

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

CHAPTER XIV. UNWINDING THE SKEIN.

Archer took the train at Niagara for Hamilton, after sending Rivers back to New York, saying he no longer needed his services. He telegraphed Goodwin of his safety, and told him to come to him at Hamilton, if Christina were contented and comfortable. He had learned, meanwhile, that Royden's hurt was very serious, perhaps dangerous, though probably not mortal. The ball had entered his right shoulder, and could not be found by the surgeons, who, on the whole, were hopeful of his recovery.

Goodwin arrived, and the meeting of the two friends was as warm as it could be, considering they were of the same gender, and that masculine. The younger declared that he had had the gravest apprehensions for the elder, knowing the generous character of one of the combatants and the dense selfishness of the other. He added that Christina had no idea that Archer had any trouble with her betrayal, and that she believed that whatever the good doctor did was entirely right. Goodwin said, furthermore, that he had finally got something like a clue to Barigues, which he believed would lead to decided results; but he would not mention its character until he had made further investigation. Now that he had seen his friend out of danger, he wished to get back to New York to continue his search into the Count's antecedents.

Archer, questioned as to his course, answered that he had not quite decided. He was rather of the opinion, however, that he should go over to Europe, sailing from Montreal, because if he should return home he would probably be arrested for violating the anti-dueling laws of the State of New York. He did not wish to be tried, and to have the whole story of the trouble between Royden and himself published. He assumed that his late antagonist would not die. If he should, the matter would take another phase; but in any event, he would become notorious to a very unpleasant degree, and any and all notoriety he wanted to avoid.

He had thought of sending for Christina, taking her with him, and leaving her by her kindred, who resided in or near Mannheim (Baden). But a little reflection had shown him the imprudence of this. The inference which would be drawn touching his relation to the girl would be as harsh as it was unjust. He would go alone, hunt up her relatives, and arrange for Christina to visit them, if the thing could be brought about.

He hardly knew, as he confessed, what disposition to make of her, adding, "It is very difficult for a man still young to determine what is best to do with a pretty, ardent, artless girl of eighteen, who leaves everything to him. In an ideal sphere she might be easily managed; but in this conventional, censorious world, she presents every feature of a perplexing problem."

Oscar laughed as he said, "Christina is a very attractive, innocent creature; no body, unless he has seen her, would imagine just what she is; and yet this poor, shadowed lamb frequently takes the shape of a white elephant."

"Poor Christina," soliloquized Archer, "it is harder to tell what not to do than what to do with her."

Goodwin returned to New York. Royden, who had been removed to the Clifton House, continued to mend. He was much chagrined that he had clean missed Archer; but he was greatly gratified at being the center of a fashionable sensation. He had no sooner been told that he would, in all probability, recover, than he managed through some of his club chums to have a reporter of the *Harbinger* sent up from New York—Frederic Comstock accompanying him—in order to get full particulars of the duel.

The man of the note-book, who was most liberally entertained at Royden's expense, sent home a long dispatch in limping, polysyllabic English, which the *Harbinger* printed with large display of head-lines. It declared that he had a dozen reporters in pursuit of the combatants for a fortnight, and that one of them had by indefatigable energy succeeded in witnessing the hostile meeting, and secured every interesting detail, in advance of all its contemporaries.

Royden was, it is needless to say, portrayed as a magnificent hero. On his return to New York, after he had learned that legal proceedings would not be instituted against him, he was given a dinner by his fellow-smoaks at the Rensselaer. He then made an extraordinary "speech" about "Honor," in response to the toast, "The Type of Modern Chivalry," and sat down, fuller than usual of conceit and champagne.

Archer sailed from Montreal, as he had expected, after writing at length to Christina, and in good season reached Mannheim, where he found that the girl had a married cousin, the son of her mother's sister, in comfortable circumstances, and a bachelor uncle, living on a farm near the city. They had heard nothing of the girl for years, and were pleased to learn that she had grown to be a handsome and intelligent young woman, and more than pleased to learn that she had friends in prosperous circumstances. They seemed to be fond of her in their way, and none the less so when assured, if she should make them a long visit, that she would not increase their expenditure.

Her kindred, who were educated and quite agreeable in manners, though naturally enough, in that country, very careful of money, aided to explain Christina's personal and mental superiority to most girls in her situation. They formed a positive liking to the doctor, who spoke German fluently and well, and who told them a great deal about the New World. They marvelled much at its growth and greatness, and ascribed Archer's peculiar interest in their relative—he had told them on inquiry that he was not her affianced husband, but only her friend—to the fact, otherwise inexplicable, that he was a native of America.

On leaving Mannheim for a run over the Continent—he had many intimate acquaintances in Europe—he informed Christina's cousin and uncle that he would advise her to pay them an extended visit,

if they would invite her, and that she would doubtless come. They expressed an earnest wish to see her, and letters to that effect went out with the same steamer that carried a long and friendly missive from Archer. He wrote that he would try to remain abroad until she should arrive, and he hoped to have the happiness of meeting her in her native land.

One day, about a fortnight after, as the doctor was running his eye over the newspapers in the reading-room of the Hotel Bellevue, Dresden, he alighted upon an article, in French, in a St. Petersburg journal, relating to a notorious adventurer, who had had a most remarkable career in Europe, and who recently disappeared altogether.

The subject naturally interested him; for it brought Barigues to mind, and the adventurer seemed to be some such person as Barigues might be, or might have been, if he were all what Goodwin suspected. Thinking that his friend would like to see the account, he asked if he could have the paper, and having been answered in the affirmative, he sent it to New York.

Within three weeks he received a cablegram from New York to this effect: "Christina has sailed. I sail to-morrow. Meet me in Paris at the Splendide. Important. OSCAR GOODWIN."

"What the devil does all this mean?" queried Archer, reading the message a second time. "I understand why Christina came; but what brings Goodwin, and what is important? I shall find out in due season, doubtless. Meanwhile (he was at Nice then), I'll move slowly up to Paris to meet my friend. I wonder if he has a new mission. Perhaps he has quarreled with Margaret Royden, and is coming abroad for distraction. But he says 'important,' and he's too sensible a fellow to apply any such adjective to a disagreement between lovers. He knows that it is the most ordinary thing in the world. I shall have to guess again."

Goodwin reached Paris from Havre in the afternoon—he had sailed in one of the Transatlantic steamers—and met Archer, who was waiting for him, at the Hotel Splendide. They were all the gladder to see one another, from the fact that when they had parted nearly two months before at Hamilton—it was now April—they had not dreamed of shaking hands the next time in the Old World.

"You must have some new romance on hand, Oscar," said Archer, "or you wouldn't have rushed over here so suddenly."

"It's nothing new; it's the same old thing. I believe now that I'm really on the trail of Barigues."

"But, my dear boy, you always are, or imagine you are, on his trail. Isn't it being to determine what is best to do with a pretty, ardent, artless girl of eighteen, who leaves everything to him. In an ideal sphere she might be easily managed; but in this conventional, censorious world, she presents every feature of a perplexing problem."

"No wonder you ask. I've thought so much, and done so little, that I'm heartily ashamed of myself."

"Then you and the fair Margaret have not been enjoying any sentimental discords, Oscar?"

"No, indeed; we're too good friends for that, and never better friends than now. I saw her an hour before I sailed, and she was more hopeful of my undertaking than she had ever been. The St. Petersburg paper you sent me is the cause of my being here."

"You surprise me, Goodwin. How can that be? Do you fancy that every adventurer is Barigues in disguise?"

"I have no doubt that that particular adventurer is no other than the man now in New York who pretends to be the Count de Barigues."

Goodwin continued to say that several things in the foreign journal's description of the notorious scoundrel coincided exactly with what he had learned recently of Barigues. These disclosures he had alluded to at Hamilton without particularizing them.

One of the coincidences was that the adventurer was a Pole; another, that he looked much younger than he was; a third, that he was supremely polite and one of the coolest of men; the fourth, that he had a deep scar on the upper part of his left temple, the result of a wound received in a duel, and that he always wore his hair over it. There were other coincidences, but these were the principal ones.

Goodwin had been once told by Rivers that he had been informed that Barigues was a Pole, and that he believed he had learned it from a veteran detective who had been reciting one night in the *Harbinger* office his experiences with rogues. The journalist having urged to search his memory, finally recalled the detective's name. Goodwin had gone to him, and elicited from him that he had received a letter from Scotland Yard, London, arguing him at a certain time to look after a foreign rascal described as a Pole, who was expected to sail for the United States—probably for New York. The officer had kept a very careful watch with various other minions of the law, but never got any trace of the expected rascal. Whether the fellow had not come to America, or had eluded their vigilance, the detective could not say. The date was determined by references to divers documents and circumstances, and seemed to correspond with the date, as nearly as could be judged, of Barigues' appearance in New York.

This was a slight thread to begin with; but it was clearly a beginning. Everybody who had ever met the Count had been struck with his youthful appearance; he did not look more than 35 or 38 at most, and yet there were inner and outward evidence that he must be at least fifteen years older. As to his politeness and coolness there could be no difference of opinion.

The most remarkable coincidence, however, was the scar on the left temple. Goodwin had more than once noticed that the mysterious foreigner's hair seemed to grow further down on that temple than on the other, and since he had learned that the adventurer always wore his hair over it, he had been led to believe that the Count concealed the wound mentioned by using some gummy substance for that purpose.

When Oscar had talked to Margaret of this, she had suddenly remembered that

the night of the eventful interview in the library, when he had pressed her for an early marriage, he had put his hand to his brow, as he was in the habit of doing if inwardly excited, and so pushed back his thick black hair as to expose what she thought at the time to be a scar. The circumstance had no significance then, and had hardly occurred to her since. But now it was full of import, and taken in connection with other things, was a strong and long link in the chain of evidence.

Archer, who had listened with wrapt attention, acknowledged that these coincidences were, unquestionably, testimony of a definite kind against the Count, and furnished ample reason for prosecuting further search into his antecedents. The scar he regarded as a salient point, and the Polish nationality of the two persons rendered it somewhat probable that they might be one. Still, these might be merely coincidences, and a few more steps toward evidence might show that the lines diverged, instead of running parallel.

Goodwin, however, could not be rendered skeptical; he had no doubt that he was on the right track, and that, although his quest might be attended with numberless difficulties, he would be successful in the end. He mentioned, as a slight corroboration, the peculiar accent of Barigues, which he had noticed at first meeting him. The accent, he could now say, was that of a Pole who had long been in the habit of speaking French. He had observed it frequently in Paris, where there were so many Poles, and he had been particularly struck by it in talking with a fellow-passenger on the ship who had lived in France for twenty-five years without freeing himself from his native accent.

He had formed a plan of action, and he would announce it, while they were taking a stroll, after their old fashion, through the brilliant streets of the brilliant capital.

[To be Continued.]

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl.
When fortune seems to frown on you,
The better deal will look to you,
And strike the heavier blow.
You may be sure that those who shrink
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the better part of them,
And clear the way.
That better men have won.
It never pays to wrack the health,
In striving for a vain desire,
And be as bold who think that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
A humble life,
Have temperance, frugality,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.
It never pays a blight to retain
Well worthy of a suit,
For age and youth must meet the truth,
That nothing pays that way.
The good and pure
Are never parted,
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

LATE RELIGIOUS NOTES.

The remains of one of the most famous of the modern saints and doctors of the Reformed Church, Johann Kaspar Lavater, were transferred on December 12th from their old resting place in the St. Annen-Kirchhof in Zurich to a new grave, to make room for a new building. Lavater, who died on January 2, 1801, from the wound given him three months earlier by one of Massena's soldiers, is chiefly known in this country as the author of the once famous treatise on physiognomy, with its rich illustrations.

The conduct of the Bishop of Santander in excommunicating the three Liberal papers which had defended the re-establishment of civil marriage has only fanned the flame which was intended to extinguish. Public opinion is excited, and, as is only natural, there is an enormous demand for the excommunicated papers. The civil authorities have remonstrated with the Bishop, but the ecclesiastical authorities in maintaining the excommunication.

The building of a church in Turkey requires a special firman from the Sultan, and this is attended with much trouble and expense, and is a real hindrance to the work. As the chapels are used for schools as well as for worship, they have been built under the name of schools; but a recent decision of the Government declares that over this there shall have a special order from Constantinople.

There are now at work in China, 31 Protestant Missionary Societies—13 American and 18 British; there are 167 American missionaries and 305 British, and 305 British missionaries, 290 American, and 40 German, making a total of 625. In Japan there are 21 Missionary Societies—13 American and 8 British; there are 167 American missionaries and 305 British, and 305 British missionaries, 290 American, and 40 German, making a total of 625.

Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, is credited with a "new departure" in celebrating the Lord's Supper without distributing the elements to the people. The bread and wine are to "stand on the table as sacred symbols, to speak through the eye to the heart, the minister interpreting." The *Charlottesville* thinks this is the Roman heresy of "heating pews" in a new form.

The total value of the estates held in France by the religious congregations, authorized as well as authorized, is estimated by a recent writer at 712,538,980 francs. They cover an area of 405 kilometers, and as the entire area of France consists of 528,401 square kilometers, a 1,305th portion of this area therefore belongs to the congregations.

A missionary in Ceylon writes as "a noticeable fact" that where Christian women are married to heathen husbands, generally the influence in the household is Christian; whereas, when a Christian man takes a heathen woman, he usually loses his Christian character, and the influence of the household is on the side of heathenism.

There are now about forty Protestant Episcopal parishes in Massachusetts where the sittings are entirely free—some free partly through endowments, some through gifts; but many are absolutely free and carried on in entire dependence upon what the people conscientiously contribute from Sunday to Sunday at the services.

The American Sunday School Union gives the following statistics in regard to its work: Fifty-seven years, 69,848 schools organized, containing 447,360 teachers; 2,169,037 scholars; 1,492,000 cases of aid to schools, having 6,720,000 members; value of publications distributed by sales and donations, \$7,000,000.

In Japan there have very recently appeared three tracts aimed at the growing power of Christianity—one of which opens by saying that Christianity is spreading like fire on a grassy plain, so that in capital and country there is no place where it is not preached.

An anonymous donor has given \$25,000 toward the cathedral to be built in the city of Melbourne, on the condition that \$75,000 from other sources should be collected within twelve months.

The synod of the French Protestant Church has appointed a commission to consider all the existing French translations of the Bible, with a view either to the adoption of one or the recommendation that a new version be made.

The election of the Bishop of Buda as Patriarch of the Serbian Church in Hungary has not been sanctioned, so that a new selection will have to be made by the Congress at Carlovitz.

It is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the bowels, unless she stops to Mrs. L. E. Pinkham, 29 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

WILDES ART GOSPEL.

THE STALWART BRITISH ESTHETE TELLS US WHAT IT IS.

Looking to Elizabethan America for Full Growth of the English Renaissance—Wilde's Reception.

Recently, in New York City, D'Oyly Carte, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's manager, brought out Oscar Wilde, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's subject, at Chickering Hall. Peculiarly the first night of the drama could not have been more surpassed, if indeed it equalled the night's entertainment. At 5 o'clock no ticket, even of admission, was to be obtained at the box office, and the spectators outside had only a few more left in the street.

At 8 o'clock the hall contained a greater audience probably than it has ever held before. Parquet and gallery were packed to the corners, and, contrary to the law, people were permitted to stand in the aisles. The drama was evenly divided as to sex. Many were in evening dress. One or two of the feminine costumes were such as Du Maurier has pictured. Several young men wore their hair parted in the middle and down in the ends of their white overcoats. For the most part, however, the audience was naturally barbered, ordinarily dressed, and in manner and appearance commonplace and everyday. Noticed in it were Judges Archibald Forbes, Jennie June, Theodore Moss, Mrs. Fortescue, Bishop Clarkson, the Rev. Messrs. Heworth and Collyer, Henry Bergh, Aunt Fanny Barrows, and Dr. Macdonald, Superintendent of the City of New York.

Until 8:20 the lights were kept low, and the assemblage showed forth dimly. The insufficient illumination, together with the packed condition of the hall, was not altogether a good thing. An English gentleman with gray whiskers, who sat in the center of the parquet, said, in a voice that was audible for several feet round about, that this was "too-too." The remark, however, was not taken up, and he passed his lips when the crystal chandeliers gave a preliminary crackle and blazed forth with the light of noonday. The audience stirred and smiled, and with much audible buzz and murmur the drama was still evident. Its sole furniture consisted of a tall red screen, which stood as a background, two heavy chair of a fifteenth-century design, a frail and lofty pair of desks, and a slender table close to the desk, supporting a delicate glass tumbler, and a crystal glass filled with white and limpid water.

At the side of the stage, at 8:30 or thereabouts, the door noiselessly opened and a man and a vision appeared. The vision, which was round-shouldered, glided half way across the stage and sank into one of the fifteenth-century chairs. A noise filled the house as the man and the vision advanced to the desk, pronounced a few unheard words of introduction, bowed, and quitted the stage. The vision arose and stood behind the desk, and the man, who was the first New York audience made the acquaintance of each other.

The poet was tall, but modified his height to a due measure by rounding his shoulders. His hair was black, but streaked with gray in the middle, and fell like that in the pictures of Charles II., to his shoulders. His face looked forth as between a set of soft window curtains, white, hairless, smiling, and moist. The features were not too broad, but prominent, but not strong. The brow—the little triangular area to be seen of it, that is—was wholly placid and unmarked, and the eyebrows were neat, dark, and arched, and the eyes were deep, and clear, and bright, and half-lidded. The man advanced to the desk, pronounced a few unheard words of introduction, bowed, and quitted the stage. The vision arose and stood behind the desk, and the man, who was the first New York audience made the acquaintance of each other.

The first greeting accorded to the poet as he advanced to the slender pulpit and bent a leg which was quite as slender in order to put a foot upon the base of it, was an unmistakable and rude giggle. His face reddened, but he did not seem to mind it. He was a man of a diamond stud, and a fine handkerchief was thrust negligently in between it and his waistcoat. A ribbon and real dangle below the latter garment. He was a man of a diamond stud, and a fine handkerchief was thrust negligently in between it and his waistcoat. A ribbon and real dangle below the latter garment.

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renaissance to the French revolution, and the time for performance which may at the base of that revolution, found in a young English poet its most complete and flawless realization. Phidias and the achievement of Greek art are foreshadowed in Homer; Dante profigures for us the passion and the modern love of landscape dates from Rousseau; and it is in Keats that one discerns the beginning of the artistic renaissance of England. Byron was a rebel and Shelley a dreamer, but in the calmness and clearness of his vision, his self-control, his unerring sense of beauty, and his recognition of a separate realm for the imagination, Keats was the pure and serene artist, the forerunner of the pre-Raphaelite school, and so of the great Romantic movement of which I am to speak.

If you ask nine-tenths of the British public about the pre-Raphaelites you will hear something about an eccentric old young man, to whom belonged a sort of divine crookedness and holy awkwardness in drawing all the chief objects of art. To know nothing about their great men is one of the necessary elements of English poetry. [Applause.] The lines of Mr. Keats were a number of young poets and painters who banded together in London about thirty years since to revolutionize English poetry and painting. They had three things which the English public never forgives you for—poetry, and painting, and [Applause.] Satire paid them the homage which mediocrity pays to genius. Their detractors blinded the public, but simply confirmed the artists in their convictions. To disagree with three-fourths of all England on all points is one of the first elements of sanity. [Applause.]

Pre-Raphaelism was, above all things, a return to nature—to draw and paint nothing but what was seen. With the joining of William Morris and Edward Burne Jones to the original band came changes. The latter brought to painting a more exquisite choice, a more faultless devotion to beauty, a more intense longing for perfection. He felt that the slow limitation of nature was a disturbing element in imaginative art. The artist can exchange no theory of life for life itself. For him there is no escape from the bondage of the earth; there is not even the death of escape. He is the only true realist. It was said that the storm of revolution blows out the torch of poetry; but the desire for equality has produced the most gigantic intellects that the world has ever seen. The revival of the period was one of measureless production and of measureless despair.

The poetry of Morris, Swinburne, and Rossetti shows a style's flawless and fearless, and the clashing of arms and the mechanical value of each word as opposed to that value which is merely intellectual, a distinct advance in technique which is the characteristic of all great ideas. While, then, the material for the new movement was being elaborated, the poet called the inspiration of poets has not escaped the controlling influence of the artistic spirit. Not that the imagination has lost its wings, but we have accustomed ourselves to count their innate ambition and their natural, unforced, unselfish strength, to govern their ungenerous freedom.

In choosing his subject the artist is the spectator of all time. Past and present are real to him. For the poet, however, the sole, no subject out of date. But all things are not subjects for poetry. Into the sacred house of Beauty the true artist will admit nothing which is harsh or disagreeable, and which is not rich in meaning. The simple utterance of joy is poetry. Poetry is not mere personal private pain. The real experiences of the artist's life are always those which do not find their expression in his work, but which reveal to nature and absorbed into more artistic form, which seems from such real experience to be further removed and most alien. Art will not harm itself by keeping alive the discussions and social problems of the day, but it will absorb into more artistic form, which seems from such real experience to be further removed and most alien. Art will not harm itself by keeping alive the discussions and social problems of the day, but it will absorb into more artistic form, which seems from such real experience to be further removed and most alien.

So it comes to pass that he who seems furthest removed from his age, it is he who truly mirrors it best for us, because he is outside, and therefore free from the day. All lies before him like an open scroll. If he writes of the subjects of the present, of free trade, of bimetallic currency, it will be, as Milton expresses it, with his left hand. It is prose, and phrase, and pamphlet, not lyric.

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the past the drama has the artistic form which the England of the present day seeks in vain.

It is to you, rather, we look for the perfection of our movement. There is something Hellenic in your life, something Elizabethan that our life cannot give. You are at least young. That very absence of tradition which Mr. Ruskin thought would rob your rivers of their life and your flowers of their fragrance may rather be the source of your freedom and strength. "I foresee," said Goethe, "the dawn of the new literature which all peoples may claim as their own, for all peoples have contributed to its foundation." If, then, it is so; if the materials of a civilization as great as that of old Europe lie around you, what profit, you will ask, will all this of art, poets and painters be to you?

I am asking, as you have listened for 300 nights to my friend, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's charming opera, "Patience" [laughter], that you will listen to me for one night, [renewed laughter]; and as you have had satire, you may make the satire a little more piquant by knowing a little more of the truth; and that, in any case, you will not take the very trivial lines of Mr. Gilbert any more as a revelation of the movement than you would judge of the splendor of the sun or the majesty of the sea by the dust that dances in the beam or the bubble that breaks on the wave. [Applause.] I may venture to suggest, then, that nothing that interests men and women can cease to be a fit subject for culture. Nay, more, I might answer, how, even in this dull and materialistic age, the simple expression of an old man's simple life, passed far away from the clamor of great cities, among the lakes and hills of Cumberland, has brought out for England treasures, compared with which the treasures of her scenery are as barren as the sea which she has made her highway. Through artistic spirit and attitude I think you should absorb art. In individuals, as nations, if the passion for acquirement be not accompanied by the critical spirit, it will be sure to waste its strength in materialism, and in following false ideas in artistic feeling. Love art for its own sake, and then all that you need will be added to you. This devotion to beauty and the creation of beautiful things is the distinction of all great civilized nations. It is what makes the life of each citizen a sacrament, and not a speculation. It is what makes the life of the whole race immortal, for beauty is the only thing that does not harm. Philosophies melt away like morning; creeds follow one another, like the leaves of autumn; but beauty is a joy for all time, a possession for eternity. Wars are revealed, and the mechanical value of men in battles must be always, but I think that art, creating a common intellectual atmosphere between all countries, might, if it could not overshadow the world with the glory of its wings of peace, at least make men such brothers that they would not go to slay one another as they do in Europe, for the whim or caprice of King or Parliament. [Applause.] Mighty empires there must be as long as personal ambition and the desire for personal gain, but art is the only empire that may not yield to the conquest. We, in our renaissance, are seeking to create for England a sovereignty that will be still here when her yellow leopards have grown weary of their den, and the roses of her shield are no longer crimson with the blood of battle. Absorbed into the generous heart of a great people, this perfected artistic spirit will bring with it the glory of the world, as you have never created, though your land be a network of railways and your cities are the harbors of the galleys of the world.

Yet the truth of art cannot be taught. It is revealed, and the mechanical value of men in battles must be always, but I think that art, creating a common intellectual atmosphere between all countries, might, if it could not overshadow the world with the glory of its wings of peace, at least make men such brothers that they would not go to slay one another as they do in Europe, for the whim or caprice of King or Parliament. [Applause.] Mighty empires there must be as long as personal ambition and the desire for personal gain, but art is the only empire that may not yield to the conquest. We, in our renaissance, are seeking to create for England a sovereignty that will be still here when her yellow leopards have grown weary of their den, and the roses of her shield are no longer crimson with the blood of battle. Absorbed into the generous heart of a great people, this perfected artistic spirit will bring with it the glory of the world, as you have never created, though your land be a network of railways and your cities are the harbors of the galleys of the world.

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