

"He died," said No. 7 reluctantly, "of smallpox."

The stranger bowed his head. The birds sang and the sunshine sifted down between the leaves. When he looked up again, the man in gray had gone, and he stood alone beside the tribute to Bill's sacrifice. Unknown, save by the name his comrades gave him,

Bill of Biloxi had come from a little town on the Gulf of Mexico to die for a stranger—a foeman, who wore the hated blue—in Virginia, and whether he had left a mother, a father, or a brother to mourn him, no one would ever learn.

But "the memory of the brave is immortal; the memory of the good is eternal."

LITERARY CHAT

A NEW NOVEL BY MERRIMAN.

One of the few writers who have achieved equal fame in the fields of drawingroom epigram and of fierce adventure is Henry Seton Merriman, whose real name is Hugh S. Scott. The wonderful success which has attended Mr. Merriman's efforts since his first great triumph in 1896, in "The Sowers," shows how popular a combination is that of the epigrammatic and the adventurous.

"The Sowers" had a sale reaching a hundred thousand. "With Edged Tools," though written before "The Sowers" had made its author's reputation, eventually attained as great a popularity as the more immediately successful book. "In Kedar's Tents," the scene of which is laid in Spain, was published serially in the London *Cornhill Magazine* and in the *Bookman* in New York. It is still in constant demand, and has already attained a sale of fifty thousand copies, while its successor, "Roden's Corner," bids fair to rival the author's former works, although it is of an entirely different class and the struggles portrayed in it are those of the world of gigantic business schemes.

Mr. Merriman has shown modern versatility, portraying the foibles of his own age with searching though light satire, scoring its superficiality with easy irony, and at the same time supplying those fine and thrilling situations which are the bone and sinew of fiction that aims to be more than merely ephemeral.

In "The Isle of Unrest," which begins in the December MUNSEY, Mr. Merriman leaves the business world of "Roden's Corner" and returns to the realm of the picturesque and adventurous. The peasantry and the old nobility of Corsica and the south of France give admirable material for striking situation and picturesque adventure. The handling of the material is a new proof, if one were needed, that Mr. Merriman does not permit his popularity to make him careless of literary technique. It is a novel which will add

in every way to the author's reputation as one of the leaders of contemporary fiction.

TO THE RESCUE OF PURE LITERATURE.

Every now and then—or perhaps all the time, though with only occasional spasms of publicity—there is much anxiety over the cause of pure literature. This does not mean literature especially sterilized and made antiseptic for the use of the Young Person; it does not mean moral literature, but literature which is nothing but literature.

Bookish gentlemen shake their heads and cry woe upon a heedless generation that is content with stories which are merely interesting, articles which contain information, articles written by specialists, illustrated articles, and the like.

"Where," they cry, "is there room for pure literature in all this? Reports are reports, no matter how well written; specialists know their subjects and will impart facts instead of giving us pure literature. Oh, for a champion to break the chains which bind literature to those dragons—present interest and special knowledge!"

The gentlemen may take hope. The champions have arisen. Like all proper champions, they have the ardor of youth. They are sworn to rescue the art of letters from its degrading alliance with the aforesaid evils. They come into the ring bowing most politely to their adversaries, after the habit of well trained pugilists. They compliment them thus: "Although the modern magazine, with its wealth of illustrations and variety of articles, has an important place of its own, yet it is believed"—and so on. "Pure literature," they say sadly, "is receiving less and less space and attention because of the journalistic and pictorial tendencies now so conspicuous;" and theirs is the proud task of restoring it to honor! They undertake to do this by means of "a monthly periodical of letters" called *East and West*.

It has been said that these champions have

the ardor of youth. It may even be believed that they have the unparalleled ardor and the unrivaled confidence of that period of youth which follows immediately upon the receiving of an academic degree. Two grounds for this reassuring opinion are to be found in the little prospectus they issue. In the first place, they gravely refer us, for guarantee of their literary standing, to those masters of style who are of the English instruction corps at Columbia College; and in the second place, they gravely assure the prospective reader that a special effort will be made "to bring before the public the work of those who as undergraduates have done the most to raise college literature to the grade of excellence it has attained of late years."

Sad indeed would it have been had pure literature remained confined to the college papers. Joyous news is it that from the study halls and recitation rooms a band of capped and gowned students will pour to give the world a periodical supply of it, untainted by any suspicion of base present interest or special knowledge. Perhaps, after all, there is, as the young editors say, room for such a magazine. But there are times when their friends must fear that pure literature may prove to be like the "general horse" of the logicians, an airy abstraction about which much discussion may be had, but on whose back no one can ever ride.

NEW WRITERS AND OLD ONES.

"The sudden success that so many new writers have gained in recent years is really appalling," remarked a prominent literary man not long ago. "Though my books have for years had a fairly good sale, I find it more and more difficult to place them serially. In other words, the younger writers are crowding me out. If this were my experience alone, I should not complain; but it is the experience of others. During a recent visit in England, I discovered that the long established English writers were suffering in the same way. One of them remarked to me: 'The capitalists in the publishing trade are watching for new writers whose work they are able to secure at very low prices. Consequently, when they make a success with these new names, the profits are enormous. This has led, just now, to a reduction of prices throughout the whole body of writers, except, of course, those who happen to have a great vogue at the moment.'"

The author did not realize that he was presenting the reverse side of a very pleasing picture, and complaining of a fact in which all ambitious young writers must rejoice—the fact that fresh literary talent never found a warmer welcome with both the publisher and the public than at the present time. Think of the successful authors

who have come up in this country alone during the past few years! They include Richard Harding Davis, Robert W. Chambers, and Stephen Crane, all of whom are very highly paid for their work. In England, too, several of the younger men have lately forged ahead in a really remarkable way. It is not surprising that the old favorites should have to look to their laurels.

The complaints of the old favorites, by the way, make one realize that in literature, as in every other kind of effort, success may be only the forerunner of failure. One American writer, who has for years basked in the sunshine of public favor, is so afraid that his popularity may wane that he is turning out as many books as he possibly can. He does not seem to realize that he is choosing a most effective means of wearying the public. When expostulated with by his friends, he always replies: "But I must make hay while the sun shines." At present he is earning about fifteen thousand dollars a year, but he says that he is prepared at any time to hear that his sales are suddenly dropping off.

Another writer, who is much shrewder, says: "I find I can't do really good work if I write more than one novel a year. Into that I put the very best that is in me. If I did work that I considered second rate, I should feel that I had degraded myself to the level of a hack. By pursuing my present plan, I am able to maintain a healthy interest in my work, and to keep the public from saying, 'Oh, he writes too much,' or from turning away from me in disgust."

THE MARTYRDOM OF MARKHAM.

The "Man with the Hoe" has a hard row before him. He did something worth while; and straightway the eager, lumbering world leaped upon him and he was Trilbied. Man may be shanghaied, buncoed, marooned, boycotted, garroted, and yet not be so badly off. But for him who is Trilbied there is no solace and little hope.

Had Edwin Markham been content to stay in his corner, he would have been respected as an able and sincere Western writer, against whose work no one—who had heard of it—had a word to say. But he chose to come out and strike a universal note, one that men the world over must respond to; and his punishment was not twenty four hours behind him. The public had hardly caught its breath before the wild whoop of the faddist was heard, the clamor of the admirer who says in his heart, "It's the thing to admire that poem, and just watch me do it!" and the Man With the Hoe began to rival the brownies for watch guard and stick pin. That brought on the second stage of Trilbying—the minute and resentful criticism of all the work that has appeared since under the name of the man

who did a real poem. Mr. Markham has done a number of real poems, and will do many more; but even the gods sometimes nod, and he has his lesser moments. When he writes of the "high Benignant Power" moving "wool shod," the mental picture of the Deity in felt slippers is not inspiring. But he would be forgiven his slips like other men if he had not been made first into a fad idol and then into a fad target.

A YOUNG NOVELIST'S IDEA.

A few years ago, a foreigner of some distinction in literature, while paying a visit in this country, asked who some of our younger literary men were. The question caused the gentleman to whom it was put considerable embarrassment, for, though he had followed literary matters very closely, he could think of only the names of Richard Harding Davis and a few others. As a matter of fact, there was at the time a singular dearth of young American authors. Several have since become known, among them Stephen Crane, Robert W. Chambers, Winston Churchill, and Frank Norris. Of these, Mr. Norris has thus far given as much real promise as any. Moreover, he has shown remarkable versatility, his talent ranging from light, adventurous fiction, shown in "Moran of the Lady Letty" and "Blix," to realistic tragedy, exemplified by "McTeague."

Now that Mr. Norris has won his public, he is projecting an unusually ambitious plan—to write a series of three novels on "Wheat." It sounds like an uninteresting theme, but if you will think about it a moment, you will see that it covers some of the most vital and dramatic phases of American and of European life. The first of the three novels will deal with the Producer, the scene being laid in the remote West, probably in California, where Mr. Norris has passed a large part of his life. The second will have for subject the Distributor, and will be located in Chicago, the great wheat market. The third, which will be written around the Consumer, will take the author to Europe, and keep him for a large part of the time, at any rate, in Liverpool.

Can this series have been suggested by the Napoleonic exploits of young Mr. Joseph Leiter last year? It would not be surprising if such were the case. In any event, we may hope for some striking studies of the wheat speculators. Last summer Mr. Norris devoted himself to studying the conditions of life on a California ranch for use in the first novel. He is now living in New York, where he expects to make his headquarters for several years to come.

NOVELS IN MINIATURE.

A contributor who has been reading some recent works of well known writers sends us

the following transcription of the impressions these have left on his mind:

WILD ANIMALS I HAVEN'T KNOWN.

BY E-N- -T S-T-N TH-M-S-N.

A bangtail grizzly had been seen swinging on a gate away to the north, and the rumor roused all the hunter in me and set my hair quivering in its sockets. With my gun across my shoulder I set out across the snow.

On every side were indications of wild life: the low dam of the beaver sounded from the stream, and the leaves of the chokeberry were bent two ways, sure sign that a muskrat had lost his mother. A rabbit bounded across the path with ears laid flat, and by that I knew that the moon was rising somewhere.

When I had jogged along some forty miles, I began to feel hungry and looked about for something to eat, but the mournful note of a yellow beaked billstinger hidden in the bushes—"Got left, Got left!"—proved that there was no food in the region. A few miles further on I forgot my hunger, everything, for there in the snow at my feet, thrilling, unmistakable, were the tracks of the bangtail grizzly!

The marks of the fore paws were deeper than those of the hind paws, and by that I knew that he had eaten nothing for several days. It was evident by the shape of the toes that he had yellow eyes and a fierce growl. With joy in my heart, I followed the tracks up hill and down for fifty miles, till at length I saw before me a dark form towering through the bushes. I crept nearer. A massive brown beast sat upon a snow hillock, looking sadly at the desolate landscape. It was the bangtail grizzly!

His face had the proud, sad look of one who has been often misunderstood. By the rings on his tail, I knew that he had killed four men and a boy. I raised my gun; but at that instant he turned and saw me.

Silently we gazed into each other's eyes, until all at once the hunter died within me. A sense of kinship sprang up between us. We understood. Throwing aside my gun, I buried my face against his shoulder, while he went through my pockets as only an intimate can.

The shrill pipe of a lame frog told me that there were pancakes for breakfast back in the camp, so, emptying my gun into the air, I went home without the skin I had come for, but with something greater—a bond of everlasting brotherhood with the bangtail grizzly.

* * * *

THE TRAIL OF THE GOLD SEEKERS;

Or, How I Took a Horse to the Klondike.

BY H-ML-N G-RL- -D.

On the ninety first day we camped in the bed of an icy stream in a pouring rain. There was a sheltered spot on the left bank, but that we yielded to our faithful horses. Lagroan suffered in the night from bad dreams and whinnied distressfully, but I took him my blanket and air pillow, and held his hock till he fell asleep again. He seemed glad to have me sit by him.

The next day we pushed on, keeping to the center of a slough. Lagroan seemed tired, so I walked beside him and carried the saddle. Food began to grow very scarce. By night we had nothing left but a few baked beans and a bottle of paregoric,

and these we gave to our faithful horses, our own pangs allayed by the sight of their satisfaction. I attempted to write a poem, beginning

Across the throbbing desert sand
The horned toad's cry is borne;

but it seemed to irritate Lagroan, so I gave it up.

The next day's march was delayed by a heavy sleet that fell incessantly all the morning. I suffered seriously from lumbago, as I had spread my mackintosh over my faithful horse, who came through the experience better than I had dared hope. We had intended to reach the village that night, but we came across a patch of Lagroan's favorite grass, so we made ourselves as comfortable as we could on a glacier, that he might enjoy it at his leisure. The faithful fellow rubbed his head against me while I was taking off his bridle.

We reached the village at noon the next day, and I was for pushing on at once to the gold fields, but Lagroan showed unmistakably that he was tired of the trail, so I decided to abandon my project and accompany him back to civilization. Though his experiences had been hard, the noble fellow did not condemn the Klondike, so I am glad to say the gold fields are still open and doing business.

* * * * *

A DRAWINGROOM CONVERSATION.

BY E-T-LLE TH--N-CR-FT F-WL-R.

Lord Steeplecrown thoughtfully stirred his tea.

"So Winnie Flyter has succeeded in marrying her duke," he said.

"All's well that ends swell," commented Lady Sliverington.

"A marriage without love is better than love without a carriage," added Pamela bitterly. "It's the accessories that make it possible to drag on through our days."

"Every drag on has his St. George," said Lord Steeplecrown gallantly. "Yours, my dear young lady, may be at this moment—ringing the doorbell."

"Well, if he is a complete blockhead, like my husband, let him in," advised Lady Sliverington. "When I don't like Sliverington's ways, I merely have to hit him with a chair. He thinks it inadvertence and is too polite to call my attention to it. But it mends his ways, if not the chairs."

"Chairity begins at home," murmured Lord Steeplecrown.

"So does divorce," commented Pamela. "'Tis love that makes the world go wrong."

"Pamela is our cynic *qua non*;" and Lady Sliverington smiled affectionately.

"Contention is better than riches," answered the girl. "There are moments when I hate the emptiness of luxury. Better a stale loaf and a knuckle of ham—"

"But many a nickel makes a knuckle," interposed Lord Steeplecrown. "Poverty is generally the emptiest state of all."

"Better M. P. than empty," said Lady Sliverington. "That's why I've put up with Sliverington all these years."

"Well, as the man said who stole a ride on a tram car, none but the brave reserve their fare," said Pamela, rising to go. "My carriage is waiting."

"Hansom is as automobile does," said Lord Steeplecrown, rising also.

"Good by, my dear," said Lady Sliverington. "I'd keep you to dinner, but it's a wise child that knows

its own larder." And she sank back among the cushions to refresh herself for the next callers by reviewing the tables, ten words make one epigram, ten epigrams make one wit, ten wits make one tired.

LITERARY LIFE IN FICTION.

Do novels of literary life pay? Some publishers think that they do not; and yet, in recent years, several novels of this kind have found favor. Mr. Howells, for example, is so fond of writing about literary life that he has introduced it either as the chief or as a subordinate interest in several of his books.

The latest novelist to use this subject is Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, who ought to know all about the literary career, as he has for many years been in the thick of the struggle for its honors. With his picture of New York literary life he has combined an attempt to depict phases of fashionable New York society. As might have been expected, he has been less fortunate with his society people than with his author hero. This brings up the question, how much do our authors know about fashionable society in New York? Probably very little, as they are seldom seen in it. To be perfectly frank, Mr. Warner's society characters are gross caricatures. *Mrs. Marick*, the wife of a multimillionaire, who addresses her daughter's governess, *Miss Anne McDonald*, simply as "*McDonald*," and allows her daughter to do likewise, could not possibly have an existence in New York. It is doubtful if she could exist anywhere. And as for Mr. Warner's noble lord from England, he is almost libelous. No wonder the English do not care for American fiction, if they are likely to find themselves so misrepresented. "That Fortune" is not likely to add to Mr. Warner's reputation either as a story teller or as a student of contemporary manners.

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

One of the oldest and most respected of New York's publishers sat beside one of the youngest and most irreverent at a dinner given in honor of a literary visitor a few weeks ago. The old gentleman seemed a little annoyed on discovering who his right hand neighbor was, but the younger man betrayed not the least embarrassment, and proceeded at once to start a conversation.

"Well, you must have seen a good many changes in our business since you began," he remarked flippantly.

"Yes, a great many," was the slow response.

"And most of them improvements, I suppose?"

The old gentleman looked up from the napkin that he was holding a little tremulously at his lips.

"Hardly!" he replied.

The youth smiled. "At any rate," he said, "we have broadened the field. There are more books today, and more people are reading them."

"Novels, yes. Twenty five years ago our house used to have a list each autumn that we could be proud of. There were books on it that appealed to intelligent, thinking people. Now, like the rest of the trade, we're obliged to publish such books as you youngsters publish—most of them light fiction that sells for one season and then is forgotten."

"But novels have their place, sir."

"Yes, they have their place, but they've got beyond their place. They are crowding everything else out. Readers of the present day are drugged with novels. They read so much fiction that they have no taste for anything else. They're like a weak boy brought up on pap. They have no intellectual digestion. It's the fashion, the craze, of the present generation to read fiction; to be a great reader of fiction passes for a mark of superiority. When I consider some of the books we are obliged to bring out to meet the demands of the public and to keep our business going, it makes me ashamed of being a publisher. In the old days I was proud of my business."

"But you don't blame us for that, do you?"

"You youngsters are partly to blame. You do a good deal to encourage writers who ought either to be suppressed or to be taught better manners."

"Taught better manners? What do you mean?" The young man's volatile manner had changed to seriousness.

"I mean simply that you've let in a good many smart young writers who think that indecency will pass for originality, and that the best way of making a success is by shocking the public. In my early days publishers not only took a pride in their books, but felt a moral responsibility about them. In other words, they wouldn't bring out books they would be ashamed of. Now it seems as if most of them had lost the sense of shame, and you youngsters don't give any sign of ever having had any."

"But you can't deny that the average of intelligence has risen in this country since—well, since the Civil War."

"Can't deny it? I do deny it." The old gentleman, as he glowed in the excitement of argument, seemed to become stronger and younger. "This talk about 'the growth of intelligence,' and all that, is the merest poppycock, and only shows the conceit and superficiality of the day. Because people nowadays read novels and newspapers, they think they are 'educated' and 'cultured.' As a matter of fact, they only have a general debility of the mind that unfits them for any serious thinking. They have no taste for history, for essays, or for serious works of

travel. Talk to me about 'the growth of intelligence'! Why, there was more average intelligence in a country village of forty years ago, than there is in the city of New York today!"

"But the conditions of publishing have certainly improved."

"Improved! Book publishing has become a mere trade, like any other. All the spirit is going out of it. In the old days a publisher regarded his authors as, in a sense, his children. He trusted them and they trusted him. Now there is mutual mistrust and throat cutting. The author is suspicious of the publisher, and the publisher has no confidence in the loyalty of the author. Once we were glad to take an author and encourage him, develop his talent, with the expectation that he'd stand with us through his career. Nowadays, when we try that experiment it is sure to end disastrously, as far as we are concerned. As soon as one of his books makes a success, the author thinks we aren't generous enough with him, aren't doing the right thing by him, and his next book he gives to the highest bidder, exactly as he would do if he were dealing in real estate or in soap. Loyalty! He'd laugh at the very word. He's after the money, and he won't hesitate to tell you so."

"An author must live like everybody else," the young man replied, his flippancy suddenly returning.

"His best way of living is by standing by those who have helped him to the first rung of the ladder. I've observed, by the way," the old gentleman added drily, "that he isn't any more loyal to you than he is to any of us. Sometimes," he added, with a smile, "he's mighty glad to come back to us."

"Oh, well, literary ideas change like everything else. You can't expect the literary men of the present generation to be like the literary men of forty years ago."

"I should think not. What are the literary men of the present generation doing? They first study the writers who are the top wave of popularity, and then they deliberately try to swim in their wake. That is why, just at present, we are deluged with cheap romance, chiefly with imitations of men like Weyman and Hope. The average young literary man of today, it seems to me, doesn't care a fig for originality. He is bent on turning out as much salable copy as he can; and as fast as he writes it, he turns it over to his literary agent, who hawks it among the publishers."

"But the literary agent is a very useful institution."

"For the commercialized author, yes. He saves the author's time, no doubt, and he can do his bargaining without the least personal embarrassment. He is the latest and the most

typical expression of the state of literature today. How can the relations between publisher and author ever be what they once were?"

"Oh, the halcyon days are over," the young publisher replied flippantly. "We're utilitarian now."

The old gentleman looked scornful, but he did not reply. Perhaps he felt that his case had been adequately stated.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BLUE?

Authors seem to have a decided tendency to tinted titles, and a look backward over the literary palette shows it set with every color except blue.

Red has been a favorite since the days of "The Scarlet Letter," and we have recently had "The Red Badge of Courage," "Under the Red Robe," "The Red Republic," "The Red Cockade," "Red Rock," and "Red Rowans." Yellow is equally popular, and we may remember "The Yellow Aster," "The Dancer in Yellow," "The Yellow Danger," and "The Yellow Wallpaper." Green gives us "The Green Carnation," "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," "Green Gates," "Green Fires," and "Green Arras." Other colored contemporaries are "The Black Douglas," "The Black Riders," and "Black Beauty"; "White Wings," "White Aprons," and "For the White Rose of Arno"; "The Lilac Sunbonnet," and "Sketches in Lavender." But blue seems to be neglected, and but for one of Mr. Lang's prismatic "Fairy Books" would have no representative in the temple of titular fame.

THE JAMES ADVERBS.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said *Humpty Dumpty*, "I always pay it extra." If Mr. Henry James is as scrupulous a paymaster as *Humpty Dumpty* was, he must give a great deal of extra pay to his adverbs. And lest he should inadvertently omit one poor overworked laborer, we would like to call his attention to "perfectly." Now, "perfectly" never objects to doing its regular tasks, but when it is jammed into such queer places as Mr. James sees fit to jam it into, it surely deserves a bonus.

For instance, in "The Awkward Age" we find the poor word in such positions as these:

"He will! That is, you know, he perfectly may."

"I can, at any rate, perfectly try it."

"Ah," said *Vanderbank*, "I'm a mass of corruption."

"You may perfectly be, but you shall not," *Mr. Longdon* returned with decision.

"I perfectly admit that I'm capable of sacrifices."

And so on, as all readers of Mr. James' books will remember. And doubtless these are all legitimate uses of his pet adverb; we are not

criticising the author's diction, we are only suggesting that in his next book he might give "perfectly" a well earned rest.

UNFORTUNATE ACHROMATOPSIA.

Away up in East Aurora, New York (where presumably the sun never sets), is a shop which turns out some very beautiful books. They are in truth the perfection of book-making so far as paper, type work, and binding are concerned; but in coloring they are painfully mistaken.

A delightful volume from this Arcadian press lies before us; the limp cover of soft olive green chamois is totally spoiled by its lining of cherry red satin, and the illuminated initials and head and tail pieces, which are guaranteed "hand work," are evidently done with dyes that should have been kept exclusively for Easter eggs. Altogether, the color schemes of these books are enough to make William Morris (whom the East Aurora printers claim as their patron saint) turn in his grave.

But when a buyer of the books wrote to Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who makes them, and stated all these sad facts, the reply was that the objections were only too well founded, but that the young woman who does their decorative designing is color blind!

AFFECTATION AS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"It seems to me," remarked a critic not long ago, "that literary affectation has more chance of winning success today than any time that I have known. Think of all the writers who have made hits of late largely because their books are 'queer,' or because they themselves are eccentric, or pretend to be eccentric. There's Stephen Crane's last book of verse, for example. If that book had appeared a dozen years ago, it would have been hooted out of existence. But it couldn't have appeared then; no publisher would have accepted it. Of course, affectation thrives largely because of the immense amount of gratuitous advertising that authors receive nowadays, the worthy as well as the unworthy. If we turned the cold shoulder to affected and silly books, their authors would soon become sensible.

"As for Crane, he has altogether too much real ability to have recourse to literary posing. His recent book of verse, however, is nothing but a long series of foolish posturings, which deserve only contempt. I hope the time will come when our young writers will learn the lesson that old Sarcey used to preach all the time, the lesson of simplicity and honesty. 'I never could understand,' he used to say, 'why there was anything to be ashamed of in writing out your thoughts in a way that would make it possible for readers to understand them.'"



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"THE BIRTH OF CHRIST."

From the painting by Walther Firlé—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d Street, New York.

"But see, the Virgin Blessed
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
And all about the courtly stable
Bright harness'd angels sit in order serviceable."
—Milton's "Ode on the Nativity."