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foinant Danse fu acen plonc la bible  
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pres ce ama Danse  
vne pame qui habi  
toit en la balee porth  
qui auoit amoy  
Dahida. doreh est .j.  
lieux ou vne vngne  
lois vndront a da  
hidam. v. princes & c

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# The Ridpath Library

OF

# Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL, AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL,  
SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMI-  
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**Edition de Luxe**

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. IV.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY  
NEW YORK

RECEIVED  
FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY  
JAN 27 1896

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## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.  
 ā as in fate, mane, dale.  
 ʰ as in far, father, guard.  
 ā as in fall, talk.  
 ʼ as in ask, fast, ant.  
 ā as in fare.  
 e as in met, pen, bless.  
 ē as in mete, meet.  
 é as in her, fern.  
 i as in pin, it.  
 f as in pine, fight, file.  
 o as in not, on, frog.  
 ō as in note, poke, floor.  
 ō as in move, spoon.  
 ô as in nor, song, off.  
 u as in tub.  
 ū as in mute, acute.  
 ù as in pull.  
 ũ German ũ, French u.  
 oi as in oil, joint, boy.  
 ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ʰ as in prelate, courage.  
 ʰ as in ablegate, episcopal.  
 ʰ as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.  
 ʰ as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short *u*-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ʰ as in errant, republican.  
 ʰ as in prudent, difference.  
 i as in charity, density.  
 ʰ as in valor, actor, idiot.  
 ʰ as in Persia, peninsula.  
 ē as in *the* book.  
 ũ as in nature, feature.

A mark (˘) under the consonants *t, d, s, z* indicates that they in like manner are variable to *ch, j, sh, zh*. Thus:

ʰ as in nature, adventure.  
 ʰ as in arduous, education.  
 ʰ as in pressure.  
 ʰ as in seizure.  
 y as in yet.

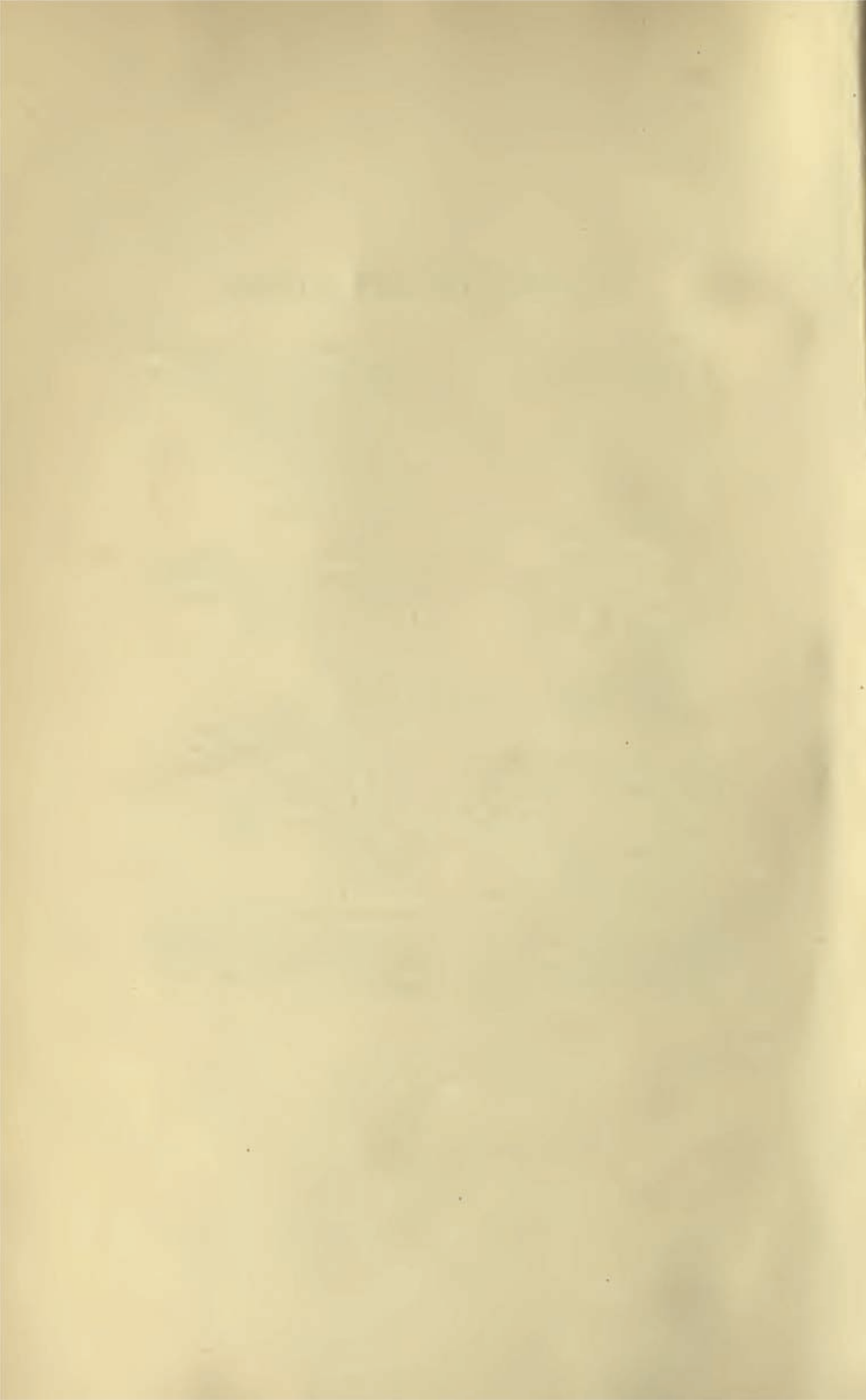
B Spanish b (medial).  
 ch as in German *ach*, Scotch *loch*.  
 ʰ as in German *Abensberg*, Hamburg.  
 H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).

ñ French nasalizing n, as in *ton, en*.  
 s final s in Portuguese (soft).  
 th as in *thin*.

ʰ as in *then*.

D = ʰ.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)



# LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. IV.

(WITH PRONUNCIATION.)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Brenkano (bren tä'nō), Clemens.           | Buffon (bü fōn'), Comte de George       |
| Brentano, Elizabeth.                      | Louis.                                  |
| Brewster (brö'stēr), Sir David.           | Bunce (buns), Oliver Bell.              |
| Bright (brit), John.                      | Bunner (bun'ēr), Henry Cuyler.          |
| Brillat-Savarin (brē yā' sā vā rah'), An- | Bunsen (bōn'zen), Christian Charles     |
| thelme.                                   | Josias.                                 |
| Brontë (bron'te), Sisters.                | Bunyan (bun'yan), John.                 |
| Brooke (brūk), Augustus Stopford.         | Burckardt (börk'härt), John Ludwig.     |
| Brooks (brüks), Charles Shirley.          | Burdette (bēr det'), Robert Jones.      |
| Brooks, Maria (Gowen).                    | Bürger (bürg'er), Gottfried August.     |
| Brooks, Phillips.                         | Burke (bērk), Edmund.                   |
| Brougham (brō'am or brōm), Henry.         | Burke, John Bernard.                    |
| Brown (broun), Charles Brockden.          | Burnand (bēr'nand), Francis Cowley.     |
| Browne (broun), Charles Farrar.           | Burnet (bēr'net), Gilbert.              |
| Browne, Francis Fisher.                   | Burnet, Thomas.                         |
| Browne, John Ross.                        | Burnett (bēr net'), Frances Hodgson.    |
| Browne, Sir Thomas.                       | Burney (bēr'ni), Frances. See Arblay,   |
| Browne, William.                          | Madame D'.                              |
| Brownell (brou'nel), Henry Howard.        | Burnham (bēr'nām), Clara Louise.        |
| Browning (brou'ning), Elizabeth Bar-      | Burns (bērnz), Robert.                  |
| rett.                                     | Burr (bēr), Enoch Fitch.                |
| Browning, Robert.                         | Burritt (bur'it), Elihu.                |
| Brownson (brou'son), Orestes Au-          | Burroughs (bur'ōz), John.               |
| gustus.                                   | Bürstenbinder (büst'ēn bind ēr), Eliza- |
| Brunetière (brün tyār'), Ferdinand.       | beth.                                   |
| Bruno (brō'nō), Giordano.                 | Burton (bēr'ton), John Hill.            |
| Bruyère (brü yār'), Jean De La.           | Burton, Richard Francis.                |
| Bryant (brī'ant), Jacob.                  | Burton, Robert.                         |
| Bryant, John Howard.                      | Bush (büsh), George.                    |
| Bryant, William Cullen.                   | Bushnell (büsh'nel), Horace.            |
| Bryce (brís), James.                      | Butler (but'lēr), Joseph.               |
| Brydges (brij'ez), Sir Egerton.           | Butler, Samuel.                         |
| Buchanan (bu kan'an), George.             | Butler, William Allen.                  |
| Buchanan, Robert.                         | Butterworth (but'ēr wērth), Hezekiah.   |
| Buckland (buk'land), Francis Trevel-      | Bynner (bin'nēr), Edwin Lasseter.       |
| yan.                                      | Byrom (bi'rōm), John.                   |
| Buckle (buk'l), Henry Thomas.             | Byron (bi'rōn), George Gordon, Lord     |
| Buckley (buk'li), James Monroe.           | Byron, John.                            |



BÜRGER, GOTTFRIED AUGUST, a famous German lyric poet, son of a Lutheran clergyman, was born at Wolmerswende, January 1, 1748; died at Göttingen, June 8, 1794. He was educated at Aschersleben and at Halle, and was twice married. He studied theology at Halle, and law at Göttingen, but neglected both for poetry. Through the influence of his friend, Boje, who was one of the members of a famous literary association to which Bürger had been admitted, he obtained a collectorship at Altengleichen. It was here that he wrote his celebrated ballad of *Lenore*, which was inspired by hearing a peasant girl singing some snatches of a ghost-story song by moonlight. This ballad immediately established his reputation as a poet. All this Göttingen band of poets devoted their talents to the production of lyric verse, and their rhymed popular songs, when set to simple, attractive melodies, spread quickly throughout the country. Their poetry was mostly of the quiet kind, describing not action but passive emotion. Bürger alone, of all the group, essayed the dramatic style which Goethe created. He revelled in mystery and gloom, and it was his delight to conjure up ghosts and depict the terror their appearance caused. He describes with much force the conflicts in the human mind between love and duty, treachery

and infidelity, but his imagination fails him in the realm of tender feeling. Intemperance ruined his life. His later years were spent in Göttingen, and would have been spent in abject poverty had he not received assistance from the government of Hanover. Two editions of his works were published before his death (1778-1779); a third was brought out (1796). Since this time there have been many editions of his poems.

## LENORE.

Lenore starts at daybreak's shine  
 From troubled dreams : "O say,  
 Art dead or faithless, Wilhelm, mine ?  
 How long wilt thou delay ?"  
 He'd gone with Frederic's host to wield  
 His sword on Prague's dread battle-field,  
 Nor had he sent to tell  
 If he were safe and well.

The monarch and the empress, tired  
 Of bickering brawl and feud,  
 To bend their stubborn wills conspired,  
 And peace at length conclude ;  
 Each host with song and shouting rang,  
 With trumpet blast and clash and clang ;  
 Decked with a verdant spray,  
 Each homeward wends his way.

And everywhere, aye, everywhere,  
 In road and lane and street,  
 Went forth the old, the young, the fair,  
 The shouting host to meet.  
 "Thank Heaven !" child and mother cried  
 "O welcome !" many a promised bride.  
 Alas ! kiss and salute  
 Were for Lenore mute.

To glean intelligence she sought,  
Of all she asked the name,  
But there was none could tell her aught,  
'Mong all the host that came.  
When all were passed, in dark despair,  
She wildly tore her raven hair ;  
In rage and grief profound,  
She sank upon the ground.

Her mother hastened to her side,—  
“God, banish these alarms !  
What is the matter, child ?” she cried,  
And clasped her in her arms.  
“O mother, mother, all is o'er !  
O world, farewell for evermore !  
No mercy God doth know.  
Unhappy me, O woe !”

“Have mercy, God ! in thee we trust.  
Child, pray a *Pater Noster* !  
What God decrees is right and just,  
God us with care will foster.”—  
“O mother, this illusion flee !  
Unjust, unjust is God to me !  
Availed my prayers before ?  
Now need I pray no more.”

“Help, God ! who knows the Father knows  
He hears his children's prayer ;  
The sacrament will soothe thy woes,  
And soften thy despair.”—  
“O mother, mother, nought will tame,  
No sacrament will quench this flame,  
No sacrament avails,  
When death our flesh assails.”

“My child, what if the faithless youth,  
In Hungary's far plains,  
Have cast aside his faith and truth  
For other nuptial chains ?  
Look on his heart, my child, as dead,  
'Twill bring no blessings on his head.  
When soul and body part,  
Flames will consume his heart.”—

"O mother, mother, all is o'er !  
Forever lost, forlorn !  
Death, death is all that I implore,  
O would I'd ne'er been born ?  
Go out, go out, thou life, thou spark !  
Die 'midst these horrors drear and dark !  
No mercy God doth know.  
Unhappy me, O woe !"

"Help, God, do not thy vengeance wreak  
Here on thy sickly child !  
She knows not what her tongue doth speak ;  
O be thy judgment mild !  
All earthly cares, my child, forswear,  
For God and thy salvation care !  
Then for thy soul's avail  
A bridegroom will not fail."—

"What is salvation, mother ? say !  
O mother, what is hell ?  
Salvation is with Wilhelm, yea,  
Without him is but hell.  
Go out, go out, thou light, thou spark !  
Die 'midst these horrors drear and dark !  
Nor there, nor here on earth  
Hath bliss without him worth."

Thus raged with dread omnipotence  
Despair in every vein.  
Blaspheming, she of Providence  
Continued to complain ;  
She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,  
Until the sun sank down to rest,  
Till o'er the vaulted sphere  
The golden stars appear.

Hark ! tramp, tramp, tramp, without is heard  
A charger in full speed !  
And at the gate a rider, spurred,  
Dismounts his reeking steed.  
And hark ! O hark ! the portal's ring,  
So soft, so gentle, ting-ling-ling !  
Then came unto her ear  
These words, distinct and clear :

"Holla! my child, come, ope the door!

Dost wake, my love, or sleep?

Lov'st thou me now as heretofore?

And dost thou laugh or weep?"

"Ah, Wilhelm, thou, so late by night?

I've wept and watched till dimmed my sight

My grief, alas, how great!

Whence comest thou so late?"

"We saddle but at dead of night;

I from Bohemia come,

'Twas late ere I began my flight,

Now will I bear thee home."

"Ah, Wilhelm, quick, come in to me!

The wind howls through the hawthorn-tree!

Come in, my fondest, best,

And warm thee on my breast!"

"O let it howl and whistle round

The hawthorn-tree, my sweet!

The charger paws, the spurs resound,

To linger 'tis not meet.

Come, bind thy dress, spring up to me,

Behind me, for to-day I thee

A hundred leagues must bear,

My nuptial couch to share."

"Unto her bridal bed will bear

A hundred leagues thy bride?

O hark! the clock rings through the air

Its tongue eleven cried."—

"Come, dearest, come, the moon is bright,

The dead and we ride quick by night.

To-day thou shalt, I vouch,

Lie on thy nuptial couch."—

"Where is thy little chamber? where

Thy nuptial bed? relate!"

"Cool, small, and quiet, far from here,

Eight boards—two small, six great!"—

"There's room for me?"—"For me and thee.

Come, bind thy dress, spring up to me!

The guests await, and hope

Our chamber door will ope."

She tied her dress, and with a bound  
Upon the charger sprung ;  
Her arms of lily white around  
The faithful rider slung ;  
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon  
In furious gallop, on, on, on !  
Steed snorted, rider, too ;  
The sparks and pebbles flew.

On sinister and dexter hand.  
Before their eyes in sunder,  
How swiftly fly mead, heath, and land !  
The bridges, how they thunder !  
" Love, fear'st thou aught ? The moon shines bright  
Hurrah ! the dead ride quick by night !  
Dost fear the dead ? " — " Ah no,  
But love, O speak not so ! "

What tones are they which sweep along ?  
The flapping ravens hurry.  
Hark, tolling bells ! Hark, wailing song '  
" The body we will bury. "  
A mourning train came on before  
A coffin and a bier they bore.  
Their song—so croaks the frog  
Ill boding in the bog.

" At midnight bury in the tomb  
The corpse with song and wail !  
I bear my youthful spouse now home,  
Come to the bride's regale !  
Come, Sexton, bring the choir along,  
And chant to me our nuptial song !  
Speak, priest, thy blessing, ere  
We to our couch repair ! "

The song was hushed, the bier was gone—  
Obedient to his call,  
Whoop ! whoop ! behind the charger on  
They scoured, one and all.  
And tramp, tramp, tramp, they flew anon,  
In furious gallop on, on, on !  
Steed snorted, rider, too ;  
The sparks and pebbles flew.

How flew unto the right and left  
 Hedge, tree, and mountain fast !  
 How swiftly flew, both right and left,  
 Town, village, hamlet, past !—  
 “Love, fear'st thou aught ? The moon shines bright  
 Hurrah ! the dead ride quick by night !  
 Dost fear, my love, the dead ?”  
 “Ah, leave in peace the dead !”

See there ! see there ! Ha ! dimly seen,  
 How dance around the wheel,  
 Crown'd by the moonbeam's pallid sheen,  
 The spectral dead their reel.  
 “So ho ! ye rout, come here to me !  
 Ye rabble rout, come follow me !  
 And dance our wedding reel  
 Ere we to slumber steal.”

Whoop ! whoop ! ho, ho ! the spirits flee  
 Behind with din and noise ;  
 So with the withered hazel-tree  
 The rustling whirlwind toys.  
 And onward, onward, flew they on,  
 In furious gallop on, on, on !  
 Steed snorted, rider, too ;  
 The sparks and pebbles flew.

How all beneath the moonbeam flew,  
 How flew it far and fast !  
 How o'er their head the heavens blue,  
 And stars flew swiftly past !  
 “Love, fear'st thou aught ? The moon shines bright.  
 Hurrah ! the dead ride quick by night !  
 Dost fear, my love, the dead ?”  
 “Ah speak not of the dead !”

“Steed, steed ! methinks the cock I hear ;  
 Nigh is the sand-glass spent.  
 Steed, steed ! up, up ! away from here !  
 The morning air I scent.  
 At length, at length, our race is run,  
 The nuptial bed at length is won,  
 The dead ride quick by night,  
 Now, now will we alight.”

Unto an iron gate anon  
In wild career they flew,  
With slender twig one blow thereon  
Burst lock and bolt in two.  
Wide open creaked the folding door,  
And grave on grave they hurried o'er,  
And tombstones gleamed around  
Upon the moonlit ground.

Ha ! look ! see there ! within a trice,  
Wheugh ! wheugh ! a horrid wonder !  
The rider's jerkin, piece by piece,  
Like tinder falls asunder.  
Upon his head no lock of hair,  
A naked skull all grisly bare ;  
A skeleton, alas !  
With scythe and hour-glass.

The snorting charger pranced and neighed,  
Fire from his nostrils came,  
Ho, ho ! at once beneath the maid  
He vanished in the flame.  
And howl on howl ran through the sky,  
From out the pit a whining cry ;  
Lenore's heart was wrung,  
"Twixt life and death she hung.

Now in the moonlight danced the train  
Of phantom spirits round,  
In giddy circles, in a chain ;  
Thus did their howl resound :  
"Forbear ! forbear ! though hearts should break,  
Blasphe me not, lest God's wrath thou wake !  
Thy body's knell we toll.  
May God preserve thy soul !"

—*Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

