

## THE MARCH OF THE DEAD BRIGADE.

BY THOMAS S. DENISON.

NO sound disturbs the drowsy dawn,  
As forms the dead brigade;  
Its silent ranks, in serried lines,  
Glide onward toward the springing pines,  
All phantoms in parade.

Their steps bend not the drooping corn;  
These warriors all are ghosts.  
In rank and file, with solemn tread,  
Their captains marching at the head,  
Move on these silent hosts.

From out the tented camp of death,  
Their flag of peace displayed,  
With footfall soft as dew at morn,  
These cohorts sweep the bending corn,  
Where battle once was laid.

The mark of God's eternal peace  
Their countenances bear;  
And freed from all unholy hate,  
They shine with that exalted state  
Which heaven's angels share.

## THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS?"

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH SIENKIEWICZ.

BY JEREMIAH CURTIN.

TRANSLATING HIS BOOKS—FIRST MEETING WITH THE NOVELIST—HIS OPINIONS OF  
ENGLISH AUTHORS—A PICNIC IN THE CARPATHIANS.

IN the summer of 1888, while making ethnological researches in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, I ordered a copy of Sienkiewicz's trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." As I follow the course of various Slav literatures with a good deal of care, I knew that these works had aroused great interest among Poles and Russians, and were rather long; but when I saw thirteen volumes, of nearly four thousand pages, brought in and placed on my desk I was somewhat alarmed at the bulk of them.

I had ordered the trilogy to read, not to translate, and intended to put it aside for

a season of more leisure. On examining "With Fire and Sword," however, I found the opening chapter so remarkable that I read the four volumes through without delay. Next I read "The Deluge," and then "Pan Michael." The splendid descriptions of action and character in those volumes were to me a source of great and keen delight. "I have found a new style of mind, a man different from others, I have discovered Sienkiewicz"—these were the words which I said to myself when I had finished the trilogy. "American readers would be delighted with these books; I will translate them"—this was my immediate decision.

I had no time to spare from my work in Washington that summer, but I translated two chapters of "With Fire and Sword," just to begin—to take possession of the work, as it were. Rather late that year I went to the Pacific coast, intending to spend twelve months in studying the Indians of Hoopa Valley, on the Trinity River, and the Indians of the Klamath River. I worked among the Indians in the daytime, and at "With Fire and Sword" every evening, and sometimes far into the night. The translation was continued at Orleans Bar, on the Klamath River, and finished the following summer at Three Dollar Bar, on the Salmon, a confluent of the Klamath.

In that wild region, inhabited by Indians and a few miners, I once came near losing my finished manuscript while crossing the deep and dangerous Klamath in a rotten canoe. Had I lost it, I should have been sorely tempted to abandon the work, so wearied was I from struggling with men and the wilderness. To translate "With Fire and Sword" a second time would have been no small task.

A publisher in New York who knew of the translation asked me to send it to him. I did so, and it was refused because the subject was thought unfamiliar. The publisher stated that there was no doubt as to the merit of the work, which was brilliant and original; and he added that if "With Fire and Sword" covered some striking period in French, German, or English history, he would take it without hesitation, but Polish or Russian history was too remote and too foreign.

I did then what I had intended at first to do: I sent the manuscript to Little, Brown & Co., who had published already my "Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland."

"With Fire and Sword" appeared in good season. Its success was immediate and striking. The book was received with such favor that I resolved to translate "The Deluge." One volume of the six composing the work was done before January 1, 1891, the other five during the winter, spring, and summer. The book was published a year after it was begun, though I was occupied with other work a good part of that time.

"Pan Michael" was translated in Ireland, while I was collecting the "Hero Tales" of that country.

The success of the trilogy gave me much pleasure; I was gratified to find that my estimate of American readers was just. Soon after the publication of "With Fire and Sword" I began to receive letters from

people unknown to me—people living in various States. Up to this time I have received letters from men and women in thirty different States of the Union. All these persons wrote simply to say that they had read "With Fire and Sword," or "The Deluge," or "Pan Michael," or all three of them, with such pleasure that they felt bound to inform me of that fact, and to thank me for having made those books accessible to American readers.

I need make no remarks touching my other translations of Sienkiewicz, except "Quo Vadis?"—the greater part of which was done in the city of Guadalajara, Mexico, the concluding chapter being finished in northern Guatemala, in the wildest of wild places.

In the summer of 1897 I made a short journey in Europe. My first visit was to Ragatz, Switzerland, which is rather famed for hot baths of mineral water.

I arrived at the Hotel Quellenhof one day about the lunch hour. The manager received me with that careful courtesy for which some Swiss managers are noted, and found for me, after some effort, just the room I required. In the dining-hall, much to my surprise and delight, he gave the information that he would seat me at the table d'hôte next a Polish gentleman named Sienkiewicz, a writer.

When Sienkiewicz learned who I was, he expressed much pleasure and surprise, for I had appeared at his side unexpectedly, and, as it happened, he was reading just then the American edition of "Quo Vadis?" The trilogy, and other volumes, he had read some time earlier.

There were many guests at the Quellenhof—a few Americans, more English, then Germans, and French; some Poles, among them Count Tyshkevich, who went with Sienkiewicz on his African journey; and Countess Potocka, a Polish lady of much distinction; and, finally, the Hohenzollern who, because of the Spanish crown, caused the unpleasantness between France and Germany which, through Bismarck's careful nursing, resulted in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. In that throng of people Sienkiewicz moved about, worked, and lived as if in a wilderness; he held aloof from society, though he observed it.

There is a great charm in the freedom and loneliness of a crowded hotel with all the comforts of the century. It is also a good place for work. This charm Sienkiewicz enjoys, and he has done much work in hotels, from

the one in Los Angeles, California, where he wrote "Charcoal Sketches," which forms a part of the volume called "Hania," to the hotel in Nice where he finished "Quo Vadis?"

Sienkiewicz's method of making a book is as follows: He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes this in his head, and lets it "seethe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work, he divides his time, not into days, but weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, the second week a similar amount, and so on, week after week. He writes without correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript—the one which he sends to the printer. Each week's work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the "seething and fermenting" in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant.

To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, to create works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis?" by a series of efforts, each one of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing *tour de force* in literary experience. Sienkiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself; visits and studies the places which he needs to see; and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires, and shuts himself in with them during working-hours, which for him are from eight or nine till lunch at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening, and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance.

Sienkiewicz has studied various literatures extensively. He began to read novels in boyhood. He read them in school and out, and during his career in the gymnasium and university.

One day at Ragatz, while we were at lunch, he told me that he had just received a telegram from Warsaw, announcing that his son Henryk was first in his class for the year. He seemed greatly pleased, and when I congratulated him, and added, "You are as well pleased, I suppose, as your father was when you passed examination." "Oh," said he,

laughing, "I have more evident reason to be pleased than my father had. I did not stand high either at school or in the gymnasium. I was otherwise occupied: I was reading novels. Often, while pretending to study, I was deep in a volume of Scott, or Dumas, or some other great writer."

"Novel-reading, even in school hours, was not harmful in your case," said I.

"No," replied he; "for me it was useful; my bent was in that direction, and I did what has proved best for me. With my son it is different. He inclines toward science; electricity attracts him. For him high rank seems in order; in fact, it is necessary. My daughter, considering her age, shows much power of narration, and takes pleasure in telling a story; she has even written one already."

That day Sienkiewicz expressed himself at some length on English literature and art. I give his own words:

"Of English novelists I like Dickens best. His 'David Copperfield' seems to me nearer genuine human nature than any other English production of the century. Dickens derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters.

"In literature Shakspeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems to me almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers.

"Scott had a power of narration that was really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true; but infrequently he ornamented in his own way—beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knighthood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still, he was a wonderful writer.

"Thackeray was a great novelist, but to me he has always seemed enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, hence injured as an artist.

"Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial; he was the poet, not of humanity, but of a class, and devotion to a class always enfeebles an author.

"Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was very much of an artist by nature. In 'Trilby' his description of Parisian artist life is fine; but the book, though entertaining, is too fantastic; the end especially is unreal beyond measure, as is, of course, the hypnotism. Rider Haggard I know to the extent of but one novel, 'She,' which I read in eastern Africa.

"Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of mental creation, in which it is not likely to be strengthened—the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe; their Kryloff is the greatest fabulist of modern times."

Thus ended the talk on English literature. A few days later I left Ragatz, for I had journeys and work before me. Sienkiewicz, however, made me promise to visit him in the Carpathian Mountains, at no great distance from Cracow; and some weeks after my departure from Ragatz, I paid a flying visit to Zakopane, a village about which has risen a summer resort at the foot of the main mountain-range—a resort much frequented by Poles from various provinces. The place is animated; but, being new, it has not all the appliances which people seek at a summer resort. It is half encircled by pine woods, and a new extension of the village is entirely among trees. On the open side are pleasant green fields; along hill slopes through the place runs a clear mountain river. From the principal street the mountain view is glorious. High above a pine forest towers the naked ridge of the Carpathians, which forms an immense female figure, lying face upward. This recalled to me at once the "White Woman" of Mexico, the majestic neighbor of Popocatepetl. Though smaller than the Mexican, the Carpathian ridge has a certain advantage: it is seen from near by, and presents very definite features.

Zakopane is agreeable in good weather; but during my short stay clouds, mist, and gloom were predominant. At last came a glorious day, bright and sunny. Sienkiewicz had been waiting for that day, and he took us to Charny Stav (Black Pond), a small lake in the heart of the mountains.

The party included his son and daughter, Henryk and Yadviga, with a governess; Professor Sobieranski of Lvoff; Sienkiewicz's nephew, a dozen years of age, perhaps; and Mr. Gielgud, a Lithuanian, of the British war office, who speaks English as if born and reared in London.

Sienkiewicz had told me that for five generations he was the first man of his family who had not chosen arms as a calling. I saw now, by the order with which all was arranged for the party, and the ease with which everything moved, without hurry or halting, that the master of our picnic had the blood and the brains of a soldier. At an early hour country wagons were waiting before the house to take us to Kuznitsa, at the foot of the mountain; at that point saddle beasts

were ready to carry us farther; with the horses stood mountain men in good number to assist and entertain us on the journey. Some of these mountaineers had musical instruments; most of them, as we learned afterward, were excellent singers; and all could dance skilfully. They were robust, active, fine-looking fellows.

The road had the variety of picturesque ravines and steep, rugged climbs through dense pine-woods. As we ascended the mountaineers took short paths, and gave music from places above and beyond us. When we halted, at last, on a lofty green plain, broad stretches of country were visible; far away were cultivated hilly uplands; nearer, but deep down below us, were pine-woods, with large tracts of grass-land, and herdsmen's villages, inhabited only in summer. On the other hand stood the central range, severe, immense, and naked. Between us and it were a narrow, rocky descent, then fields of large boulders, and at last thickets of dwarf pine, dense and tangled. Between these thickets and the Carpathian ridge was the small lake Charny Stav, which lies in a kind of angle, dark and still, with a little island near one side of it—a severe place, stern even in summer.

As the lake is almost eight miles from Zakopane, and the air, though agreeable, was bracing, all had a fair appetite when we arrived at the lake. Servants who had come with provisions made a fire, and in good time we had an open-air banquet, abundant and excellent. Even champagne had been brought and cooled, so that the genial author of "Quo Vadis?" might pledge the health of his guests in it.

Just as coffee was served, at the close of our feasting, the mountaineers, with dancing and music, took their places before us near the edge of the water. After a short trial the space was found rather narrow, and Sienkiewicz directed the men to assemble on the grassy height where we had halted in coming.

At the lake-side two photographs were taken, one of the whole party, including the mountain musicians, the other of Sienkiewicz and his daughter. The latter has appeared in "Hania," and is excellent.

The return was now sounded, and we moved toward Zakopane. On reaching the grassy height, there was great animation, for music and dancing were to come. Young Henryk Sienkiewicz and his sister urged on the bringing of wood for a fire, and themselves added sticks and brush to it. No fire,

however, was put to the fuel, as the place was too windy. The fire was for a "robber-dance," in which a whole party circle round a fire, and single ones leap through it at short intervals. After one or two dances, we had that dance; and here it is proper to state that fifty years ago Zakopane was a real nest of robbers. The people were not even formally Christian. The roads between Poland and Hungary in those days were perilous. All has changed since that time, however, and robbery on the highways exists only in stories, of which, as Sienkiewicz informed me, there are good ones still extant about Zakopane.

The robber-dancers received a cheering cup to rouse them, and assembled round the heap of sticks and brushwood. Each had an ax about the size of an Indian hatchet, the handle being as long as an ordinary walking-stick. The circle moved from east to west; each man dancing, singing, or shouting, and brandishing his ax at certain intervals. Then the action increased; men sprang as if through the fire; and what seemed at first like the Navajo fire-dance ended in a finale of excitement and breathlessness. The whole action reminded me strongly of the Seneca Indians of New York in their war-dance. It had something in common with both Navajo and Seneca, and, like all primitive dances, has been most important in the life of the people who framed it.

From the height we went down, single file, by a new, steep, narrow path on the edge of a precipice. All were on foot; that was no place for riding; the horses were led by another road. A small boy of our company walked ahead; he seemed like Tom Thumb, followed by his brothers, in Gustave Doré's picture.

Far down in a partly wooded ravine we mounted again. The route was different from that of the morning. On one side were dark pines, on the other, high cliffs. Here and there was a standing rock which looked like a broken statue. At one point, while moving in the shade (for it was after sunset in low places), we turned a corner, and saw ahead, but at one side, a splendid cliff. At first sight it seemed a ruined castle. The last rays of the sun were upon it, creeping perceptibly toward its summit. At that moment the music and song of the mountaineers burst forth. As we advanced the rays climbed to the side of the castle, and when we were

abreast of it not a peak or a stone of the place was in sunlight.

About dusk we reached Kuznitsa, where we rested awhile. The country wagons were waiting, and we were conveyed to Sienkiewicz's residence. Horses were not spared, and that swift downward drive in the dark, through a forest with a roaring mountain stream at the roadside, was wonderfully pleasant.

Forward we rushed, till suddenly the wagons stopped. "What is the matter?" called one. "Is anyone hurt?" asked another. "We are at home," said Sienkiewicz.

The house was lighted up cheerfully; the table was laid for our supper. We had come out of darkness; we were just tired enough, felt just enough hunger, to enjoy that table, with its food, its brightness, and its company. The day will remain in our memories like a poem, a beautiful tale, or a picture.

Before I left Zakopane, Sienkiewicz gave me an envelop containing a slip of paper on which was written a brief autobiography, which I translate word for word here:

Henryk Sienkiewicz is of Lithuanian stock, and was born in Podlasie in 1848, at Okreya, on an estate belonging to his mother. His great-grandfather removed from Lithuania to the kingdom (Poland proper) in consequence of a war with Russia. That war is known in history under the name of the Confederation of Bar. In that war Pulaski, well known in America, took part.

Sienkiewicz's grandfather served under Napoleon. His father took part in the uprising of 1830 and in that of 1863.

Sienkiewicz passed through the Warsaw Gymnasium, and was graduated from the University of Warsaw, in which he chose the philological and historical course.

He began to write in 1872.

In 1876 he set out on a journey through the United States.

In 1881 he married. In 1885 his wife died of an affection of the chest. He has two children.

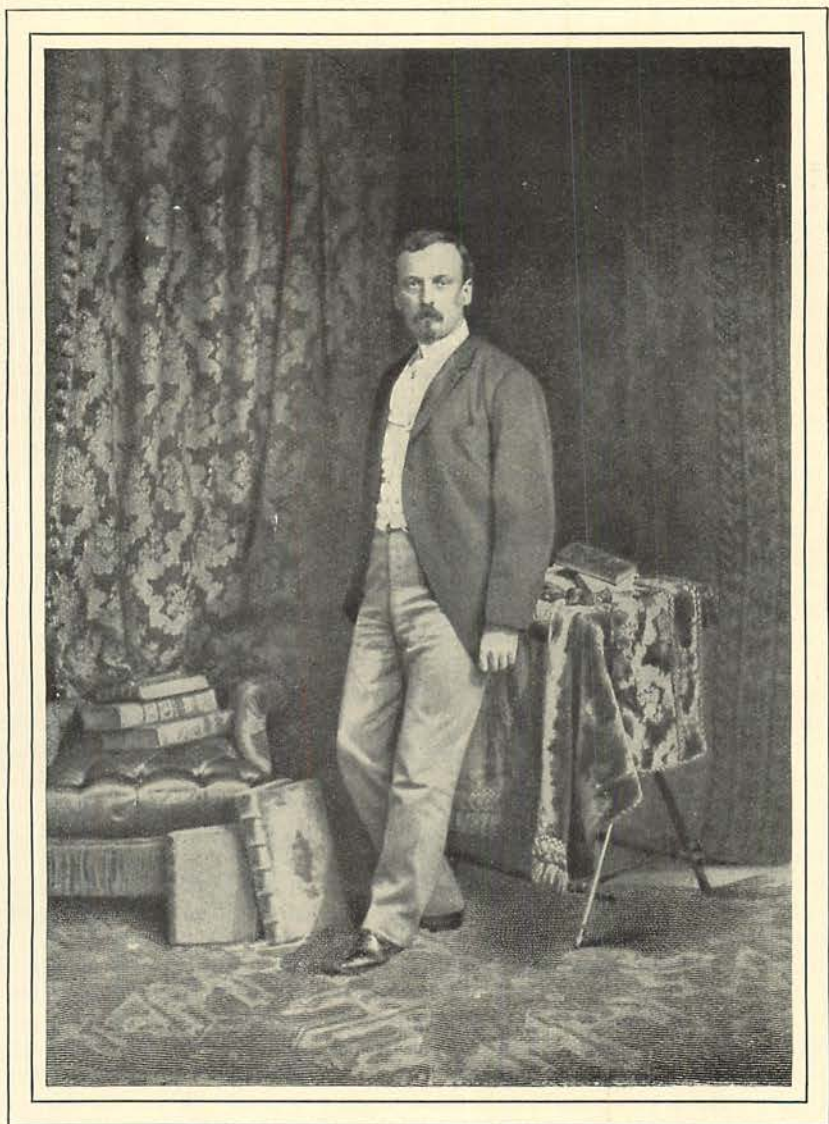
He has traveled much in France, Italy, and Greece while making historical studies. Rome he has visited very often.

In 1891 he organized a hunting expedition to Africa, in which he took Count Tyshkevich as associate. After a six months' stay in the region of Bagamoyo, he returned because of fever.

In 1896 he finished "Quo Vadis?" in Nice.

At present he is writing "The Knights of the Cross."

He is a member of the academies of Cracow and St. Petersburg.



Зодяк з фізичним портретом  
Андрія Сидішівця  
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