ships and tents of the Myrmidons.[5] The parable of Meleager had made Achilles slightly modify his threat: but the change is useless. Were Hector to succeed in breaking through the wall, Achilles' belated action might save himself, but it would not help the Achaeans, whom Hector would attack, not on Achilles' flank, but on Ajax'. Achilles had speciously moderated his stubbornness, so that he might flatter himself by his own good nature, and yet remain as adamant as before. As the Achaeans are given impossible conditions to fulfill, should they wish to appease Achilles, Achilles can persevere in his own conceit and at the same time pretend his willingness to relent. He can compromise without compromising himself. He can regret his obduracy but keep his wrath.[6] He can send out Patroclus, in all righteousness, without his yielding at all, and can thus ensure his return, which the Trojans might otherwise hinder, if they set fire to his ships.[7] He will obtain honour from all the Achaeans, as well as Briseis and glorious gifts, even though he will not have submitted to Agamemnon.

Achilles carefully avoids any mention of the embassy, as he now understands what Phoenix had meant, when he warned him that to accept Agamemnon's gifts, if the ships are already burning, would not only be baser but entail less honour.[8] He now admits what he could not foresee, that "it is impossible to cherish anger continuously."[9] But having admitted that, he cannot bring himself to confess his error. He must re-enter the war, and yet he must maintain the absoluteness of his own virtue, but not compromise his chance of returning home. And Patroclus's request, that he be allowed to put on Achilles' armour, gives him the almost-perfect solution. He will not go himself but will send a surrogate, who is the mere extension of himself. Patroclus will be mistaken for him, and thus he can rout the Trojans without ever leaving his tent. But one thing upsets him: suppose Patroclus, this inanimate toy, suddenly is fired by his own ambitions? Suppose his success will be too brilliant and involve Achilles in a greater dishonour?[10] Were Patroclus to do more than assure the return of Briseis, and either kill Hector or capture Troy, Achilles would be eclipsed by the very instrument of his design. Patroclus might become independent of Achilles; he might be able to achieve what none of the other Achaeans had been able to do, freedom from Achilles' tyranny. Achilles might find that his armour was superior to himself, that the weapon and not its owner guaranteed success, and that his own renown could accomplish more than his own prowess. His fears are unfounded: Patroclus does not excel him: but he also fails to return. And his failure to return, the one flaw in Achilles' scheme, sets the stage for Achilles' own tragedy.

Patroclus puts on Achilles' armour, but leaves behind Achilles' spear, which no one could wield except Achilles.[11] Automedon yokes Xanthus and Balius to the chariot, and puts between the traces the blameless Pedasus, a horse Achilles had taken when he sacked the city of Eetion, "who even though mortal followed immortal horses."[12] A three-horse chariot is elsewhere unknown to Homer. Why then should Patroclus add a mortal horse, that at best would be superfluous and at worse a hindrance, to the two immortal horses of Achilles? "Homer wishes to show us," the BT Scholiast remarks, "the nature of the hero, that it is composed of the mortal and immortal." Quite true; but why should Homer wish to insist on such a point now? His meaning goes deeper. Even as Patroclus is Achilles' one tie to humanity, and with his death dies Achilles' pity,[13] so Pedasus is Patroclus, whose death reveals how impossible it is to yoke together, as Achilles had wished, the rights of divinity with the duties of men. Pedasus is a mere appendage to these immortal horses, Patroclus is nothing but the trace-horse of Achilles: but the wounded Pedasus can more easily be disentangled from his reins than the dead Patroclus discarded by Achilles. Patroclus was to be only an extension of Achilles, while his death, though it cuts him off completely, binds him more closely to Achilles than he ever was bound in life. Pedasus was a blameless horse, not only because his excellence ranked him with Xanthus and Balius but also because he was not responsible for his death; and Patroclus likewise is blameless,[14] his virtue being almost the equal of Achilles' and his death Achilles' fault. Achilles' share of mortality dies with Patroclus and Pedasus, and all that remains of him is the immortality of his horses.

Homer speaks to Patroclus throughout his *aristeia*, as if he somehow felt responsible for him and wished to console him for the harshness of his fate. Not his prowess nor his victories but his ineluctable death enlists Homer's sympathy: "Whom first, whom last did you kill, Patroclus, when the gods called you to death?"[15] Homer had spoken to Menelaus when his life was in danger, or when he thought his petty triumphs should be celebrated;[16] and it is not accidental that he, who shares so little in heroic ambition, and Patroclus, who is so little responsible for his fate, should be the two persons whom Homer most often addresses. The plot involves them, one at the beginning, the other at the end: but the plot is not their own doing. Patroclus' death follows so quickly on the heels of his success, that no one, except Achilles, moves so much under the spell of doom. And yet the doom of Achilles is part of his destiny (it is almost self-made); Patroclus' death is alien to Patroclus and belongs more to Zeus and Achilles than to himself: so Homer, in calling to him, seems to stand beside him and to be in at the kill, lest Patroclus, without the gods and without Achilles, feel himself completely abandoned.

Zeus was undecided whether he should save Sarpedon or not, and later he could not decide whether Hector should die:[17] but he had no doubts about Patroclus. The death of Sarpedon was arbitrary: he could have survived Patroclus. The death of Hector was in itself unnecessary: it could have been otherwise. Both are heroes without a fixed destiny; not everything they do leads to one end; they can repeat themselves. But Patroclus could not be reprieved: not because his death arose from an inner necessity (and in this he resembles Sarpedon and Hector), but because his death was the trigger to Achilles' death. It foreshadowed another's death, a death that could not be avoided. It set off another's tragedy. That no god protests the fate of Patroclus indicates that none will protest Achilles'.

Chapter VI

Achilles and Patroclus

If Menelaus had always seemed to cut a poor figure, whether he worsted Paris or volunteered to fight Hector, he more than makes up for it after the death of Patroclus. His efforts are sustained and his exploits prodigious. He shows as much concern for Patroclus' corpse, says Homer, as a mother would feel for her first-born calf.[1] But what is he to Patroclus, or Patroclus to him, that he should be spurred on to such virtue? He does not act so much out of some regard for Patroclus, as because he feels his own interests are at stake. He sees that the war has re-adopted its original character. As he had gone to war to avenge the rape of Helen, so Achilles will re-enter the war to avenge Patroclus' death. A private quarrel will become once again the main theme of the *Iliad*. Achilles will fight for Helen.[2] When Menelaus' love for Helen had been transmuted into the desire for glory, he had lost his importance, handing over to others the conduct of the war;[3] but as soon as Achilles' love for Patroclus will shape the rest of the *Iliad*, Menelaus reassumes, as a sign of Achilles' return, his abandoned role. Almost spent is the ambition with which Hector had inspired the heroes, while the desire for vengeance, which had initiated the war, returns once again as its cause. The combat of Achilles against Hector and that of Menelaus against Paris have more in common with each other than with the contest between Ajax and Hector. They are in earnest, while Hector and Ajax competed for glory. They are provoked by hatred, while Hector could exchange gifts with Ajax. They are the rightful champions of their own cause, while Ajax was picked by lot and Hector could have been Aeneas. And yet the central part of the *Iliad*, which dealt with the love of fame, does affect the struggle between Achilles and Hector. Achilles is not merely Menelaus nor is Hector merely Paris, but Achilles unites Menelaus with Ajax (the personal vengeance of one with the impersonal ambition of the other), while Hector retains the role he played against Ajax, even though he takes on some features of Paris. Ajax and Menelaus join in protecting the corpse of Patroclus, and thus indicate how the first two parts of the *Iliad* come together in the end. We must now see how Achilles puts off his wrath and re-enters the war.

When Achilles had prayed to Zeus, that Patroclus push back the Trojans to the city as well as that he return safely to the ships, Zeus granted the first request and denied the second;[4] and this new plan of Zeus', which Thetis failed to report,[5] marks the first rupture between Achilles and Zeus. As long as Thetis had told him what Zeus intended, Achilles could not fail to believe in his own power; nor, as long as the Trojans continued to triumph could he doubt the infallible result of his prayers. He is indeed pious Achilles. Never had he made a move without the assistance of a god, whether Athena had checked his impulse to kill Agamemnon, or Thetis had answered his appeal for revenge: so he persuaded himself that they would never desert him, and he could afford to dispense with his mother's intervention. He treated the gods as if they were under his thumb, and were as obedient to his whims as he had hoped Agamemnon would be. Achilles, who thought himself the master becomes the slave of the gods. He cannot live without them. He must live miraculously.

Patroclus is absent longer than Achilles expected, and he begins to recall what Thetis had once told him, that the best of the Myrmidons would die, while he was still living.[6] Although he had known about this prophecy, he had forgotten it in his haste to obtain satisfaction, and free himself honourably from his own intransigence; and since his convenience advised him to ignore it, he so much the more easily could plead his forgetfulness. And yet Achilles' memory is a strange mixture: he could keep fresh the injury dealt him by Agamemnon, but he could not remember the fate of Patroclus. Even he is uneasy, uncertain if he dispatched Patroclus in good faith; for in repeating now his admonition to Patroclus, he proves his innocence by slightly changing his warning: "I charged him to return to the ships," Achilles says to himself "when once he had averted the baneful fire, (and charged him as well) not to fight against Hector."[7] But he had not told Patroclus to avoid Hector. He did forbid him to attack Troy, lest Apollo might rout him, but he now omits the baser motive which had dictated his concern—his fear that Patroclus might achieve more glory and honour than himself[8]—and substitutes for that the pretense that he had warned him about Hector. Indeed in his prayer to Zeus, he actually referred to Hector as Patroclus' opponent: "In order that even Hector will see if our comrade knows how to battle alone."[9] These are not the words of someone who can truthfully say he warned Patroclus; but they are the words of an Achilles who deliberately forgot the doom of Patroclus, so that his own pride could be appeased. Perhaps "deliberately" is too strong an indictment, but his guilt is there. He is not innocent of Patroclus' death, nor is he in turn com

pletely responsible. He stands, like all tragic heroes, an ambiguous trial tortured by the doubt of his innocence, as he protests the consciousness of his guilt. He shares his guilt with Hector, who is, as it were, his agent; but he also shares Hector's innocence, who merely carried out the will of Zeus. His fury against Hector far exceeds the fury of an innocent man. He exacts from Hector the penalty he feels that he himself should pay. He attempts to drown in the slaughter of Trojans the growing sense of his own guilt. He expresses both is innocence and his guilt, his grief at the loss of a friend and his pain at being his murderer, when he tells his mother, *ton apōlesa,*[10] which can mean "I lost him," as Achilles now intends, or, what he finally comes to believe it means, "I killed him." The murder of Patroclus was not Achilles' aim, but the casual consequence of his wrath. He had delegated his shadow of himself, dressed in his own armour, to vindicate his honour. He had not so much been desirous for Patroclus' death as he had been anxious for himself. He was careless of Patroclus because he was certain of his success; but his certainty was more a necessary hope to further himself than a proved conviction that it would not harm Patroclus.

As soon as Achilles learns of Patroclus' death, "a black cloud of grief engulfed him," and he throws himself upon the ground, *megas megalōsti tanystheis keito* ("mightily in his might, he lay stretched out"), as if he were dead. His captured slaves surround him and utter cries of lament, and Antilochus fears he will commit suicide, "severing his throat with iron."[11] Achilles' muttered wailings are heard by his mother who, when all her sisters are gathered round her, laments the imminent death of her son,[12]

> *ō moi egō deilē, ō moi dysaristotokeia*
> ("Ah me, wretched that I am; ah me unhappy bearer of the best of men.")

Accompanied by the tearful Nereids, she leaves his father's cave, and standing near Achilles takes his head in her hands. It has often been noticed that all of this scene resembles a funeral, and that it signifies the death of Achilles.[13] The phrase *keito megas megalōsti* ("he lay mightily in his might") was used of Cebriones' death,[14] and far from being a blemish was purposely planted there to explain its occurrence here. Achilles is dead. *Keiso megas megalōsti* ("You lay mightily in your might"), Agamemnon tells him in Hades, "and your mother came out of the sea, whom the immortal Nereids followed."[15] Thetis holds Achilles' head just as he will hold the head of the dead Patroclus, and Andromache, Hecuba and Priam that of Hector.[16] With the death of Patroclus, Achilles himself dies. "I honoured him above my companions," he tells Thetis, "equal to my own head."[17] Patroclus is Achilles' head, and his death has cost Achilles his own.[18] He is now no more than a corpse. He stays alive by the nectar and ambrosia Athena gives him: the very medicine Thetis gives the dead Patroclus and Aphrodite the dead Hector, so that their bodies might not decay.[19] Achilles' and Hector's ambition, to be immortal and ageless, is finally granted them; they obtain the elixir of immortality,[20] one when he is dead, the other when he wishes that he were. Achilles belongs to the world of the dead, and his every action will seem as mechanical as a somnambulist's, and as ineffectual as a dream.

Achilles is a work of art. He has more affinities with the golden hounds of Hephaestus than with the natural elements in his own lineage. His denial of nature is his constant attempt to break out of mortality. Hence it is only fitting that the eighteenth book should open with a catalogue of the Nereids and end with the making of his shield.[21] The Nereids represent all that he refuses to acknowledge, the superiority of nature over art; and the shield proclaims all that he wants to be his, an ordered and fabricated world. The shield is surrounded by Oceanus,[22] placed at the limits of man's nature, and beyond which it is impossible to go. Ocean is the only one of the gods that does not obey Zeus' summons, when he calls all of them to assemble.[23] He is the only one beyond Zeus' power. Hera had pretended she could reconcile Ocean with Tethys, but she never does; Hypnos had pretended he could lull him to sleep, but he never does; and Achilles pretends that Zeus is stronger than the Achelous, but he only briefly succeeds.[24] Hephaestus conquers the Xanthus, so that the Olympian gods, who make the heroic world providential, may dominate the *Iliad.* The gods appear on the shield in the city of war, but they are absent in the city of peace:[25] so it is not by chance that the gods are less active in the *Odyssey,* nor that Odysseus travels to the end of Ocean, where Hades is, the absolute end of man.[26] Heroes live in a poetic world, a world where accident has almost vanished, and everything takes place according to fate. Providence is chance unblinded. The gods are *technai* ("arts"), who correct the faults of nature: but they are a small part of the whole. They beautify the whole, and as war is uglier than peace, they play a greater role in the *Iliad* than in the Odyssey. Achilles needs them; without them he is a Cyclops; with them he just manages to be noble. Achilles dies in Book Eighteen. He dies when the providential world on which he depended breaks down; but he is resurrected by art and goaded on by the gods for the rest of the *Iliad.* He cannot help the Achaeans until he is rearmed: the despoiling of Patroclus has stripped himself. He is refitted by Hephaestus, so that he may take his revenge: but it is merely a concession of the gods, merely a fiction of Homer's, merely a sop to Achilles. He becomes a puppet, who performs his ghostly motions by a kind of inertia. The display of his virtue comes too late: he cannot redeem, no matter how great his slaughter, the virtue he lost in sending Patroclus to his death. Achilles is Achilles because he is a warrior, but before he was willing, and now he is compelled. He has lost his will. "Truly it is not base," Thetis tells him, "to ward off destruction from

your wearied companions'':[27] but it is not noble either. Achilles becomes a contrivance, a thing, a work of art. He has lost that greatness of soul which, ironically, he more displayed in his anger against Agamemnon than now in his revenge on Hector. He becomes more hateful to himself than Hades ever was.[28] He becomes his worst

Before Achilles arms himself for battle, he is reconciled with Agamemnon: but one must not take Agamemnon's self-humiliation as the vindication of Achilles. Agamemnon can afford to be abject because Achilles cannot now dispute his authority: he is too busy defending himself from his own guilt to make any demands on another. Achilles had compared himself to Heracles, ''whom fate and the cruel anger of Hera conquered, and so even I, if there is made a like fate for me, shall die.''[29] Achilles begins here his self-deception. He must omit in his own case the anger of Hera that was partly the cause of Heracles' death; for it was not the wrath of a god but his own wrath that sealed his fate. He tries to return to where he was before his wrath, when he was *ōkymorōtatos allōn* (''doomed to an early death beyond all others''),[30] and he had had no doubt that he would die at Troy. His wrath then became his fate, taking over his external destiny and making it his own. He brought himself to do through his own action what fate had planned in advance. He becomes free of fate only to become enslaved to his own character. Vainly he tries to restore a fateful world, where he would no longer be responsible. What Agamemnon does so brazenly in the defense of himself (excusing his own folly on the grounds of Zeus'),[31] Achilles also does; but he is more subtle than Agamemnon as his sense of guilt is much stronger. He wishes that Briseis had perished when he sacked Lyrnessus,[32] as if Briseis were to blame and not himself, or as if he could not have found another pretext for his wrath. He wishes that strife and anger had perished among gods and men,[33] so that he would not have been able to err. He shows himself indifferent to the gifts of Agamemnon,[34] as if he had never cared for honour and was always careless of rewards. He longs to go to war without eating, as if he had never feasted when the Achaeans were dying.[35] ''The Achaeans cannot mourn a corpse with their bellies,'' Odysseus tells Achilles, ''for too many die day after day, one after the other: when could one cease from toilsome fasting? But we must bury him who dies and weep for a day, having a pitiless heart.''[36] Achilles must have a pitiless heart *(nēlea thymon)*, and Achilles once did have a pitiless heart: when he had neither fought nor wept for the dead.[37] His pitiless heart had kept him from the war, and his softened heart has made him return. When he should have showed his mildness, he preferred to be hard; when he should now show his hardness, he must be mild. His responsibility to Patroclus is too oppressively his own burden for Patroclus to be numbered among the other dead. Achilles tries to redeem his innocence by fasting, as if physical privation would show his inner loss, but by fasting he only stands condemned.

Chapter VII

The Exploits of Achilles

Achilles begins his exploits in the twentieth book, and Homer addresses him by his father's name, ''son of Peleus,'' for with his return to the war he becomes like his father. He takes over again the office which Agamemnon had filled in his absence: the Achaeans now arm around him as they once were ordered to arm by Agamemnon.[1] Achilles now enters the war with eagerness: *akorētos*, ''insatiate,'' Homer calls him. The Trojans take fright as soon as they see him, ''swift-footed Peleion ablaze in his armour, equal to mortal-destroying Ares.''[2] His virtue, his patronymic and appearance are enough to warrant a simile, that also the presence of the gods justifies.[3] He is known to the Trojans as the son of Peleus (by his father's name) and as swift-footed (by his special virtue). Apollo urges Aeneias to confront him, calling him simply 'Peleides Achilles';[4] but Aeneias will not venture forth, as he knows exactly what Peleides Achilles implies: he does not wish to fight against ''over-spirited Peleion,'' nor stand his ground, as he once did, before ''swift-footed Achilles.''[5] Even as Achilles to him means violent anger, so ''swift-footed'' means the son of Peleus.[6] His swiftness is an inherited virtue, his anger his own: Aeneias can resist neither.

Aeneias Anchisiades meets divine Achilles.[7] Anchises, who mated with Aphrodite, begot Aeneias; Achilles is divine, an epithet that suggests his genealogy; for at once it is ''Peleides'' who stands before plain Aeneias; but the son of Peleus, after a simile, becomes Achilles once more, who threatens Aeneias with his power: he speaks to him as divine and as swift-footed, in his lineage and virtue. Aeneias is unimpressed, ''great-hearted'' as he is,[10] and before launching a recital of his own lineage, calls him Peleides, which he immediately retracts, saying, ''*they say* you are the son of Peleus and Thetis, but *I boast* to be the son of Anchises and my mother *is* Aphrodite.''[11] The doubt that he raises about Achilles' parentage contrasts with the certainty he has of his own; and yet he puts forward a tedious lineage as a shield against Achilles' superiority, hoping to find in his past a counterweight to Achilles' present greatness.[12]

Aeneias hurls his javelin, Achilles holds up his shield in fear: he fears as ''Peleides'' the spear of ''great-hearted Aeneias,'' but as soon as he recovers his own spirit and hurls back a spear, he becomes once again Achilles.[13] And as Achilles he rushes at Aeneias shouting dreadfully, but as ''Peleides'' he would have killed him, had not Poseidon pitied Aeneias and come to where he and ''famous Achilles'' were standing.[14] He sends down a mist over the eyes of Peleides Achilles, for as the son of his father he would have killed Aeneias, but when Poseidon scatters the mist, he turns into plain Achilles;[15] who speaks to his ''great-hearted spirit'' and decides to rally the ''Danaans lovers of war.''[16] Achilles was the first to

use *philoptolemoi* ("lovers of war") in speaking of the Myrmidons and Trojans, and only after that do Hector, Lycaon, and Homer employ it: Lycaon when he beseeches Achilles, Homer when he either thinks of Achilles or Achilles is about to speak.[17] It is, like *megathymoi Achaioi*[18] ("high-spirited Achaeans"), an epithet that depends solely on Achilles' presence, or that applies to no one unless they are somehow transformed by Achilles, and become reflections of him.

Hector encourages the "over-spirited Trojans to face "Peleïon."[19] Only if he recalls them to their highest excellence, and degrades Achilles to his lowest, patronymic identity, will his rhetoric carry conviction. As the son of his father Achilles can be approached, for "Achilles" he says will not fulfill his boasts, but fail in half of what he promises.[20] Not Peleides Achilles, as it were, with all his excellence, but half of Achilles, the weaker, ancestral half, Hector promises to fight. Apollo, however, disagrees, and reminding Hector of plain Achilles, who is what he thinks he is, forbids him to meet Achilles.[21] Achilles then, shouting dreadfully, engages Ephition, whom he kills and boasts over as "divine."[22] Next he goes after "godlike Polydorus" who "surpassed all the youth in swiftness": Achilles therefore kills him in the capacity of "swift-footed divine Achilles."[23]

Achilles becomes more and more furious: he kills ten heroes one after the other (in thirty-five lines), and yet his name is never mentioned.[24] Here Homer passes judgment on him:[25]

> *ou gar ti glycythymos anēr ēn oud' aganophrōn*
> ("for not at all sweet-tempered nor gentle of mood was the man")

He is not "sweet-tempered" but "high-spirited," he is not mild but pitiless. He loses his name in his fury: he is like fire: he is equal to a god.[26] He goes through blood as "high-spirited Achilles," and desires to obtain honour in his father's name.[27]

Achilles continues to destroy the Trojans. He drives them into the river Scamander, and jumps in after them "equal to a god:" he is "the Zeus-born" (*ho diogenēs*), inhuman and nameless.[28] His name returns: "divine Achilles came on Lycaon as an unforeseen evil."[29] He observes Lycaon as swift-footed and divine, expecting him to flee; but Lycaon stands still, so Achilles, not having to pursue him, drops "swift-footed" and raises his spear to kill him as "divine;"[30] and then Lycaon beseeches him, and Achilles replies "unsweetly" and kills him as plain Achilles.[31]

The river-god Xanthus wishes to stop "divine Achilles,[32] but the son of Peleus jumps on Asteropaeus, despising his lineage and boasting his own.[33] Asteropaeus is as frightened as Aeneias was: he calls him "high-spirited Peleides.[34] He avoids the spear of Achilles and tries to remove it from the river-bank in which it is lodged: thrice he tries and fails to budge it—the spear of Achilles—but on the fourth try, his last, it is the spear of Aeacides, the spear no one but Achilles could wield.[35]

As "Peleides" he slays seven heroes, but as "swift Achilles," by pursuing them, he would have slain more, had not the Xanthus begged him to fight elsewhere.[36] He contemptuously ignores the river, though he pretends he will obey it, and rushes against the Trojans "equal to a god;"[37] but as soon as the Xanthus has reproached Apollo for his neglect of the Trojans, Achilles as "spear-renowned" pursues them.[38] The river, "a great god," swallows up Achilles in its stream, and "Peleides" retreats, and as "swift-footed, divine" he flees.[39] In blaming his mother for his present setback, he looks to heaven as the son of Peleus, and as such Poseidon encourages him.[40]

When Priam looks out over the plain of Troy, he sees "monstrous Peleides."[41] He is afraid lest Achilles jump over the wall, and he calls him that "pernicious, baleful man" (*oulos anēr*).[42] *Oulos* is used of Ares, of fate, and of fire, but nowhere directly of anyone mortal except Achilles.[43] Hector, it is true, is *compared* to a baleful star, or a deadly fire, or a murderous lion (*oulios astēr, oloon pyr leōn oloophrōn*),[44] but again, Achilles really is what Hector only seems to be. He is the end of Hector's ambition. Achilles conditions the use of *oulos*, for in almost half of its instances it is either said by him, or of him, or to him. The formula *epi gēraos oudōi* ("on the threshold of old age"), for example occurs in Homer five times, but only once, when Priam addresses Achilles, does it become *oloōi epi gēraos oudōi*, "the baleful threshold of old age."[45] Priam calls Achilles *oulos anēr*, that anonymous man, and often in the last books he is merely "that man": *dēios* ("hostile"), *atasthalos* ("ruthless"), *ōmēstēs* ("savage").[46]

After Homer reveals that the Achaeans would have captured Troy, had not Apollo encouraged Agenor to resist Achilles, Agenor sees him as "Achilles the sacker of cities."[47] Achilles is "sacker of cities" not so much by the cities he has taken,[48] but rather by the Troy he hopes to take. His success has been anticipated in a simile: "As when smoke rises into the broad heavens from a burning city, and the wrath of the gods set it afire, and made toil for all and imposed cares upon many, so Achilles made toil and cares for the Trojans."[49] Achilles is the smoke, which foretells the end of Troy, even as he is like the wrath of the gods (who now look down on the scene) that sets the torch to Troy.[50] If we look back over the similes of Achilles, this one belongs to them as the last in a series. He was, at the beginning of his exploits, first like Ares and then like a lion, his divine and natural aspects alternately displayed; and again he became like a god, but instead of returning to an animal identity, he foreshadowed Hephaestus' help and seemed equal to fire; after which he once more was a god and fire (they now coalesced); and again he became like a god but then returned to the animal world in the shape of a dolphin, for he plunges into the Scamander to pursue the Trojans; afterwards he was a god and an eagle as he fled the river and again the Scamander itself compared him to the gods, while as soon as the river subsided, he reunited fire with divinity, resembling both the smoke of a city and the

wrath of the gods.[51] As Achilles conquers Troy in a simile, so the gods dispute later "about Hector the corpse and Achilles the sacker of cities,"[52] for Hector alone made the city stand, and after his death the Trojans weep as if "all Ilium were already smouldering."[53] Although Achilles, by killing Hector, becomes *ptoliporthos* ("waster of cities"), it is nothing but poetic license that grants it, which leaves him as ineffective in action as he was before in his absence.

We have traced the action and the epithets of Achilles up to his encounter with Hector, trying to show how in these last books the epithets become more striking, exact, and horrible, while his conventional epithets tend to diminish; how the anonymity of Achilles is stressed more and more, until his patronymic almost disappears in the end;[54] how, in short, he has prepared himself for his battle with Hector.

Chapter VIII

Achilles and Hector

Hector is a civil Achilles. Respect for those weaker than himself dominates everything he does. His mother and father cannot persuade him to avoid Achilles, ashamed, as he is, lest someone baser than himself might say, "Hector, trusting to his strength, destroyed his people."[1] He is like Menelaus who, when he saw Hector advancing towards him, wished to flee but feared the reproach of the Achaeans, if he should abandon Patroclus who died for his honour.[2] If Menelaus had resisted singly the Trojans, he would have done so out of shame, but, unlike Hector, he reasoned it away, thinking that no one could blame him, were he unwilling to fight against a god-favoured man. Hector is held by shame. He fears more keenly the scorn of Troy's citizens than Menelaus the scorn of the camp. His fear of others, not any inner restraint, makes Hector stand up to Achilles.[3] He had given to Andromache, when she foreboded his death, two reasons why he must continue to fight: his shame and his spirit.[4] Even as now he felt shame then, but his high spirit, which had been trained to be brave, no longer is present. He is forced on by a necessity as great as Achilles' that has nothing to do with virtue. He hoped to kill Ajax and thus acquire immortal fame: now he is content to die famously before Troy.[5] He is concerned more with his own renown than with the fate of his people: his sense of shame has placed him above shame, and made him disregard any interest but his own. Although he cares more for Andromache than for the rest of Troy, he prefers to act rashly than to save even her:[6] for to maintain his own self-esteem exceeds all other cares. In this respect he resembles Achilles, who had cherished his anger, though it meant death to the Achaeans, and now belatedly defends them for the sake of Patroclus.

Hector to Andromache was everything: father and mother, brother and husband.[7] Achilles was everythin to Patroclus: he compared himself to a mother an Patroclus to his daughter; he will be compared to a fathe who burns the bones of his son; and Apollo will be ir dignant that he shows more care for Patroclus than me do for a brother.[8] And yet in spite of their responsibil ties, both Hector and Achilles shirk them. Hector has be come an alien because of his shame, Achilles was isolate from the Achaeans out of shamelessness.[9] Both are drive to a combat each had sought to avoid. Achilles' vain e fort to re-establish his honour corresponds to Hector' attempt to correct his mistake: as if Achilles could balanc the death of Hector against the loss of Patroclus, and Hec tor, in clinging to his civil shame, could maintain hi renown. At the cost of Troy's fall he preserves his shame He abandons Troy. And Achilles, in reacquiring his mai tial spirit, loses his virtue. Each has made his own exce lence contradict itself. In his desire to be the perfect herc each has ceased to be a hero at all.

Hector wonders if he could escape Achilles' fury, wer he to offer him the return of Helen and all the wealth Pari had taken with her; but he cuts himself short in so idl a hope by saying, "There is no time now to chatter wit him from oak and from rock, like a youth and a maic as a youth and a maid chat with one another."[10] To whil away the time (so neatly expressed in the epanalepsis a youth and a maid may beguile each other with thei talk of fabulous origins and "old stories":[11] but Hectc must resolve his dispute with Achilles as quickly as pos sible, and were he to offer Helen back, who was the *arch* and origin of the war,[13] he would be guilty of a gros anachronism. Patroclus' death is the cause of Achilles reappearance, while Helen's bigamy has become a mythical as a lineage from oak and from rock. The desir for immortal fame had already discarded Helen, an though that desire is by now less vehement, she does nc reassume her former role. She has been replaced b Patroclus. An obsolete Helen cannot appease a revenge ful Achilles, not even if he himself pretends that he fight in a foreign land for her sake.[14] She had been unsuccess ful in settling the war, when the certainty of Troy's cap ture inspired the Achaeans;[15] and she is no mor successful now, as Achilles seeks his revenge for him wh can never be restored.

Achilles pursues Hector round the walls of Troy, an though he is swift-footed, he cannot overtake him: "A in a dream one cannot pursue him who flees, and neithe is one able to elude nor the other to pursue, so Achille was unable to catch Hector nor Hector to escape."[16] The belong to a dream's endless pursuit, where the pursue cannot catch the pursued, nor the pursued escape th pursuer. Achilles' swiftness, which his epithet *podōkē* ("swift-footed") had promised, is in the act belied. H does not measure up to his notices. His most outstanc ing virtue, by which he excelled Ajax (his closest rival i perfection), is put to the test and found wanting. An Hector, who thought that his encounter with Achille would be more decisive than the dalliance of a youth an

a maid, prolongs it as long as he can. Just as they make a circuit of the wall three times, so in their shared dream they thrice cannot elude one another. But the dream is more real than their combat, for Hector's death is supernatural. Were it not that Apollo deserts him and Athena deceives him, Hector would have continued to outdistance Achilles. His death is contrived. It satisfies Achilles' revenge, it bolsters his prestige, it puts together out of the scraps of his virtue a final victory. He does not prove himself superior to Hector, but only proves that the gods surpass both. What was to demonstrate his excellence merely shows up his weakness. Patroclus' death was necessary for Achilles to realize his guilt; Hector's death is necessary to make a fitting end. Homer ennobles Achilles as much as he can, and after his real death in the eighteenth book, allows this armoured shell to become human again.

When Hector asks Achilles to respect his corpse, even as he would give back Achilles' were he to die, Achilles savagely replies: "As there can be no trusted oaths between lions and men, nor are wolves and sheep of one heart in their spirit, but ever think evil of one another, so you and I cannot be friends."[17] Heroes had often been compared to either lions and wolves, or men and sheep: but it had always been a momentary likeness and not a permanent condition. The similes had been the comments of Homer, and not what the heroes thought of themselves. The accidental difference between man and man had been expressed by the natural antagonisms among animals: but it had never been elevated to a rule. Achilles is quite willing to let Hector be a man, and assume for himself the role of a lion.[18] He does not intend it as a chance identity, but as nicely expressive of his lasting hatred. He wishes that his fury and strength would allow him to devour Hector,[19] as if a simile to him were but an optative, and to be a beast his ultimate ambition.

Hector at his death wears the arms of Achilles,[20] which Patroclus had worn to deceive the Trojans, so that they would mistake himself for Achilles;[21] and they were tricked enough to grant the Achaeans a short respite, while they themselves were forced back to the city.[22] Hector, then, in wearing these arms, partly resembles Achilles.[23] He resembles him as much as Patroclus ever did. He faces Achilles in the guise of Patroclus, who, as the image of Achilles, had gone to war, and now returns to confront him as Hector. Hector is what Patroclus had seemed to be before his death: a mere extension of Achilles. As Patroclus' death made him an individual and not just a lesser Achilles, so the death of Hector stresses the difference between arms and the man. He must be killed where Achilles' armour does not cover him: where the quickest death for a man happens to be:[24] where Achilles can see most clearly his own flaw. Hector is almost *panchalkeos* ("all made of bronze"),[25] almost a thing, almost Achilles. He shares with Achilles the murder of Patroclus, and with Patroclus a likeness to Achilles. Thus Patroclus is the means to the final identity of Achilles and Hector.

Chapter IX

The Funeral Games

After the death of Hector, Achilles triumphantly ends his speech with a paean, which includes all the Achaeans in his own success: "We have slain divine Hector, whom the Trojans prayed to as a god."[1] Although he slew Hector by himself (if we omit Athena's assistance), [2] and had forbidden anyone else to attack Hector, lest he might come second in the kill,[3] he feels for an instant no longer isolated, and is quite willing to share his greatness with the other Achaeans. If he can only be numbered among them, they may take part credit in his victory. His slaughter of Trojans has restored his generosity and given him once more a good opinion of himself. He so far forgets his grief in the display of his prowess, that he wants to press his advantage,[4] as if he had resumed the war to gratify the Achaeans, and not to avenge Patroclus' death. The war almost regains it lost purpose—the destruction of Troy—and Patroclus almost becomes as superfluous as Helen—nothing but an irritant to immortal fame—until Achilles checks himself and remembers his guilt, "unwept, unburied Patroclus."[5] He cannot shake off Patroclus as the Achaeans ignored Helen, nor can Patroclus be converted as Helen was into some higher end. He must always remain a private sorrow. Achilles must cling to Patroclus as to himself; he can no more abandon him than himself; he must always remember the crime he has done. Torn between his reacquired virtue and his festering guilt, he cannot quite hold on to his new status, nor slough off completely his former isolation. As he has been galvanized into action by the death of Patroclus, he must keep himself alive by continuous performance. To make amends to Patroclus, he abuses Hector,[6] for it is the only action he can do that does not betray Patroclus (by starting a spiral of ever-greater aggrandizement); but the longer he prolongs this mechanical savagery, the more withdrawn he becomes, and, instead of allaying his guilt, he only increases his remorse.

Weariness at last overcomes Achilles, and he falls asleep on the shore, only to be awakened by the ghost of Patroclus, who complains that he now neglects and has forgotten him.[7] Achilles then, promising Patroclus to bury his bones with his own, stretches out his hand to embrace him; but Patroclus like smoke eludes his grasp, and Achilles, astonished as by a revelation, cries out:[8]

> *ō popoi ē ra ti esti kai ein Aidao domoisi*
> *psychē kai eidōlon, atar phrenes ouk eni tampan*
> Alas! Even in the house of Hades the soul and image are something, but there are not at all *phrenes.*

The *psychē* is something after death, but there are no *phrenes* at all.[9] Death is the loss of *phrenes*: the powerlessness to fulfill what one desires. Patroclus cannot clasp Achilles' hand, for though his ghost looks exactly like his

living self (in height and in features, in voice and in clothes),[10] he can only gibber and vanish like smoke. Yet his failure is no different from Achilles', who cannot abuse Hector's corpse. He threatens to give Hector to the dogs, but Aphrodite protects him, anointed with ambrosial oil, and Apollo covers him with a cloud, lest the sun dry him.[11] No matter how much Achilles tries to humiliate Hector, he only succeeds in humiliating himself. He is as ineffectual as the dead Patroclus, and as paralyzed now in his action as he was before when he refused to fight. He had thought that it was his *psychē* that he risked whenever he went into battle—*aiei emēn psychēn parabal-lomenos polemizein* ("always risking my *psychē* in fighting"),[12] but now he knows his *psychē* would have survived his death, while his *phrenes* have disappeared in his ineffectiveness.[13]

Achilles tries to burn Patroclus, but the pyre will not light; and though he prays to Boreas and Zephyrus and promises them sacrifices, they do not hear him. Iris must go in person to the winds, begging them to heed Achilles' summons, and only then do they came and fan to a blaze the pyre.[14] What should happen as a matter of course must now happen by the gods. Achilles cannot even start a fire without divine intervention. He has become so isolated from the ordinary world that only the gods can keep him going. The Trojans have no trouble in burning Hector; but Patroclus's death, having broken Achilles' last tie with man, brings about his break with the world. He is a breach in the world. He belongs now completely to another region, where every action must be managed by the gods. If the winds had answered his appeal by themselves, if Iris did not have to plead for him, the scene would have shown Achilles' hold over them. But they do not respond; they are indifferent, as Iris is not, to his grief. The isolation of Achilles is in this chain of command: he cannot start a fire directly, nor can he enlist the winds in his cause: Iris must intervene. Even as the gods gave him ambrosia and nectar, so that he could demonstrate his virtue, so now the winds must sustain his simplest desire. They are like the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*: they serve to recall the humdrum world, from which we, in our sympathy with Achilles, have been slowly removed. The winds seem rather comical, as they sit at their feast: but it is we, who have fasted with Achilles and seen the world through his eyes, that have become tragic. We have come to expect failure: that the corpse of Hector should not decompose, and that fire should not burn. Cause and effect, will and act, have been split apart, and only the gods hold them together.

When the pyre has been quenched and the bones of Patroclus collected, Achilles sets up a series of games in honour of Patroclus; but Achilles himself does not participate. He stands apart and distributes prizes. He says his horses are the best, but he cannot prove it.[15] He says he would take the first prize, if he competed; but he cannot put his boast to the test. He is the swiftest of heroes, but he could not overtake Hector, nor can he now excel Odysseus and Oilean Ajax. His virtues are as idle now as they were at the beginning. They hold a promise tha is never fulfilled. He obtains the epithet "swift-footed" more often in this book, when he can do nothing wit it, than anywhere else.[16] Only here is he called "hero,"[and his patronymic, which had tended to disappear du ing his exploits, again becomes frequent, for he regain somewhat his former honour. He sees reviewed befor him all of the virtues he himself once had, just as he sa in the catalogue of ships all the glory he squandere Homer had listed him in the catalogue, even though h played there no role; and he assigns him here the tas of offering prizes to others, since he cannot win a priz for himself. He is no more a part of the games than h was a member of Agamemnon's host. He is as isolate at the end as he was at the start; there by the paralys of anger, here by the paralysis of guilt. Though his au thority has never been greater, all his power is gone. H has reversed roles with Agamemnon, whose power h now acknowledges and whose authority is now his own He gives Agamemnon the first prize, without proof, i the casting of the spear. "We know how much you exc us all and are the best in power and in spear."[18] Achill had insisted before that he was the best, and th Agamemnon had only usurped that title;[19] but now h piously grants Agamemnon more than we ourselv would admit. As Agamemnon is best in the catalogue, so is he best in the games; and as it was the fiat of Hom and of Zeus that made him there outstanding, so it is th fiat of Achilles here that lends him prestige. Not only do Achilles abandon all his pretensions to rule, but he lean over backwards to enhance Agamemnon. He heaps upo him all of his own ambitions and makes him as powerf and as absolute as he himself once was. And yet, in n letting Agamemnon prove himself, he hints at his re weakness and his own generosity.

Among the games Achilles set up was discus-throwin and the discus itself was the prize, a mass of iron whi he had taken from the sacred city of Eetion.[21] There wou be nothing remarkable in this, if we did not rememb the other objects that came from there: the blamele horse Pedasus, the lyre with which Achilles pleased h heart, Hector's wife Andromache, and the concubine Agamemnon, Cryseis.[22] The return of Cryseis provok Agamemnon and led to his taking Briseis, who came fro Lyrnessus near Thebe (the city of Eetion);[23] Andromach the wife of his enemy, stood for Patroclus in the sto of Phoenix; the lyre showed up Achilles' inaction and th wasting of his virtue;[24] the death of Pedasus, as that Patroclus, was the death of the mortal Achilles;[25] and th mass of iron, which he may not toss, stresses aga Achilles' idleness. Thus the city of Eetion is Achilles' ci of failure. On that expedition which showed Achilles his best, he captured the implements that now reveal h defects. He must even in war, while he proves hims virtuous, collect the symbols of his future doom. He never apart from his destiny: the seeds of his wrath, h isolation, and his guilt were contained in the eviden of his prowess. His casual acquisitions, which were t

spoils of war, instigate his wrath (Chryseis and Briseis), recall his unpractised virtue (the lyre and the discus), and destroy his humanity (Pedasus and Andromache). What should have confirmed his excellence signify instead his tragedy.

Chapter X

Achilles and Priam

Achilles cannot sleep after the funeral games, where he has seen every kind of excellence that was once his own boast, and he remembers Patroclus, "for whose manhood and strength he longs."[1] The loss he sustained in the death of Patroclus is made more poignant by the "manhood and strength" that the other Achaeans have just displayed; who mock Achilles' present ineffectiveness, since he has only the memory of his past actions to measure against them. Unlike Odysseus who gladly forgets his toil as he sails homeward, Achilles must now regret that all his bravery is over.[2] His self-inflicted grief does not allow him respite: he must always go over again the irrevocable past. As the recalling of what he was is its empty iteration, so his dragging of Hector's corpse is vainly repeated, for he can no more restore Patroclus by his memory, than he can disgrace Hector by dragging.[3] Apollo protects Hector even as Aphrodite had before, and since they keep him beautiful, they deprive Achilles of everything but the semblance of action.

All the gods who favour the Trojans pity Hector, and urge Hermes to steal his corpse; but Hera, Athena, and Poseidon object because of their old hatred of Troy.[4] No longer are Achilles and Hector central, but the war has become once again a mere feud among the gods. The wrath of Achilles was an interlude in the Trojan war: it suspended its first cause—Paris and Helen—and allowed the heroes a greater scope to their ambitions; but now that Achilles has almost worked out his tragedy, the war returns to its origins. He has become as superfluous as Helen once was. Yet Homer makes this heavenly dispute his own final indictment of Achilles. Were Hermes to steal Hector's corpse, Achilles would never become human. He would be left to rot in his savage isolation, without ever understanding his dependence on the gods and other men. He would have been like Sophocles' Ajax, had not Athena intervened and saved him from himself; for it is she who in diverting his fury away from the Atreidae, makes him realize the enormity of his crime. If Ajax had killed them, he would never have killed himself, and thus asserted his claim to greatness. He would have rejoiced in the slaughter, as we see him doing, and he would have been killed by the Achaeans, without reacquiring the honour he deserves. Suicide is the one reflective action of Ajax which shows us his virtue stripped of rewards. So Achilles, were Hector to disappear like Paris, would never be forced to give him back to Priam, by which show of maganimity he is admitted into the family of men. To feel shame once again, to pity someone weaker than himself, redeems Achilles, so that he can eat, sleep, and even lie down beside Briseis.[5]

Although Ajax obtained a posthumous triumph by his own hand, and Achilles is truly noble as he confronts Priam, yet we must never forget that Athena alone made Ajax' suicide possible, and that Zeus alone brought about Achilles' vindication. That they both follow the prompting of the gods, when they could have resisted, is at once a proof of their greatness and of their insufficiency. The gods make the heroic world inhabitable. Had they not stopped Achilles, he would have continued his senseless dragging of Hector. He would never have escaped from his monstrous impotence. Had Hera prevailed, and her distinction between Hector and Achilles been accepted (that a mortal is less than the offspring of a god),[6] Achilles would never have realized his own humanity. Achilles is as mortal as Hector, and his divine parentage allows him no more irresponsibility toward men than a mortal parentage allows Hector to betray Troy. If Hector's excess of shame, in putting his own renown before Troy's safety, destroyed him, so Achilles is no different by his lack of shame, which also destroys him. Achilles' honour might be more than Hector's,[7] but his fate is the same. If Hector only seemed to be the son of a god,[8] while Achilles is half-divine, yet they both share a common death. If two men equally desire immortality, but one has the edge in the means to obtain it, he still is no different from the other. As long as the gap between the gods and men remains open (and if they are to be distinguished, it must be so), no matter how similar to them a man may seem, the distinction is fatal. Hector's funeral can end the *Iliad*, and the scene be a purely Trojan affair, since the difference between a divine and a mortal lineage, like that between Achaean and Trojan, has at last disappeared. In losing his divine status and in gaining a civil shame, Achilles becomes the image of Hector, whose funeral can represent his own.

Priam decides to reclaim his son, after Iris has urged him in the name of Zeus, and his friends escort him as far as the plain, "with great lamentations, as if he were going to his death."[9] Zeus then sends Hermes to conduct him to Achilles' ships, so that no one might see him, "before he comes to Peleion." If we remember that Hermes is the conductor of the dead,[10] it is not strange that he should be Priam's guide. Achilles died when he heard of Patroclus' death, and was miraculously revived in order to have his revenge;[11] but now that he has finished his work, he belongs once again to Hades.[12] With the coming of night, Hermes leads Priam to Hades, where a ghostly Achilles was as unable to harm Hector as Sisyphus to roll his stone up the hill. His paralysis is the price of his guilt, which he cannot expiate no matter how long he may weep. His every action is timeless, for it has no end. What he says of grief, that there is no effect nor action in it,[13] is equally true of his guilt, which holds him in Hades, where causes have no consequence and desires

lack fulfillment. "For how long do you devour your heart," Thetis asked her son, who, in abandoning his wish to devour Hector, has turned upon himself.[14] He becomes his sole object. He no longer has anything beyond himself, on which he can vent his fury, but must always be reminded, and yet remain always unsated, by the past—the bones of Patroclus and the body of Hector. His grief alternates with his guilt, abusing Hector or devouring himself. He can never escape from his own hell.

In order to stress the unreality that surrounds Achilles, Homer makes as real as possible the scenes at Troy. He reports all the speeches at Troy—what Iris said to Priam, what Priam to Hecuba and Hecuba to him—while he makes Achilles in two lines agree to return Hector's corpse; and though "mother and son in the throng of ships spoke many winged words to one another," we do not know what they said.[15] This silence conveys more effectively than his words could have done the isolation of Achilles. It allows us to imagine the magnitude of his grief and prevents us from underestimating it. Its vagueness makes it more precise. At Troy, however, Homer minutely describes how they harnessed a wagon to bring Hector back; and if, for all its exactness, it has never yet been fully explained,[16] at least it stamps Priam's setting forth as vivid and real, so that the tent of Achilles, which has as many rooms as a palace, may seem the more insubstantial. Its huge doors, which require three men to open and three to close, do not belong to the same world as that of this wagon;[17] for it reflects the loneliness of Achilles' guilt and the vastness of his grief, and has nothing to do with the everyday world, but corresponds to the fantasy he himself has made.

As soon as Priam entered Achilles' tent, "he grasped his knees and kissed his dread man-slaying hands, which had killed many of his sons: as when a great doom seizes a man, so that he kills another in his fatherland, and comes to a foreign land, to the home of a rich man, and wonder holds those who see him, so Achilles was astonished beholding godlike Priam."[18] The simile seems pointless except for the wonder felt at the coming of a murderer: for Priam did not kill anyone, but Achilles, with his "man-slaying hands," did slay Priam's sons. If Achilles had come to Priam, it would have been more natural to compare him thus than to compare the innocent Priam to a murderer, and the guilty Achilles to a wealthy man. Priam seems to represent someone else, and I would suggest he is the dead Patroclus, who once came to Peleus, having killed his playmate in Opoeis.[19] Priam would come then in the guise of Patroclus to Achilles, who would now be Peleus; for just as Peleus "kindly" received Patroclus, so Zeus promised that Achilles would kindly receive Priam.[20] We are transported back to Phthia, to the palace of rich Peleus, so that the courtyard, megaron, hall and antechamber are all, metaphorically, in place. If Achilles is cut off from the present, Priam must appeal to the past. He must conjure up a civil world, where Achilles would feel again the sense of shame: so his first words are, "Remember yo father."[22] If Achilles remembers his father, he will a knowledge the mortal half of himself; he will rememb Peleus' reception of Patroclus and will thus pity Priar "Achilles wept for his father and in turn for Patroclus." By this shift in identities, Achilles becomes civil. H weeps for Peleus, for that is himself; he weeps f Patroclus, for that is Priam. Achilles confronts Patroclu no longer as a ghost but as the father of his enemy, wh asks him for the corpse of him who killed him. B Achilles killed Patroclus as much as Hector did: thus P am as Patroclus asks for Achilles. The corpse of Hect is mortal Achilles, and it is he as well as Hector who buried at Troy.[24] *Quis utrumque recte norit, ambos nove* ("Whoever knows either rightly knows both").

Epilogue

Homer began his *Iliad* by asking the Muse to sing th wrath of Achilles; he asked her to describe not Achill but Achilles' wrath, which began at a certain moment ar brought about a certain end. We hardly see Achilles apa from his wrath, and though he may exist apart, he wou not then be a subject for poetry. Achilles is as uninte ligible without his wrath as he is inconceivable away fro Troy. Achilles is his wrath, and his wrath is his fate. is his greatness. The moment of the *Iliad* is all of Achille This single blaze is he. He has no history. Were we see him sacking the city of Eetion, we might mistake hi for someone else. As a mixture of all the heroes—the pri of Agamemnon and the ancestral virtue of Diomedes, th loyalty of Patroclus and the shame of Menelaus, the pov er of Ajax and the swiftness of his namesake, the beau of Paris and the greatness of Hector—Achilles does n assert his independence until he retires from the war. N until he is alone, does he show himself unique. He on becomes visible when he is about to die. Nothing muc can be said about him, that does not concern his deat The last days of Achilles tell us what he always was, f only in departing from heroic virtue, and in assuming a unheroic posture, does he reveal himself.

When we turn to the *Odyssey*, we find Homer indiffe ent to what stories the Muse might sing: "At any poir goddess, daughter of Zeus, begin to tell even us."[1] If th Muse had begun differently, and described Odysseu other adventures, we would have seen the same ma There is no single adventure that makes Odysse unique. Whether he slays the suitors or blinds Polyph mus, Odysseus cannot be taken for someone else. If h had never gone to Hades, he would still be a subject f poetry. Homer must select from Odysseus' travels tho that would form a poetic unity; but that unity lies ou side himself and is more imposed upon him than dicta ed by him. Teiresias tells him how he will die,[2] but th death does not tell us more what kind of a man he is tha the episodes Homer chose. His fate is not all of himse as it is for Achilles; it would not reveal anything mo

He is *polutropos*, "of many turns."

The Achilles of Homer and Achilles himself coincide. There is no non-Homeric Achilles; but there would be an Odysseus without Homer. Odysseus partly tells his own story, and for a single night among the Phaeacians he usurps Homer's role. He is both different from and the same as Homer: but Achilles, as it were, employs Homer and lets him be his chronicler. He is the doer, Homer the talker, and had Homer sung of another man, Achilles would not have survived at all. Except for one fatal instance, Achilles does not bother about his fame.[3] Odysseus, however, sings his own praise and does not need Homer's muse. He is more independent than Achilles: he stands apart from his poem. He is not completely contrived. It is the nature of the tragic hero to be inseparable from his poet, while the comic hero exists even away from his fictitious self. What would Ajax be without Sophocles? a bad loser. Would Socrates be different in life? Achilles is poetic: he cannot be translated into the common world. He can only breathe in the world that Homer made for him: in the *Odyssey* he is a ghost in Hades.

The tragic hero has character, the comic hero personality. The one is stamped with certain attributes and cast into a single mold; the other wears as many masks as he needs. The comic hero can lie; the tragic hero must tell what he thinks is the truth.[4] He does not shift from one scene to the next, but he always carries with him all of himself. He cannot suppress nor conceal. He can never be a hypocrite. He is sublimely unaware of chance: he would not stoop to craft. Although Achilles is a work of art, he would not use art himself. He could no more tell Polyphemus that his name is "No-one" than restrain himself from killing him. The tragic hero is forever trapped in the Cyclops' cave. To deceive another is to deceive himself; he would never sidestep an approaching doom. He himself weaves the net that ensnares him, for he feels that only necessity can prove his greatness. His imprudence is his foresight. It springs the trap of his fate, and in his fate he lives. He fosters and feeds the extreme situation, so that, with the odds all against him, he can make his killing. The comic hero, however, is a catalyst: there are no "solutions" that can precipitate his compound self: he is personally inert though he may disturb everyone else; but the tragic hero enters into an "irreversible reaction," and "there's an end." After a certain point he cannot retreat but must always advance to his end. There are no rehearsals for the great event. He can never repeat his past. Achilles made his way into his death, Odysseus talked his way out of his. Odysseus finds dangers, Achilles invents them. Poseidon prevented Odysseus' return home, and Odysseus, no matter how much he might have profited from his travels, did not welcome them. Achilles becomes angry at Agamemnon: no prophecy foretold it. He worked out for himself how he was going to die. Odysseus' death is divorced from him. Achilles made his fate his own affair; he set the stage for the end. He is, in sense, the real poet of the *Iliad*, and Homer nothing but his scribe.

The tragic hero is rebellious, the comic hero revolutionary. Whatever laws the one may break seem to himself undeliberated acts; while to the other every violation is a matter of policy. One follows a destiny, the other a program. Achilles and Coriolanus invite disaster; they do not play it. Odysseus and Prospero calculate each move: they leave nothing to chance. To be rebellious is to pit nobility against necessity; to be revolutionary is to match wits with chance. There is no victory in rebellion: there is only the deed itself. The tragic hero "kicks against the pricks," though he knows what Hector means,

> *xunos Enualios, kai te ktaneonta katekta*
> Alike to all is the God of War, and he slays utterly even him who would slay.

Note

There are at least two related errors in this study. Under the impression that Homer had to be proved a poet through the smallest element, I attempted to vindicate the epithets rather than to look at the larger units of action, which, however traditional their parts may be, could not be subject to tradition in the same way. In my "The Aristeia of Diomedes and the Plot of the Iliad" I tried to make up for this defect. And again under the influence of modern poetry, I believed that the discernment of a symbolic pattern was enough to show the poet's hand, even though the pattern could not be grounded in any plausible sequence of actions. So I thought it was not necessary to link Achilles' rebellion in Book I with the combat between Paris and Menelaus in Book III. That combat merely signified the state of affairs at Troy prior to the shift to the love of fame away from the original cause of the war, the love of Helen. I did not observe that Menelaus' acceptance of Paris' challenge meant that Menelaus no longer claimed Helen by law but saw the necessity to prove his claim. Though Achilles failed to replace Agamemnon, he forced everyone to acknowledge the right of natural right. By reading Homer too poetically I did not read him poetically enough.

PART II: PLOT

Introduction

1. W. DenBoer, *Laconian Studies*, Preface.
2. Cf., e.g., *Cimon* II.
3. *Coriolanus* 1. 1. 163–165 (following the lineation of the Cambridge *Works of Shakespeare*, John Dover Wilson, ed.).
4. *Ibid.* 1. 9. 62–66.
5. *Ibid.* 1. 4. 53–55.
6. *Ibid.* 2. 2. 105–108; cf. 5. 4. 18–22.
7. *Ibid.* 2. 2. 108–127.
8. *Ibid.* 1. 3. 61–66, cf. 67.
9. *Ibid.* 2. 1. 216–218, cf. 262–263.
10. *Ibid.* 3. 1. 80–82, cf. 254–259.
11. *Ibid.* 3. 1. 178, 219–221, 293–295, 304–306, cf. 234–235, 308–309.
12. *Ibid.* 1. 4. 30–34.

13. *Ibid.* 3. 1. 254–259; 3. 2. 14–16, 39–41, 46–64, 99–123; cf. 4. 5. 139; 5. 3. 40–42.
14. *Ibid.* 4. 1. 15; cf. 4. 6. 42–46; *Il.* 1. 240–244; 9. 351–355.
15. *Ibid* 1. 1. 229–231; cf. 1. 10. 4–16.
16. Cf. *ibid.* 2. 2. 15–23; 4. 4. 12–26.
17. *Ibid.* 4. 5. 104–121, cf. 197–198.
18. *Ibid.* 4. 6. 91–96; cf. 5. 4. 11–14; *King Lear* 4. 1. 36–37.
19. *Ibid.* 5. 4. 23–24.
20. *Ibid.* 5. 1. 10–15.
21. *Ibid.* 4. 5. 76.
22. *Ibid.* 5. 3. 34–37, cf. 149–153.
23. *Ibid.* 5. 6. 85–101.
24. Cf. *ibid.* 2. 3. 116–120.
25. *Ibid.* 4. 1. 30; cf. 4. 7. 23; 5. 4. 12–14.

Chapter I: The Gods
1. *Iliad* 17. 629–632; cf. 13. 222–227; 20. 242–243, 434–437; *Odyssey* 18. 132–135.
2. Cf. *Iliad* 16. 119–122.
3. Cf. *Iliad* 15. 139–141; 16. 446–447.
4. *Iliad* 23. 288–289; 2. 763–767.
5. *Ibid.* 23. 290–304.
6. *Ibid.* 23. 304, 310, 530.
7. Cf. the foot race, *Iliad* 23. 754–792.
8. *Iliad* 23. 536–538, 556.
9. *Ibid.* 23. 382–383.
10. *Ibid.* 23. 526–520.
11. *Ibid.* 23. 530–531.
12. *Ibid.* 23. 383–400.
13. *Ibid.* 23. 515.
14. Cf. *Iliad* 23. 344–348.
15. *Iliad* 23. 352–357.
16. *Ibid.* 5. 9–24.
17. Cf. *Iliad* 20. 297–299.
18. *Iliad* 5. 29–35.
19. *Ibid.* 5. 35–83.
20. *Ibid.* 5. 541–560.
21. *Ibid.* 16. 406–410; cf. *Odyssey* 12. 251–255.
22. *Ibid.* 16. 20, 584, 693, 744, 754, 787, 812, 843.
23. *Ibid.* 16. 419–491.
24. *Ibid.* 907–909; 6.1; cf. 11. 401.
25. *Ibid.* 6. 11–19.
26. *Ibid.* 6. 37–65; cf. 2. 831–834.
27. *Ibid.* 11. 122–142; 21. 99–106; cf. 21. 95 with 23. 746–747.
28. *Ibid.* 20. 463–469; 23. 175–176.
29. *Ibid.* 6. 108–109.
30. Cf. *Iliad* 6. 108, 123, 128–129, 131, 142, 527.
31. *Iliad* 6. 119–129; *Odyssey* 6. 149–153.
32. Cf. *Ilicd* 9. 134 with 276; 21. 150; consider *Odyssey* 7. 208–212.
33. But cf. Basset, *CP* xviii, pp. 178–179.
34. Cf. *Iliad* 5. 128–132, 827–828.
35. *Iliad* 6. 146.
36. Cf. 21. 462–466, where Apollo speaks.
37. *Iliad* 6. 152–211.
38. Cf. Aeneas' speech to Achilles, *Iliad* 20. 200–241, where he recites his lineage; note the frequency of *anthropoi* and of superlatives (204, 217, 220, 233) the gods are absent (144–152).
39. *Iliad* 5. 244–256.
40. Cf. *Iliad* 6. 229 with 230, 235.
41. *Iliad* 6. 280–285.
42. *Ibid.* 3. 40, cf. 56–57.
43. *Ibid.* 6. 282–283.
44. *Ibid.* 3. 439–440; cf. 4. 7–12.
45. *Ibid.* 6. 339.
46. *Ibid.* 6. 311–312.
47. *Ibid.* 3. 173–174; cf. 24. 763–764.
48. *Ibid.* 6. 345–349; cf. 3. 180 with 6. 344.
49. *Ibid.* 6. 447–449.
50. *Ibid.* 4. 163–168; cf. 127–129.
51. Note the frequency of *daimonie*: *ibid.* 6. 326, 407, 486, 521, cf. 318; 7. 75.
52. *Odyssey* 1. 32–34.

Chapter II: The Plot of the *Iliad*
1. *Iliad* 7. 1–42.
2. *Ibid.* 7. 43–61.
3. *Ibid.* 7. 87–91.
4. Cf. *Iliad* 6. 444–449.
5. *Iliad* 7. 104–107.
6. *Ibid.* 7. 69–72, cf. 351–353.
7. *Ibid.* 7. 400–402.
8. Cf. *Iliad* 11. 122–142.
9. *Iliad* 6. 357–358.
10. *Ibid* 3. 125–128.
11. Cf. *Iliad* 6. 323–324.
12. *Iliad* 7. 100.
13. Plato *Cratylus* 398c 7–d5.
14. Cf. Plato *Symposium* 206cl–209e4.
15. *Iliad* 7. 39, 226; cf. 6. 1; 11. 401.
16. *Odyssey* 4. 12–14.
17. *Iliad* 3. 369–382.
18. *Ibid.* 3. 439–440.
19. *Ibid.* 3. 126–128. 7. 104–107.
20. Shakespeare *Troilus and Cressida* 2. 2. 195–202.
21. Cf. *Iliad* 5. 330–333, 348–351, 427–430.
22. *Iliad* 7. 337–343; at 342 the volgate *hippon* would be merely a π take arising from *laon*; cf. 18. 153, where cod. A has *laoi* superscriptu
23. *Ibid.* 7. 446–453.
24. *Ibid.* 12. 10–33.
25. *Ibid.* 4. 31–33; 24. 27–30.
26. *Ibid.* 8. 7–22.
27. *Ibid.* 8. 191–197.
28. *Ibid.* 8. 287–291, cf. 285 with 9. 133.
29. *Ibid.* 8. 473–477.

Chapter III: *The Embassy*
1. *Iliad* 9. 18–25 = 2. 111–118; 9. 26–28 = 2. 139–141.
2. *Ibid.* 9. 17; 2. 110, 119–138.
3. *Ibid.* 9. 4–8.
4. Cf. *Iliad* 11. 276–279.
5. *Iliad* 9. 37–39; cf. Part I, Chap. IV above.
6. *Ibid.* 9. 40–46; 1. 173–175.
7. *Ibid.* 9. 53–75.
8. *Ibid.* 9. 369–372.
9. *Ibid.* 9. 184–189.
10. *Ibid.* 1. 490–492; cf. 9. 440–443.
11. BT Scholiast 1. 490; cf. *Iliad* 18. 104–110.
12. *Ibid.* 9. 300–306.
13. *Ibid.* 8. 532–538.
14. *Ibid.* 9. 128–130.
15. Cf. *Iliad* 2. 123–133.
16. *Iliad* 9. 388–391.
17. Thucydides i. 11.
18. *Iliad* 9. 348–355.
19. Cf. *Iliad* 7. 113–114; 20. 434–437.
20. *Iliad* 1. 157–160.
21. *Ibid.* 1. 298–299.
22. *Ibid.* 9. 337–343.
23. *Ibid.* 9. 410–416.
24. *Ibid.* 1. 352.
25. Cf. *Odyssey* 11. 489–493.
26. *Iliad* 11. 762–763.
27. *Troilus and Cressida* 3. 3. 115–123.
28. *Iliad* 9. 601–605, cf. 249–250.
29. *Ibid.* 9. 608.
30. *Ibid.* 9. 252–259; 438–443.
31. Cf. *Iliad* 9. 197–198.
32. *Iliad* 7. 52–53; cf. 20. 337–349.
33. *Ibid.* 13. 666–670.
34. *Ibid.* 2. 830–834.
35. *Ibid.* 18. 113; 19. 66.
36. *Ibid.* 18. 121.
37. *Ibid.* 9. 601–605.
38. I do not enter into the "discrepancies" in Phoenix' speech: t

are less important, even if they do exist, than its purpose.
39. *Iliad* 9. 444–457.
40. *Ibid.* 9. 336–337.
41. *Ibid.* 9. 458–461 are found in his *de aud. poet.* 8 (459–460 also in *Coriolanus* xxxii, and 461 in *de adul. et amic.* 72b), where he says Aristarchus excised them out of fear: scholars are divided as to whether they are genuine or not; cf. G. M. Bolling, *The External Evidence for Interpolation in Homer*, pp. 121–122 (with bibliography); G. Pasquali, *Storia della Tradizione*, pp. 231–232; Bolling in *The Athetized Lines of the Iliad*, pp. 26–27, tried to refute Pasquali (unsuccessfully I believe).
42. *Iliad* 9. 462–480.
43. Cf. BT Scholiast I. 527; W. Schadewaldt, *op. cit.*, pp. 139–143.
44. *Iliad* 9. 528–600.
45. Cf. *Iliad* 9. 351–355, 551–552.
46. E. Howald, cited by Schadewaldt, *op. cit.*, p. 140.
47. Cf. *Iliad* 6. 407–439.
48. *Iliad* 9. 158–159; cf. 1. 177 = 5. 891; consider 9. 312–313.
49. *Ibid.* 9. 302–303.
50. *Ibid.* 9. 497–501.
51. Cf. Part I, Chap. IX above.
52. *Iliad* 9. 255, 496, 629, 675; *Odyssey* 9. 278; cf. Eustathius on *Odyssey* 1. 69; 9. 183; 16. 31.
53. *Iliad* 24. 453–456; *Odyssey* 9. 240–243.
54. *Odyssey* 9. 302–305; cf. *Iliad* 9. 458–459.
55. *Iliad* 22. 346–347; cf. 24. 409; *Odyssey* 9. 291.
56. *Iliad* 9. 497, 632; 16.33, 204; *Odyssey* 9. 272, 287, 368; cf. Part I, Chap. VIII above.
57. *Iliad* 9. 629; 21. 314; 22. 313; *Odyssey* 2. 19; 9. 215, 494; cf. *Odyssey* 9. 118–119; *Iliad* 6. 97–101; 24. 41; *agrios* is also used of battle, fire, and Athena's wrath (*Iliad* 17. 398, 737; 4. 23).
58. *Odyssey* 9. 106, 112–115, 215, 269, 274–278.
59. *Iliad* 9. 97–99.
60. *Iliad* 9. 510; *Odyssey* 9. 275.

Chapter IV: The Deception of Zeus
1. *Iliad* 14. 153–186.
2. *Ibid.* 14. 198–199.
3. *Ibid.* 14. 200–210.
4. *Ibid.* 14. 216–217.
5. *Ibid.* 14. 233.
6. *Ibid.* 14. 238–241.
7. *Ibid.* 14. 242–262.
8. *Ibid.* 14. 264–268; cf. BT Scholiast 270.
9. *Ibid.* 14. 271–276; cf. 15. 36–48; Aristotle *Met.* 983b 30–33.
10. *Iliad* 13. 1–6.
11. *Ibid.* 14. 280–328; cf. 3. 442–446.
12. *Ibid.* 14. 329–340, cf. BT Scholiast 338.
13. *Iliad* 14. 347–348.
14. Some may object to my applying the terms "nature" and "art" to Homer, as if he thought so abstractly; but if it be kept in mind that I understand by nature that which always acts in the same way and is indifferent to us, even though the gods may try to coerce it, the distinction is clear: the heroes appeal to the latter but not to the former, who are gods that cannot be apostrophized (thus the winds do not hear Achilles, *Iliad* 23. 194–195); and from the gods' point of view, Sleep and Night are at the service of all, since by themselves, having no human offspring, they do not take sides.
15. *Iliad* 14. 354–360.
16. Cf. *Iliad* 14. 14–15 with 15. 7–8.
17. *Iliad* 15. 113–142.
18. *Ibid.* 16. 431–461.

Chapter V: Patroclus
1. *Iliad* 11. 611–615.
2. *Ibid.* 16. 31–32.
3. *Ibid.* 11. 763.
4. *Ibid.* 16. 100; but cf. 17. 404–407; 20. 26–27.
5. *Ibid.* 9. 650–655, 682–683.
6. *Ibid.* 16. 61–63; cf. P. von der Muehl, *Kritisches Hypomnema zur Ilias*, pp. 241–242.
7. *Iliad* 16. 80–82.
8. *Ibid.* 9. 600–605.
9. *Ibid.* 16. 60–61; cf. 4. 31–33.
10. *Ibid.* 16. 87–90; cf. 22. 205–207.
11. *Ibid.* 16. 130–144.
12. *Ibid.* 16. 145–154.
13. Cf. *Iliad* 21. 100–105.
14. *Iliad* 17. 10, 379; 23. 137.
15. *Ibid.* 16. 692–693 (cf. 5. 703–704; 11. 299–300), cf. 20, 584, 744, 754, 787, 812, 843.
16. *Ibid.* 4. 127, 146; 7. 104; 13. 603; 17. 679, 702; 23. 600.
17. *Ibid.* 16. 433–438; 22. 168–176; cf. 20. 277–299.

Chapter VI: Achilles and Patroclus
1. *Iliad* 17. 4–6; cf. BT Scholiast 16. 7–11; 17. 133–137.
2. *Iliad* 19. 324–325; cf. 9. 337–339.
3. Cf. Part II, Chap. II above.
4. *Iliad* 16. 241–252.
5. *Ibid* 17. 404–411. The iterative 'απαγγὲλλεσκε (409) determines the sense of δη τὸτε γε (410), which bears its normal meaning: a return to the immediate present after a stated time in the past (Ameis–Hentze); and it does not mean, as it is usually taken, that Thetis never told him, which contradicts 18. 9–11; in *Odyssey* 22. 185–186 φοφὲεσκε serves the same purpose (cf. *Iliad* 20. 408–411). Cf. how the interatives in *Iliad* 1. 490–492 explain 'εκ τοιο in 493.
6. *Iliad* 18. 9–11.
7. *Ibid.* 18. 13–14.
8. *Ibid.* 16. 87–94.
9. *Ibid.* 16. 242–244.
10. *Ibid.* 18. 82.
11. *Ibid.* 18. 22–34.
12. *Ibid.* 18. 54.
13. Cf. J. Kakridis, *Homeric Researches*, pp. 65–75.
14. *Iliad* 16. 776.
15. *Odyssey* 24. 39–48.
16. *Iliad* 23. 136–137; 24. 712, 724.
17. *Ibid.* 18. 81–82, cf. 114; 23. 94.
18. *Kephalē* ("head") sometimes means *psychē* ("soul," "life"), and I suspect it means so here (*Iliad* 4. 162; 17. 242; cf. *Odyssey* 2. 237 with 3. 74 and the v. i. *Iliad* 1. 3.).
19. *Iliad* 19. 38–39, 352–354; 23. 185–187.
20. *Odyssey* 5. 196–199.
21. *Iliad* 18. 39–49.
22. *Ibid.* 18. 607–608.
23. *Ibid.* 20. 4–9.
24. *Ibid.* 21. 194; cf. Part I, Chap. IX, X; Part II, Ch. IV above.
25. *Iliad* 18. 516–519, 535–540.
26. *Odyssey* 10. 508–515; 11. 12–22.
27. *Iliad* 18. 128–129; cf. 9. 601–602.
28. *Ibid* 9. 312–314.
29. *Ibid.* 18. 119–120.
30. *Ibid.* 1. 505, cf. 417–418.
31. *Ibid.* 19. 86–136.
32. *Ibid.* 19. 59–62.
33. *Ibid.* 18. 107–108.
34. *Ibid.* 19. 147–148.
35. *Ibid.* 9. 225–230.
36. *Ibid.* 19. 225–229.
37. Cf. Part I, Chap. VIII above.

Chapter VII: The Exploits of Achilles
1. *Iliad* 20. 1–2, 11. 15–16; 20. 3 = 11. 56.
2. *Ibid.* 20. 45–46, cf. 26–28.
3. Cf. *Iliad* 20. 447.
4. *Iliad* 20. 85.
5. *Ibid.* 20. 88–89, cf. 80.
6. Cf. *Iliad* 22. 188–193.
7. *Iliad* 20. 160.
8. *Ibid.* 20. 164, 174.
9. *Ibid.* 20. 177.
10. *Ibid.* 20. 175.
11. *Ibid.* 20. 200, 206–209, cf. 105–106; 6. 99–100; and *Odyssey* 1. 215–216,

where Telemachus doubts his parentage.
12. Cf. Part II, Chap. I above.
13. *Iliad* 20. 261–263, 273.
14. *Ibid.* 20. 283–291, 320; cf. 302–304.
15. *Ibid.* 20. 321–322, 341–342.
16. *Ibid.* 20. 343, 351–352.
17. *Ibid.* 16. 65, 90, 835; 17. 194, 224; 19. 269; 21. 86; 23. 5, 129.
18. Cf. Part I, Chap. II above.
19. *Iliad* 20. 366.
20. *Ibid.* 20. 367–370; cf. 22. 250–258.
21. *Ibid.* 376–378.
22. *Ibid.* 20. 386–388.
23. *Ibid.* 20. 407–413.
24. *Ibid.* 20. 455–489.
25. *Ibid.* 20. 467; cf. 2. 241; 13. 343–344; 14. 139–140.
26. *Ibid.* 20. 490–494.
27. *Ibid.* 20. 502–503.
28. *Ibid.* 21. 17–18.
29. *Ibid.* 21. 39.
30. *Ibid.* 21. 49, 67.
31. *Ibid.* 21. 98 (cf. 11. 136–137), 116, 120.
32. *Ibid.* 21. 136–138.
33. *Ibid.* 21. 139–199.
34. *Ibid.* 21. 153.
35. *Ibid.* 21. 173–179.
36. *Ibid.* 21. 208–213.
37. *Ibid.* 21. 222–227.
38. *Ibid.* 21. 233.
39. *Ibid.* 21. 251, 265.
40. *Ibid.* 21. 272, 288.
41. *Ibid.* 21. 527; 3. 229.
42. *Ibid.* 21. 536.
43. *Ibid.* 24. 39.
44. *Ibid.* 11. 62; 15. 605, 630.
45. *Ibid.* 24. 487.
46. *Ibid.* 20. 467, 21. 314; 22. 38, 84, 418; 24. 207 (cf. 82), 212, 506, 520.
47. *Ibid.* 21. 544–550.
48. *Ibid.* 9. 328.
49. *Ibid.* 21. 522–525, cf. 18. 207–214.
50. *Mēnis* ("wrath") is used only of Achilles (*Iliad* 1.1; 9. 517; 19. 35, 75) or the gods (1.75; 5. 34, 178, 444; 13. 624; 15. 122; 16. 711; 21. 523).
51. *Iliad* 20. 46, 164–175, 447, 490–494; 21. 12–14, 18, 22–24, 227, 252–254, 315.
52. *Ibid.* 24. 108.
53. *Ibid.* 22. 410–411, cf., 287–284
54. The frequency of his patronymic is: 20 in Book 20, 12 in Book 21, 11 in Book 22, 17 in Book 23, 5 in Book 24.

Chapter VIII: Achilles and Hector
1. *Iliad* 22. 105–107.
2. *Ibid.* 17. 91–105.
3. Cf. *Iliad* 11. 404–410; Schadewaldt *op. cit.*, pp. 61–62.
4. *Iliad* 6. 441–446.
5. *Ibid.* 22. 108–110, cf. 514.
6. *Ibid.* 6. 450–465.
7. *Ibid.* 6. 429–430.
8. *Ibid.* 16. 7–11; 23. 222–225; 24. 46–48; cf. 9. 632–633.
9. *Ibid.* 22. 123–125.
10. *Ibid.* 22. 126–128.
11. Cf. *Odyssey* 19. 162–163; A. B. Cooke, *CR*, xv, 1901, p. 326; U. Wilamowitz, *op. cit.*, pp. 97–98; P. von der Muehl, *op. cit.*, p. 234, who translates Hesiod *Theogony* 35 as *"alte Geschichten."*
12. *Iliad* 22. 129–130.
13. *Ibid.* 22. 116.
14. *Ibid.* 19. 324–325.
15. *Ibid.* 7. 400–402.
16. *Ibid.* 22. 199–201.
17. *Ibid.* 22. 262–265.
18. Cf. *Iliad* 12. 167–172; 17. 20–23.
19. *Iliad* 22. 346–347; cf. 21. 22–24; 24. 41–44.
20. *Ibid.* 17. 183–197.
21. *Ibid.* 11. 798–801 = 16. 40–43.
22. *Ibid.* 16. 278–282.
23. Cf. *Iliad* 17. 214 v. i. μηγαθύμῳ πζλεϊωνι ("[like] to high-spiri Peleides").
24. *Iliad* 22. 322–325; cf. 8. 324–326.
25. Cf. *Iliad* 20. 102; cf. Eustathius *ad loc.*, 510–511; 13. 321–323.

Chapter IX: The Funeral Games
1. *Iliad* 22. 393–394; cf. 16. 243–244.
2. Cf. 22. 216–223.
3. *Iliad* 22. 205–207; cf. 16. 87–90.
4. *Ibid.* 22. 379–384.
5. *Ibid.* 22. 385–388; cf. 9. 608–610.
6. *Ibid.* 22. 395–404.
7. *Ibid.* 23. 59–70.
8. *Ibid.* 23. 103–104.
9. Cf. *Odyssey* 10. 493; 11. 475–476.
10. *Iliad* 23. 66–67; cf. 2. 57–58.
11. *Ibid.* 23. 184–191.
12. *Ibid.* 9. 322.
13. Cf. *Iliad* 14. 139–142.
14. *Iliad* 23. 192–216.
15. *Ibid.* 23. 274–284.
16. The frequency of "swift-footed" is: 6 in Book 20, 5 in Book 21 in Book 22, 14 in Book 23, 4 in Book 24.
17. *Iliad* 23. 824, 896.
18. *Ibid.* 23. 890–891.
19. Cf. Part I, Chap. III, IV, above.
20. *Iliad* 2. 482–483, 579–580.
21. *Ibid.* 23. 826–828.
22. *Ibid.* 1. 366–369; 6. 395–397; 9. 188; 16. 153.
23. *Ibid.* 2. 689–691.
24. Cf. Part II, Chap. III above.
25. Cf. Part II, Chap. V above.

Chapter X: Achilles and Priam
1. *Iliad* 24. 6.
2. *Iliad* 8–9; *Odyssey* 13. 91–92; Cf. *Iliad* 19. 319–321; 23. 56; *Ody* 7. 215–221.
3. *Iliad* 24. 9–21.
4. *Ibid.* 24. 22–30.
5. *Ibid.* 24. 675–676.
6. *Ibid.* 24. 56–63.
7. *Ibid.* 24. 66.
8. *Ibid.* 24. 258–259.
9. *Ibid.* 24. 322–328.
10. *Odyssey* 24. 1–4.
11. Cf. Part II, Chap. VI above.
12. That the suffix *-de* (denoting motion toward, cf. English "-ward is only used here of a person—*Pēleiōnade*, "the-son-of-Peleus-war (*Iliad* 24, 338: it is unique until Ap. Rhod. iii. 647)—recalling at o *thanatonde*, "deathwards" above and the common *Aïdosde* "towards house] of Hades" (24. 328; cf. 9. 158, 312–313), also suggests this. Horace C i. x. 13–20. Note too the unique locative *Aïdi*, "in Hade at 23. 244 in Achilles' mouth.
13. *Iliad* 24. 524; *Odyssey* 202, 568.
14. *Iliad* 24. 128–129; 22. 346–347.
15. *Ibid.* 24. 139–142.
16. *Ibid.* 24. 266–274; cf. Leaf II, App. M, pp. 623–629.
17. *Ibid.* 24. 448–456.
18. *Ibid.* 24. 477–483.
19. *Ibid.* 23. 85–90.
20. *Ibid.* 23. 90; 24. 158.
21. *Ibid.* 24. 452, 644–647, 673–674.
22. *Ibid.* 24. 486.
23. *Ibid.* 24. 511–512.
24. Cf. *Iliad* 20. 127–128 with 24. 209–210; 16. 852–853 with 24. 131–

Epilogue
1. *Odyssey* 1. 10.
2. *Ibid.* 11. 134–136.
3. Cf. Part II, Chap. III above.
4. Cf. Plato *Hippias Minor* 364d7–365d4, 369a7–371e5.

Paradoxes of Education in a Republic

Theory and Practice: Eva Brann

Jan H. Blitz

Paradoxes of Education in a Republic.
By Eva T.H. Brann.
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In this short yet comprehensive book, Eva Brann examines American higher education in the light of the foundations of the American political regime. Reviving the ancient notion of Education as the culmination of political craft (p. 10), she argues that "American education embodies certain *root dilemmas* that would become much more amenable to reflection and resolution if they were seen as originating in the very foundation of this country" (p. 1).[1] Miss Brann therefore examines the educational writings of the Founding period, particularly those of Jefferson, and sets forth "several paradoxes of education in a republic in general and of the early American Republic in particular in order to recover the roots in thought—and quite incidently, in time—of some familiar practical perplexities in American education" (p. 1). Her explicit assumption is that the beginning truly rules in America, "both insofar as its consequences inform our educational institutions and insofar as it provides an ever-applicable reference" (p. 13).

Miss Brann considers the paradoxes of education under three general headings. Chapter One deals with the paradox of Utility, which concerns the purposes and ends of education; Chapter Two, with the paradox of Tradition, which concerns the ways and means; and Chapter Three, with the paradox of Rationality, which concerns the content and substance. Each chapter traces the general paradox it deals with to its intellectual roots in the Enlightenment ("this Republic was founded under the aegis of the Enlightenment" [p. 27]) and then concludes with an attempted resolution of the paradox it discusses. Miss Brann's specific educational proposals are contained in these resolutions.

The resolutions taken together amount to the restoration of classical education in America. Miss Brann seeks the revival of a mode of learning that was "sometimes unwittingly and sometimes explicitly repudiated" by our Founders (p. 20) and which consists primarily in the reading of the collection of texts, chiefly of poetry, science, and philosophy, that constitutes the Western tradition. She intends, however, something far more radical than what is ordinarily called classical education. She seeks a return not merely to a certain set of texts, but to the classical notion of intellect (p. 144), whose activity the ancients called contemplation or theory (p. 132) and she calls inquiry (pp. 22, 142-144), and which is aroused not by practical problems but by paradoxes or perplexities inherent in things themselves (pp. 1, 62). She seeks to replace "the mode of Rationality," which derives from the Enlightenment and is characterized by the use of reason as a tool or a method for manipulating and managing the world, with a "question-asking mode, in which instrumental reason yields to receptive intellect, theoretical construction to contemplative theory, critical delimitation to expectant openness" (p. 22). What most distinguishes her ambitious book is not simply that it advocates the restoration of classical theory in America, but that it does so on the grounds that such inquiry is the mode of learning most suitable to the American polity. Theoretical reflection, Miss Brann argues, is "that education most apt to foster what is of the essence to this best of all practicable polities" (p. 148).

I

The paradox of Utility consists in treating learning, "which is naturally an end in itself" (p. 20), as a means. The idea of utility, which pervades modern life, is that of instrumentality, of means. In education it refers to learning intended for worldly use. Thus, for example, mathematics, considered by the ancients the sort of learning that should be pursued primarily for its own sake or to draw the soul to philosophy, comes to be thought of by Locke and the other writers of the Enlightenment chiefly as a training of the mind for use in the world. The mind, whose leading faculty is thought to be instrumental reason, is itself considered essentially a tool, which is employed or used on the matter it studies. Miss Brann, on the other hand, maintains that Aristotle is correct when, in "the first sentence of the founding work of first philosophy," he says, "All human beings by nature desire to know," or, as she retranslates more precisely and more forcefully, "All human beings hunger *(oregontai)* to know by their very nature" *(Metaphysics,* 980a22). Far from being merely instrumental, knowing fulfills an aspect, perhaps "the essential aspect," of human nature. "[U]tilitarian education is [therefore] a contradiction in terms, a perverse enterprise. Learning is naturally done for love, not for use; it is itself a mode of living, not a mere means" (p. 59).

Miss Brann's resolution of this dilemma is to construe liberal education as an inquiry into ends. *Liberal education,* she points out, is the traditional term for nonutilitarian education. While the term has several meanings, literally it means "pertaining to freedom or to the free *(liberi).*" It can refer to the upbringing of children who are to be free adults ("free children in particular are called *liberi* in Latin"), or it can be interpretated to mean liberating people from the shackles of guardians or conventions. "But in its original use the term means, precisely, free from the bonds of utility" (p. 60). As an inquiry into ends, liberal learning is the complement rather than an alternative to useful learning. It provides the kind of learning that intelligent practice requires but instrumental knowledge inherently lacks. It is therefore also a perfect complement to the American Republic. "We live in a Republic that does not attempt to provide happiness but to facilitate its pursuit; hence, all its ways are instrumental—our public realm is primarily one of means. Therefore, the inquiry into purposes, goods, ends, ought always to have been crucial" (p. 61). In a word, *"liberal education* provides that inquiry into ends which is crucially necessary to a republic congenitally engaged in instrumental activity" (p. 20).

Miss Brann's general resolution is very compelling. Surely, there is something perverse in treating learning merely as a means—indeed, a means to a further means such as wealth or power—and, even more so, in pursuing the knowledge of means while ignoring the knowledge of ends. To be a means, Miss Brann observes, is precisely to be ultimately discounted in favor of an enc "When that end is improperly established—false or fo gotten—the mode of usefulness acquires a pathology" (p 25). Particularly in an "open-ended" polity in which tra dition is discredited and the individual and his choice are infinitely valued, people need to reflect thoughtfull on their ends.

Yet Miss Brann's resolution is itself paradoxical. A she presents it, liberal education is at once the culmin tion of the natural desire to know and a necessary co rective of the inherent deficiencies and tendencies of th American polity. It is both an end in itself and a form prepractical republican training. As an end in itself, it "naturally done for love, and not for use," and "is itse a mode of living." As a form of republican training, neither is to be done for its own sake nor is itself a mod of living, but exists "to provide for the possibility an protection of the good life in the worldly sense" (p. 59 Seen in the one light, liberal education seeks knowled in the hope of applying it to "the perplexities of living" seen in the other, it seeks a kind of learning "that is n instrumental, except in a most oblique way" (p. 61).

Aristotle appears to be Miss Brann's principal if not h sole authority in the presentation of her resolution. Sh not only quotes mainly from him, but seems to rest ever important point in her argument on a quotation from th *Politics* or the *Metaphysics.* Yet Miss Brann tacitly depar from Aristotle even while apparently deferring to hin While explicitly restoring his distinction between liber and useful learning, she attenuates his related and no le important distinction between theoretical and practic inquiry, between philosophical and non-philosophic education. Just as she uses the term *liberal education* embrace both purely theoretical and prepractical educ tion, so she argues that reflection on the practical pe plexities of life can "conduct us" to the realm of pu reflection, quoting a passage from the *Metaphysics* (982b contrary to the sense of the passage, to support this stri ingly non-Aristotelian conclusion (p. 62).[2] Why she do this is not immediately clear, but comes to light, upo reflection, in Chapter Two. The reason is implicit in h attempt to resolve the paradox of Tradition. Far fro being wanton, Miss Brann's peculiar use of Aristotle Chapter One proves to point to what she evident considers the central problem of "our problemat modernity" (p. 111).

II

Chapter Two deals with the paradox of Tradition. Mi Brann uses the term *tradition* in a special sense. "By *t tradition* I mean neither the old customs nor the rece routines, neither the sedimentary wisdom nor the pet fied habits of communities. I mean, to begin with, *a c lection of books,*" specifically, "the collection of tex generally recognized as the founding books of Weste learning" (pp. 64, 20). Most immediately, the parad

of tradition concerns the Founders' repudiation of the bookish tradition that made them what they were. More broadly, it concerns the Enlightenment's repudiation of the tradition as the principal means of becoming educated. Ultimately, it concerns the self-repudiation implicit in tradition itself: "*traditio* literally means both transmission and betrayal" (p. 67). Miss Brann reserves the term *the tradition* for the founding books of Western learning because the determining fact for the Western tradition is that it is handed down in texts and acquired by study. Originating with Homer and the Bible, ours is essentially a written tradition. She thus sometimes uses the terms *tradition* and *the tradition* interchangeably. The paradox of our tradition is ultimately the paradox of tradition itself.

The paradox of tradition is inherent in the nature of writing. Writing provides "an artificial memory, a way of storing the inventions of the imagination and the discoveries of the intellect externally." Without it, knowledge would soon perish and vanish into oblivion. Yet, this artificial memory also induces a deeper, though usually insensible, forgetfulness. It permits us to acquire knowledge without inquiring into its intellectual roots—to take, or take over, what is handed down *(traditur)* as "given." Writing's pejorative tendency is to replace wisdom with memory.

Miss Brann describes the prevailing position of the Enlightenment with respect to the tradition as one of repudiation. This position, she says, has three distinctive features. First, "Modernity was to prevail." This meant not only that contemporary writers were to prevail over ancient ones, but that "a productive complex of secularism and science, of care and competence in the *present* world—'present' in every sense—won the day" (p. 74). Second, science, with the aid of instruments and experiments, was to yield to the cry, "things, not words." This was "a revulsion against book learning, against words both as notions and as utterances, in favor of real, literally 'thingish,' preoccupations" (p. 75). And third, books were no longer to be approached with the trusting expectation that they may reveal important truths, but with the skepticism that things may prove them wrong. In brief, "the transmission or *tradition* of knowledge was discredited in favor of the *advancement* and *diffusion* of knowledge—these were the new key terms" (p. 74).

At the same time, however, the Founders were primarily concerned with citizen education. In the "Rockfish Gap Report," Jefferson writes that the final end of higher education is "to form [youths] to habits of reflection and correct action, rendering them examples of virtue to others, and of happiness within themselves." The great difficulty, Miss Brann observes, is that the Baconian curricula implicit in the repudiation of the tradition, particularly in the preferential concern for "things, not words," while "almost elegantly appropriate" to America's materialistic concerns and to "the vigorous intellectual materialism that naturally forms part of the founding philosophy of this Republic" (p. 95), cannot by their very nature ever fulfill this end. The Republic's essential educational requirements are fundamentally at odds with its characteristic life and tastes.

Miss Brann's proposed resolution of this dilemma is "the recovery of the very tradition in which the Founders who repudiated it were so well versed" (p. 102). When discussing the Founders' classical training, she remarks that they had the tools and the taste to appropriate the classical tradition. "They were founders of a polity without 'a model on the face of the globe' (Madison, *Federalist* 14) who had the advantage of perfect self-awareness because they knew that which allowed them to distinguish the new from the old" (p.88). They knew in detail and from original sources, for example, what it was that made the antique participatory democracies unsuitable models for modern republics. However, when she says that within the tradition there are studies that are "fundamental and necessary to mastering life in the Republic" (p. 108), she does not mean primarily political works. She means, rather, the founding works of modern science. Notwithstanding the importance she gives to ancient political writings ("when the ancients become inaccessible, the moderns become unintelligible" [p. 88]), she argues that a theoretical study of science must constitute the core of modern citizen education. Aristotle to the contrary notwithstanding, a theoretical inquiry into science must be the core of prepractical education in a modern republic.

The reason for this uniquely modern necessity is the problem that Miss Brann evidently considers the central problem of "our problematic modernity." Both our world and our understanding of our world are formed and constantly transformed by modern science. Miss Brann indicates the fundamental difficulty when, explaining why such a study of science is not likely to occur even in a conventional elementary science course, she says she opens four reputable textbooks in elementary physics and finds that "Each uses, from the very beginning, the first dimensionally secondary quantity of the science of motion, namely, velocity," that is, each begins with a ratio or a quantity that is compounded of elementary quantities, in this instance, space and time.

> Thus I observe that all four books begin past the point where naive questions might be asked. Yet who understands without reflection how the time, how the place in which we live and have our being, can be transmogrified into mere magnitudes capable of entering into a ratio, and how those magnitudes have in turn been transformed into quantities able to constitute a rational number? All such questions are regarded in textbooks as outside actual physics. And yet they can never be considered with any immediacy in the abstracted fields of philosophy of science or history of science, but only in the actual context of real if elementary science. But considered they must be, for our problematic modernity is the residue of such transformations (p.111).

Modern science, in addition to altering our physical world, alters even more fundamentally our basic understanding of the world and of our mode of being in the

world as it prepares its subjects for study. In Miss Brann's telling example, it mathematizes, or algebratizes, what it studies. It deliberately "denatures" nature in order to study it. In the *Republic* (514b-515c), Socrates identifies non-philosophers with cave dwellers, who, having their legs and necks chained so that they cannot move, see only the shadows of artifacts before them. Whatever they see they understand in the light of conventional or received opinions, which they take for the truth of things. Miss Brann suggests that much the same is true of us. Notwithstanding the Enlightenment's intention to bring the light of reason into the cave to dispel the shadows, we moderns, too, are prisoners in such a cave. Our imprisonment, however, is far more problematic because it is in large part the result of science. Whereas in the *Republic* the prisoners can escape the cave by moving from the artificial light of opinion to the natural light of science or knowledge, science itself casts the darkest shadows in our cave. We moderns are the passive recipients of ready-made scientific methods, terms, and premises that alter our natural perception of even "the time. . . [and] the place in which we live and have our being." The scientist has replaced the legislator. Thus whereas in the *Republic* the cave is open at one end to the natural light of the sun, in our cave the artificial light of the Enlightenment tends to eclipse the opening. By teaching us to understand our world, including our mode of being in the world, in the light of the requirements of the Cartesian method, modern science threatens to imprison us in a world of its own making.

A reflective study of science is therefore indispensible to our self-knowledge. Without it, we cannot possibly understand our world, including ourselves. We cannot act intelligently. In Aristotle's best polity the education of citizens never goes beyond the imitative arts. Because ancient cities "lived by tradition in the widest sense" (p. 114), the natural ground of practice was "given." Even as tradition opposed nature in one fundamental respect, it preserved it in another. In our polity, on the other hand, the repudiation of tradition has obscured both the conditions and the nature of practice. The natural ground of practice must therefore be recovered. Theory must recover what the repudiation of tradition has caused us to lose. "[W]e moderns require [theoretical inquiry] precisely as moderns. . . . What was an exemplary culmination for the ancients is for us a common necessity" (p.115). Aristotle's distinction between theoretical and practical education must be at least partly obscured in order to recover the Aristotelian realm of intelligent practice or prudence.

Now someone who agrees with Miss Brann on the need for a reflective study of science might also think that such a course of study could consist in the reading of certain contemporary works in the philosophy and the history of modern science. That is, in fact, what is usually done in most American colleges and universities. Miss Brann, however, maintains that the study must consist in the reading of the originating works of the scientific tradition—the writings of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, ar the other first founders of modern science. "[F]or us is to be either tradition or technique, . . . we either retu to the roots or fall prey to the consequences" (p. 111 The reason for this necessity at first seems paradoxica It is "precisely because of the progressive character science" that it is "philosophically necessary" to stu the original sources of the scientific tradition (p. 112

Miss Brann explains that "In each of its supersedi movements the scientific enterprise enters a higher sta of abstraction and becomes more remote from and fc getful of its immediately intelligible origins; there is *sedimentation* of significance." Philosophical works, on tl other hand, are neither simply timeless, like those poetry, nor progressive, like the discoveries of scienc but "are related in both and neither fashion." Almost such works address their predecessors and are address in turn by their successors. "Hence, the philosophical t dition proceeds, but not progressively; it is rather a kir of spiral on which motion comes periodically over tl same position, but at a higher level." By "higher however, Miss Brann means "an extremely dubious ar problematic rise, which may, in fact, be a fall" (p 112-113). It may be "unavoidably the case," she say quoting from Bacon,

> that 'in the arts mechanical the first deviser comes shortest, and ti addeth and perfecteth; but in sciences [that is, philosophy; Pl and Aristotle are among those instanced] the first author goeth f thest, and time leeseth and corrupteth.' It is at least possible tl in philosophy all successors are unavoidably epigones and th works attenuating elaborations and leveling explications of the ori nal deep insight. The possibility must be contemplated that philosophy a pejorative principle is at work, that the loss of in cence, of immediacy, of naivete, must in the very nature of the thi bring with it a loss of depth (p. 113).

Miss Brann thus suggests that the modern scientific e terprise, by its very nature, presents in extreme form t forgetful tendency of the bookish tradition. It epitomiz what it repudiates: it exemplifies the paradox of traditi and of writing itself. We must return to the foundi works of the scientific tradition, then, because mode science, owing to its progressive character, is itself a t dition in every sense of the term.

III

The last chapter deals with the paradox of Rationali It contains Miss Brann's explicit call for the return to t ancient notion of the intellect. Taking as her starting po Tocqueville's observation that the people in whom t intellectual principles of the Enlightenment have reach their worldly embodiment are also the people amo whom less attention is paid to philosophy than amo any other, she explains that wherever human beings cc gregate some mode of thought becomes incarnate in t community. This mode, differing both in itself and in communal appearance, may be the tacit, inbred ma

tenance of a grown tradition, or the devoted, continual exegesis of a God-given law, or the strenuous, correct adumbration of a certified ideology. For us, the mode is *rationality.* Whereas these other ways of using reason "are not the *way of reason,*" ours is self-consciously rational. Our way requires "an incessant application of the personal instrumental reason to the world, accompanied by an unremitting demand for articulate explanatory speech. And yet it is such reasoning and such speaking as can be embodied in a people and become a national habit" (pp. 121-122). Our way is at once reasoning and unreasoned. An "unreasoned use of reason," it is the Cartesian method as an assimilated habit (p. 121).

Most of Chapter Three is spent describing certain fundamental facets of rationality and their inbuilt pedagogical paradoxes. Briefly stated, these include the pervasive tendency to dichotomize subjectivity and objectivity, leaving us, like Swift's Laputians, no middle ground on which to fix both eyes; and the familiar opposition between the head and the heart, which, resting at bottom on the understanding of reason as a coldly wielded instrument serving a selfish will, teaches us finally to see ourselves as oppressed by the very power of our minds. The facets also include the Lockean conception of the mind as an instrumental rational tool whose last resort is self-evidence and which works on an alien matter obtained as evidence through what Locke calls *experience.* The former tends to forestall reflection (what is self-evident requires no explanation), while the latter tends to forestall immediacy (Lockean *experience* comes through the senses packaged as "phenomena," "facts," "data," "information," etc. "It delivers wood, not trees" [p. 134]). Above all, rationality's familiar aspects include the replacement of classical theory with Cartesian theorizing. Whereas classical theory is an activity which exists "for the sake of seeing and presenting the object as it is in its very nature, for the 'ardent love, the proud, disinterested love, of what is true'" (p. 132), Cartesian theorizing, which confuses receptivity to truth with making mental artifacts, involves methodological problem-solving and is ultimately concerned with controlling the matter it studies.

Miss Brann argues that the root of all these and other related facets of rationality is "self-thinking." *Self-thinking* is a Kantian term capturing what she calls the "chief commandment" of rationality and what Tocqueville calls the principal character of the American mode of thought, namely, "to seek the reason of things for oneself and in oneself alone" (p. 21). It means always to think for oneself, which, as Kant says, is Enlightenment. The "self" as used in the term refers to the agent who thinks, not to the object of thought. It is self-insistent rather than self-reflexive. "It signifies a conscious, self-assertive resistance to authority, a mental declaration of independence." An "assertion of individual sovereignty," it declares that "It is before this supreme court of the self that all cases are ultimately brought for adjudication" (p. 125). While self-thinking thus corresponds directly to the political enfranchisement of the individual, it nonetheless ultimately undermines the conditions for republican life. For republicanism rests on "a public realm in which the thought of all coincides to form a consensus," but the obligation to think for oneself turns everyone else's thought—and finally even one's own—into mere opinion, and thus dissolves the basis for a truly public opinion, leaving the field to either a Lockean "forcelike vector of the larger mass of atomic judgments" or "a necessarily compromised public consensus" produced by "continual cession of individual thinking" (pp. 125, 126).

Miss Brann argues that the ultimate consequence and culmination of the various aspects of rationality is a preoccupation with form over substance—"a ubiquitous formalism, a deliberate preponderance of methods over ends, of pursuit over realization, of possibility over actuality" (p. 21). The incessant demand for certainty, for example, continually directs attention away from the knowledge of things themselves to the formal conditions of knowledge. The matter itself, as well as the approach to learning, becomes highly formalized as strenuous efforts are made to replace substance by logic and content by structure. Miss Brann says that a useful phrase for the formal is that it is the *condition of the possibility* of an object, required so that it might exist, but not included in what it is. Thus, in making decisions, "the decision making process" comes to matter more than the decision itself; in morals, the sincerity of the judgment matters more than the content, and the intention and the background of the deed are more regarded than the deed itself. In short, process and manner eclipse purpose and content.

However, "Most pervasive in their formalistic consequences," Miss Brann observes, "are the very founding terms of this Republic." The principle of equality is a formal notion, whichever of the two major contending interpretations is accepted. If equality is taken to mean equality of opportunity, it is merely a condition of the possibility for becoming or gaining some possible good. If, on the other hand, it is taken to mean equality of results, it similarly lacks substance, focusing attention not on a good but on the comparison of its possession. Likewise, liberty, "our noblest and our most exemplary formal principle," is nothing but the condition for the possibility of being or doing or having something. "It is noble precisely because it bestows nothing concrete at all." And as for the pursuit of happiness, "that most characteristic of American rights," the phrase literally speaks for itself (p. 141).

Miss Brann proposes the return to the classical mode of inquiry and the classical notion of intellect as the resolution of these dilemmas. In Chapter Two she used the term *inquiry* for the reading of the written tradition. Here she means it to go beyond such study and include the asking of questions. Generally synonymous with reflection, it is, as quoted earlier, "a question-asking mode, in which instrumental reason yields to receptive intellect, theoretical construction to contemplative theory, critical delimitation to expectant openness" (p. 22). It is con-

cerned with giving reasons, not with mere reasoning; with finding depth, not with achieving certainty; with thinking, not with "thinking for oneself." Most of all, it is concerned with seeing things as they are in their very nature, without the mediation of modern methodology. It involves the activity and the perfection of one's natural intellect.

Miss Brann's resolution raises a paradox of its own, which in the final analysis underlies her book as a whole. How can the classical notion of inquiry be combined with—indeed, put in the service of—modern political principles that rest fundamentally on the theoretical repudiation of that notion? More particularly, how can we reject Rationality as a public mode and still retain our Republic's Founding political principles?

In elaborating her third resolution, Miss Brann explains the "revealing double capacity" of a question. A question, she says, "can be asked either *of* a fellow human being or *about* things. When addressed to a human being, it is a demand for the communication, the sharing, of truth. When addressed to things, it serves notice that the world is held responsible, that it is thought to be able to answer, to speak out of its depths, to be endowed with reasons" (p. 143). Inquiry in this sense implies or presupposes that the mind is naturally open to the truth, that there is a fundamental harmony between the mind and the world at its depths. Yet this is exactly what the Enlightenment's repudiation of the tradition denies: "For let men please themselves as they will in admiring and almost adoring the human mind, this is certain: that as an uneven mirror distorts the rays of objects according to its own figure and section, so the mind, when it receives impressions of the objects through the senses, cannot be trusted to report them truly, but in forming its notions mixes up its own nature with the nature of things" (Francis Bacon, *The Great Instauration*, "The Plan of the Work"). That is, the mind is essentially projective, not receptive. It naturally confuses the seeking of truth and the making of rational constructions. On this view, theory in the classical sense is impossible, belief in its possibility resting on nothing more than the mind's inherent tendency to deceive itself. And just as the Enlightenment rejects the classical notion of the intellect, so it also rejects the possibility of disinterested inquiry. Contrary to the ancients' claim that theoretical wisdom could ever be chosen for its own sake, the authors of the Enlightenment insist that no human activity can ever be free in the sense that Aristotle means when, denying that the highest science is a productive science, he says that "just as we say a person is free who exists for his own sake and not for another's, so this alone of all the sciences is free, for only this science exists for its own sake" (*Metaphysics* 982b25-28). According to the Enlightenment, liberal education in the strict sense ("an education beyond utility" [pg.62]) is impossible because, contrary to the classical understanding, the highest in man rests upon and is reducible to the lowest: needs necessarily predominate life.

In presenting her resolution of the paradox of utility Miss Brann claims that liberal education in the strict sens is a natural right (pp. 62-63). The modern notion of natu ral rights, however, directly implies self-thinking an hence rationality as a public mode. The natural right t self-preservation entails the right of everyone to decid for himself the best means of preserving his own life. "A ways to think for oneself" means, ultimately, always t have the right to judge for oneself the best means t preserve oneself. Self-thinking thus derives directly fro the primary concern for and natural right to self-prese vation. It is the effective guarantee of our most impo tant right. Rationality as a public mode is thus inseparabl from the rights to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Hap piness as fundamental political principles, as indeed Mis Brann herself seems to say in setting forth the paradc of Rationality (pp. 122, 125). Miss Brann wants to con bine what she evidently considers the best of the ancie and of the modern worlds—namely, classical theory an the American polity. Yet she herself observes th "modes of study have wide political implications" (p 101). Whether, or in what way, classical liberal educatio and modern liberal democracy can be combined is thu a question her resolution leaves open.[3]

Miss Brann claims not to take sides in the battle b tween the ancients and the moderns. "For my part," sh says, "I think that were this contest ever finally aba doned the Western tradition would have ended." Th peculiar quarrels that constitute the contest "both mo the tradition and perennially recollect it" (p. 69). Thu later, in a note, she explains, "It goes without saying th my own inquiry takes a middle ground in interpretir modernity as a ruptured continuation, at once debilita ing and invigorating, of the ancient tradition" (p. 16 It is true that, in one sense, she does not take sides: th revival of the tradition "does not aim at a return to th past but at its reappropriation for the present. The pa matters, not as it has gone *before*, but as it has gone *in* the present" (p. 148). In a deeper sense, however, sh does take sides, as, indeed, it seems she must. The a cient understanding of the intellect and of nature is h constant point of reference. Her guiding intention is recover that understanding by studying the intellectu roots of the modern world from its perspective.[4]

1. All italics are original.

2. Miss Brann often uses the term *theory* equivocally. Sometimes uses it in the strict sense of "pure reflection" (p. 58; see esp. p. 1 but at other times it includes reflection on human affairs in the wi sense. Indeed, occasionally she uses it when she does not mean all. For example, she describes as "theoretical" certain studies fav by Jefferson that, later, in a stricter context, she attacks as "abov an antimetaphysical polemic, which leads to an empirical metho analysis" (pp. 57, 58, 93). In order to make her case, she often sl insensibly between the wide and the strict sense of the term.

3. It should be noted that, in the last sentence of the book, Miss Br offers a cryptic reinterpretation of "the essence" of the American ity: "that it be a republic of *incomparable equals*" (p. 148). She does explain what she means by this.

Miss Brann uses the term *republic* ambiguously throughout the b

Early in the book, when saying that it is "specifically education in a republic" that she wants to consider, she presents the meaning of the term in a way that obscures the primary distinction between ancient and modern republicanism. She retains the public realm as the core of the meaning of a republic, but she redefines the public so as to make it include rather than oppose the private. The contrary of the public becomes not the worldly private but the other-worldly communal. By *republic* she seems to mean the City of Man as distinguished from the City of God (p. 11).

4. Just as with other key words, Miss Brann uses the term *paradox* ambiguously. At times she makes no distinction between a paradox and a problem. To resolve a paradox is the same as to solve a practical problem. The resolution disposes of the paradox or alleviates its undesirable effects. It is in this sense of the term that her proposed resolutions are intended to remedy "some familiar practical perplexities in American education" (p. 1). At other times, however, she sharply distinguishes a paradox from a problem, calling it "a dilemma inherent in [a] thing itself, the kind of inner breach not improperly called tragic" (p. 1). Whereas "to solve a problem is, after all, to dissolve the matter of the inquiry, since a solved problem is a matter of indifference" (p. 132), a paradox "is an incitement to an inquiry and to a resolution intended not to collapse the paradox, but recover its roots" (p. 148). An insoluble object of contemplation, it is something to be recovered, not removed, to be understood, not addressed. In the end Miss Brann seems to intend classical inquiry to resolve the educational paradoxes of modernity in both senses at once. As she says at one point, "I am suggesting that a recovery of the deep and vital founding paradoxes will prove therapeutic" (p. 45). As her inquiry shows, the tension between these practical and theoretical senses, which proves to underlie her inquiry, is perhaps inescapable in the modern world.

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