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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

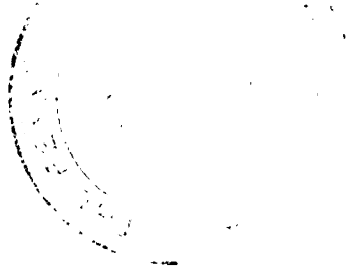
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Chapter of American Exploration. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	393
Adam and Eve	666
A Forgotten American Worthy	68
A Graveyard Idyl	484
A Great Singer	507
American Aéronauts. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	137
Americans Abroad	466
An Episode of Spanish Chivalry	747
An Historical Rocky-Mountain Outpost. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	649
An Old English Home: Bramshill House	163
An Open Look at the Political Situation	118
A Pivotal Point	559
Automatism	627, 755
A Villeggiatura in Asisi	308
Baubie Wishart	719
Canoeing on the High Mississippi. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	171, 279
Dunegness, General Greene's Sea-Island Plantation	241
Ekoniah Scrub: Among Florida Lakes. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	265
Findelkind of Martinswand: A Child's Story	438
Gas-Burning, and its Consequences	734
Glimpses of Portugal and the Portuguese. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	473
Heinrich Heine	604
Horse-Racing in France. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	321, 452
How she Kept her Vow: A Narrative of Facts	594
"Kitty"	573
Limoges, and its Porcelain	576
Mallston's Youngest	189
Mrs. Marcellus. By a Guest at her Saturdays	613
Mrs. Pinckney's Governess	336
National Music an Interpreter of National Character	181
Newport a Hundred Years Ago	351
On Spelling Reform	111
On the Skunk River	56
Our Grandfathers' Temples. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	678
Paradise Plantation. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	19
Pipistrello	84
Seven Weeks a Missionary	424
Short Studies in the Picturesque	375
Studies in the Slums—	Helen Campbell.
III. Nan: or, A Girl's Life	103
IV. Jack	213
V. Diet and its Doings	362
VI. Jan of the North	498
The <i>Ἄραξ Ἀργόναυα</i> in Shakespeare	742
The Arts of India. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	532
The Authors of "Froufrou"	711
The Early Days of Mormonism	103
The Mistakes of Two People	567
The Palace of the Leatherstonepaughs. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	9
The Practical History of a Play	586
The Price of Safety	698
The Ruin of Me. (Told by a Young Married Man.)	369
The Ruins of the Colorado Valley. (<i>Illustrated.</i>)	521

358907

	PAGE
Through the Yellowstone Park to Fort Custer	29
Westbrook	218
Where Lightning Strikes	232
Will Democracy Tolerate a Permanent Class of National Office-holders?	690

LITERATURE OF THE DAY, comprising Reviews of the following Works :

Arr, E. H.—New England Bygones	392
Auerbach, Berthold—Brigitta	775
Ayres, Anne—The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg	135
Black, William—White Wings: A Yachting Romance	775
Forrester, Mrs.—Roy and Viola	775
Fothergill, Jessie—The Wellfields	775
Green, John Richard—History of the English People	774
Laffan, May—Christy Carew	133
L'Art: revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Sixième année, Tome II	517
Mahaffy, M. A., Rev. J. P.—A History of Classical Greek Literature	261
Mrs. Beauchamp Brown	518
Nichol, John—Byron. (English Men-of-Letters Series.)	645
Piatt, John James—Pencilled Fly-Leaves: A Book of Essays in Town and Country	648
Scoones, W. Baptiste—Four Centuries of English Letters	647
Smith, Goldwin—William Cowper. (English Men-of-Letters Series.)	263
Stephen, Leslie—Alexander Pope. (English Men-of-Letters Series.)	389
Symington, Andrew James—Samuel Lover: A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings and Correspondence	391
Taylor, Bayard—Critical Essays and Literary Notes	519
“ “ —Studies in German Literature	519
The American Art Review, Nos. 8 and 9	520
Walford, L. B.—Troublesome Daughters	775
Wikoff, Henry—The Reminiscences of an Idler	135

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP, comprising the following Articles :

A Child's Autobiography, 770; A Legion of Devils, 257; A Little Ireland in America, 767; A Natural Barometer, 517; An Unfinished Page of History, 764; A Plot for an Historical Novel, 385; A Sermon to Literary Aspirants, 637; Civil-Service Reform and Democratic Ideas, 762; Concerning Night-Noises, 253; Condition of the People in the West of Ireland, 514; Conservatory Life in Boston, 511; Edelweiss, 126; Fate of an Old Companion of Napoleon III., 516; High Jinks on the Upper Mississippi, 515; Our New Visitors, 388; People's Houses: A Dialogue, 640; Prayer-Meeting Eloquence, 129; Seeing is Believing, 642; Spoiled Children, 128; Tabarin, the French Merry-Andrew, 255; The Demidoffs, 259; The Jardin d'Acclimatation of Paris, 130; The Miseries of Camping Out, 387; The Paris Salon of 1880, 381; "Time Turns the Tables," 642; Unreformed Spelling, 388; Wanted—A Real Gainsborough, 772; "Western Memorabilia," 250.

POETRY :

A Vengeance	<i>Edgar Fawcett*</i>	211
Dawn	<i>John B. Tubb</i>	612
Delectatio Piscatoria. The Upper Kennebec	<i>Horatio Nelson Powers</i>	307
From Far	<i>Philip Bourke Marston</i>	465
Lost	<i>Mary B. Dodge</i>	665
My Treasure	<i>H. L. Leonard</i>	109
Possession	<i>Eliza Culvert Hall</i>	162
Shelley	<i>J. B. Tubb</i>	18
Teresa di Faenza	<i>Emma Lazarus</i>	83
The Home of the Gentians	<i>Howard Glyndon</i>	350
The King's Gifts	<i>Emily A. Braddock</i>	718
The Sea's Secret	<i>G. A. Davis</i>	240
Three Roses	<i>Julia C. R. Dorr</i>	585
Under the Grasses	<i>Dora Reed Goodale</i>	502

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

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JULY, 1880.

THE PALACE OF THE LEATHERSTONEPAUGHS.



RUINS OF THE PALACES OF THE CÆSARS.

EVERY sentimental traveller to Rome must sometimes wonder if to come to the Eternal City is not, after all, more of a loss than a gain: Rome unvisited holds such a solitary place in one's imaginings. It is then a place around which sweeps a different atmosphere from that of any other city under the sun. One sees it through poetic mists that veil every prosaic reality. It is arched by an horizon against which the figures of its won-

derful history are shadowed with scarcely less of grandeur and glory than those the old gods cast upon the Sacred Hill.

One who has never seen Rome is thus led to imagine that those of his country-people who have lived here for years have become in a manner purged of all natural commonplaceness. One thinks of them as refined—sublimated, so to speak—into beings worthy of reverence and to be spoken of with awed admira-

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9

tion. For have not their feet wandered where the Cæsars' feet have trod, till that famous ground has become common earth to them? Have they not dwelt in the shadow of mountains that have trembled beneath the tramp of Goth, Visigoth and Ostrogoth, till those shadows have become every-day shadows to them? Have they not often watched beneath the same stars that shone upon knightly vigils, till the whiteness of those shining hosts has made pure their souls as it purified the heroic ones of old? Have

they not listened to the singing and sighing of the selfsame winds that sung and sighed about the spot where kingly Numa wooed a nymph, till it must be that into the commoner natures has entered some of the sweetness and wisdom of that half-divine communion?

Thus the dreamer comes to Rome expecting to enter and become enfolded by those poetic mists, to live an ideal life amid the tender melancholy that broods over stately and storied ruin, and to forget for evermore, while within the won-



"GHOSTS OF FLEAS" (COPIED FROM SKETCHES OF WILLIAM BLAKE).

drous precincts, that aught more prosaic exists than the heroes of history, the fairest visions of art and dreams of poesy.

So came the Leatherstonepaughs. And so have the Leatherstonepaughs sometimes wondered if, after all, to come to Rome is not more of a loss than a gain in the dimming of one of their fairest ideals. For is there another city in the world where certain of the vulgar verities of life press themselves more prominently into view than in the Eternal City? Can one anywhere have a more forcible conviction that greasy cookery is bile-provoking, and that it is because the sylvan bovine ruminates so long upon the melancholy Campagna that one's dinners become such a heavy and sorrowful matter in Rome? Is there any city in the universe where fleas dwarf more colossally and fiendishly Blake's famous

"ghosts" of their kind? Does one anywhere come oftener in from wet streets, "a dem'd moist, unpleasant body," to more tomblike rooms? Is one anywhere so ceaselessly haunted by the disagreeable consciousness that one pays ten times as much for everything one buys as a native pays, and that the trousered descendant of the toga'd Roman regards the Western barbarian as quite as much his legitimate prey as the barbarian's barelegged ancestors were the prey of his forefathers before the tables of history were turned, Rome fallen and breeches supplied to all the world? And are any mortal vistas more gorgeously illuminated by the red guidebook of the Tourist than are the stately and storied ruins where the sentimentalist seeketh the brooding of a tender melancholy, and findeth it not in the presence of couriers, cabmen, beggars,

photograph-peddlers, stovepipe hats, tie-backs and bridal giggles?

The dreamer thought to find old Rome crystallized amid its glorious memories. He finds a nineteenth-century city, with gay shops and fashionable streets, living over the heroic scenes of the ancients and the actual woe and spiritual mysticism of the mediæval age; and he is disappointed—nay, even sometimes enraged into a gnashing of the teeth at all things Roman.

But after many weeks, after the sights have been "done," the mouldy and mossy nooks of the old city explored, and the marvellous picturesqueness that hides in strange places revealed—after one has a speaking acquaintance with all the broken bits of old statues that gather moth and rust where the tourist cometh not and the guidebook is not known, and has followed the tiniest thread of legend or tradition into all manner of mysterious regions,—then the sentimentalist begins to love Rome again—Rome as it is, not Rome as it seemed through the glammers of individual imagination.

This is what the Leatherstonepaughs did. But first they fled the companionship of the beloved but somewhat loudly-shrieking American eagle as that proud bird often appears in the hotels and *pensions* of Europe, and lived in a shabby Roman palace, where only the soft bastard Latin was heard upon the stairs, and where, if any mediæval ghost stalked in rusted armor or glided in mouldering cerements, it would not understand a single word of their foreign, many-consonanted speech.

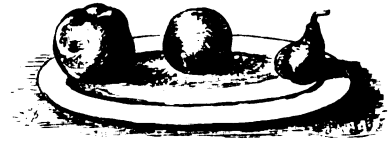
This palace stands, gay and grim, at the corner of a gay street and a dingy *vicolo*, the street and alley contrasting in color like a Claude Lorraine with a Nicholas Poussin. Past one side of the palace drifts all day a bright tide of foreign sightseers, prosperous Romans, gay models and flower-venders, handsome carriages, dark-eyed girls with their sallow chaperones, and olive-cheeked, huge-checked *jeunesse dorée*, evidently seeking for pretty faces as for pearls of great price, as is the manner of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Eternal City; while down

upon the scene looks a succession of dwelling-houses, a gray-walled convent or two, one of the stateliest palaces of Rome—now let out in apartments and hiding in obscure rooms the last two impoverished descendants of a proud race that helped to impoverish Rome—one or two more prosperous palaces, and a venerable church, looking like a sleepy watchman of Zion suffering the enemy to do as it will before his closed eyes.

On the other side is the *vicolo*, dark of wall and dank of pavement, with petticoats and shirts dangling from numerous windows and fluttering like gibbeted



WHAT A ROMAN BUYS FOR TWO CENTS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.



WHAT A FOREIGNER BUYS FOR TWO CENTS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

wretches in the air; with frowzy women sewing or knitting in the sombre doorways and squalid urchins screaming everywhere; with humble vegetables and cheap wines exposed for sale in dirty windows; with usually a carriage or two undergoing a washing at some stable-door; and with almost always an amorous Romeo or two from some brighter region wandering hopefully to and fro amid the unpicturesque gloom of this Roman lane to catch a wafted kiss or a dropped letter from the rear window of his Juliet's home. For nowhere else in Europe, Asia, America, the Oceanic Archipelago or the Better Land can the Romeo-and-Juliet business be more open-

ly and freely carried on than in the by-streets of the Eternal City, where girls are thought to be as jealously secluded from the monster Man as are the women of a Turkish seraglio or the nuns of a



ROMEO.

European convent. These Romeos and Juliets usually seem quite indifferent to the number of unsympathetic eyes that watch their little drama, providing only Papa and Mamma Capulet are kept in the dark in the shop below. Even the observation of Signor and Signora Montague would disturb them little, for it is only Juliet who is guarded, and Romeo is evidently expected to get all the fun out of life he can. In their dingy vicolo the Leatherstonepaughs have seen three Romeos watching three windows at the same twilight moment. One of them stood under an open window in the third story, from whence a line was dropped down to receive the letter he held in his hand. Just as the letter-weighted line was drawn up a window immediately below Juliet's was thrown violently open, and an unromantic head appeared to empty vials of wrath upon the spectacled Romeo below for always hanging about the windows of the silly *pizzicarole* girls above and giving the house a ridiculous appearance in the eyes of the passers-by. Romeo answered audaciously that the

signora was mistaken in the man, that he had never been under that window before in his life, had never seen the Signorina Juliet, daughter of Capulet the *pizzicarole* who lived above, but that he was merely accompanying his friend Romeo, who loved Juliet the daughter of the *drochiere* who lived a story below, and who was now wooing her softly two or three windows away. A shriek was his response as the wrathful head disappeared, while the lying Romeo laughed wickedly and the Leatherstonepaughs immoderately, in spite of themselves, to see Juliet, daughter of the *drochiere*, electrically abstracted from *her* window as if by the sudden application of a four-hundred-enraged-mother-power to her lofty chignon from behind, while the three Romeos, evidently all strangers to each other, folded their tents like the Arab and silently stole away.

The Leatherstonepaughs always sus-



JULIET.

pected that no lordly race, from father's father to son's son, had ever dwelt in their immense palace. They suspected rather that it was, like many another mighty Roman pile, reared by plebeian gains to

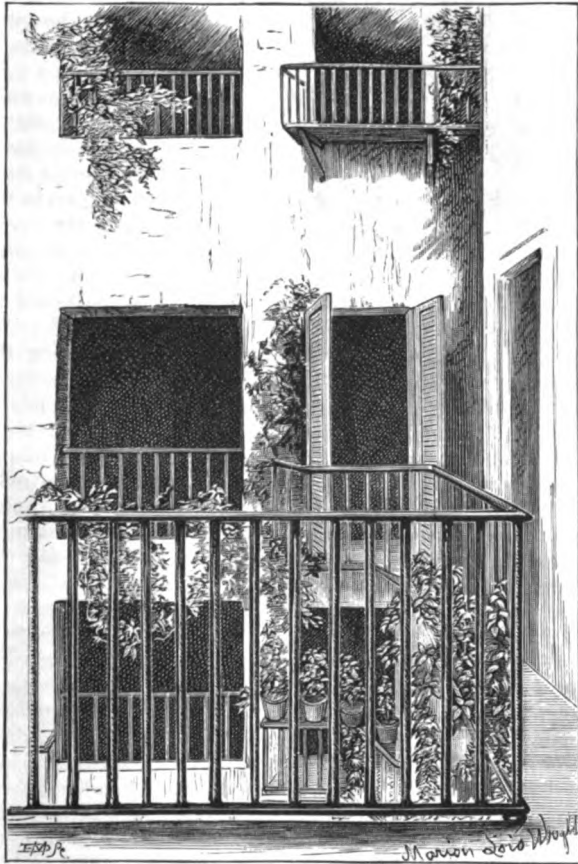
shelter noble Romans fair and proud whom Fate confined to economical "flats," and whose wounded pride could best be poulticed by the word *palazzo*.

Hans Christian Andersen knew this palace well, and has described it as the early home of his *Improvvisatore*. In those days two fountains tinkled, one within, the other just outside, the dusky iron-barred basement. One fountain, however, has ceased to flow, and now if a passer-by peeps in at the grated window, whence issue hot strong vapors and bursts of merry laughter, he will see a huge stone basin into whose foaming contents one fountain drips, and over which a dozen washerwomen bend and pound with all their might and main in a bit of *chiaroscuro* that reminds one of Correggio.

Over this Correggio glimpse wide stone stairs lead past dungeon-like doors up five flights to the skylighted roof. Each of these doors has a tiny opening through which gleams a watchful eye and comes the sound of the inevitable "*Chi è?*" whenever the doorbell rings, as if each comer were an armed marauder strayed down from the Middle Ages, who must be well reconnoitred before the fortress-gates are unbarred.

It was in the *ultimo piano* that the Leatherstonepaughs pitched their lodge in a vast wilderness of colorful tiled roofs, moss-grown and lichen-laden, amid a forest of quaintly-shaped and smokeless chimneys. Their floors, guiltless of rugs or carpets, were of earthen tiles and worn into hollows where the feet of the palace-dwellers passed oftenest to and fro. A

multitude of undraped windows opened like doors upon stone balconies, whither the inhabitants flew like a startled covey of birds every time the king and queen drove by in the street below, and upon which they passed always from room to room. The outer balcony looks down upon the Piazza Barberini and its fa-



THE COURT OF THE LEATHERSTONEPAUGHS' PALACE.

mous Spouting Triton, with an horizon-line over the roofs broken by gloomy stone-pines and cypresses that seem to have grown from the buried griefs of Rome's dead centuries. The inner balcony overlooks the court, where through the wide windows of every story, amid the potted plants and climbing vines that never take on a shade of pallor in

an Italian winter, and that adorn every Roman balcony, one could see into the penetralia of a dozen Roman families and wrest thence the most vital secrets—even to how much *Romano* Alfredo drank at dinner or whether lemon-juice or sour



A CASE OF NON-REMITTANCE.

wine gave piquancy to Rosina's salad. Entirely unacquainted with these descendants of ancient patrician or pleb, the Leatherstonepaughs ventilated original and individual theories concerning them, and gave them names of their own choosing.

"Rameses the Great has quarrelled with the Sphinx and is flirting with the Pyramid," whispered young Cain one day as some of the family, leaning over the iron railing, looked into the leafy, azure-domed vault below, and saw into the dining-room of a family whose mysteriousness of habit and un-Italian blankness of face gave them a fanciful resemblance to the eternal riddles of the Orient.

The "Pyramid," whose wide feet and tiny head gave her her triangular title, was evidently a teacher, for she so often carried exercise-books and dog-eared grammars in her hand. She chanced at that moment to glance upward. "Lucia," she cried to the Sphinx, speaking with an Italian accent that she flattered herself was to the down-gazers an unknown tongue, "do look up to the fifth *loggia*. If there isn't the Huge Bear, the Middle-sized Bear and the Wee Bear looking as if they wanted to come down and eat us up!"

"Y' ain't fat 'nuf," yelled the Wee Bear

before the elder Bruins had time to squelch him.

The studio-salon of the Leatherstonepaughs amid the clouds and chimneys of the Eternal City was a chapter for the curious. It was as spacious as a country meeting-house, as lofty as befits a palace. It was frescoed like some of the modern pseudo-Gothic and pine cathedrals that adorn the village-greens of New England hamlets, and its *pot-pourri* of artistic ideas was rich in helmeted Minervas, vine-wreathed Bacchuses, winged Apollos and nameless classic nymphs, all staring downward from the spandrels of pointed arches with quite as much at-homeness as Olympian heroes would feel amid the mystic shades of the Scandinavian Walhalla. This room was magnificent with crimson upholstery, upon which rested a multitude of scarlet-embroidered cushions that seemed to the color-loving eye like a dream of plum-pudding after a nightmare of mince-pie. Through this magnificence had drifted, while yet the Leatherstonepaughs saw Rome in all its idealizing mists, generations of artists. Sometimes these artists had had a sublime disdain of base lucre, and sometimes base lucre had had a sublime disdain of them. Some of the latter class—whose name is Legion—had marked their passage by busts, statuettes and paintings that served to remind Signora Anina, their landlady, that promises of a remittance can be as fair and false as the song of the Sirens or the guile of the Loreley. Crusaders in armor brandished their lances there in evidence that Michael Angelo Bivins never sent from Manhattan the bit of white paper to redeem them. Antigone—usually wearing a Leatherstonepaugh bonnet—mourned that Praxiteles Periwinkle faded out of the vistas of Rome to the banks of the Thames without her. Dancing Flopas seemed joyous that they had not gone wandering among the Theban Colossi with Zefferino, instead of staying to pay for his Roman lodging; while the walls smiled, wept, simpered, threatened and gloomed with Madonnas, Dolorosas, Beatrices, sprites, angels and fiends, the authors of whose being had long ago drifted away on

the ocean of poverty which sweeps about the world, and beneath which sometimes the richest-freighted ships go down. In the twenty years that Signora Anina has let her rooms to artists many such tragedies have written significant and dreary lines upon her walls.

That studio-salon was rich not alone in painting and sculpture. The whatnot was a museum whither might come the Northern Goth and Southern Vandal to learn what a Roman home can teach of the artistic taste that Matthew Arnold declares to be the natural heritage only of the nation which rocked the cradle of the Renaissance when its old Romanesque and Byzantine parents died. That whatnot was covered with tiny china dogs and cats, such as we benighted American Goths buy for ten cents a dozen to fill up the crevices in Billy's and Bobby's Christmas stockings. Fancy inkstands stood cheek by jowl with wire flower-baskets that were stuffed with crewel roses of such outrageous hues as would make the Angel of Color blaspheme. Cut-glass spoon-holders kept in countenance shining plated table-casters eternally and spotlessly divorced from the purpose of their being. There were gaudy china vases by the dozen and simpering china shepherdesses by the score. There were plaster casts of the whole of Signora Anina's family of nine children, from the elder fiery Achilles to the younger hysterical Niobe. There were perfume-bottles enough to start a coiffeur in business, and woolly lambs enough for a dozen pastoral poems or as many bucolic butchers. But the piano was piled high with Beethoven's sonatas and Chopin's delicious dream-music, while a deluge of French novels had evidently surged over that palace of the Leatherstonepaughs.

When the family took possession of their share of the palazzo a corner of this studio-salon was dedicated to a peculiar member of their family. From that corner she seldom moved save as she swept away in some such elegant costume as the others wore only upon gala-occasions, or in some picturesque or wildly-fantastic garb that would have lodged her in a policeman's care had she ever been suffered

to escape thus from the palace. All day long, day after day, she tarried in her corner mute and motionless, eying all comers and goers with a haughty stare. Sometimes she leaned there with rigid finger pressed upon her lip, like a statue of Silence; sometimes her hands were pressed pathetically to her breast, like a Mater Dolorosa; sometimes both arms hung lax and limp by her side, like those



ANTIGNONE.

of a heart-broken creature; and sometimes she wildly clutched empty air, like a Leatherstonepaugh enthusiastically inebriated or gone stark, staring, raving mad!

Yet never, never, never was Silentia Leatherstonepaugh known to break that dreadful silence, even though honored guests spoke to her kindly, and although young Cain Leatherstonepaugh repeatedly reviled her as had she been Abel's wife. One day came an old Spanish monk of whom Leah and Rachel would learn the language of Castile. Silentia gloomed in her dusky corner unseen of the monk, who was left with her an instant alone. A few moments before,

moved perhaps by a dawning comprehension of the unspeakable pathos of her fate, young Cain had given her a dagger.



SILENTIA LEATHERSTONEPAUGH.

When, two minutes after the monk's arrival, Leah and Rachel entered the room, a black sighing mass covered in a corner of the sofa, while Silentia rose spectre-like in the dimness, the dagger pointed toward her heart.

"Madonna mia!" giggled the monk hysterically when his petticoats were pulled decorously about him and he was set on his feet again, "I thought I should be arrested for murder—*poverino mio!*"

Another day came one of the Beelzebub girls—Lady Diavoletta—who wished to coax some of the Leatherstonepaughs to paint her a series of fans with the torments of Dante's Inferno. When the door-bell rang, and while Cain cried "*Chi è?*" at the peephole, Leah, who was just posing for Rachel's barelegged gypsy, hastily pulled a long silk skirt from haughtily but unresisting Silentia and hurried it over her own head before Lady Diavo-

letta was admitted. The heiress of the Beelzebubs tarried but a moment, then took her departure grimly, without hinting a word of her purpose. Said Lady Diavoletta afterward to the Cherubim sisters, "Would you believe it? I called one day upon those Leatherstonepaughs, and they never even apologized for receiving me in a room where there was an insane American just escaped from her keeper, *tray beang arrangée pore doncy le cong cong!*"

Dismal and grim though the exterior of that palazzo was, needing but towers and machicolated parapets to seem a fortress, or an encircling wall to seem a frowning monastery where cowered figures met each other only to whisper sepulchrally, "Brother, we must die," it was yet the scene of not a few laughable experiences. And perhaps even in this respect it may



SILENTIA AS SHE APPEARED TO LADY DIAVOLETTA BEELZEBUB.

not have differed so widely as one might think from cloistered shades of other days, when out of sad, earth-colored

faiment and the habit of dismal speech human sentiment painted pictures while yet the fagots grew apace for their destruction as well as for the funeral-pyre of their scolding and bellowing enemy, Savonarola. For where Fra Angelico, working from the life, could create a San Sebastian so instinct with earthly vitality and earthly bloom that pious Florentine women could not say their prayers in peace in its presence, there

must have been sometimes unbending from the dole and drear of mediæval asceticism into something very like human fun.

One day the Leatherstonepaughs were all at work in the immense studio. Silentia alone was idle, and, somewhat indecorously draped only in a bit of old tapestry, with dishevelled hair and lolling head, leaned against the wall, apparently in the last stages of inebriety. There



YOUNG CAIN INTERVIEWING SILENTIA.

were three easels, each bearing a canvas, in different parts of the room. Before each easel worked a Leatherstonepaugh, each clad with classic simplicity in a long blue cotton garment, decorated with many colors and smelling strongly of retouching varnish, that covered her from the white ruffle at her throat to the upper edge of her black alpaca flounce.

The room was silent, and, except for the deft action of brushes, motionless. Only that from below was heard the musical splash of the Barberini Tritons, and that from the windows could be seen the sombre pines of the Ludovisi gardens swaying in solemn rhythmic measure

against the blue sky, all the world would have seemed petrified into the complete passiveness of sitting for its picture.

Marietta was their model. She was posed in a nun's dress, pensive gray, with virginal white bound primly across her brow. Marietta is a capital model, and her sad face and tender eyes were upturned with exactly the desired expression to the grinning mask in the centre of the ceiling. Silentia kindly consented to pose for the cross to which the nun clung; that is, she wobbled weakly into the place where the sacred emblem would have been were this Nature and not Art, and where the cross would be in the picture

when completed. Marietta clung devoutly to Silentia's ankles, and Silentia looked as cross as possible.

"How unusual to see one of Italia's children with a face like that!" said a Leatherstonepaugh as she studied the nun's features. "One would say that she had really found peace only after some terrible suffering."

"She does not give me that impression," said another Leatherstonepaugh. "Her contours are too round, her color too undimmed, ever to have weathered spiritual storms. She seems to me more like one of Giovanni Bellini's Madonnas, those fair, fresh girl-mothers whom sorrow has never breathed upon to blight a line or tint, and yet who seem to have a prophecy written upon their faces—not of the glory of the agony, but of the lifelong sadness of a strange destiny. This girl has some mournful prescience perhaps. Let me talk with her by and by."

"Marietta," said a Leatherstonepaugh in the next repose, "if you were not obliged to be a model, what would you choose to be, of all things in the world?"

This was only an entering-wedge, intended by insidious degrees to pry open

the heart of the girl and learn the mystery of her Madonna-like sadness.

Marietta looked up quickly: "What would I be, signorina? Dio mio! but I would wear shining clothes and ride in the Polytheama! Giacomo says I was born for the circus. Will le signorine see?"

In the twinkling of an eye, before the Leatherstonepaughs could breathe, the pensive gray raiment was drawn up to the length of a ballet-skirt and the foot of the Madonna-faced nun was in the open mouth of one of Lucca della Robbia's singing-boys that hung on the wall about five feet from the floor!

"Can any of the signorine do *that*?" she crowed triumphantly. "I can knock off a man's hat or black his eye with my foot."

All the Leatherstonepaughs groaned in doleful chorus, "A-a-a-h-h!"

And it was not until young Cain, ostracised from the studio during the séance, whistled in through the keyhole sympathetic inquiries concerning the only woe his little soul knew, "Watty matter in yare? Ennybuddy dut e tummuck-ache?" that they chorused with laughter at their "Giovanni - Bellini Madonna."

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

SHELLEY.

SHELLEY, the wondrous music of thy soul
Breathes in the cloud and in the skylark's song,
That float as an embodied dream along
The dewy lids of Morning. In the dole
That haunts the west wind, in the joyous roll
Of Arethusan fountains, or among
The wastes where Ozymandias the strong
Lies in colossal ruin, thy control
Speaks in the wedded rhyme. Thy spirit gave
A fragrance to all Nature, and a tone
To inexpressive Silence. Each apart—
Earth, Air and Ocean—claims thee as its own,
The twain that bred thee, and the panting wave
That clasped thee like an overflowing heart.

J. B. TABB.

PARADISE PLANTATION.



"HE SPLENDID SADDLE-HOSS."

"OF course you will live at the hotel?"
 "Not at all. The idea of leaving one's work three times a day to dress for meals!"

"May I ask, then, where you *do* propose to reside?"

"In the cottage on the place, to be sure."

The Pessimist thrust his hands into his pockets and gave utterance to a long, low whistle.

"You don't believe it? Come over with us and look at it, and let us tell you our plans."

"That negro hut, Hope? You never can be in earnest?"

"She is until she has seen it," said the Invalid, smiling. "You had better go over with her: a sight of the place will be more effectual than all your arguments."

"But she *has* seen it," said Merry. "Two years ago, when we were here and old Uncle Nat was so ill, we went over there."

"And I remember the house perfectly," added Hope—"a charming long, low, dark room, with no windows and a great fireplace, and the most magnificent live-oak overhanging the roof."

"How enchanting! Let us move in at once." The Invalid rose from his

chair, and taking Merry's arm, the four descended the piazza-steps.

"Of course," explained Hope as we walked slowly under the grand old trees of the hotel park—"of course the carpenter and the painter and the glazier are to intervene, and Merry and I must make no end of curtains and things. But it will be ever so much cheaper, when all is done, than living at the hotel, besides being so much more cozy; and if we are to farm, we really should be on the spot."

"Meantime, I shall retain my room at the hotel," said the Pessimist, letting down the bars.

"You are expected to do that," retorted Merry, disdaining the bars and climbing over the fence. "It will be quite as much as you deserve to be permitted to take your meals with us. But there! can you deny that that is beautiful?"

The wide field in which we were walking terminated in a high bluff above the St. John's. A belt of great forest trees permitted only occasional glimpses of the water on that side, but to the northward the ground sloped gradually down to one of the picturesque bays which so frequently indent the shores of the beautiful river. Huge live-oaks stood here and there about the field, with soft gray Spanish moss swaying from their dark branches.

Under the shadow of one more mighty than the rest stood the cottage, or rather the two cottages, which formed the much-discussed residence—two unpainted, windowless buildings, with not a perpendicular line in their whole superficial extent.

The Pessimist withdrew the stick which held the staple and threw open the unshapely door. There were no steps, but a little friendly pushing and pulling brought even the Invalid within the room. There was a moment's silence; then, from Hope, "Oh, the magnificent chimney! Think of a fire of four-foot lightwood on a chilly evening!"

"I should advise the use of the chimney as a sleeping-room: there seems to be none other," said the Pessimist.

"But we can curtain off this entire end of the room. How fortunate that it should be so large! Here will be our bedroom, and this corner shall be for Merry. And when we have put one of those long, low Swiss windows in the east side, and another here to the south, you'll see how pleasant it will be."

"It appears to me," he remarked perversely, "that windows will be a superfluous luxury. One can see out at a dozen places already; and as for ventilation, there is plenty of that through the roof."

"The frame really is sound," said the Invalid, examining with a critical eye.

"Of course it is," said Hope. "Now let us go into the kitchen. If that is only half as good I shall be quite satisfied."

The kitchen-door, which was simply an old packing-box cover, with the address outside by way of doorplate, was a veritable "fat man's misery," but as none of the party were particularly fat we all managed to squeeze through.

"Two rooms!" exclaimed Hope. "How enchanting! I had no idea that there was more than one. What a nice little dining-room this will make! There is just room enough."

"Us four and no more," quoted Merry. "But where will the handmaiden sleep?"

"The kitchen is large," said the Pessimist, bowing his head to pass into the next room: "it will only be making one

more curtain, Merry, and she can have this corner."

"He is converted! he really is converted!" cried Merry, clapping her hands. "And now there is only papa, and then we can go to the sawmill to order lumber."

"And to the Cove to find a carpenter," added Hope. "Papa can make up his mind in the boat."

We had visited Florida two years before, and, charmed with the climate, the river, the oaks, the flowers, the sweet do-nothing life, we had followed the example of so many worthy Northerners and had bought an old plantation, intending to start an orange-grove. We had gone over all the calculations which are so freely circulated in the Florida papers—so many trees to the acre, so many oranges to the tree: the results were fairly dazzling. Even granting, with a lordly indifference to trifles worthy of incipient millionaires, that the trees should bear only one-fifth of the computed number of oranges, and that they should bring but one-third of the estimated price, still we should realize one thousand dollars per acre. And there are three hundred and sixty acres in our plantation. Ah! even the Pessimist drew a long breath.

Circumstances had, however, prevented our taking immediate steps toward securing this colossal fortune. But now that it had become necessary for us to spend the winter in a warm climate, our golden projects were revived. We would start a grove at once. It was not until we had been three days at sea, southward bound, that Hope, after diligent study of an old Florida newspaper, picked up nobody knows where, became the originator of the farming plan now in process of development.

"The cultivation of the crop becomes the cultivation of the grove," she said with the sublime assurance of utter ignorance, "and thus we shall get our orange-grove at no cost whatever."

She was so much in earnest that the Invalid was actually convinced by her arguments, which, to do her justice, were not original, but were filched from the enthusiastic journal before alluded to. It was decided that we were to go to

farming. It is true none of us knew anything about the business except such waifs of experience as remained to the Invalid after thirty years' absence from grandpa's farm, where he used to spend the holidays. Holidays were in winter in those times, and his agricultural experience had consisted principally in cracking butternuts and riding to the wood-lot on the ox-sled. But this was of no consequence, as Hope and Merry agreed, since there were plenty of books on the subject, and, besides, there were the Florida newspapers!

"I warn you I wash my hands of the whole concern," the Pessimist had said. "You'll never make farming pay."

"Why not?"

"Because you won't."

"But why, because?"

"The idea of women farming!"

"Oh, well, if you come to that, I should just like to show you what women can do," cried Merry; and this unlucky remark of the Pessimist settles the business. There is no longer any question about farming.

No one could deny that the house was pretty, and comfortable too, when at last the carpenter and painter had done their work, and the curtains and the easy-chairs and the bookshelves had taken their places, and the great fire of pine logs was lighted, and the mocking-bird's song streamed in with the sunlight through the open door and between the fluttering leaves of the ivy-screen at the window. The piano was always open in the evenings, with Merry or the Pessimist strumming on the keys or trying some of the lovely new songs; and Hope would be busy at her table with farm-books and accounts; and the Invalid, in his easy-chair, would be listening to the music and falling off to sleep and rousing himself with a little clucking snore to pile more lightwood on the fire; and the mocking-bird in his covered cage would wake too and join lustily in the song, till Merry smothered him up in thicker coverings.

The first duty was evident. "Give it a name, I beg," Merry had said the very first evening in the new home; and the

house immediately went into committee of the whole to decide upon one. Hope proposed Paradise Plantation; Merry suggested Fortune Grove; the Pessimist hinted that Folly Farm would be appropriate, but this proposition was ignominiously re-



"I'SE DE SECTION, SAH."

jected; and the Invalid gave the casting-vote for Hope's selection.

The hour for work having now arrived, the man was not slow in presenting himself. "I met an old fellow who used to be a sort of overseer on this very plantation," the Invalid said. "He says he has an excellent horse, and you will need one, Hope. I told him to come and see you."

"Which? the man or the horse?" asked Merry in a low voice.

"Both, apparently," answered the Pessimist in the same tone, "for here they come."

"Ole man Spafford," as he announced himself, was a darkey of ancient and venerable mien, tall, gaunt and weather-beaten. His steed was taller, gaunter and apparently twice as old—an interesting study for the osteologist if there be any such scientific person.

"He splendid saddle-hoss, missis," said the old man: "good wuk-hoss too—bery fine hoss."

"It seems to me he's rather thin," said Hope doubtfully.

"Dat kase we didn't make no corn dis year, de ole woman an' me, we was bofe so bad wid de misery in the leaders" (rheumatism in the legs). "But Sancho won't stay pore ef you buys corn enough, missis. He powerful good horse to eat."

Further conversation revealed the fact that old man Spafford was "de chief man ob de chu'ch."

"What! a minister?" asked the Invalid.

"No, sah, not azatly de preacher, sah, but I'se de nex' t'ing to dat."

"What may your office be, then, uncle?" asked the Pessimist.

"I'se de section, sah," answered the old man solemnly, making a low bow.

"The sexton! So you ring the bell, do you?"

"Not azatly de bell, sah—we ain't got no bell—but I bangs on de buzz-saw, sah."

"What does he mean?" asked Merry.

The Pessimist shrugged his shoulders without answering, but the "section" hastened to explain: "You see, missy, when dey pass roun' de hat to buy a bell dey didn't lift nigh enough; so dey jis' bought a buzz-saw and hung it up in de chu'ch-house; an' I bangs on de buzz-saw, missy."

The chief man of the church was found, upon closer acquaintance, to be the subject of a profound conviction that he was the individual predestinated to superintend our farming interests. He was so well persuaded of this high calling that none of us dreamed of questioning it, and he was forthwith installed in the coveted office. At his suggestion another man, Dryden by name, was engaged to assist old man Spafford and take care of Sancho, and a boy, called Solomon, to wait upon Dryden and do chores. A few day-laborers were also temporarily hired, the season being so far advanced and work pressing. The carpenters were recalled, for there was a barn to build, and hen-coops and a pig-sty, not to speak of a fence. Hope and Merry flitted hither and thither

armed with all sorts of impossible implements, which some one was sure to want by the time they had worked five minutes with them. As for the Pessimist, he confined himself to setting out orange trees, the only legitimate business, he contended, on the place. This work, however, he performed vicariously, standing by and smoking while a negro set out the trees.

"My duties appear to be limited to paying the bills," remarked the Invalid, "and I seem to be the only member of the family who cannot let out the job."

"I thought the farm was to be self-supporting?" said the Pessimist.

"Well, so it is: wait till the crops are raised," retorted Merry.

"Henderson says," observed Hope, meditatively, "that there are six hundred dollars net profits to be obtained from one acre of cabbages."

"Why don't you plant cabbages, then? In this seven-acre lot, for instance?"

"Oh, that would be too many. Besides, I have planted all I could get. It is too late to sow the seed, but old man Spafford had some beautiful plants he let me have. He charged an extra price because they were so choice, but I was glad to get the best: it is cheapest in the end. I got five thousand of them."

"What sort are they?" asked the Invalid.

"I don't know precisely. Spafford says he done lost the paper, and he didn't rightly understand the name nohow, 'long o' not being able to read; but they were a drefful choice kind."

"Oh, bother the name!" said the Pessimist: "who cares what it is? A cabbage is a cabbage, I presume. But what have you in this seven-acre lot?"

"Those are peas. Dryden says that in North Carolina they realize four hundred dollars an acre from them—when they don't freeze."

The planting being now fairly over, we began to look about us for other amusement.

"Better not ride old Sancho," remarked old man Spafford one day as he observed the Pessimist putting a saddle on the ancient quadruped.

"Why not, uncle? You ride him yourself, and you said he was a very fine saddle-horse."

"I rides he bareback. Good hoss for lady: better not put man's saddle on," persisted the old man.

The Pessimist vaulted into the saddle by way of reply, calling out, "Open the gate, Solomon," to the boy, who was going down the lane. But the words were

not spoken before Sancho, darting forward, overturned the deliberate Solomon, leaped the gate and rushed out into the woods at a tremendous pace. The resounding beat of his hoofs and energetic cries of "Whoa! whoa!" from his rider were wafted back upon the breeze, gradually dying away in the distance, and then reviving again as the fiery steed reappeared at the same "grand galop."



OVERTURNED SOLOMON.

The Pessimist was without a hat, and his countenance bore the marks of many a fray with the lower branches of the trees.

"Here, take your old beast!" he said, throwing the bridle impatiently to Spafford. "What sort of an animal do you call him?"

The "section" approached with a grin of delight: "He waw-hoss, sah. Young missis rid he afo' the waw, an' he used to lady saddle; but ole marsa rid he to de waw, an' whenebber he feel man saddle on he back he runs dat a way, kase he t'ink de Yankees a'ter him;" and he exchanged a glance of intelligence with Sancho, who evidently enjoyed the joke.

The Invalid, who during the progress of our planting had spent much time in explorations among our "Cracker" neighbors, had made the discovery of a most disreputable two-wheeled vehicle, which he had purchased and brought home in triumph. Its wheels were of different sizes and projected from the axle at most remarkable angles. One seat was con-

siderably higher than the other, the cushions looked like so many dishevelled dark-eye heads, and the whole establishment had a most uncanny appearance. It was a perfect match, however, for Sancho, and that intelligent animal, waiving for the time his objection to having Yankees after him, consented to be harnessed into the vehicle and to draw us slowly and majestically about in the pine woods. He never objected to stopping anywhere while we gathered flowers, and we always returned laden with treasures to deck our little home withal, making many a rare and beautiful new acquaintance among the floral riches of pine barren and hammock.

Meantime, peas and cabbages and many a "green" besides grew and flourished under old man Spafford's fostering care. Crisp green lettuce and scarlet radishes already graced our daily board, and were doubly relished from being, so to speak, the fruit of our own toil. Paradise Plantation became the admiration of

all the darkey and Cracker farmers for miles around, and it was with the greatest delight that Hope would accompany any chance visitor to the remotest corner of the farm, unfolding her projects and quoting Henderson to the open-mouthed admiration of her interlocutor.

"Have you looked at the peas, lately, Hope?" asked the Pessimist one lovely February morning.

"Not since yesterday: why?"

"Come and see," was the reply; and we all repaired to the seven-acre lot in company. A woeful sight met our eyes—vines nipped off and trampled down and general havoc and confusion in all the ranks.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Merry in dismay.

"It's de rabbits, missy," replied old man Spafford, who was looking on with great interest. "Dey'll eat up ebery bit o' greens you got, give 'em time enough."

"This must be stopped," said Hope firmly, recovering from her stupor of surprise. "I shall have a close fence put entirely around the place."

"But you've just got a new fence. It will cost awfully."

"No matter," replied Hope with great decision: "it shall be done. The idea of being cheated out of all our profits by the rabbits!"

"What makes them look so yellow?" asked the Invalid as the family was looking at the peas over the new close fence some evenings later.

"Don't they always do so when they blossom?" asked Hope.

"How's that, Spafford?" inquired the Pessimist.

"Dey ain't, not to say, jis' right," replied that functionary, shaking his head.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Hope quickly.

"Groun' too pore, I 'spec', missis.



"IT'S DE RABBITS, MISSY."

Mighty pore piece, dis: lan' all wore out. Dat why dey sell so cheap."

"Then won't they bear?" asked Merry in despairing accents.

"Oh yes," said Hope with determined courage. "I had a quantity of fertilizers put on. Besides, I'll send for more. It isn't too late, I'm sure.—We'll use it for top-dressing, eh, Spafford?"

"I declare, Hope, I had no idea you were such a farmer," said the Invalid with a pleasant smile.

"And then, besides, we don't depend upon the peas alone," continued Hope, reflecting back the smile and speaking with quite her accustomed cheerfulness: "there are the corn and the cabbages."

"And the potatoes and cucumbers,"

added Merry as we returned slowly to the house by way of all the points of interest—the young orange trees, Merry's newly-transplanted wisteria and the pig-pen.

"I rather suspect that *there* is our most profitable crop," said the Invalid as we

seated ourselves upon the piazza which the Pessimist had lately built before the house. He was looking toward a tree which grew not far distant, sheltered by two enormous oaks. Of fair size and perfect proportions, this tree was one mass of glossy, dark-green leaves, amid



PICKING PEAS.

which innumerable golden fruit glimmered brightly in the setting sunlight.

"Our one bearing tree," answered Hope. "Yes, if we only had a thousand like it we might give up farming."

"We shall have them in time," said the Pessimist complacently, looking abroad upon the straight rows of tiny trees almost hidden by the growing crops. "Thanks to my perseverance—"

"And Dryden's," interpolated Merry.

"There are a thousand four-year-old trees planted," continued the Pessimist, not noticing the interruption. "I wonder how many oranges that tree has borne?"

"I suppose we have eaten some twenty

Vol. XXVI.—2

a day from it for the last three months," said Merry.

"Hardly that," said the Invalid, "but say fifteen hundred. And the tree looks almost as full as ever."

"What if we should have them gathered and sold?" suggested Hope—"just to see what an orange tree is really worth. Spafford says that the fruit will not be so good later. It will shrivel at last; and we never can eat all those oranges in any case."

Shipping the oranges was the pleasantest work we had yet done. There was a certain fascination in handling the firm golden balls, in sorting and arranging, in papering and packing; and there was

real delight in despatching the first shipment from the farm—the more, perhaps, as the prospect of other shipments began to dwindle. The peas, in spite of the top-dressing, looked yellow and sickly. The cucumbers would not run, and more blossoms fell off than seemed desirable. The Pessimist left off laughing at the idea of farming, and spent a great deal of time walking about the place, looking into things in general.

"Isn't it almost time for those cabbages to begin to head?" he asked one day on returning from a tour of inspection.

"Dryden says," observed Merry, "that those are not cabbages at all: they are collards."

"What, under the sun, are collards?" asked the Invalid.

"They are a coarse sort of cabbage: the colored people like them, but they never head and they won't sell," said Hope, looking up from a treatise on agricultural chemistry. "If those should be collards!"

She laid aside her book and went out to investigate. "At any rate, they will be good for the pigs," she remarked on returning. "I shall have Behavior boil them in that great pot of hers and give them a mess every day. It will save corn."

"Never say die!" cried the Pessimist. "Polly, put the kettle on, -'tle on, -'tle on! Polly, put—"

The Invalid interposed with a remark. "Southern peas are selling in New York at eight dollars a bushel," he said.

"Oh, those peas! Why won't they grow?" sighed Merry.

The perverse things would not grow. Quotations went down to six dollars and to four, and still ours were not ready to ship. The Pessimist visited the field more assiduously than ever; Merry looked depondent; only Hope kept up her courage.

"Henderson says," she remarked, closing that well-thumbed volume, "that one shouldn't look for profits from the first year's farming. The profits come the second year. Besides, I have learned one thing by this year's experience. Things should not be expected to grow as fast in winter—even a Southern win-

ter—as in summer. Next year we will come earlier and plant earlier, and be ready for the first quotations."

It was a happy day for us all when at last the peas were ready to harvest. The seven-acre lot was dotted over with boys, girls and old women, laughing and joking as they picked. Dryden and old man Spafford helped Hope and Merry with the packing, and the Pessimist flourished the marking-brush with the greatest dexterity. The Invalid circulated between pickers and packers, watching the proceedings with profound interest.

In the midst of it all there came a shower. How it did rain! And it would not leave off, or if it did leave off in the evening it began again in the morning with a fidelity which we would fain have seen emulated by our help. One day's drenching always proved to be enough for those worthies, and we had to scour the country in the pouring rain to beat up recruits. Then the Charleston steamer went by in spite of most frantic wavings of the signal-flag, and our peas were left upon the wharf, exposed to the fury of the elements.

They all got off at last in several detachments, and we had only to wait for returns. The rain had ceased as soon as the peas were shipped, and in the warm, bright weather which followed we all luxuriated in company with the frogs and the lizards. The fields and woods were full of flowers, the air was saturated with sweet odors and sunshine and songs of birds. A messenger of good cheer came to us also by the post in the shape of a cheque from the dealer to whom we had sent our oranges.

"Forty dollars from a single tree!" said Hope exultantly, holding up the slip of paper. "And that after we had eaten from it steadily for three months!"

"The tree is an eighteen-year-old seedling, Spafford says," said the Invalid, looking at the document with interest. "If our thousand do as well in fourteen years, Hope, we may give up planting cabbages, eh?"

"The price will be down to nothing by that time," said the Pessimist, not without a shade of excitement, which he endeavored to conceal, as he looked at the

cheque. "Still, it can't go below a certain point, I suppose. The newspapers are sounder on the orange question than on some others, I fancy."

One would have thought that we had

never seen a cheque for forty dollars before, so much did we rejoice over this one, and so many hopes of future emolument did we build upon it.

"What's the trouble with the cucum-



PACKING.

bers, Spafford?" asked the Pessimist as we passed by them one evening on our way up from the little wharf where we had left our sailboat.

"T'ink it de sandemanders, sah. Dey done burrow under dat whole cucumber-patch—eat all the roots. Cucumbers can't grow widout roots, sah."

"But the *Florida Agriculturalist* says that salamanders don't eat roots," said Hope: "they only eat grubs and worms."

Spafford shook his head without vouchsafing a reply.

"The grubs and worms probably ate the roots, and then the salamanders ate them," observed the Pessimist. "That is poetical justice, certainly. If we could only eat the salamanders now, the retribution would be complete."

"Sandemanders ain't no 'count to eat," said old man Spafford. "Dey ain't many critters good to eat. De meat I likes best is wile-cat."

"Wild-cat, uncle!" exclaimed Merry.

"Do you mean to say you eat such things as that?"

"Why, missy," replied the old man seriously, "a wile-cat's 'most de properest varmint going. Nebber eats not'ing but young pigs and birds and rabbits, and sich. Yankee folks likes chicken-meat, but 'tain't nigh so good."

"Well, if they eat rabbits I think better of them," said Hope; "and here comes Solomon with the mail-bag."

Among the letters which the Invalid turned out a yellow envelope was conspicuous. Hope seized it eagerly. "From the market-man," she said. "Now we'll see."

She tore it open. A ten-cent piece, a small currency note and a one-cent stamp dropped into her lap. She read the letter in silence, then handed it to her husband.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Pessimist, reading it over his shoulder. "This is the worst I ever heard. 'Thirty-six crates

arrived in worthless condition; twelve crates at two dollars; fifty, at fifty cents; freights, drayage, commissions;—balance, thirty-six cents.' Thirty-six cents for a hundred bushels of peas! Oh, ye gods and little fishes!"

Even Hope was mute.

Merry took the document. "It was all because of the rain," she said. "See! those last crates, that were picked dry, sold well enough. If all had done as well as that we should have had our money back; and that's all we expected the first year."

"There's the corn, at any rate," said Hope, rousing herself. "Dryden says it's splendid, and no one else has any nearly as early. We shall have the first of the market."

The corn was our first thought in the morning, and we walked out that way to console ourselves with the sight of its green and waving beauty, old Spafford being of the party. On the road we passed a colored woman, who greeted us with the usual "Howdy?"

"How's all with you, Sister Lucindy?" asked the "section."

"All standin' up, thank God! I done come t'rough your cornfield, Uncle Spafford. De coons is to wuk dar."

We hastened on at this direful news.

"I declar'!" said old Spafford as we reached the fence. "So dey *is* bin' to wuk! Done tote off half a dozen bushel dis bery las' night. Mought as well give it up, missis. Once *dey* gits a taste ob it, *good-bye!*"

"Well, that's the worst I *ever* heard!" exclaimed the Pessimist, resorting to his favorite formula in his dismay. "Between the coons and the commission-merchants your profits will vanish, Hope."

"Do you think I shall give it up so?" asked Hope stoutly. "We kept the rabbits out with a fence, and we can keep the coons out with something else. It is only a few nights' watching and the corn will be fit for sale. Dryden and Solomon must come out with their dogs and guns and lie in wait."

"Bravo, Hope! Don't give up the ship," said the Invalid, smiling.

"Well, if she doesn't, neither will I,"

said the Pessimist. "For the matter of that, it will be first-rate sport, and I wonder I haven't thought of coon-hunting before. I'll come out and keep the boys company, and we'll see if we don't 'sarcumvent the rascals' yet."

And we *did* save the corn, and sell it too at a good price, the hotels in the neighborhood being glad to get possession of the rarity. Hope was radiant at the result of her determination: the Pessimist smiled a grim approval when she counted up and displayed her bank-notes and silver.

"A few years more of mistakes and losses, Hope, and you'll make quite a farmer," he condescended to acknowledge. "But do you think you have exhausted the catalogue of animal pests?"

"No," said Hope, laughing. "I never dared to tell you about the Irish potatoes. Something has eaten them all up: Uncle Spafford says it is gophers."

"What is a gopher?" asked Merry. "Is it any relation to the gryphon?"

"It is a sagacious variety of snapping-turtle," replied the Invalid, "which walks about seeking what it may devour."

"And devours my potatoes," said Hope. "But we have got the better of the rabbits and the coons, and I don't despair next year even of the gophers and salamanders."

"Even victory may be purchased too dearly," said the Pessimist.

"After all, the experiment has not been so expensive a one," said the Invalid, laying down the neatly-kept farm-ledger, which he had been examining. "The orange trees are a good investment—our one bearing tree has proved that—and as for the money our farming experiment has cost us, we should have spent as much, I dare say, had we lived at the hotel, and not have been one half as comfortable."

"It *is* a cozy little home," admitted the Pessimist, looking about the pretty room, now thrown wide open to the early summer and with a huge pot of creamy magnolia-blooms in the great chimney.

"It is the pleasantest winter I ever spent," said Merry enthusiastically.

"Except that dreadful evening when the

account of the peas came," said Hope, drawing a long breath. "But I should like to try it again: I shall never be quite satisfied till I have made peas and cucumbers profitable."

"Then, all I have to say is, that you are destined to drag out an unsatisfied existence," said the Pessimist.

"I am not so sure of that," said the Invalid.

And so we turned our faces northward, not without a lingering sorrow at leaving

the home where we had spent so many sweet and sunny days.

"Good-bye, Paradise Plantation," said Merry as the little white house under the live-oak receded from our view as we stood upon the steamer's deck.

"It was not so inappropriately named," said the Invalid. "Our life there has surely been more nearly paradisiacal than any other we have known."

And to this even the Pessimist assented.
LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK TO FORT CUSTER.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

IT was about 8.30 A. M. before the boat was found, some travellers having removed it from the place where Baronette had cached it. A half hour sufficed to wrap a tent-cover neatly around the bottom and to tack it fast on the thwarts. Then two oblongs of flat wood were nailed on ten feet of pine-stems and called oars; and, so equipped, we were ready to start.

We had driven or ridden hundreds of miles over a country familiar to any one who chooses to read half a dozen books or reports; but, once across the Yellowstone, we should enter a region of which little has been written since Lewis and Clarke wandered across the head-waters of the Missouri in 1805, and had their perils and adventures told anonymously by one who was to become famous for many noble qualities of mind and heart, for great accomplishments and unmerited misfortunes.*

Two or three of us sat on the bluff enjoying our after-breakfast pipes and watching the transport of our baggage. The gray beach at our feet stretched with irregular outline up the lake, and offered one prominent cape whence the boat started for its trips across the stream.

* Nicholas Biddle.

By 10.30 all the luggage was over, and then began the business of forcing reluctant mules and horses to swim two hundred yards of cold, swift stream. The bell-mare promptly declined to lead, and only swam out to return again to the shore. Then one or two soldiers stripped and forced their horses in, but in turn became scared, and gave it up amidst chaff and laughter. At last a line of men, armed with stones, drove the whole herd of seventy-five animals into the water with demoniac howls and a shower of missiles. Once in, they took it calmly enough, and, the brave little foal leading, soon reached the farther bank. One old war-horse of recalcitrant views turned back, and had to be towed over.

Finally, we ourselves crossed, and the judge and I, leaving the confusion behind us, struck off into some open woods over an indistinct trail. Very soon Major Gregg overtook us, and we went into camp about 4 P. M. on a rising ground two miles from the lake, surrounded by woods and bits of grass-land. Here Captain G. and Mr. E. left us, going on with Mr. Jump for a two days' hunt.

Next day, at 7 A. M., we rode away over little prairies and across low pine-clad hills, and saw to right and left tiny

parks with their forest boundaries, until, after two miles, we came to Pelican Creek, a broad grayish stream, having, notwithstanding its swift current, a look of being meant by Nature for stagnation. As we followed this unwholesome-looking water eastward we crossed some quaking, ill-smelling morasses, and at last rode out on a spacious plain, with Mounts Langford, Doane and Stevenson far to the south-east, and Mount Sheridan almost south-west of us. The first three are bold peaks, while about them lie lesser hills numberless and nameless. The day seemed absolutely clear, yet the mountains were mere serrated silhouettes, dim with a silvery haze, through which gleamed the whiter silver of snow in patches or filling the long ravines. Striking across the plain, we came upon a tent and the horses of Captain G. and Mr. E., who were away in the hills.

Thence we followed the Pelican Valley, which had broadened to a wide meadowy plain, and about ten miles from the camp we began a rough ride up the lessening creek from the level. The valley was half a mile wide, noisome with sulphur springs and steam-vents, with now and then a gayly-tinted hill-slope, colored like the cañon of the Yellowstone. Some one seeing deer above us on the hills, Dr. T., Mr. K. and Houston rode off in pursuit. Presently came a dozen shots far above us, and the major, who had followed the hunters, sent his orderly back for pack-mules to carry the two black-tailed deer they had killed. After a wild scramble through bogs we began to ascend a narrow valley with the creek on our left. Jack Baronette "guessed some timber might have fell on that trail." Trail there was none in reality, only steep hillsides of soft scoriæ, streaming sulphur-vents and a cat's cradle of tumbled dead trees. Every few minutes the axes were ringing, and a way was cleared; then another halt, and more axe-work, until we slipped and scrambled and stumbled on to a little better ground, to the comfort of man and beast.

Eighteen miles of this savage riding brought us to our next camp, where, as

the shooting was said to be good and the cattle needed rest, it was decided to remain two days. Our tents were pitched on a grassy knoll overlooking the main valley, which was bounded by hills of some three or four hundred feet high, between which the Pelican ran slowly with bad water and wormy trout, though there was no lack of wholesome springs on the hill.

Mr. C. and Mr. T. went off with Jack, and Mr. K. with Jump, to camp out and hunt early. The night was clear, the thermometer down to 24° Fahrenheit, and the ice thick on the pails when we rose. One of our parties came in with six deer: the captain and Mr. C. remained out. The camp was pleasant enough to an idling observer like myself, but it was not so agreeable to find the mountain-side, where Mr. T. and I were looking for game, alive with mosquitos. I lit on a place where the bears had been engaged in some rough-and-tumble games: the ground was strewed with what the lad who was with us asserted to be bears' hair. It looked like the wreck of a thousand chignons, and proved, on inspection, to be a kind of tawny-colored moss!

All night long, at brief intervals, our mules were scared by a dull, distant noise like a musket-shot. A soldier told me it was a mud volcano which he had seen the day we arrived. I then found it marked on Hayden's map, but learned that it had not been seen by him, and was only so located on information received from hunters. On the morning of August 1st I persuaded the major to walk over and look for the volcano. We crossed the valley, and, guided by the frequent explosions, climbed the hills to the east, and, descending on the far side, came into a small valley full of sluggish, ill-smelling rills, among which we found the remarkable crater, which, as it has not been hitherto examined by any save hunters, I shall describe at some length.

A gradual rising ground made up of soft sulphureous and calcareous earth was crowned by a more abrupt rise some thirty-five feet high, composed of tough gray clay. This was pierced by a cone of regular form about thirty feet across

at top and five feet at the bottom. On the west, about one-third of the circumference was wanting from a point six feet above the lowest level, thus enabling one to be at a distance or to stand close by, and yet see to the bottom of the pit. The ground all around and the shrubs and trees were dotted thick with flakes of dry mud, which gave, at a distance, a curious stippled look to the mud-spattered surfaces. As I stood watching the volcano I could see through the clouds of steam it steadily emitted that the bottom was full of dark gray clay mud, thicker than a good mush, and that, apparently, there were two or more vents. The outbreak of imprisoned steam at intervals of a half minute or more threw the mud in small fig-like masses from five to forty feet in air with a dull, booming sound, sometimes loud enough to be heard for miles through the awful stillness of these lonely hills. It is clear, from the fact of our finding these mud-patches at least one hundred yards from the crater, that at times much more violent explosions take place. The constant plastering of the slopes of the crater which these explosions cause tends to seal up its vent, but the greater explosions cleanse it at times, and all the while the steam softens the masses on the sides, so that they slip back into the boiling caldron below. As one faces the slit in the cone there lies to the right a pool of creamy thin mud, white and yellow, feebly boiling. It is some thirty feet wide, and must be not more than twenty feet from the crater: its level I guessed at sixteen feet above that of the bottom of the crater.

After an hour's observation near to the volcano I retired some fifty feet, and, sheltering myself under a stunted pine, waited in the hope of seeing a greater outbreak. After an hour more the boiling lessened and the frequent explosions ceased for perhaps fifteen minutes. Then of a sudden came a booming sound, followed by a hoarse noise, as the crater filled with steam, out of which shot, some seventy-five feet in air, about a cartload of mud. It fell over an area of fifty yards around the crater in large or small masses, which flattened as they struck. As soon

as it ended I walked toward the crater. A moment later a second squirt shot out sideways and fell in a line athwart the mud-pool near by, crossing the spot where I had been standing so long, and covering me, as I advanced, with rare patches of hot mud. Some change took place after this in the character and consistency of the mud, and now, at intervals, the curious spectacle was afforded of rings of mud like the smoke-rings cast by a cannon or engine-chimney. As they turned in air they resembled at times the figure 8: once they assumed the form of a huge irregular spiral some ten feet high, although usually the figures were like long spikes, or, more rarely, thin formless leaves, and even like bats or deformed birds.

I walked back over the hills to camp, where we found Captain G. and the commissary with the best of two deer they had shot. Later, Mr. C. and Mr. K. came in with four elk, so that we were well supplied. Of these various meats the deer proved the best, the mountain-sheep the poorest. The minimum of the night temperature was 34° Fahrenheit. At eighty-five hundred feet above tide the change at sundown was abrupt. Our camp-fires had filled the little valley with smoke, and through it the moon rose red and sombre above the pine-clad outlines of the eastward hills.

The next day Mr. E. and I, who liked to break the journey by a walk, started early, and, following a clear trail, soon passed the mules. We left Pelican Creek on our right, and crossed a low divide into a cooly,* the valley of Broad Creek: a second divide separated this from Cañon Creek, both of which enter the Yellowstone below the falls.

After some six miles afoot over grassy rolling plains and bits of wood, the command overtook us, and, mounting, we followed the major for an hour or two through bogs and streams, where now and then down went a horse and over went a trooper, or some one or two held back at a nasty crossing until the major smiled a little viciously, when the un-

* A little valley — probably from the French *coulisse*, a narrow channel.

lucky ones plunged in and got through or not as might chance.

About twelve some of us held up to lunch, the train and escort passing us. We followed them soon through dense woods, and at last up a small brook in a deep ravine among boulders big and small. At last we lost the trail at the foot of a slope one thousand feet high of loose stones and earth, from the top of which a cry hailed us, and we saw that somehow the command had got up. The ascent was very steep, but before we made it a mule rolled down. As he was laden with fresh antelope and deer meat, the scattering of the yet red joints as he fell made it look as if the poor beast had been torn limb from limb; but, as a packer remarked, "Mules has got an all-fired lot of livin' in 'em;" and the mule was re-packed and started up again. "They jist falls to make yer mad, anyway," added the friendly biographer of the mule.

The sheer mountain-side above us was not to be tried mounted; so afoot, bridle in hand, we started up, pulling the horses after us. I had not thought it could be as hard work as it proved. There was a singular and unfeeling lack of intelligence in the fashion the horse had of differing with his leader. When the man was well blown and stopped, the horse was sure to be on his heels, or if the man desired to move the horse had his own opinion and proved restive. At last, horses and men came out on a bit of level woodland opening into glades full of snow. We were eighty-four hundred feet in air, on a spur of Amethyst or Specimen Mountain. We had meant, having made eighteen miles, to camp somewhere on this hill, but the demon who drives men to go a bit farther infested the major that day; so presently the bugle sounded, and we were in the saddle again, and off for a delusive five-mile ride. As Mr. G. Chopper once remarked, "De milestones to hebben ain't set no furdur apart dan dem in dis yere land;" and I believed him ere that day was done.

The top of this great hill, which may be some ten thousand feet in height, is large and irregular. Our trail lay over its south-eastern shoulder. After a lit-

tle ride through the woods we came out abruptly on a vast rolling plain sloping to the north-east, and broadening as it fell away from us until, with intervals of belts of wood, it ended in a much larger plain on a lower level, quite half a mile distant, and of perhaps one thousand acres. About us, in the coolies, the "Indian paint-brush" and numberless flowers quite strange to us all so tinted the dried grasses of these little vales as to make the general hue seem a lovely pink-gray. Below us, for a mile, rolled grassy slopes, now tawny from the summer's rainless heat, and set with thousands of balsam-firs in groups, scattered as with the hand of unerring taste here and there over all the broad expanse. Many of them stood alone, slim, tall, gracious cones of green, feathered low, and surrounded by a brighter green ring of small shoots extending from two to four feet beyond where the lowest boughs, touching the earth, were reflected up from it again in graceful curves. On all sides long vistas, bounded by these charming trees, stretched up into the higher spurs. Ever the same flowers, ever the same amazing look of centuries of cultivation, and the feeling that it would be natural to come of a sudden on a gentleman's seat or basking cows, rather than upon the scared doe and dappled fawn which fled through the coverts near us. We had seen many of these parks, but none like this one, nor any sight of plain and tree and flowers so utterly satisfying in its complete beauty. It wanted but a contrast, and, as we rode through and out of a line of firs, with a cry of wonder and simple admiration the rudest trooper pulled up his horse to gaze, and the most brutal mule-guard paused, with nothing in his heart but joy at the splendor of it.

At our feet the mountain fell away abruptly, pine-clad, and at its base the broad plain of the East Branch of the Yellowstone wandered through a vast valley, beyond which, in a huge semicircle, rose a thousand nameless mountains, summit over summit, snow-flecked or snow-clad, in boundless fields—a grim, lonely, desolate horror of rugged, barren

peaks, of dark gray for the most part, cleft by deep shadows, and right in face of us one superb slab of very pale gray buttressed limestone, perhaps a good thousand feet high. I thought it the most savage mountain-scenery I had ever beheld, while the almost feminine and tender beauty of the parks which dotted these wild hills was something to bear in remembrance.

But the escort was moving, the mules crowding on behind our halted column; so presently we were slipping, sliding, floundering down the hillside, now on steep slopes, which made one a bit nervous to ride along; now waiting for the axemen to clear away the tangle of trees crushed to earth by the burden of some year of excessive snow; now on the horses, now off, through marsh and thicket. I ask myself if I could ride that ride to-day: it seems to me as if I could not. One so fully gets rid of nerves in that clear, dry altitude and wholesome life that the worst perils, with a little repetition, become as trifles, and no one talks about things which at home would make a newspaper paragraph. Yet I believe each of us confessed to some remnant of nervousness, some special dread. Riding an hour or two at night in a dense wood with no trail is an experiment I advise any man to try who thinks he has no nerves. A good steep slope of a thousand feet of loose stones to cross is not much more exhilarating: nobody likes it.

The command was far ahead of two or three of us when we had our final sensation at a smart little torrent near the foot of the hill, a tributary of the main river. The horses dive, in a manner, into a cut made dark by overgrowth of trees, then down a slippery bank, scuttle through wild waters surging to the cinche, over vast boulders and up the farther bank, the stirrups striking the rocks to left or right, till horse and man draw long breaths of relief, and we are out on the slightly-rolling valley of the East Yellowstone, and turn our heads away from Specimen Mountain toward Soda Butte.

Captain G. and I, who had fallen to the rear, rode leisurely northward athwart the open prairie on a clear trail, which

twice crossed the shallow river, and, leaving the main valley, carried us up a narrowing vale on slightly rising ground. On either side and in front rose abrupt mountains some two thousand feet above the plain, and below the remarkable outline of Soda Butte marked the line of the Park boundary. Near by was a little corral where at some time herdsmen had settled to give their cattle the use of the abundant grasses of these well-watered valleys. When there are no Indian scares, the cattle herdsmen make immense marches in summer, gradually concentrating their stock as the autumn comes on and returning to the shelter of some permanent ranche. The very severity and steadiness of the winters are an advantage to cattle, which do not suffer so much from low temperature as from lack of food. Farther south, the frequent thaws rot the dried grasses, which are otherwise admirable fodder, but in Montana the steady cold is rather preservative, and the winds leave large parts of the plains so free from snow that cattle readily provide themselves with food.

The cone of Soda Butte stands out on the open and level plain of the valley, an isolated beehive-shaped mass eighty feet high, and presenting a rough appearance of irregular courses of crumbled gray stone. It is a perfectly extinct geyser-cone, chiefly notable for its seeming isolation from other deposits of like nature, of which, however, the nearer hills show some evidence. Close to the butte is a spring, pointed out to us by the major's orderly, who had been left behind to secure our tasting its delectable waters, which have immense credit as of tonic and digestive value. I do not distinctly recall all the nasty tastes which have afflicted my palate, but I am quite sure this was one of the vilest. It was a combination of acid, sulphur and saline, like a diabolic julep of lucifer-matches, bad eggs, vinegar and magnesia. I presume its horrible taste has secured it a reputation for being good when it is down. Close by it kindly Nature has placed a stream of clear, sweet water.

A mile or so more brought us (August

3d) to camp, which was pitched at the end of the valley of Soda Butte. We had had eleven hours in the saddle, and had not ridden over twenty-eight or thirty miles. The train came straggling in late, and left us time to sharpen our appetites and admire the reach of grassy plain, the bold brown summits around us, and at our feet a grass-fringed lake of two or three acres. This pond is fed by a quick mountain-stream of a temperature of 45° Fahrenheit, and the only outlet is nearly blocked up by a tangled network of weeds and fallen timber which prevents the fish from escaping. The bottom is thick with long grasses, and food must be abundant in this curious little preserve. The shores slope, so that it is necessary to use a raft to get at the deep holes in the middle.

At breakfast next morning some one growled about the closeness of the night air, when we were told, to our surprise, that the minimum thermometer marked 36° as the lowest night temperature. Certain it is, the out-of-door-life changes one's feelings about what is cold and what is not. While we were discussing this a soldier brought in a five-pound trout taken in the lake, which so excited the fishermen that presently there was a raft builded, and the major and Mr. T., with bare feet, were loading their frail craft with huge trout, and, alas! securing for themselves a painful attack of sunburn. I found all these large trout to have fatty degeneration of the heart and liver, but no worms. They took the fly well.

August 5th, under clear skies as usual, we struck at once into a trail which for seventeen miles might have been a park bridle-path, a little steeper, and in places a little boggy. Our way took us east by north into Soda Cañon, a mile wide below, and narrowing with a gradual rise, until at Miner's Camp it is quite closely bounded by high hillsides, the upper level of the trail being over eight thousand feet above the sea. The ride through this irregular valley is very noble. For a mile or two on our left rose a grand mass of basalt quite two thousand feet in height, buttressed with bold outlying rocks and presenting very regular ba-

saltic columns. A few miles farther the views grew yet more interesting, because around us rose tall ragged gray or dark mountains, and among them gigantic forms of red, brown and yellow limestone rocks, as brilliant as the dolomites of the Southern Tyrol. These wild contrasts of form and color were finest about ten miles up the cañon, where lies to the west a sombre, dark square mountain, crowned by what it needed little fancy to believe a castle in ruins, with central keep and far-reaching walls. On the brow of a precipice fifteen hundred feet above us, at the end of the castle-wall, a gigantic figure in full armor seemed to stand on guard for ever. I watched it long as we rode round the great base of the hill, and cannot recall any such striking simulation elsewhere. My guides called it the "Sentinel," but it haunted me somehow as of a familiar grace until suddenly I remembered the old town of Innspruck and the Alte Kirche, and on guard around the tomb of the great Kaiser the bronze statues of knight and dame, and, most charming of all, the king of the Ostrogoths: that was he on the mountain-top.

Everywhere on these hills the mining prospector has roamed, and on the summit of the pass we found a group of cabins where certain claims have been "staked out" and much digging done. As yet, they are as profitable, by reason of remoteness, as may be the mines in the lunar mountains. With careless glances at piles of ore which may or may not be valuable, we rode on to camp, two miles beyond — not very comfortably, finding water scarce, some rain falling and a great wealth of midges, such as we call in upper Pennsylvania "pungies," and needing a smudge for the routing of them. The night was cold and dewy, and our sufferers were wretched with sunburn.

The doctor and George Houston here left us, and went on to a salt-lick famous for game, but this proved a failure, some one having carelessly set fire to the tract. Indeed, in summer it is hard not to start these almost endless fires, since a spark or a bit of pipe-cinder will at once set the

grasses ablaze, to the destruction of hunting and the annoyance of all travellers, to whom a fire is something which suggests man, and the presence of man needs, sad to say, an explanation. At 6 A. M., August 6th, Captain G. and the lad Lee also went off on a side-trail after game, and with lessened numbers we broke camp rather late, and rode into dense woods down a steady descent on a fair trail. The changes of vegetation were curious and sudden—from pines and firs to elders, stunted willows and sparse cottonwood bending over half-dry beds of torrents, with vast boulders telling of the fierce fury of water which must have undermined, then loosened and at last tumbled them from the hillsides. These streams are, in the early spring, impassable until a cold day and night check the thaw in the hills, and thus allow the impatient traveller to ford.

Gradually, as we rode on, the hills to our left receded, and on our right the summits of Index and Pilot stood up and took the morning—long, straggling volcanic masses of deep chocolate-brown, black as against the crystalline purity of cloudless blue skies, rising in the middle to vast rugged, irregular cones fourteen thousand feet above tide. From the bewildering desolateness of these savage peaks the eye wanders to the foot-hills, tree-clad with millions of pines, and lower yet to the wide valley of the West Branch of Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone, through which a great stream rushes; and then, beyond the river, park over park with gracious boundaries of fir and pine, and over all black peak and snow-clad dome and slope, nameless, untrodden, an infinite army of hills beyond hills. The startling combination of black volcanic peaks with gray and tinted limestone still makes every mile of the way strange and grand. In one place the dark rock-slopes end abruptly in a wall of white limestone one hundred to two hundred feet high and regular as ancient masonry. A little below was a second of these singular dikes, which run for twenty miles or more.

On a rising ground where we halted to lunch a note was found stating that Dr.

T., failing to find game at the salt-lick, had gone on ahead. While lingering over our lunch in leisurely fashion, encircled by this great mass of snow and blackness, an orderly suddenly rode up to hasten us to camp, as Indian signs had been seen down the valley. In a moment we were running our horses over a sage-plain, and were soon in camp, which was pitched on the West Branch in the widening valley. Dr. T. and George Houston, it appeared, had seen a column of smoke four miles below on a butte across the river. As the smoke was steady and did not spread, like an accidental fire, it seemed wise to wait for the party. There being no news of Indians, and no probability of white travellers, it was well to be cautious. It might be a hunters' or prospectors' camp, or a rallying-signal for scattered bands of Sioux, or a courier from Fort Custer. The doubt was unpleasant, and its effect visible in the men, two of whom already *saw* Indians.

"See 'em?" says Jack. "Yes, they're like the Devil: you just doesn't see 'em!"

While we pitched camp sentinels were thrown out, and two guides went off to investigate the cause of the fire. Houston came back in two hours, and relieved us by his statement that no trails led to the fire, and that its probable cause was the lightning of the storm which had overtaken us in camp the day before.

As the day waned the tints of the great mountains before us changed curiously. Of a broken chocolate-brown at noon, as the sun set their eastern fronts assumed a soft velvety look, while little purple clouds of haze settled in the hollows and rifts, fringing with tender grays the long serrated ridges as they descended to the plain. As the sun went down the single huge obelisk of Pilot Mountain seemed to be slowly growing upward out of the gathering shadows below. Presently, as the sun fell lower, the base of the mountain being swarthy with the growing night-fall, all of a sudden the upper half of the bleak cone yet in sunshine cast upward, athwart the blue sky, upon the moisture precipitated by the falling temperature, a great dark, broadening shaft

of shadow, keen-edged and sombre, and spreading far away into measureless space—a sight indescribably strange and solemn.

The next day's ride down Clarke's Fork still gave us morass and mud and bad trails, with the same wonderful views in the distance of snow-clad hills, and, nearer, brown peaks and gray, with endless limestone dikes. We camped at twelve on Crandall's Creek, a mile from the main branch of Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone, and learned from the guides that no fish exist in these ample waters. The doubts I at first had were lessened after spending some hours in testing the matter. Strange as it may seem, and inexplicable, I am disposed to think the guides are right. We saw two "cow-punchers," who claimed to be starving, and were questioned with some scepticism. In fact, every stranger is looked after sharply with the ever-present fear of horse-thieves and of the possibility of being set afoot by a night-stampede of the stock. Our hunting-parties were still out when I started next morning at 8.30 to climb a huge butte opposite our camp. I reached the top at about twelve, and found on the verge of a precipice some twenty-five hundred feet above the vale a curious semicircle of stones—probably an Indian outlook made by the Nez Percés in their retreat. Sitting with my back against it, I looked around me. A doe and fawn leapt away, startled from their covert close by. Never, even in the Alps, have I so felt the sense of loneliness—never been so held awestruck by the silence of the hills, by the boundlessness of the space before me. No breath of air stirred, no bird or insect hovered near. Away to the north-west Pilot and Index rose stern and dark; across the valley, to the north, out of endless snow-fields, the long regular red-and-yellow pyramid of Bear Tooth Mountain glowed in vivid light with amazing purity of color; while between me and it the hills fell away, crossed by intersecting bands of dark firs, and between marvellous deceptions of fertile farm-lands, hedges and orchards. Here and there on the plain tiny lakes lit up the sombre grasses, and

lower down the valley the waters of Clarke's Fork, now green, now white with foam, swept with sudden curve to the north-east, and were lost in the walls of its cañon like a scimitar half sheathed. On my right, across the vast grass-slopes of this great valley, on a gradual hill-slope, rose the most remarkable of the lime dikes I have seen. It must enclose with its gigantic wall a space of nearly two miles in width, in the centre of which a wild confusion of tinted limestone strata, disturbed by some old convulsion of Nature, resembles the huge ruins of a great town.

Soon after my return to camp, C. and the doctor came in with great triumph, having slain four bears. I was not present on this occasion, but I am inclined to fancy, as regards the doctor, that he verily believed the chief end and aim of existence for him was to kill bears, while C. had an enthusiasm of like nature, somewhat toned down.

After a wild ride on cayooses across Clarke's Fork and on the glowing pink side-slopes of Bear Tooth, and a camp in the hills, the ponies, which are always astray, were caught, and a game-trail followed among the mountains. Suddenly, Houston, in a stage-whisper, exclaimed, "We've got him! He's an old buster, he is!" He had seen a large gray bear—improperly called a grizzly—feeding a mile away in a long wide cooly. A rough, scrambling ride under cover of a spur, amid snow-drifts and tumbled trees, enabled the bear-hunters to tie up their ponies and push on afoot. If a man desire to lose confidence in his physical powers, let him try a good run with a Winchester rifle in hand nine thousand feet above tidewater. Rounding the edge of a hill and crossing a snow-drift, they came in view of Bruin sixty yards away. He came straight toward them against the wind, when there appeared on the left Bruin No. 2, to which the doctor directed his attention. Both bears fell at the crack of the rifles, and with grunt and snort rolled to the foot of the cooly. Houston climbed a snowbank to reconnoitre, aware, as there were no trees to climb, that an open cooly was no good

place in which to face wounded bears. Away went the doctor.

"Let them alone, doctor," said Houston. "Hold up! That valley's full of bears." For he had seen a third.

The doctor paused a moment, and then there was a rush down the slope. A second shot finished one bear, and then began a running fight of a mile, in which wind was of more value than courage. Finally, Bruin No. 2 stopped. Leaving C. to end his days, the doctor and Houston pursued No. 3. As the bear grew weak and they approached him, the doctor's excitement and Houston's quite reasonable prudence rose together.

"Don't go down that coolly, doctor."

Then a shot or two, a growl, and the doctor gasping, "Do you think I left my practice to let that bear die in his bed?"

"Well, the place is full of bears," said George; and so on they went, now a shot and now a growl, and then a hasty retreat of Bruin, until, utterly blown and in full sight of his prey, the unhappy doctor murmured in an exhausted voice, "Give me one cool shot, George."

"Darn it!" replied George, "who's been warming your shots?"

And this one cool shot ended the fray. Returning, they found the judge had driven his bear into a thicket, and, having probably taken out a *ne exeat* or an injunction, or some such effective legal remedy against him, awaited reinforcements. As George and the doctor arrived the bear moved out into the open, and was killed by a final shot.

Mr. Jump informs us that one gets an awful price out of the Chinese for bear-galls; and it is the judge's opinion that at this supreme moment the doctor would have taken a contract to supply all China with bile of Bruin. I suspect our friend George has since told at many a camp-fire how the doctor's spurs danced down the coolies, and how the judge corralled his bear.

We broke camp August 10th at four, after a night of severe cold—27° Fahrenheit—but perfectly dry and dewless. E. and I, as usual, pushed on ahead across Lodge Pole Creek, and so down the

valley of Clarke's Fork. An increasing luxury of growth gave us, in wood or swamp, cottonwood, alder, willow, wild currants and myriads of snow-white lilies, and, in pretty contrast, the red or pink paint-brush. Losing Pilot and Index as the windings of the main valley hid them, and leaving them behind us, we began to see rocks of bright colors and more and more regular walls of silvery gray stone. At last the widening valley broadened, and from it diverged five valleys, like the fingers from a hand, each the bed of a stream. As we turned to the left and crossed the wildly-rolling hills, and forded Clarke's Fork to camp by Dead Indian Creek, the novelty and splendor of this almost unequalled view grew and grew. As I close my eyes it comes before me as at the call of an enchanter. From the main valley the outlook is down five grass-clad valleys dotted with trees and here and there flashing with the bright reflection from some hurrying stream. The mountains between rise from two to ten thousand feet, and are singular for the contrasts they present. The most distant to the right were black serrated battlements, looking as if their darkness were vacant spaces in the blue sky beyond. The next hill was a mass of gray limestone, and again, on the left, rose a tall peak of ochreous yellows, sombre reds and grays. The hill above our camp was composed of red and yellow rocks, fading below to gray débris, bounded beneath by a band of grasses, and below this another stratum of tinted rock; and so down to the plain. The side-view of this group showed it to be wildly distorted, the strata lying at every angle, coming out against the distant lava-peaks and the green slopes below them in a glory of tenderly-graded colors.

It seems as if it should be easy to describe a landscape so peculiar, and yet I feel that I fail utterly to convey any sense of the emotions excited by the splendid sweep of each valley, by the black fierceness of the lava-peaks thrown up in Nature's mood of fury, by the great "orchestra of colors" of the limestone hills, and by a burning red sunset, filling the spaces between the hills with

hazy, ruddy gold, and, when all was cold and dark, of a sudden flooding each grim lava-battlement with the dim mysterious pink flush of the afterglow, such as one may see at rare times in the Alps or the Tyrol. In crossing the heads of these valleys, some day to be famous as one of the sights of the world, we forded Clarke's Fork, the major, Jack and I being ahead. We came out on the far side upon a bit of strand, above and around which rose almost perpendicularly the eroded banks of the stream, some fifteen feet high. While the guides broke down the bank to allow of our horses climbing it, I was struck with a wonderful bit of water. To my right this tall bank was perforated by numerous holes, out of which flowed an immense volume of water. It bounded forth between the matted roots and welled up below from the sand, and, higher up the bank, had, with its sweet moisture, bribed the ready mosses to build it numerous green basins, out of which also it poured in prodigal flood.

At this point, Dead Indian, we at first decided to await the looked-for scout, but on the next morning the major resolved to leave a note on a tripod for Mr. T., still out hunting, and to camp and wait on top of Cañon Mountain above us. So we left the noisy creek and the broken tepees of Joseph and the Nez Percés, and the buffalo and deer-bones and the rarer bones of men, and climbed some twenty-four hundred feet of the hill above us: then passed over a rolling plain, by ruddy gravel-hills and grasses gray- or pink-stemmed, to camp, on what Mr. Baronette called Cañon Mountain, among scattered groups of trees having a quaint resemblance to an old apple-orchard. Here we held counsel as to whether we should wait longer for the scout, push on rapidly to Custer, or complete our plans by turning southward to see the Black Cañon of the Big Horn River. Our doubt as to the steamboats, which in the autumn are few and far between, and our failing provisions, decided us to push on to the fort. Having got in all our parties, with ample supplies of game, we started early next

day to begin the descent from these delightful hills to the plains below. We rode twenty-eight miles, descending about thirty-seven hundred feet over boundless rolling, grass-clad foot-hills, behind us, to the left, the long mountain-line bounding the rugged cañon of Clarke's Fork, and to the right a march of lessening hills, and all before us one awful vast gray, sad and silent plain, and in dimmest distance again the gray summits about Pryor's Gap. The space before us was a vast park, thick with cactus and sage-brush, lit up here and there—but especially at the point where the cañon sets free the river on to the plain—by brilliant masses of tinted rocks or clays in level strata overlapping one another in bars of red, silver, pink, yellow and gray. With a certain sense of sadness we took a last look at these snowy summits rising out of their green crowns of pine and fir, and, bidding adieu to the wholesome hills, rode on to the grim alkali plain with the thermometer at 92°.

And now the days of bad water had come, each spring being the nastiest, and the stuff not consoling when once down, but making new and unquenchable thirst, and leaving a vile and constant taste of magnesia and chalk. And thus, over sombre prairies and across a wicked ford—where, of course, the captain and T. got their baggage wet—and past bones of men on which were piled stones, and the man's breeches thrown over these for a shroud or as a remembrance of the shrivelled thing below being human, we followed the Nez Percés' trail, to camp at four by the broad rattling waters of Clarke. Jack reported Indians near by—indeed saw them: guessed them to be Bannocks, as Crows would have come in to beg. Sentinels were thrown out on the bluffs near us and the stock watched with redoubled care.

I think every man who has camped much remembers, with a distinct vividness, the camp-fires. I recall happy hours by them in Maine and Canada and on the north shore of Lake Superior, and know, as every lover of the woods knows, how each wood has its character, its peculiar odors—even a language of its

own. The burning pine has one speech, the gum tree another. One friend at least who was with me can recall our camps in Maine,

Where fragrant hummed the moist swamp-spruce,
And tongues unknown the cedar spoke,
While half a century's silent growth
Went up in cheery flame and smoke.

The cottonwood burns with a rich, ruddy, abundant blaze and a faint pleasant aroma. Not an unpicturesque scene, our camp-fire, with the rough figures stretched out on the grass and the captain marching his solemn round with utterly unfatigable legs, Jack and George Houston good-humoredly chaffing, and now and again a howl responsive to the anguish of a burnt boot. He who has lived a life and never known a camp-fire is— Well, may he have that joy in the Happy Hunting-grounds!

The next day's ride was only interesting from the fact that we forded Clarke's Fork five times in pretty wild places, where, of course, Captain G. and the doctor again had their baggage soaked. The annoyance of this when, after ten hours in the saddle, you come to fill your tobacco-bag and find the precious treasure hopelessly wet, your writing-paper in your brushes, the lovely photographs, a desolated family presented on your departure, brilliant with yellow mud— I pause: there are inconceivable capacities for misery to be had out of a complete daily wetting of camp-traps. I don't think the captain ever quite got over this last day's calamity, and I doubt not he mourns over it to-day in England.

The ride of the next two days brought us again to rising ground, the approach to Pryor's Gap. On the 13th I rode on ahead with George Houston, and had an unsuccessful buffalo-hunt. We saw about forty head, but by no device could we get near enough for effective shooting. I had, however, the luck to kill a buck antelope and two does. Rejoining the command in great triumph, I found Jump, to my amusement, waving over his head a red cotton umbrella which some wandering Crow had dropped on the trail. The umbrella being, from the Crow point of view, a highly-prized orna-

ment, it was not strange to find it on our trail. In an evil moment I asked Jump to hand it to me. As he did so it fell, open, over the nose of my cayoose. As to what happened I decline to explain: there have been many calumnies concerning what Mr. Jump called "that 'ere horse-show."

On this day we rode through the last range of considerable hills, past a vast rock which meant "medicine" of some kind for the Indian, as its clefts were dotted with sacrificial beads, arrows and bits of calico. A brief scramble and a long descent carried us through Pryor's Gap, and out again on to boundless plains, thick with the fresh dung of the buffaloes, which must have been here within two days and been hurried southward by Crow hunting-parties. This to our utter disgust, as we had been promised abundance of buffalo beyond Pryor's Gap.

A thirty-mile march brought us to a poor camp by a marshy stream. Man and beast showed the effects of the alkaline waters, which seemed to me more nasty every day. There is no doubt, however, that it is possible to become accustomed to their use, and no lands are more capable of cultivation than these if the water be sufficient for irrigation. The camp was enlivened by an adventure of the major's, which revenged for us his atrocious habit of rising at 3 A. M. and saying "Now, gentlemen!" as he stood relentless at the tent-doors. C. and I had found a cañon near by about one hundred feet deep and having a good bathing stream. As we returned toward it at evening we saw the gallant major standing barelegged on the edge of the cañon, gesticulating wildly, his saddlebags and toilette matters far below beside the creek. Still suffering with the sunburn, he had been cooling his feet in the water preparatory to a bath, when, lo! a bear standing on his hind legs eating berries at a distance of only about fifteen feet! The major promptly availed himself of the shelter offered by the bank of the stream; but once there, how was he to escape unseen? The water was cold, the bear big, the major shoe-

less. Perhaps a bark simulative of a courageous dog might induce the bear to leave. No doubt, under such inspirations, it was well done. The bear, amazed at the resources of the army, fled—alas! not pursued by the happy major, who escaped up the cañon-wall, leaving his baggage to a generous foe, which took no advantage of comb or toothbrush. How the whole outfit turned out to hunt that bear, and how he was never found, I have not space to tell more fully.

All of twelve hours the next day we rode on under a blinding sunlight, a cloudless sky, over dreary, rolling, dusty plains, where the only relief from dead grasses was the gray sage-brush and cactus, from the shelter of which, now and again, a warning rattle arose or a more timid snake fled swiftly through the dry grasses. Tinted cones of red and brown clays or toadstool forms of eroded sandstone added to the strange desolateness of the view; so that no sorrow was felt when, after forty miles of it, we came upon a picturesque band of Crows with two chiefs, Raw Hide and Tin Belly.

It was an amazing sight to fresh eyes—the clever ponies, these bold-featured, bareheaded, copper-tinted fellows with bead-decked leggins, gay shirts or none, and their rifles slung in brilliantly-decorated gun-covers across the saddle-bows. We rode down the bluffs with them to the flat valley of Beauvais Creek, where a few lodges were camped with the horses, twelve hundred or more, in a grove of lordly cottonwood—a wild and picturesque sight. Tawny squaws surrounded us in crowds, begging. A match, a cartridge, anything but a quill toothpick, was received with enthusiasm. I rode ahead to the ford of the Beauvais Creek, and met the squaws driving in the cayoooses. Altogether, it was much like a loosely-organized circus. Our own camp being set, we took our baths tranquilly, watched by the squaws seated like men on their ponies. One of them kindly accepted a button and my wornout undershirt.

The cottonwood tree reigns supreme throughout this country wherever there is moisture, and marks with its varied

shades of green the sinuous line of every water-course. Despised even here as soft and easily rotted, "warping inside out in a week," it is valuable as almost the sole resource for fuel and timber, and as making up in speed of growth for a too ready rate of decay. Four or five years' growth renders it available for rails, and I should think it must equal the eucalyptus for draining moist lands. Many a pretty face is the more admired for its owner's wealth, and were the now-despised cottonwood of greater market-value it could not, I think, have escaped a reputation for beauty. A cottonwood grove of tall trees ten to eighteen feet in diameter, set twenty to forty feet apart, with dark-green shining leaves spreading high in air over a sod absolutely free of underbrush, struck such of us as had no Western prejudices as altogether a noble sight. Between Forts Custer and Keogh the cottonwoods are still finer, and what a mocking-bird is among birds are these among trees—now like the apple tree, now like the olive, now resembling the cork or the red-oak or the Lombardy poplar, and sometimes quaintly deformed so as to exhibit grotesque shapes,—all as if to show what one tree can do in the way of mimicking its fellows.

To our delight, General Sheridan's old war-scout, Mr. Campbell, rode in with letters at dusk, and we had the happiness to learn that our long absence had made ill news for none of us. By six next day we were up and away to see the great Crow camp, which we reached by crossing a long ford of the swift Big Horn River. There were one hundred and twenty lodges, about one thousand Crows, about two thousand dogs and as many ponies. I think it was the commissary who dared to say that every dog could not have his day among the Crows, as there would not be enough days to go round; but surely never on earth was such a canine chorus. It gave one a respect for Crow nerves. Let me add, as a Yankee, my veneration for the Crow as a bargainer, and you will have the most salient ideas I carried away from this medley of dogs, horses, sullen, lounging braves with pipes, naked children warmly clad

with dirt, hideous squaws, skin lodges, medicine-staffs gay with bead and feathers, and stencches for the describing of which civilized language fails.

Crossing a branch of the Big Horn, we rode away again over these interminable, lonely grass-plains; past the reaping-machines and the vast wagons, with a dozen pairs of oxen to each, sent out to gather forage for the winter use of the fort; past dried-up streams, whitewashed with snowy alkaline deposits, cheating the eye at a distance with mockery of foaming water. Still, mile on mile, across rolling lands, with brief pause at the river to water horses, scaring the gay little prairie-dogs and laughing at the swift scuttle away of jack-rabbits, until by noon the long lines of Custer came into sight.

These three days of sudden descent from high levels to the terrible monotony of the thirsty plains, without shade, with the thermometer still in the nineties, began to show curiously in the morale of the outfit. The major got up earlier and rode farther: our English captain walked more and more around the camp-fire. On one day the coffee gave out, and on the next the sugar, and everything except the commissary's unfailing good-humor, which was, unluckily, not edible. Mr. T. rode in silence beside the judge, grimly calculating how soon he could get a railroad over these plains. Even the doctor fell away in the "talk" line. Says Mr. Jump: "These 'ere plains ain't as social as they might be." Some one is responsible for the following brief effort to evolve in verse the lugubrious elements of a ride over alkali plains with failing provender, weary horses, desiccating heat and quenchless thirst:

Silent and weary and sun-baked, we rode o'er the
alkaline grass-plains,
Into and out of the coolies and through the gray green
of the sage-brush—
All the long line of the horses, with jingle of spur and
of bridle,
VOL. XXVI.—3

All the brown line of the mule-train, tired and foot-
sore and stragglng;
Nothing to right and to left, nothing before and be-
hind us,
Save the dry yellowing grass, and afar on the hazy
horizon,
Sullen, and grim, and gray, sunburnt, monotonous
sand-heaps.
So we rode, sombre and listless, day after day, while
the distance
Grew as we rode, till the eyeballs ached with the
terrible sameness.

By this time the command was stragglng in a long broken line, all eyes set on the fort, where, about 1.30, we dismounted from our six hundred miles in the saddle to find in the officers' club-room a hearty welcome and the never-to-be-forgotten sensation of a schooner of iced Milwaukee beer. From Fort Custer we rode a hundred and thirty miles in ambulances to Fort Keogh. This portion of our journey took us over the line to be followed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, and gave us a good idea of the wealthy grass-lands, capable of easy irrigation, bordering the proposed line of rail. The river is navigable to Custer until the middle of September, and in wet seasons still later. Already, much of the best land is taken up, and we were able to buy chickens if we could shoot them, and eggs and potatoes, the latter the best I have seen in any country. The river is marked by ample groves of superb cottonwoods and by immense thickets of the wild prairie-rose and moss-rose, while the shores are endlessly interesting and curious, especially the left bank, on account of the singular forms of the mud and sandstone hills, along which, in places, lie for miles black level strata of lignite. At Fort Keogh we took a steamer to Bismarck, whence we travelled by rail on the Northern Pacific road, reaching home September 9th. We had journeyed sixty-five hundred miles—on horses, six hundred; by ambulances, four hundred; by boat, six hundred and seventy-five.

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER XIX.

AUNT HEPZIBAH'S house stood well up the hill, far enough away from the village to escape the hubbub and confusion which during the removal of any considerable store of spirit were most certain to prevail.

Hidden away in the recesses of a tortuous valley, amid hills whose steep sides bristled with tier after tier of bare, broken rocks, to reach or to leave Polperro by any other mode than on foot was a task of considerable difficulty. Wagons were unknown, carts not available, and it was only at the risk of his rider's life and limbs that any horse ventured along the perilous descents and ascents of the old Taland road. Out of these obstacles, therefore, arose the necessity for a number of men who could manage the drays, dorsals and crooks which were the more common and favored modes of conveyance. With the natural love of a little excitement, combined with the desire to do as you would be done by, it was only thought neighborly to lend a hand at whatever might be going on; and the general result of this sociability was that half the place might be found congregated about the house, assisting to the best of their ability to impede all progress and successfully turn any attempt at work into confusion and disorder.

To add to this tumult, a keg of spirits was kept on tap, to which all comers were made free, so that the crowd grew first noisy and good-tempered, then riotously merry and quarrelsomely drunk, until occasions had been known when a general fight had ensued, the kegs had got burst open and upset, the men who were hired to deliver them lay maddened or helpless in the street, while the spirit for which liberty and life had been risked flowed into the gutters like so much water.

In vain had Adam, to whom these scenes afforded nothing but anger and disgust, used all his endeavors to per-

suaude his fellow-workers to give up running the vessel ashore with the cargo in her. The Polperro men, except under necessity, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and in many cases preferred risking a seizure to foregoing the fool-hardy recklessness of openly defying the arm of the law. The plan which Adam would have seen universally adopted here, as it was in most of the other places round the coast, was that of dropping the kegs, slung on a rope, into the sea, and (securing them by an anchor) leaving them there until some convenient season, when, certain of not being disturbed, they were landed, and either removed to a more distant hiding-place or conveyed at once to their final destination. But all this involved immediate trouble and delay, and the men, who without a complaint or murmur would endure weeks of absence from their homes, the moment those homes came in sight grew irritable under control and impatient of all authority.

With a spirit of independence which verged on rebellion, with an uncertain temperament in which good and bad lay jostled together so haphazard that to calculate which at any given moment might come uppermost was an impossibility, these sons of the sea were hard to lead and impossible to drive. Obstinate, credulous, superstitious, they looked askant on innovation and hated change, fearing lest it should turn away the luck which they vaunted in the face of discretion, making it their boast that so many years had gone by since any mischance had overtaken the Polperro folk that they could afford to laugh at the soldiers before their faces and snap their fingers at the cruisers behind their backs.

Under these circumstances it was not to be supposed that Adam's arguments proved very effective: no proposition he made was ever favorably received, and this one was more than usually unpopular. So, in spite of his prejudice against

a rule which necessitated the sequence of riot and disorder, he had been forced to give in, and to content himself by using his authority to control violence and stem as much as possible the tide of excess. It was no small comfort to him that Eve was absent, and the knowledge served to smooth his temper and keep down his irritability. Besides which, his spirits had risen to no common height, a frequent result of the reaction which sets in after great emotion, although Adam placed his happy mood to the credit of Eve's kind words and soft glances.

It was late in the afternoon before the kegs were all got out and safely cleared off; but at length the last man took his departure, the visitors began to disperse, Uncle Zebedee and Jerrem disappeared with them, and the house was left to the undisturbed possession of Joan and Adam.

"I shall bring Eve back when I come," Adam said, reappearing from the smartening up he had been giving to himself.

"All right!" replied Joan, but in such a weary voice that Adam's heart smote him for leaving her sitting there alone, and with a great effort at self-sacrifice he said, "Would you like to go too?"

"Iss, if I could go two p'r'aps I should," retorted Joan, "but as I'm only one p'r'aps I might find myself one in the way. There, go along with 'ee, do!" she added, seeing him still hesitate. "You know if there'd bin any chance o' my goin' you wouldn't ha' axed me."

A little huffed by this home-thrust, Adam waited for nothing more, but, turning away, he closed the door after him and set off at a brisk pace up the Lansallos road, toward Aunt Hepzibah's house.

The light had now all but faded out, and over everything seaward a cloudy film of mist hung thick and low; but this would soon lift up and be blown away, leaving the night clear and the sky bright with the glitter of a myriad stars, beneath whose twinkling light Adam would tell his tale of love and hear the sweet reply; and at the thought a thousand hopes leaped into life and made his pulses quicken and his nerves thrill. Strive as

he might, arrived at Aunt Hepzibah's he could neither enter upon nor join in any general conversation; and so marked was his silence and embarrassed his manner that the assembled party came to the charitable conclusion that something had gone wrong in the adjustment of his liquor; and knowing it was ticklish work to meddle with a man who with a glass beyond had fallen a drop short, they made no opposition to Eve's speedy preparations for immediate departure.

"Oh, Eve," Adam exclaimed, giving vent to deep-drawn sighs of relief as, having turned from the farm-gate, they were out of sight and hearing of the house, "I hope you're not vexed with me for seeming such a fool as I've been feeling there. I have been so longing for the time to come when I could speak to you that for thinking of it I couldn't talk about the things they asked me of."

"Why, whatever can you have to say of so much importance?" stammered Eve, trying to speak as if she was unconscious of the subject he was about to broach; and this from no coquetry, but because of an embarrassment so allied to that which Adam felt that if he could have looked into her heart he would have seen his answer in its tumultuous beating.

"I think you know," said Adam softly; and as he spoke he stooped to catch a glimpse of her averted face. "It's only what I'd on my lips to say last night, only the door was opened before I'd time to get the words out, and afterward you wouldn't so much as give me a look, although," he added reproachfully, "you sat up ever so long after I was gone, and only ran away when you thought that I was coming."

"No, indeed I didn't do that," said Eve earnestly: "that was Joan whom you heard. I went up stairs almost the minute after you left."

"Is that really true?" exclaimed Adam, seizing both her hands and holding them tight within his own. "Eve, you don't know what I suffered, thinking you were caught by Jerrem's talk and didn't care whether I felt hurt or pleased. I lay awake most of the night, thinking whether it could ever be that you could care

for me as by some magic you've made me care for you. I fancied—"

But here a rustle in the hedge made them both start. Adam turned quickly round, but nothing was to be discovered. "'Twas, most-like, nothing but a stoat or a rabbit," he said, vexed at the interruption: "still, 'tis all but certain there'll be somebody upon the road. Would you mind crossing over to the cliff? 'Tis only a little bit down the other side."

Eve raised no objection, and, turning, they picked their way along the field, got over the gate and down through the tangle of gorse and brier to the path which ran along the Lansallos side of the cliff. Every step of the way was familiar to Adam, and he so guided Eve as to bring her down to a rough bit of rock which projected out and formed a seat on a little flat of ground overhanging a deep gully.

"There!" he said, in a tone of satisfaction, "this isn't so bad, is it? You won't feel cold here, shall you?"

"No, not a bit," said Eve.

Then there was a pause, which Eve broke by first giving a nervous, half-suppressed sigh, and then saying, "It's very dark to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Adam, who had been thinking how he should best begin his subject. "I thought the mist was going to clear off better than this, but that seems to look like dirty weather blowing up;" and he pointed to the watery shroud behind which lay the waning moon.

"I wish a storm would come on," said Eve: "I should so like to see the sea tossing up and the waves dashing over everything."

"What! while we two are sitting here?" said Adam, smiling.

"No: of course I don't mean now, this very minute, but some time."

"Some time when I'm away at sea?" put in Adam.

Eve gave a little shudder: "Not for the world! I should be frightened to death if a storm came on and you away. But you don't go out in very bad weather, do you, Adam?"

"Not if I can help it, I don't," he an-

swered. "Why, would you mind if I did?" and he bent down so that he could look into her face. "Eh, Eve, would you?"

His tone and manner conveyed so much more than the words that Eve felt it impossible to meet his gaze. "I don't know," she faltered. "What do you ask me for?"

"What do I ask you for?" he repeated, unable longer to repress the passionate torrent which he had been striving to keep under. "Because suspense seems to drive me mad. Because, try as I may, I can't keep silent any longer. I wanted, before I said more, to ask you about somebody you've left behind you at London; but it's of no use. No matter what he may be to you, I must tell you that I love you, Eve—that you've managed in this little time to make every bit of my heart your own."

"Somebody in London?" Eve silently repeated. "Who could he mean? Not Reuben May: how should he know about him?"

The words of love that followed this surprise seemed swallowed up in her desire to have her curiosity satisfied and her fears set at rest. "What do you mean about somebody I've left in London?" she said; and the question, abruptly put, jarred upon Adam's excited mood, strained as his feelings were, each to its utmost tension. This man she had left behind, then, could even at a moment like this stand uppermost in her mind.

"A man, I mean, to whom, before you left, you gave a promise;" and this time, so at variance was the voice with Adam's former tones of passionate avowal, that, coupled with the shock of hearing that word "promise," Eve's heart quailed, and to keep herself from betraying her agitation she was forced to say, with an air of ill-feigned amazement, "A man I left? somebody I gave a promise to? I really don't know what you mean."

"Oh yes, you do;" and by this time every trace of wooing had passed from Adam's face, and all the love so late set flowing from his heart was choked and forced back on himself. "Try and re-

member some fellow who thinks he's got the right to ask how you're getting on among the country bumpkins, whether you ain't tired of them yet, and when you're coming back. Perhaps," he added, goaded on by Eve's continued silence, "'twill help you if I say 'twas the one who came to see you off aboard the Mary Jane. I suppose you haven't forgot *him*?"

Eve's blood boiled at the sneer conveyed in Adam's tone and look. Raising her eyes defiantly to his, she said, "Forgotten him? Certainly not. If you had said anything about the Mary Jane before I should have known directly who you meant. That person is a very great friend of mine."

"Friend?" said Adam.

"Yes, friend—the greatest friend I've got."

"Oh, I'm very glad I know that, because I don't approve of friends. The woman I ask to be my wife must be contented with me, and not want anything from anybody else."

"A most amiable decision to come to," said Eve. "I hope you may find somebody content to be so dictated to."

"I thought I had found somebody already," said Adam, letting a softer inflection come into his voice. "I fancied that at least, Eve, *you* were made out of different stuff to the women who are always hankering to catch every man's eye."

"And pray what should make you alter your opinion? Am I to be thought the worse of because an old friend, who had promised he would be a brother to me, offers to see me off on my journey, and I let him come? You must have a very poor opinion of women, Adam, or at least a very poor opinion of me."

And the air of offended dignity with which she gave this argument forced Adam to exclaim, "Oh, Eve, forgive me if I have spoken hastily: it is only because I think so much more of you—place you so much higher than any other girl I ever saw—that makes me expect so much more of you. Of course," he continued, finding she remained silent, "you had every right to allow your friend to go with you, and it was only natural

he should wish to do so; only when I'm so torn by love as I am I feel jealous of every eye that's turned upon you: each look you give another seems something robbed from me."

Eve's heart began to soften: her indignation was beginning to melt away.

"And when I heard he was claiming a promise, I—"

"What promise?" said Eve sharply.

"What promise did you give him?" replied Adam warily, suspicion giving to security another thrust.

"That's not to the point," said Eve. "You say I gave him a promise: I ask what that promise was?"

"The very question I put to you. I know what he says it was, and I want to hear if what he says is true. Surely," he added, seeing she hesitated, "if this is only a friend, and a friend who is to be looked on like a brother, you can't have given him any promise that if you can remember you can't repeat."

Eve's face betrayed her displeasure. "Really, Adam," she said, "I know of no right that you have to take me to task in this manner."

"No," he answered: "I was going to ask you to give me that right when you interrupted me. However, that's very soon set straight. I've told you I love you: now I ask you if you love me, and, if so, whether you will marry me? After you've answered me I shall be able to put my questions without fear of offence."

"Will you, indeed?" said Eve. "I should think that would rather depend upon what the answer may be."

"Whatever it may be, I'm waiting for it," said Adam grimly.

"Let me see: I must consider what it was I was asked," said Eve. "First, if—"

"Oh, don't trouble about the first: I shall be satisfied of that if you answer the second and tell me you will accept me as a husband."

"Say keeper."

"Keeper, if that pleases you better."

"Thank you very much, but I don't feel quite equal to the honor. I'm not so tired yet of doing what pleases my-

self that I need submit my thoughts and looks and actions to another person."

"Then you refuse to be my wife?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you cannot return the love I offer you?"

Eve was silent.

"Do you hear?" he said.

"Yes, I hear."

"Then answer: have I got your love, or haven't I?"

"Whatever love you might have had," she broke out passionately, "you've taken care to kill."

"Kill!" he repeated. "It must have been precious delicate if it couldn't stand the answering of one question. Look here, Eve. When I told you I had given you my heart and every grain of love in it, I only spoke the truth; but unless you can give me yours as whole and as entire as I have given mine, 'fore God I'd rather jump off yonder rock than face the misery that would come upon us both. I know what 'tis to see another take what should be yours—to see another given what you are craving for. The torture of that past is dead and gone, but the devil it bred in me lives still, and woe betide the man or woman who rouses it!"

Instinctively Eve shrank back: the look of pent-up passion frightened her and made her whole body shiver.

"There! there! don't alarm yourself," said Adam, passing his hand over his forehead as if to brush away the traces which this outburst had occasioned: "I don't want to frighten you. All I want to know is, can you give me the love I ask of you?"

"I couldn't bear to be suspected," faltered Eve.

"Then act so that you would be above suspicion."

"With a person always on the watch, looking out for this and that, so that one would be afraid to speak or open one's mouth, I don't see how one could possibly be happy," said Eve. "All one did, all one said, might be taken wrongly, and when one were most innocent one might be thought most guilty. No: I don't think I could stand that, Adam."

"Very well," he said coldly. "If you feel your love is too weak to bear that, and a great deal more than that, you are very wise to withhold it from me: those who have much to give require much in return."

"Oh, don't think I haven't that in me which would make my love equal yours any day," said Eve, nettled at the doubt which Adam had flung at her. "If I gave any one my heart, I should give it all; but when I do that I hope it will be to somebody who won't doubt me and suspect me."

"Then I'd advise you not to give them cause to," said Adam.

"And I'd advise you to keep your cautions for those that need them," replied Eve, rising from where she had been sitting and turning her face in the direction of home.

"Oh, you needn't fear being troubled by any more I shall say," said Adam: "I'm only sorry that I've been led to say what I have."

"Pray don't let that trouble you: such things, with me, go in at one ear and out at the other."

"In that case I won't waste any more words," said Adam; "so if you can keep your tongue still you needn't fear being obliged to listen to anything I shall say."

Eve gave a little scornful inclination of her head in token of the accepted silence between them, and in silence the two commenced their walk and took their way toward home.

CHAPTER XX.

EXCEPT the long surging roll of the waves, as in monotonous succession they dashed and broke against the rocks, not a sound was to be heard. The night had grown more lowering: the sprinkle of stars was hid behind the dense masses of cloud, through which, ever and anon, the moon, with shadowy face, broke out and feebly cast down a glimmering light. Below, the outspread stretch of water lay dark and motionless, its glassy surface cold and glittering like steel. Walking a little in the rear of Adam, Eve shud-

dered as her eyes fell on the depths, over whose brink the narrow path they trod seemed hanging. Instinctively she shrank closer to the cliff-side, to be caught by the long trails of bramble which, with bracken and gorse, made the steep descent a bristly wall. Insensibly affected by external surroundings, unused to such complete darkness, the sombre aspect of the scene filled her with nervous apprehension: every bit of jutting rock she stumbled against was a yawning precipice, and at each step she took she died some different death. The terrors of her mind entirely absorbed all her former indifference and ill-humor, and she would have gladly welcomed any accident which would have afforded her a decent pretext for breaking this horrible silence. But nothing occurred, and they reached the open piece of green and were close on the crumbling ruins of St. Peter's chapel without a word having passed between them. The moon struggled out with greater effort, and, to Eve's relief, showed that the zigzag dangers of the path were past, and there was now nothing worse to fear than what might happen on any uneven grassy slope. Moreover, the buzz of voices was near, and, though they could not see the persons speaking, Eve knew by the sound that they could not be very far distant. Having before him the peculiar want of reticence generally displayed by the Polperro folk, Adam would have given much to have been in a position to ask Eve to remount the hill and get down by the other side; but under present circumstances he felt it impossible to make any suggestion: things must take their course. And without a word of warning he and Eve gained the summit of the raised elevation which formed a sheltered background to this favorite loitering-place, at once to find themselves the centre of observation to a group of men whose noisy discussion they had apparently interrupted.

"Why, 'tis my son Adam, ain't it?" exclaimed the voice of Uncle Zebedee; and at the sound of a little mingled hoarseness and thickness Adam's heart sank within him.—"And who's this he's a got with un, eh?"

"'Tis me, Uncle Zebedee," said Eve, stepping down on to the flat and advancing toward where the old man stood lounging—"Eve, you know."

"Awh, Eve, is it?" exclaimed Zebedee. "Why, how long's t'wind veered round to your quarter, my maid? Be you two sweetheartin' then, eh?"

"I've been all day up to Aunt Hepzibah's," said Eve quickly, endeavoring to cover her confusion, "and Adam came to fetch me back: that's how it is we're together."

"Wa-al, but he needn't ha' fetched 'ee 'less he'd got a mind for yer company, I s'pose," returned Zebedee with a meaning laugh. "Come, come now: 't'ull niver do for 'ee to try to cabobble Uncle Zibedee. So you and Adam's courtin', be 'ee? Wa-al, there's nuffin' to be said agen that, I s'pose?" and he looked round as if inviting concurrence or contradiction.—"Her's my poor brother Andrer's little maid, ye know, shipmates"—and here he made a futile attempt to present Eve to the assembled company—"what's dead—and drowned—and gone to Davy's locker; so, notwithstanding I'd lashins sooner 'twas our Joan he'd ha' fix'd on—Lord ha' massy!" he added parenthetically, "Joan's worth a horsgead o' she—still, what's wan man's mate's another man's pison; and, howsomever that lies, I reckon it needn't go for to hinder me fra' drinkin' their healths in a drap o' good liquor. So come along, my hearties;" and, making a movement which sent him forward with a lurch, he began muttering something about his sea-legs, the effect of which was drowned in the shout evincing the ready satisfaction with which this proposal for friendly conviviality was hailed.

Eve drew in her breath, trying to gather up courage and combat down the horrible suspicion that Uncle Zebedee was not quite himself, didn't exactly know what he was saying, had taken too much to drink. With congratulatory intent she found herself jostled against by two or three others near her, whose noisy glee and uncertain gait only increased her fears. What should she do? Where could she go? What had become of

Adam? Surely he would not go and leave her amongst—

But already her question was answered by a movement from some one behind, who with a dexterous interposition succeeded in placing himself between Uncle Zebedee and herself.

"Father," and Adam's voice sounded more harsh and stern than usual, "leave Eve to go home as she likes: she's not used to these sort o' ways, and she will not take things as you mean them."

"Eh! what? How not mane 'em?" exclaimed old Zebedee, taken aback by his son's sudden appearance. "I arn't a said no harm that I knaws by: there's no 'fence in givin' the maid a wet welcome, I s'pose."

A buzz of dissatisfaction at Adam's interference inspired Zebedee with renewed confidence, and with two or three sways in order to get the right balance he managed to bring himself to a standstill right in front of Adam, into whose face he looked with a comical expression of defiance and humor as he said, "Why, come 'long with us, lad, do 'ee, and name the liquor yerself, and see it passes round free and turn and turn about: and let's hab a song or two, and get up Rozzy Treloar wi' his fiddle, and Zeke Orgall there 'ull dance us a hornpipe;" and he began a double-shuffle with his feet, adding, as his dexterity came to a sudden and somewhat unsteady finish, "Tis a ill wind that blows nobody no good, and a poor heart what never rejices."

Eve during this time had been vainly endeavoring to make her escape—an impossibility, as Adam saw, under existing circumstances; and this decided him to use no further argument; but, with his arm put through his father's and in company with the rest of the group, he apparently conceded to their wishes, and, motioning Eve on, the party proceeded along the path, down the steps and toward the quay, until they came in front of the Three Pilchards, now the centre of life and jollity, with the sound of voices and the preparatory scraping of a fiddle to enhance the promise of comfort which glowed in the ruddy reflection sent by the

bright lights and cheerful fire through the red window-curtain.

"Now, father," exclaimed Adam with a resolute grip of the old man's arm, "you and me are homeward bound. We'll welcome our neighbors some other time, but for this evening let's say good-night to them."

"Good-night?" repeated Zebedee: "how good-night? Why, what 'ud be the manin' o' that? None o' us ain't agoin' to part company here, I hopes. We'm all goin' to cast anchor to the same moorin's—eh, mates?"

"No, no, no!" said Adam, impatiently: "you come along home with me now."

"Iss, iss, all right!" laughed the old man, trying to wriggle out of his son's grasp; "only not just yet a whiles. I'm agoin' in here to drink your good health, Adam lad, and all here's a-comin' with me—ain't us, hearties?"

"Pack of stuff! Drink my health?" exclaimed Adam. "There's no more reason for drinking my health to-night than any other night. Come along now, father: you've had a hard day of it, you know, and when you get home you can have whatever you want quietly by your own fireside."

But Zebedee, though perfectly good-humored, was by no means to be persuaded: he continued to laugh and writhe about as if the fact of his detention was merely a good joke on Adam's part, the lookers-on abetting and applauding his determination, until Adam's temper could restrain itself no longer, and with no very pleasant explosion of wrath he let go his hold and intimated that his father was free to take what course pleased him most.

"That's right, lad!" exclaimed old Zebedee heartily, shaking himself together. "You'm a good son and a capital sailor-man, but you'm pore company, Adam—verra pore company."

And with this truism (to which a general shout gave universal assent) ringing in his ears, Adam strode away up the street with all possible speed, and was standing in front of the house-door when he was suddenly struck by the thought

of what had become of Eve. Since they had halted in front of the Three Pilchards he had seen nothing of her: she had disappeared, and in all probability had made her way home.

The thought of having to confront her caused him to hesitate: should he go in? What else could he do? where had he to go? So, with a sort of desperation, he pushed open the door and found himself within the sitting-room. It was empty; the fire had burnt low, the wick of the unsnuffed candle had grown long; evidently Eve had not returned; and with an undefined mixture of regret and relief Adam sat down, leaned his arms on the table and laid his head upon them.

During the whole day the various excitements he had undergone had so kept his mind on the stretch that its powers of keen susceptibility seemed now thoroughly exhausted, and in place of the acute pain he had previously suffered there had come a dull, heavy weight of despair, before which his usual force and determination seemed vanquished and powerless. The feeling uppermost was a sense of the injustice inflicted on him—that he, who in practice and principle was so far removed above his neighbors, should be made to suffer for their follies and misdeeds, should have to bear the degradation of their vices. As to any hope of reclaiming them, he had long ago given that up, though not without a certain disappointment in the omniscience of that Providence which could refuse the co-operation of his valuable agency.

Adam suffered from that strong belief in himself which is apt, when carried to excess, to throw a shadow on the highest qualities. Outstepping the Pharisee, who thanked God that he was not like other men, Adam thanked himself, and fed his vanity by the assurance that had the Polperro folk followed his lead and his advice they would now be walking in his footsteps; instead of which they had despised him as a leader and rejected him as a counsellor, so that, exasperated by their ignorance and stung by their ingratitude, he had cast them off and abandoned them for ever; and out of this disappointment had arisen a dim shadow of

some far-off future wherein he caught glimpses of a new life filled with fresh hopes and successful endeavors.

From the moment his heart had opened toward Eve her image seemed to be associated with these hitherto undefined longings: by the light of her love, of her presence, her companionship, all that had been vague seemed to take shape and grow into an object which was real and a purpose to be accomplished; so that now one of the sharpest pricks from the thorn of disappointment came of the knowledge that this hope was shattered and this dream must be abandoned. And, lost in moody retrospection, Adam sat stabbing desire with the sword of despair.

"Let me be! let me be!" he said in answer to some one who was trying to rouse him.

"Adam, it's me: do look up;" and in spite of himself the voice which spoke made him lift his head and look at the speaker. "Adam, I'm so sorry!" and Eve's face said more than her words.

"You've nothing to be sorry for," returned Adam sullenly.

"I want you to forgive me, Adam," continued Eve.

"I've nothing to forgive."

"Yes, you have;" and a faint flush of color came into her cheeks as she added with hesitating confusion, "You know I didn't mean you to take what I said as you did, Adam; because"—and the color suddenly deepened and spread over her face—"because I do care for you—very much indeed."

Adam gave a despondent shake of his head. "No, you don't," he said, steadily averting his eyes; "and a very good thing too. I don't know who that wasn't forced to it would willingly have anything to do with such a God-forsaken place as this is. I only know I'm sick of it, and of myself and my life, and everything in it."

"Oh, Adam, don't say that—don't say you're sick of life. At least, not now;" and she turned her face so that he might read the reason.

"And why not now?" he asked stolidly. "What have I now that I hadn't before?"

"Why, you've got me."

"You? You said you couldn't give me the love I asked you for."

"Oh, but I didn't mean it. What I said was because I felt so hurt that you should suspect me as you seemed to."

"I never suspected you—never meant to suspect you. All I wanted you to know was that I must be all or nothing."

"Of course; and I meant that too, only you— But there! don't let's drift back to that again;" and as she spoke she leaned her two hands upon his shoulders and stood looking down. "What I want to say is, that every bit of love I have is yours, Adam. I am afraid," she added shyly, "you had got it all before ever I knew whether you really wanted it or not."

"And why couldn't you tell me that before?" he said bitterly.

"Why, is it too late now?" asked Eve humbly.

"Too late? You know it can't be too late," exclaimed Adam, his old irritability getting the better of him: then, with a sudden revulsion of his overwrought susceptibilities, he cried, "Oh, Eve, Eve, bear with me to-night: I'm not what I want to be. The words I try to speak die away upon my lips, and my heart seems sunk down so low that nothing can rejoice it. To-morrow I shall be master of myself again, and all will look different."

"I hope so," sighed Eve tremulously. "Things don't seem quite between us as they ought to be. I sha'n't wait for Joan," she said, holding out her hand: "I shall go up stairs now; so good-night, Adam."

"Good-night," he said: then, keeping hold of her hand, he drew her toward him and stood looking down at her with a face haggard and full of sadness.

The look acted as the last straw which was to swamp the burden of Eve's grief. Control was in vain, and in another instant, with Adam's arms around her, she lay sobbing out her sorrow on his breast, and the tears, as they came, thrust the evil spirit away. So that when, an hour later, the two said good-night again, their vows had been exchanged and the troth that bound them plighted; and Adam,

looking into Eve's face, smiled as he said, "Whether for good luck or bad, the sun of our love has risen in a watery sky."

CHAPTER XXI.

MOST of the actions and events of our lives are chameleon-hued: their colors vary according to the light by which we view them. Thus Eve, who the night before had seen nothing but happiness in the final arrangement between Adam and herself, awoke on the following morning with a feeling of dissatisfaction and a desire to be critical as to the rosy hues which seemed then to color the advent of their love.

The spring of tenderness which had burst forth within her at sight of Adam's humility and subsequent despair had taken Eve by surprise. She knew, and had known for some time, that much within her was capable of answering to the demands which Adam's pleading love would most probably require; but that he had inspired her with a passion which would make her lay her heart at his feet, feeling for the time that, though he trampled on it, there it must stay, was a revelation entirely new, and, to Eve's temperament, rather humiliating. She had never felt any sympathy with those lovesick maidens whose very existence seemed swallowed up in another's being, and had been proudly confident that even when supplicated she should never seem to stoop lower than to accept. Therefore, just as we experience a sense of failure when we find our discernment led astray in our perception of a friend, so now, although she studiously avoided acknowledging it, she had the consciousness that she had utterly misconceived her own character, and that the balance by which she had adjusted the strength of her emotions had been a false one. A dread ran through her lest she should be seized hold upon by some further inconsistency, and she resolved to set a watch on the outposts of her senses, so that they might not betray her into further weakness.

These thoughts were still agitating her

mind when Joan suddenly awoke, and after a time roused herself sufficiently to say, "Why, whatever made you pop off in such a hurry last night, Eve? I runned in a little after ten, and there wasn't no signs of you nowheres; and then I come upon Adam, and he told me you' was gone up to bed."

"Yes," said Eve: "I was so tired, and my foot began to ache again, so I thought there wasn't any use in my sitting up any longer. But you were very late, Joan, weren't you?"

"Very early, more like," said Joan: "'twas past wan before I shut my eyes. Why, I come home three times to see if uncle was back; and then I wouldn't stand it no longer, so I went and fetched un."

"What, not from—where he was?" exclaimed Eve.

Joan nodded her head. "Oh Lors!" she said, "'tain't the fust time by many; and," she added in a tone of satisfaction, "I lets 'em know when they've brought Joan Hocken down among 'em. I had Jerrem out, and uncle atop of un, 'fore they knawed where they was. Awh, I don't stand beggin' and prayin', not I: 'tis 'whether or no, Tom Collins,' when I come, I can tell 'ee."

"Well, they'd stay a very long time before they'd be fetched by me," said Eve emphatically.

"Awh, don't 'ee say that, now," returned Joan. "Where do 'ee think there'd be the most harm in, then—sittin' comfortable at home when you might go down and 'tice 'em away, or the goin' down and doin' of it?"

"I've not a bit of patience with anybody who drinks," exclaimed Eve, evading a direct answer.

"Then you'll never cure anybody of it, my dear," replied Joan. "You'm like Adam there, I reckon—wantin' to set the world straight in one day, and all the folks in it bottommest side upward; but, as I tell un, he don't go to work the right way. They that can't steer 'ull never sail; and I'll bet any money that when it comes to be counted up how many glasses o' grog's been turned away from uncle's lips, there'll be more set to the

score o' my coaxin' than ever 'ull be to Adam's bullyraggin'."

"Perhaps so," said Eve; and then, wishing to avoid any argument into which Adam could be brought, she adroitly changed the subject, and only indifferent topics were discussed until, their dressing completed, the two girls were ready to go down stairs.

The first person who answered the summons to breakfast was Uncle Zebedee—not heavy-eyed and shamefaced, as Eve had expected to see him, but bright and rosy-checked as an apple. He had been up and out since six o'clock, looking after the repairs which a boat of his was laid up to undergo, and now, as he came into the house fresh as a lark, he chirruped in a quavery treble,

"Tom Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair
That e'er to tar was kind:
Her face was of a booty rare—

That's for all the world what you'n is," he said, breaking off to bestow a smacking kiss on Joan. "So look sharp, like a good little maid as you be, and gi'e us sommat to sit down for;" and he drew a chair to the table and began flourishing the knife which had been set there for him. Then, catching sight of Eve, whose face, in her desire to spare him, betrayed an irrepressible look of consciousness, he exclaimed, "Why, they've bin tellin' up that I was a little over-free in my speech last night about you, Eve: is there any truth in it, eh? I doan't fancy I could ha' said much amiss—did I?"

"Oh, nothing to signify, uncle."

"'Twas sommat 'bout you and Adam, warn't it?" he continued with a puzzled air: "'tis all in my head here, though I can't zackly call it to mind. That's the devil o' bein' a little o'ertook that ways," he added with the assurance of meeting ready sympathy: "'tis so bafflin' to set things all ship-shape the next mornin'. I minds so far as this, that it had somehow to do with me holdin' to it that you and Adam was goin' to be man and wife; but if you axes for the why and the wherefore, I'm blessed if I can tell 'ee."

"Why, whatever put such as that into your head?" said Joan sharply.

"Wa-al, the liquor, I reckon," laughed Zebedee. "And, somehow or 'nother, Maister Adam didn't seem to have over-much relish for the notion;" and he screwed up his face and hugged himself together as if his whole body was tickled at his son's discomfiture. "But there! never you mind that, Eve," he added hastily: "there's more baws than one to Polperro, and I'll wager for a halfscore o' chaps ready to hab 'ee without yer waitin' to be took up by my son Adam."

Poor Eve! it was certainly an embarrassing situation to be placed in, for, with no wish to conceal her engagement, to announce it herself alone, and unaided by even the presence of Adam, was a task she naturally shrank from. In the endeavor to avoid any direct reply she sat watching anxiously for Adam's arrival, her sudden change of manner construed by Zebedee into the effect of wounded vanity, and by Joan into displeasure at her uncle's undue interference. By sundry frowns and nods of warning Joan tried to convey her admonitions to old Zebedee, in the midst of which Adam entered, and with a smile at Eve and an inclusive nod to the rest of the party took a chair and drew up to the table.

"Surely," thought Eve, "he intends telling them."

But Adam sat silent and occupied with the plate before him.

"He can't think I can go living on here with Joan, even for a single day, and they not know it;" and in her perplexity she turned on Adam a look full of inquiry and meaning.

Still, Adam did not speak: in his own mind he was casting over the things he meant to say when, breakfast over and the two girls out of the way, he would invite his father to smoke a pipe outside, during the companionship of which he intended taking old Zebedee decidedly to task, and, putting his intended marriage with Eve well to the front, clinch his arguments by the startling announcement that unless some reformation was soon made he would leave his native place and seek a home in a foreign land. Such words and such threats as

these could not be uttered to a father by a son save when they two stood quite alone; and Adam, after meeting a second look from Eve, shook his head, feeling satisfied that she would know that only some grave requirement deterred him from immediately announcing the happiness which henceforth was to crown his life. But our intuition, at the best, is somewhat narrow, and where the heart is most concerned most faulty: therefore Eve, and Adam too, felt each disappointed in the other's want of acquiescence, and inclined to be critical on the lack of mutual sympathy.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked Jerrem, smiling and apparently more radiant than usual under the knowledge that he was more than usually an offender. Joan, who had her own reasons for being very considerably put out with him, was not disposed to receive him very graciously; Adam vouchsafed him no notice whatever; Uncle Zebedee, oppressed by the sense of former good fellowship, thought it discreet not to evince too much cordiality; so that the onus of the morning's welcome was thrown upon Eve, who, utterly ignorant of any offence Jerrem had given, thought it advisable to make amends for the pettish impatience she feared she had been betrayed into on the previous morning.

Old Zebedee, whose resolves seldom lasted over ten minutes, soon fell into the swing of Jerrem's flow of talk; a little later on and Joan was forced to put in a word; so that the usual harmony was just beginning to recover itself when, in answer to a remark which Jerrem had made, Eve managed to turn the laugh so cleverly back upon him that Zebedee, well pleased to see what good friends they were growing, exclaimed, "Stop her mouth! stop her mouth, lad! I'd ha' done it when I was your years twenty times over 'fore this. Her's too sarcy—too sarcy by half, her is."

Up started Jerrem, but Adam was before him. "I don't know whether what I'm going to say is known to anybody here already," he burst out, "but I think it's high time that some present should be told by me that Eve has promised to

be my wife ;" and, turning, he cast a look of angry defiance at Jerrem, who, thoroughly amazed, gradually sank down and took possession of his chair again, while old Zebedee went through the dumb show of giving a long whistle, and Joan, muttering an unmeaning something, ran hastily out of the room. Eve, angry and confused, turned from white to red and from red to white.

A silence ensued—one of those pauses when some event of our lives seems turned into a gulf to separate us from our former surroundings.

Adam was the first to speak, and with a touch of irony he said, "You're none of you very nimble at wishing us joy, I fancy."

"And no wonder, you've a-tooked us all aback so," said old Zebedee. "'T seems to me I'm foaced to turn it round and round afore I can swaller it for rale right-down truth."

"Why, is it so very improbable, then?" asked Adam, already repenting the abruptness of the disclosure.

"Wa-al, 'twas no later than last night that you was swearin' agen and cussin' everybody from stem to starn for so much as mentionin' it as likely. Now," he added, with as much show of displeasure as his cheery, weatherbeaten old face would admit of, "I'll tell 'ee the mind I've got to'ard these sort o' games: if you see fit to board folks in the smoke, why do it and no blame to 'ee, but hang me if I can stomach 'ee sailin' under false colors."

"There wasn't anything of false colors about us, father," said Adam in a more conciliatory tone; "for, though I had certainly spoken to Eve, it was not until after I'd parted with you last night that she gave me her answer."

"Awh!" said the old man, only half propitiated. "Wa-al, I s'pose you can settle your consarns without my help; but I can tell 'ee this much, that if my Joanna had took so long afore she could make her mind up, I'm blamed if her ever 'should ha' had the chance o' bein' your mother, Adam—so there!"

Adam bit his lip with vexation. "There's no need for me to enter upon any further explanations," he said:

"Eve's satisfied, I'm satisfied, so I don't see why you shouldn't be satisfied."

"Awh, I'm satisfied enough," said Zebedee; "and, so far as that goes, though I ain't much of a hand at speechifyin', I hopes that neither of 'ee 'ull never have no raison to repent yer bargain. Eve's a fine bowerly maid, so you'm well matched there; and so long as she's ready to listen to all you say and bide by all you tells her, why 'twill be set fair and sail easy."

"I can assure you Eve isn't prepared to do anything of the sort, Uncle Zebedee," exclaimed Eve, unable to keep silence any longer. "I've always been told if I'd nothing else I've got the Pascals' temper; and that, according to your own showing, isn't very fond of sitting quiet and being rode over rough-shod."

The whistle which Uncle Zebedee had tried to choke at its birth now came out shrill, long and expressive, and Adam, jumping up, said, "Come, come, Eve: we've had enough of this. Surely there isn't any need to take such idle talk as serious matter. If you and me hadn't seen some good in one another we shouldn't have taken each other, I suppose; and, thank the Lord, we haven't to please anybody but our two selves."

"Wa-al, 'tis to be hoped you'll find that task aisier than it looks," retorted Uncle Zebedee with a touch of sarcasm; while Jerrem, after watching Adam go out, endeavored to throw a tone of regret into the flattering nothings he now whispered by way of congratulation, but Eve turned impatiently away from him. She had no further inclination to talk or to be talked to; and Uncle Zebedee having by this time sought solace in a pipe, Jerrem joined him outside, and the two sauntered away together toward the quay.

Left to the undisturbed indulgence of her own reflections, Eve's mood was no enviable one—the more difficult to bear because she had to control the various emotions struggling within her. She felt it was time for plain speaking between her and Adam, and rightly judged that a proper understanding come to at once would be the safest means of securing future comfort. Turn and twist Adam's

abrupt announcement as she would, she could assign but one cause for it, and that cause was an overweening jealousy; and as the prospect came before her of a lifetime spent in the midst of doubt and suspicion, the strength of her love seemed to die away and her heart grew faint within her. For surely if the demon of jealousy could be roused by the sight of commonplace attentions from one who was in every way like a brother—for so in Eve's eyes Jerrem seemed to be—what might not be expected if at any time circumstances threw her into the mixed company of strangers? Eve had seen very little of men, but whenever chance had afforded her the opportunity of their society she had invariably met with attention, and had felt inwardly gratified by the knowledge that she was attracting admiration; but now, if she gave way to this prejudice of Adam's, every time an eye was turned toward her she would be filled with fear, and each time a look was cast in her direction her heart would sink with dread.

What should she do? Give him up? Even with the prospect of possible misery staring at her, Eve could not say yes, and before the thought had more than shaped itself a dozen suggestions were battling down the dread alternative. She would change him, influence him, convert him—anything but give him up or give in to him. She forgot how much easier it is to conceive plans than to carry them out—to arrange speeches than to utter them. She forgot that only the evening before, when, an opportunity being afforded, she had resolved upon telling Adam the whole circumstance of Reuben May and the promise made between them, while the words were yet on her lips she had drawn them back because Adam had said he knew that the promise was "nothing but the promise of a letter;" and Eve's courage had suddenly given way, and by her silence she had led him to conclude that nothing else had passed between them. Joan had spoken of the envious grudge which Adam had borne toward Jerrem because he had shared in his mother's heart, so that this was not the first time Adam had dropped in gall to mingle with the cup of his love.

The thought of Joan brought the fact of her unexplained disappearance to Eve's mind, and, full of compunction at the bare suspicion of having wounded that generous heart, Eve jumped up with the intention of seeking her and of bringing about a satisfactory explanation. She had not far to go before she came upon Joan, rubbing and scrubbing away as if the welfare of all Polperro depended on the amount of energy she could throw into her work. Her face was flushed and her voice unsteady, the natural consequences of such violent exercise, and which Eve's approach but seemed to lend greater force to.

"Joan, I want to speak to you."

"Awh, my dear, I can't listen to no spakin' now," replied Joan hastily, "and the tables looking as they do."

"But Tabithy always scrubs the tables, Joan: why should you do it?"

"Tabithy's arms ain't half so young as mine—worse luck for me or for she!"

Having by this time gained a little insight into Joan's peculiarities, Eve argued no further, but sat herself down on a convenient seat, waiting for the time when the rasping sound of the brush would come to an end. Her patience was put to no very great tax, for after a few minutes Joan flung the brush along the table, exclaiming, "Awh, drabbit the ole scrubbin'! I must give over. I b'lieve I've had enuf of it for this time, 't all events."

"Joan, you ain't hurt with me, are you?" said Eve, trying to push her into the seat from which she had just risen. "I wanted to be the first to tell you, only that Adam spoke as he did, and took all I was going to say out of my mouth. It leaves you to think me dreadfully sly."

"Awh, there wasn't much need for tellin' me," said Joan with a sudden relax of manner. "When I didn't shut my eyes o' purpose I could tell, from the first, what was certain to happen."

"It was more than I could, then," said Eve. "I hadn't given it a thought that Adam meant to speak to me, and when he asked me I was quite taken aback, and said 'No' for ever so long."

"What made 'ee change yer mind so suddent, then?" said Joan bluntly.

Eve hesitated. "I hardly know," she said, with a little confusion. "I think it was seeing him so cast down made me feel so dreadfully sorry."

"H'm!" said Joan. "Didn't 'ee never feel no sorrow for t'other poor chap that wanted to have 'ee—he to London, Reuben May?"

"Not enough to make me care in that way for him: I certainly never did."

"And do you care for Adam, then?"

"I think I do."

"Think?"

"Well, I am sure I do."

"That's better. Well, Eve, I'll say this far;" and Joan gave a sigh before the other words would come out: "I'd rather it should be you than anybody else I ever saw."

The struggle with which these words were said, their tone and the look in Joan's face, seemed to reveal a state of feeling which Eve had not suspected. Throwing her arms round her, she cried out, "Oh, Joan, why didn't he choose you? You would have been much better for him than me."

"Lord bless the maid!"—and Joan tried to laugh through her tears—"I wouldn't ha' had un if he'd axed me. Why, there'd ha' bin murder 'tween us 'fore a month was out: us 'ud ha' bin hung for one 'nother. No: now don't 'ee take no such stuff as that into yer head, 'cos there's no sense in it. Adam's never looked 'pon me not more than a sister;" and, breaking down, Joan sobbed hysterically; "and when you two's married I shall feel 'zackly as if he was a brother, and be gladder than e'er a one else to see how happy you makes un."

"That's if I *do* make him happy," said Eve sadly.

"There's no fear but you'll do that," said Joan, resolutely wiping the tears from her eyes; "and 'twill be your own fault if you bain't happy too yourself, Eve. Adam's got his fads to put up with, and his fancies same as other men have, and a masterful temper to keep under, as nobody can tell 'better than me; but for rale right-down goodness I shouldn't know where to match his fellow—not if I was to search the place through; and,

mind 'ee, after all, that's something to be proud of in the man you've got to say maister to."

Eve gave a little smile: "But he must let me be mistress, you know, Joan."

"All right! only don't you stretch that too far," said Joan warningly, "or no good 'ull come of it; and be foreright in all you do, and spake the truth to un. I've many a time wished I could, but with this to hide o' that one's and that to hush up o' t'other's, I know he holds me for a downright liard; and so I am by his measure, I 'spects."

"I'm sure you're nothing of the sort, Joan," said Eve. "Adam's always saying how much people think of you. He told me only yesterday that he was certain more than half the men of the place had asked you to marry them."

"Did he?" said Joan, not wholly displeased that Adam should hold this opinion. "Awh, and ax they may, I reckon, afore I shall find a man to say 'Yes' to."

"That is what I used to think myself," said Eve.

"Iss, and so you found it till Roger put the question," replied Joan decisively. Then, after a minute's pause, she added, "What be 'ee goin' to do 'bout the poor sawl to London, then—eh? You must tell he somehow."

"Oh, I don't see that," said Eve. "I mean to write to him, because I promised I would; and I shall tell him that I've made up my mind not to go back, but I sha'n't say anything more. There isn't any need for it, that I see—at least, not yet a while."

"Best to tell un all," argued Joan. "Why shouldn't 'ee? 'Tis the same, so far as you'm concerned, whether he's killed to wance or dies by inches."

But Eve was not to be persuaded. "There isn't any reason why I should," she said.

"No reason?" replied Joan. "Oh, Eve, my dear," she added, "don't 'ee let happiness harden your heart: if love is sweet to gain, think how bitter 'tis to lose; and, by all you've told me, you'll forfeit a better man than most in Reuben May."

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON THE SKUNK RIVER.

THE Lady of Shalott, looking into the mirror which reflected the highway "a bowshot from her bower-eaves," saw the villagers passing to their daily labor in the barley-fields; market-girls in red cloaks and damsels of high degree; curly shepherd-boys and long-haired pages in gay livery; an abbot on an ambling pad and knights in armor and nodding plumes; and her constant pastime was to weave these sights into the magic web on which she wrought. I undertake, in a modest way, to follow her example, and weave a series of pictures from the sights that daily meet my eyes.

The highway which runs a bowshot from my bower-eaves is a much-travelled road, leading from the farms of a prairie country into a prairie town. It is a stripe of black earth fifteen or twenty feet wide, the natural color of the soil, ungraded, ungravelled, and just now half a foot deep in mud from the melting February snows. Looking in the direction from which it comes, a mile or two of rolling prairie-land is visible, divided into farms of one hundred, one hundred and forty or one hundred and sixty acres. Just now it is faded yellow in hue, with patches of snow in the hollows, and bare of trees, stumps or fences, except the almost invisible wire-fences which separate the fields from the road and from each other. Here and there, at wide intervals, a few farm-houses can be seen, sheltered on the north and west by a thickly-set row of cottonwood or Lombardy poplar trees, which serve in a great measure to break the sweep of the pitiless Iowa winds. Most of the houses are large and comfortable, and are surrounded by barns, haystacks and young orchards, denoting a long residence and prosperity; but two or three, far off on the horizon, are small wooden structures, set on the bare prairie, without a tree or outbuilding near them, and looking bleak and lonely. To one who knows something of the straitened lives,

the struggles with poverty, that go on in them, they seem doubly pitiful and desolate.

The town into which the highway leads lies straight before my window, flat, unpicturesque, uninteresting, marked by the untidiness of crudeness and the untidiness of neglect. The ungraded streets are trodden into a sticky pudding by horses' feet, the board sidewalks are narrow, uneven and broken, and the crossings are deep in mud. In the eastern part of the town the dwellings are large, comfortable, even elegant, with well-kept grounds filled with trees and shrubbery, and there are a few of the same character scattered here and there throughout the town; but the large majority of houses, those that give the place its discouraged, unambitious look, are small wooden dwellings, a story or a story and a half high, with the end facing the street and a shed-kitchen behind. Those that are painted are white or brown, but many are unpainted, have no window-shutters and are surrounded by untidy yards and fences that need repair.

The centre of the town, both in position and importance, is "The Square." This is an open space planted thickly with trees, which have now grown to a large size and cast a refreshing shade over the crowd that gathers there in summer to hear political speeches or to celebrate the Fourth of July. It is surrounded by hitching-racks, and on Saturdays and other unusually busy days these racks, on all the four sides of the Square, are so full of teams—generally two-horse farm-wagons—that there is not room for another horse to be tied. Facing the Square and extending a block or two down adjacent streets are the business-houses—stores, banks, express-office, livery-stables, post-office, gas-office, the hotels, the opera-house, newspaper and lawyers' offices. Many of the buildings are of brick, three stories high, faced or trimmed with stone, but the general

effect is marred by the contiguity of little wooden shanties used as barber-shops and meat-markets.

Except in the north-east, where the land is rolling and densely wooded; the horizon-line is flat and on a level with our feet. The sun rises from the prairie as he rises from the ocean, and his going down is the same: no far-off line of snowy mountains, no range of green hills nor forest-crest, intercepts his earliest and his latest rays. Over this wide stretch of level land the wind sweeps with unobstructed violence, and more than once in the memory of settlers it has increased to a destructive tornado, carrying buildings, wagons, cattle and human beings like chaff before it. Just now, a sky of heavenly beauty and color bends over it, and through the wide spaces blow delicious airs suggestive of early spring.

Nearly every day, and often many times a day, farm-wagons drawn by two horses pass along the highway in front of my window. The wagon-bed is filled with sacks of wheat or piled high with yellow corn, and on the high spring-seat in front sits the farmer driving, and by him his wife, her head invariably wrapped in a white woollen nubia or a little shawl, worn as a protection against the catarrh-producing prairie winds. Cuddled in the hay at their feet, but keeping a bright lookout with round eager eyes, are two or three stout, rosy children, and often there is a baby in the mother's arms. When "paw" has sold his wheat or corn the whole family will walk around the Square several times, looking in at the shop-windows and staring at the people on the sidewalk. When they have decided in which store they can get the best bargains, they will go in and buy groceries, calico and flannel, shoes for the children, and perhaps a high chair for the baby. Later in the day they rattle by again, the farmer sitting alone on the spring-seat, the wife and children, as a better protection against the wind, on some hay in the now empty wagon-bed behind. So they jolt homeward over the rough, frozen road or toil through sticky mud, as the case may be, well pleased with their purchases and their glimpse

of town, and content to take up again the round of monotonous life on their isolated prairie-farm.

Sometimes on spring-like days, when the roads are good, two women or a woman and one or two half-grown children drive by in a spring-wagon, bringing chickens, eggs, and butter to market. Heavy wagons loaded with large clear blocks of ice go by every day, the men walking and driving or seated on a board seat at the extreme rear of the wagon. The great crystal cubes look, as they flash in the sunshine, like building-material for Aladdin's palace quarried from some mine of jewels, but they are only brought from the Skunk River, three miles distant, to the ice-houses in town, and there packed away in sawdust for summer use. On two days of the week—shipping days for live-stock—farm-wagons with a high railing round the beds go by, and inside the railing, crowded as thickly as they can stand, are fat black or black-and-white hogs, which thrust their short noses between the boards and squeal to get out. They are unloaded at the cattle-pens near the railroad, and thence shipped to pork-packers at Chicago.

And sometimes half a dozen Indians, the roving gypsies of the West, dressed in warm and comfortable clothing and wrapped in red or blue blankets, ride into town on good horses. They belong to the Sacs and Foxes, a friendly, well-disposed remnant of people who live half a day's ride to the north-east of this place. They are better off than the average of white people, for every man, woman and child owns a quarter section of land in the Indian Territory, and receives an annuity of money besides. Immediately after pay-day they visit the neighboring towns, their pockets full of silver dollars, and buy whatever necessity or fancy dictates. The women are generally neat and comely in appearance, and the pap-pooes that peer from the bags hung on either side of the ponies are bright-eyed, round-faced youngsters, who never cry and seldom cause any trouble. They seem to be born with a certain amount of gravity, and a capacity for patient en-

durance that forbids them to lift up their voices at every slight provocation after the manner of white babies. The Indian ponies too are models of endurance. The squaws tie their purchases in blankets and hang them across the backs of their ponies, swing their papposes to one side and perhaps a joint of fresh meat to the other, then mount on top astride, dig the pony's neck with their moccasined heels and start off at a trot. Sometimes a large party of Indians, men, women and children, camp on Skunk River and fish. In the spring they make a general hegira to a wooded section two or three days' journey to the northward for the purpose of tapping the maple trees and boiling down the syrup into sugar. As before mentioned, they are friendly and inoffensive in their dealings with the white people, but their patience must be sorely tried sometimes. The town-boys hoot at them, throw stones at their ponies, and try in many ways to annoy them. I remember once seeing them pass through another town on their annual spring excursion to the sugar-camps. Two of the pack-ponies had strayed behind the train, and a squaw rode back to drive them ahead. A number of town-boys, thinking this an excellent opportunity to have some fun, threw sticks at them and drove them off on by-streets and up back alleys. The squaw tried patiently again and again to get them together and join the train, but it was not until a brave turned back and came to her assistance that she succeeded. Neither of the Indians uttered a word or betrayed by sign or expression that they noticed the insults of the boys.

Often, when the mud is too deep for teams, farmers go by on horseback, with their horses' tails tied into a knot to keep them out of the mud. They have come to town to learn the price of wheat, corn or hogs, to bargain for some article of farm use, or perhaps to pay the interest on their mortgages. Many of them have not yet paid entirely for their farms, and comparatively few are free from debt in some form. Some, being ambitious to have large farms, have taken more land than they can profitably manage or pay for in a number of years, and are what is

called "land poor:" others, though content with modest portions of sixty or a hundred acres, have not yet been able, by reason of poor crops, their own mismanagement or some other cause, to clear their farms of debt. They work along from year to year, supporting their families, paying the interest, and paying off the principal little by little. When the last payment is made and the mortgage released, then the owner can hold the land in spite of all other creditors. His store-bills or other debts may run up to hundreds of dollars, but his homestead cannot be taken to satisfy them by any process of law. This is the homestead law of the State. A single exception is made in favor of one creditor: the mechanic who has erected the buildings can hold what is called a mechanic's lien upon the property until his claim is satisfied. Advantage is often taken of this law for the purpose of defrauding creditors. In one instance a merchant who owned a good residence in a city and a valuable store-property, sold or transferred his residence, moved his family into the rooms above his store, and soon afterward failed. His creditors tried to get possession of his store-property, and entered suit, but the testimony proved that it was his dwelling also, and therefore exempt under the homestead law. The amount of land that can be held in this way is limited to forty acres.

Beginning life in a new country with small capital involves many years of hard work and strict economy, perhaps privation and loneliness. This comes especially hard on the farmers' wives, many of whom have grown up in homes of comfort and plenty in the older States. Ask the men what they think of Iowa, and they will say that it is a fine State; it has many resources and advantages; there is room for development here; the avenues to positions of profit and honor are not so crowded as they are in the older States; a good class of emigrants are settling up the State: that, on the whole, Iowa has a bright future before it. But the women do not deal in such generalities. Their own home and individual life is all the world to them, and if

that is encompassed with toil and hardship, if all their cherished longings and ambitions are denied and their hearts sick with hope deferred, their talk about the undeveloped resources of Iowa and its future greatness has no interest or meaning for them. In their isolated homes on the bleak prairie they have few social opportunities, and their straitened means do not allow them to buy books or pictures, to take papers or magazines, or to indulge in many of the little household ornaments dear to the feminine heart. What wonder, then, if their eyes have a weary, questioning look, as if they were always searching the flat prairie-horizon for some promise or hope of better days, something fresh and stimulating to vary the dull monotony of toil?

"There's a better time coming," the farmer says. "When we get the farm paid for we will build a new house and send the children to town to school;" and so the slow years go by. If every new country is not actually fertilized with the heart's blood of women, the settling and development of it none the less require the sacrifice of their lives. One generation must cast itself into the breach, must toil and endure and wear out in the struggle with elementary forces, in order that those who come after them may begin life on a higher plane of physical comfort and educational and social advantages. They have not, like the settlers of Eastern States, had to fell forests, grub up stumps, and so wrest their farms from Nature; but they have none the less endured the inevitable hardships of life in a new, thinly-settled country, far from markets, railroads, schools, churches and all that puts a market value on man's labor. I see many women who have thus sacrificed, and are sacrificing, their lives. Their faces are wrinkled, their hands are hard with rough, coarse work, they have long ago ceased to have any personal ambitions; but their hopes are centred in their children. Their self-abnegation is pathetic beyond words. Looking at them and musing on their lives, I think truly

The individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Must the old story be repeated over and over again? Must some hearts be denied all their lives long in order that a possible good may come to others in the future? Must some lives, full of throbbing hopes and aspirations, be put down in the dust and mire as stepping-stones, that those who come after may go over dryshod? Is the individual not to be considered, but only the good of the mass? Can there be justice and righteousness in a plan that requires the life-long martyrdom of a few? Have not these few as much right to a full and free development, to liberty to work out their own ambitions, as have any of the multitude who reap the benefit of their sacrifices? But peace: this little existence is not all there is of life, and in the sphere of wider opportunities and higher activity that awaits us there will be room for these thwarted, stunted lives to grow and flourish and bloom in immortal beauty. With our limited vision, our blind and shortsighted judgment, how can we presume to say what is harsh or what is kind in the discipline of life? The earth as she flies on her track through space deviates from a straight line less than the eighth of an inch, in the distance of twenty miles. We, seeing only twenty miles of her course, would declare that it was perfectly straight, that it did not curve in the slightest degree; yet flying on that same course the earth makes every year her vast elliptical journey around the sun. Could we see a hundred million miles of the track, we should discern the curve very plainly. Could we see a part of the boundless future of a life whose circumstances in this little span of existence were limited and depressing, we should discern the meaning of much that viewed separately seems hard and bitter and useless.

The settlers of this State have chiefly emigrated from the older States—Indiana, Ohio and the Eastern and Middle States. There are many foreigners—Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, Dutch and Irish—who generally live in colonies. The German element predominates, especially in the cities. In the south-western part of the State there is

a colony of Russian Mennonites, and at Amana, in the eastern part, there are several flourishing German colonies where the members hold all property in common. They preserve to some extent the quaint customs and costumes of the Fatherland, and one set down in the midst of their homes without knowing where he was might well believe himself in Germany. The Swedes and Norwegians bear a good character for industry and sobriety: the young women are in great demand as house-servants and command good wages.

The emigrants from older States were many of them farmers of small means, who came through in covered wagons with their families and household stuff. In pleasant weather this mode of travelling was not disagreeable, but in rainy or cold weather it was very uncomfortable. No one could walk in the deep mud: the whole family were obliged to huddle together in the back part of the wagon, wrapped in bed-quilts or other covers, while the driver, generally the head of the family, sat on the seat in front, exposed to the cold or driving rain. The horses slowly dragged the heavily-laden wagon through the mud, and the progress toward their new home was tedious in the extreme. The wagons were usually common farm-wagons with hoops of wood, larger and stouter than barrel hoops, arched over the bed and covered with white cotton cloth. Sometimes, as a protection against rain, a large square of black oil-cloth was spread over the white cover. The front of the wagon was left open: at the back the cover was drawn together by a string run through the hem. Before leaving his old home the farmer generally held a public sale and disposed of his household furniture, farming utensils and the horses and cattle he did not intend to take with him. Sometimes this property went by private sale to the purchaser of his farm. He reserved the bedding, a few cooking utensils and other necessaries. These were loaded into the wagon, a feed-box for the horses was fastened behind, an axe strapped to it, and a tar-bucket hung underneath. Flour and bacon were stored

away in a box under the driver's seat, or, if they expected no chance for replenishing on the way, another wagon was filled with stores. Then, when all was ready, the farmer and his family looked their last upon their old home, bade good-bye to the friends who had gathered to see them off, took their places in the wagon and began the long, tedious journey to "Ioway." Hitherto they had had a local habitation and a name: now, for several months, they were to be known simply as "movers." Among the memories of a childhood spent in a village on the old National 'Pike those pertaining to movers are the earliest. It was the pastime of my playmates and myself to hang on the fence and watch the long train of white-covered wagons go by, always toward the setting sun. Sometimes there were twenty in a train, and the slow creak of the wagons, the labored stepping of the horses, had an important sound to our childish ears. It was

The tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be.

Looking backward to that time, it seems to me now that they went by every day. It was a common sight, but one which never lost its interest to us. The cry of "Movers! movers!" would draw us from our play to hang idly on the fence until the procession had passed. In some instances nightfall overtook them just as they reached our village, and they camped by the roadside, lighting fires on the ground with which to cook their evening meal. Our timidity was greater than our curiosity, and we seldom went near their camps. Movers, in our estimation, were above "stragglers," the name by which we knew the vagrants—forerunners of the great tribe of tramps—who occasionally passed along the road with a bundle on a stick over their shoulders; but still, they were a vague, unknown class, whose intentions toward us were questionable, and we remained in the vicinity of our mothers' apron-strings so long as they were in the neighborhood.

When the weeks or months of slow travel during the day and camping out by night were over, and the new home

on the prairie was reached, the discomforts and privations of the emigrating family were not ended: they were only fairly begun. There was no house in which to lay their heads, no saw-mill where lumber could be obtained, no tree to shelter them, unless they had the good fortune to locate near a stream—nothing but a smooth, level expanse of prairie-sod, bright green and gay with the flowers of early summer or faded and parched with the droughts of autumn. Sometimes they camped in the open air until lumber could be brought from a distance and a rude shanty erected, but often they built a turf house, in which they passed their first winter. These houses were constructed by cutting blocks of turf about eighteen inches square—the roots of prairie-grass being that long—and piling one upon another until the walls were raised to the desired height. Slender poles were then laid across from wall to wall, and on these other strips and squares of turf were piled until a roof thick enough to keep out the rain was formed. A turf fireplace and chimney were constructed at one end; the opening left for entrance was braced with poles and provided with a door; and sometimes a square opening was cut in the end opposite the chimney and a piece of muslin stretched across it to serve as a window. The original earth formed the floor, and piles of turf covered with bedding served as beds. It was only when the family intended to live some time in the turf house that all these pains were taken to make it comfortable. Many of these dwellings were dark huts, with floors a foot or two below the level of the ground and without window or chimney. These were intended for temporary occupation. A few of this kind, still inhabited, are to be seen in the sparsely-settled north-western part of the State. I do not mean this description to apply in a general sense to the early settlers of Iowa. Many parts of the State are heavily wooded, and cabins of hewed logs chinked with mud are still to be seen here and there—specimens of the early homes. In the regions where turf houses were necessary prairie-hay was burned as fuel.

When his family was housed from the

weather the farmer turned his attention to his land. The virgin sod had to be broken and the rich black soil turned up in ridges to the air and sunlight. When the ground was prepared the stock of seed-corn was planted or wheat sown, and the farmer's old life began again under new and quite different circumstances. In the eastern and oldest-settled part of the State these beginnings date back a generation: in the western part they are still fresh and recent. In the old part well-cultivated fields, large barns, orchards, gardens and comfortable farm-houses greet the traveller's eye: in the new he may travel for half a day without seeing a single dwelling, and may consider himself fortunate if he does not have to pass the night under the lee side of a haystack.

After a foothold has been gained in a new country and a home established, a generation, perhaps two, must pass away before a fine type of humanity is produced. The fathers and mothers have toiled for the actual necessities of life, and gained them. The children are supplied with physical comforts. Plenty of food and exercise in the pure air give them stalwart frames, good blood and perfect animal health, but there is a bovine stolidity of expression in their faces, a suggestion of kinship with the clod. They are honest-hearted and well-meaning—stupid, not naturally, but because their minds have never been quickened and stimulated. They grope in a blind way for better things, and wonder if life means no more than to plough and sow and reap, to wash and cook and sew. I see young people of this class by the score, and my heart goes out toward them in pity, though they are all unconscious of needing pity. Perhaps one out of every hundred will break from the slowly-stepping ranks and run ahead to taste of the springs of knowledge reserved for the next generation, but the vast majority will go down to their graves without ever attaining to the ripeness and symmetry of a fully-developed life. Their children perhaps—certainly their grandchildren—will attain a fine physical and mental type; and by that time "the prai-

ries" will cease to be a synonym for lack of society and remoteness from liberal and refining influences.

The land in this vicinity is largely devoted to wheat, corn and oats: much, however, is used for pasturage, and several fine stock-farms lie within a radius of five miles. Sheep-rearing is a profitable industry, the woollen manufactory at this place affording a convenient and ready market for the clip. But the statistics of Iowa show that the rearing of hogs is a more prominent industry than any of these. The agricultural fairs that are held at the county-seats in August or September every year serve to display the growth of these and other industries and the development of the resources of the country, as well as the advance in material comfort. The fair-ground is generally a smooth plat of ground several acres in extent just outside the city limits, and besides the race-track and wooden "amphitheatre" there are sheds for cattle, stalls for horses, pens for hogs and sheep and poultry, a large open shed for the exhibition of agricultural machinery and implements, a long wooden building—usually called "Farmers' Hall"—where fruits, grain and vegetables are displayed, and another, called "Floral Hall," where there is a motley display consisting of flowering plants and cut flowers, needlework, embroidery, pieced bed-quilts, silk chair-cushions and sofa-pillows, jellies, preserves, jams, butter, cake, bread—the handiwork of women. There is generally a crowd of women from the country around these exhibits, examining them and bestowing friendly comment or criticism.

The fair which is held here every year affords a good opportunity for a study of the bucolic character. Farm-wagons, full of men, women and children, come in from the country early in the morning, and by eleven o'clock the halls are crowded with red-faced and dusty sight-seers, who elbow their way good-humoredly from one attractive exhibit to another, and gaze with open eyes and mouth and loud and frequent comment. At noon they retire to their wagons or the shade of the buildings to eat their dinner,

which they have brought from home in a large basket, and there is a great flourish of fried chicken legs and wings and a generous display of pies, pickles and ginger-bread. The young men and half-grown boys have scorned the slow progress of the farm-wagons, and have come into town early on horseback. They have looked forward to this occasion for months, and perhaps have bought a suit of "store clothes" in honor of it. They have already seen the various exhibits, and now that the dinner-hour has arrived they seek refreshment—not from the family dinner-basket, but from some of the various eating-stands temporarily erected on the grounds—and buy pop-beer, roasted peanuts and candy of the vendors, who understand the art of extracting money from the rural pockets. Then in the afternoon come the races, and, having paid a quarter for a seat in the "amphitheatre," they give themselves up to the great excitement of the day. The incidents of fair-time will serve as food for thought and conversation for weeks afterward. It is the legitimate dissipation of the season.

What character shall I choose as a typical Iowan? Not the occupant of the large brick house with tall evergreens in front which meets my sight whenever I look toward the country. An old woman lives there alone, except for a servant or two, having buried her husband and ten children. She is worth a hundred thousand dollars, but can neither read nor write. Her strong common sense and deep fund of experience supply her lack of education, and one would not think while listening to her that she was ignorant of letters. Her life has been one of toil and sorrow, but her expression is one of brave cheerfulness. She and her husband came to this place forty years ago. They were the first white settlers, and for neighbors they had Indians and wolves. They entered most of the land on which the town now stands, and when other settlers came in and the town was laid out their land became valuable, and thus the foundation of their fortune was laid. But as riches increased, cares also increased: the hus-

band was so weighed down by responsibility and anxiety that his mind gave way, and in a fit of despondency he committed suicide. The sons and daughters who died, with the exception of two or three, were taken away in childhood. So the large mansion, with its richly-furnished rooms, is shut up from the sunlight and rarely echoes to the patter of childish feet. The mistress lives in the back part, but exercises a care over the whole house, which is kept in a state of perfect order and neatness. Not a speck of dirt is to be seen on the painted woodwork or the window-glass, not a stain mars the floor—long as the deck of a ship—of the porch which extends the length of the ell. The plates in the corner cupboard in the sitting-room are freshly arranged every day, the tins in the kitchen shine till you can see your face in them, and in summer the clean flower-beds, bright with pansies, roses, carnations and geraniums, that border the long walk leading to the front gate and adorn the side yards, attest the care and neatness of the mistress. Though she has lived on the prairie for forty years, yet the expressions that savor of her early life in a densely-wooded State still cling to her, and if you find her in her working-dress among her flowers she will beg you to excuse her appearance, adding, "I look as if I was just out of the timber."

But this character, though interesting, is not a typical one. Neither is that of the pinched, hungry-looking little man whose five acres and small dwelling meet my sight when I look toward the country in another direction. His patch of ground is devoted to market-gardening, and from its slender profits he is trying to support himself and wife and four children and pay off a mortgage of several hundred dollars. He has lately invented an ingenious toy for children, and is trying to raise enough money to get it patented, hoping when that is done to reap large profits from the sale of it. He is like a poor trembling little mouse caught and held in the paws of a cruel cat. Sometimes Fate relaxes her grip on him, and he breathes freer and dares to

hope for a larger liberty: then she puts her paw on him again, and tosses him and plays with him in very wantonness.

Neither are the three old-maid sisters whose house I often pass types of Iowa character, but I cannot forbear describing them. Their names are Semira, Amanda and Melvina. There is nothing distinctive in their personal appearance, but their character, as expressed in their home and surroundings, is quite interesting. Their little low house is on a corner lot, and as the other three corners are occupied by large two-story houses, it seems lower still by contrast. It is unpainted, and has a little wooden porch over the front door. The floors are covered with homemade carpet, and braided mats are laid before each door and in front of the old-fashioned bureau, which has brass rings for handles on the drawers. A snow tree made of frayed white cotton or linen cloth adorns the table in the best room; woolly dogs with bead eyes and cotton-flannel rabbits with pink ears stand on the mantel; a bead hanging-basket filled with artificial flowers decorates the window; an elaborate air-castle, made of straw and bright worsted, hangs from the middle of the low ceiling; and hung against the wall, between two glaring woodcuts representing "Lady Caroline" in red and "Highland Mary" in blue, is a deep frame filled with worsted flowers, to which a butterfly and a bumble-bee have been pinned. Paper lacework depends from their kitchen-shelves, and common eggshells, artificially colored, decorate the lilac-bushes in the side yard. They are always making new mats or piecing quilts in a new pattern.

As soon as the first bluebird warbles they begin to work in their flower and vegetable garden, and from then until it is time to cover the verbena-beds in the fall I rarely pass without seeing one or more of them, with sunbonnet on head and hoe in hand, busy at work. Besides keeping their little front yard a mass of gorgeous bloom and their vegetable garden free from weed or stone, they raise canary-birds to sell and take care of a dozen hives of bees. Last fall I frequent-

ly saw all three of them in the yard, with a neighbor or two called in for conference, and all twittering and chattering like blackbirds in March. Finally, the mystery was solved. Going past one day, I saw a carpenter deliberately cutting out the whole end of the house, and soon a large bay-window made its appearance. When this was completed three rows of shelves were put up inside close to the glass, and immediately filled with plants in pots and tin cans. What endless occupation and entertainment the watering and watching and tending of these must afford the sisters during winter!

Neither does another neighbor of mine supply the type I seek—the old Quaker farmer, who is discontented and changeable in his disposition, having lived in Indiana a while, then in Iowa, then in Indiana again, and who is now in Iowa for the second time. He rents some land which lies just across the railroad, and in summer, when he is ploughing the growing corn, I hear him talking to his horse. He calls her a "contrary old jade," and jerks the lines and saws her mouth, and says, "Get over in that other row, I tell thee!" Once I heard him mutter to her, when he was leading her home after the day's work was done, "I came as near killin' thee to-day as ever I did."

I will take for one type a man whom we met last summer in the country. We had driven for miles along the country roads in search of a certain little glen where the maiden-hair ferns grew waist-high and as broad across as the fronds of palms, and having found it and filled our spring-wagon with the treasures, we set out to return home by another road. We lost our way, but did not regret it, as this mischance made known to us the most stately and graceful tree we had ever seen—one that was certainly worth half a day's ride to see. The road left the treeless uplands, where the sunshine reflected from the bright yellow stubble of the newly-cut wheat-fields beat against our faces with a steady glare, and dipped into a cool, green, shady hollow where cows cropped the rich grass or stood knee-deep in the water of a little stream.

Well they might stand in quiet contentment: a king might have envied them their surroundings. Overhead rose a dozen or more of the tallest and finest elms we had ever seen, stretching their thick branches till they met and formed a canopy so dense that only a stray sunbeam or two pierced through and fell upon the smooth green sward. Peerless among them stood an elm of mighty girth and lofty height, its widely-stretching branches as large around, where they left the trunk, as a common tree, and clothed to the farthest twig with luxuriant foliage. And all up and down the mossy trunk and around the branches grew young twigs from a few inches to a foot or two in length, half hiding the shaggy bark with their tender green leaves. It was a combination of tree-majesty and grace that is rarely seen. In a tropical forest I have beheld a lofty tree covered thickly all over its trunk and branches with ferns and parasitic plants, but the sight, though beautiful, was suggestive of morbid, unnatural growth. This royal elm out of its own sap had clothed its trunk as with a thickly-twining vine. When, after gazing our fill, we drove reluctantly out of the shady green hollow into the sunshine, and began to climb a hill, we saw at the top a small house surrounded by fruit trees and shaded in front by a grape-arbor. On reaching it we stopped to ask our way of a man who sat in his shirt-sleeves near the front door, fanning himself with his straw hat. He seemed frank and inclined to talk, and asked us to stop and rest a while in the shade. We did so, and his wife brought us some fresh buttermilk to drink, the children gathering about to look at us as if our advent was the incident of the month. In conversation we learned that he was the owner of forty acres, which he devoted largely to the cultivation of small fruits. The land was paid for, with the exception of a mortgage of three hundred dollars, which he hoped to lift in a season or two if the yield was good.

"We're doing well now," he said, "but when we started, eight years ago, it was truly discouraging. There was no house on the place when we came here. We

put up the room we now use as a kitchen, and lived in it for two years and a half. It was so small that it only held a bed, a table, a cook-stove and two or three chairs, and when the table was drawn out for meals my wife had to set the rocking-chair on the bed, because there wasn't room for it on the floor. She helped me on the farm the first year or two. We moved here late in the spring, and I only had time to get the sod broken before corn-planting time. My wife had a lame foot that spring, but I made her a sort of crutch-stilt, and with this she walked over the ground as I ploughed it, making holes in the earth by means of it and dropping in the corn. She also rode the reaper when our wheat was ripe the next year, and I followed, binding and stacking. She has helped me in many other ways on the farm, for she is as ambitious as I am to have a place free from debt which we can call our own. We added these two other rooms in the third year, and when we are out of debt and have money ahead we shall put up another addition: we shall need it as the children grow up. I have a nice lot of small fruit—strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries—and besides these I sell every spring a great many early vegetables. The small fruits pay me more to the acre than anything else I could raise. There is a good market for them in the neighboring towns, and I seldom have to hire any help. My children do most of the picking."

It is only a bit of personal history, to be sure, but it affords an insight into the life of one who, like many others in this State, began with only his bare hands and habits of industry and economy for capital.

Another typical illustration is supplied by a man whose home we visited in the winter. His comfortable farm-house was overflowing with the good things of life: a piano and an organ stood in the parlor, and a well-filled bookcase in the sitting-room; a large bay-window was bright with flowering plants; and base-burner coal-stoves and double-paned windows mocked at the efforts of the wintry winds and kept perpetual summer within. In

the large barn were farm-wagons, a carriage, a buggy, a sleigh—a vehicle for every purpose. The farmer invited us one morning to step into a large sled which stood at the door, and took us half a mile to his stock-yards. There we saw fat, sleek cattle by the dozen and fat hogs by the score, great cribs bursting with corn, a windmill pump and other conveniences for watering stock. Besides all these possessions this man owns two or three other good farms, and has money loaned on mortgages; in short, is worth about fifty thousand dollars, every cent of which he has gained by his own exertions in the last twenty years. He said: "When my father died and his estate was divided among his children, each of us received eighty-three dollars as his share. I resolved then that if thrift and energy could avail anything I would have more than that to leave to each of my children when I died. It has required constant hard work and shrewd planning, but I have gained my stake, and am not a very old man yet," passing his hand over his hair, which was thinly sprinkled with gray.

This man gave us a description of a tornado which passed over that portion of the State a number of years ago. It was shortly after he was married and while he was staying at his father-in-law's house. The whole family were away from home that day, and when they returned they found only the cellar. The house had been lifted from its foundation, and carried so far on the mighty wings of the hurricane that nothing pertaining to it was ever found except the rolling-pin and a few boards of the yellow-painted kitchen-floor. Of a new farm-wagon nothing remained but one tire, and that was flattened out straight. The trees that stood in the yard had been broken off at the surface of the ground. The grass lay stretched in the direction of the hurricane as if a flood of water had passed over it. Horses, cattle and human beings had been lifted and carried several rods through the air, then cast violently to earth again. Those who witnessed the course of the tornado said that it seemed to strike the ground, then

go up in the air, passing harmlessly over a mile or two of country, then strike again, all the time whirling over and over, and occasionally casting out fragments of the spoils it had gathered up. After passing east to a point beyond the Mississippi it disappeared.

This part of Iowa has rich deposits of coal, and mining is a regular and important business. The coal-mines lying a few miles south of this place are the largest west of the Mississippi River. A thriving little town has grown up around them, composed chiefly of miners' cottages, stores and superintendents' dwellings. A creek winds through it whose banks are shaded by elms and carpeted in spring and early summer with prairie-flowers; and a range of wooded hills in whose depths the richest coal-deposits lie lends a picturesque aspect to the scene, and partly compensates for the dreary look of the town itself, the comfortless appearance of many of the miners' houses and the great heaps of slag and refuse coal at the mouth of the mines. Mules hitched to little cars serve to draw the coal out of several of the mines, but the largest one is provided with an engine, which, by means of an endless rope of twisted wire, pulls long trains of loaded cars out of the depths of the mine and up to a high platform above the railroad, whence the coal is pitched into the waiting cars beneath. Sixty-five railroad cars are sometimes loaded in one day from this single mine. The coal is soft coal, and is sold by retail at from six to seven cents a bushel.

One April day, when the woods were white and pink with the bloom of the wild plum and crab trees and the ground was blue with violets, we rode over to this place, and, hitching our horses to some trees growing over the principal mine, we descended to the entrance. A miner, an intelligent middle-aged man who was off work just then, volunteered to be our guide, and after providing each of us with a little oil lamp like the one he wore in his hat-brim, he led us into the dark opening that yawned in the hillside. The passage was six or seven feet wide, and so low that we could not stand erect. Un-

der our feet was the narrow track, the space between the ties being slippery with mud: over our heads and on either hand were walls of rock, with a thick vein of coal running through them, braced every few feet with heavy timbers. The track began to descend, and soon we lost sight of the daylight and had to depend entirely on the feeble glimmer of our lamps. We occasionally came to smooth-plastered spaces in the walls, the closed-up mouths of old side-tunnels, and placing our hands upon them felt that they were warm. Fires were raging in the abandoned galleries, but, being shut away from the air and from access to the main tunnel, they were not dangerous. The dangers usually dreaded by the miners are the falling of heavy masses of earth and rock from the roof of the gallery and the sudden flow of water into the mine from some of the secret sources in the hillside. After penetrating about a quarter of a mile into the mine and descending one hundred and twenty feet, we reached the end of the main tunnel and saw the great wheel, fixed in the solid rock, on which the endless steel rope turned. A train of loaded cars had passed out just before we entered the mine, and on a switch near the end of the track stood another train of empty cars. The air thus far on our dark journey had been cool and good, for the main tunnel was ventilated by means of air-shafts that pierced the hillside to the daylight above; but now our guide opened the door of what seemed a subterranean dungeon, closed it behind us when we had passed through, lifted a heavy curtain that hung before us, and ushered us into a branch-tunnel where the air was hot and stifling and heavy with the fumes of powder. At the farther end we saw tiny specks of light moving about. As we neared them we found that they were lamps fastened in the hat-bands of the miners at work in this distant tunnel—literally, "the bowels of the earth." Some were using picks and shovels, others were drilling holes in the solid coal and putting in blasts of gunpowder. When these blasts were fired a subterranean thunder shook the place: it seemed as if the hill were falling in upon

us. Little cars stood upon the track partly filled with coal, and mules were hitched to them. The forms of these animals loomed large and dark in the dim light: they seemed like some monsters of a previous geologic age. The men themselves, blackened with coal and grimy with powder-smoke, might have seemed like gnomes or trolls had we not seen their homes in the plain, familiar sunlight above, and known that they were working for daily bread for themselves and families. They are paid according to the amount of coal they dig. Some have earned as high as one hundred and thirty dollars a month, but half that sum would be nearer the average.

As we left this shaft and came back into the main tunnel we saw a miner sitting by the track with his small tin bucket open. It was noon and he was eating his dinner. It might just as well have been midnight, so dense was the darkness. We seemed to have been an uncomputable time in the depths, yet, glancing at the bunch of wild flowers in my belt, I saw that they were only beginning to wilt. Did poor Proserpine have the same feeling when she was ravished from the sunshine and the green and flowery earth and carried into the dark underground kingdom of Pluto? Remembering her fate, I whispered to my companion, "We will not eat anything while here—no, not so much as one pomegranate-seed."

There are many smaller coal-mines in this vicinity—hardly a hillside but has a dark doorway leading into it—but they are not all worked regularly or by more than a few hands.

On the road leading from town to the Skunk River one has glimpses of another industry. Limekilns, with uncouth signs announcing lime for sale at twenty-five cents a bushel, thrust themselves almost into the road, and the cabins or neatly-whitewashed board huts of the lime-burners border the way. Some have grass-plots and mounds of flowers around them: others are without ornament, if we except the children with blue eyes, red cheeks and hair like corn-silk that hang on the fence and watch us ride by.

Skunk River is a broad, still stream,

with hilly banks heavily wooded with willow, oak, maple, sycamore and bass-wood. Here we find the earliest wild flowers in spring: blue and purple hepaticas blossom among the withered leaves on the ground while the branches above are still bare, and a little later crowds of violets and spring-beauties brighten the tender grass; clusters of diacentra—or "Dutchman's breeches," as the children call them—nod from the shelter of decaying stumps to small yellow lilies with spotted leaves and tufts of fresh green ferns.

The place is equally a favorite bird-haunt. The prairie-chicken, the best-known game-bird of the State, chooses rather the open prairie, but wild-ducks settle and feed here in their migratory journeys, attracting the sportsman by their presence; the fish-hawk makes his nest in the trees on the bank; the small blue heron wades pensively along the margin; and the common wood-birds, such as blackbirds, bluebirds, jays, sparrows and woodpeckers, chatter or warble or scold among the branches. Sometimes the redbird flashes like a living flame through the green tree-tops, or the brilliant orange-and-black plumage of the Baltimore oriole contrasts with the lilac-gray bark of an old tree-trunk.

Besides the small wild flowers there are many shrubs and trees that bloom in spring. The haw tree and wild plum put forth masses of small creamy-white flowers, the redbud tree blooms along the water-courses, the dogwood in the woods and the wild crab-apple upon the open hillside. The crab trees often form dense thickets an acre or two in extent, and when all their branches are thickly set with coral buds or deep-pink blossoms they form a picture upon which the eye delights to rest. Spring redeems even the flat prairie from the blank monotony which wearies the eye in winter. There are few places in this vicinity where the virgin sod has not been broken, consequently few spots where the original, much-praised prairie-flowers grow; but a tender green clothes all the plain, hundreds of meadow-larks sing in the grass, the tints and colors of the sky are lovely

beyond words, and the balmy winds breathe airs of Paradise.

Even the town, whose ugliness has offended artistic taste and one's love of neatness all winter, clothes itself in foliage and hides its ungraceful outlines in bowery verdure. Lilacs scent the air, roses crowd through the broken fences, the milky floss of the cottonwood trees is strewn upon the sidewalks or floats like thistledown upon the air. To one sensitive to physical surroundings the change is like that from a sullen face to

a smiling one, from a forbidding aspect to a cheerful one. The constant bracing of one's self against the influence of one's surroundings is relaxed: a feeling of relief and contentment comes instead. Our thirst for picturesque beauty may not be satisfied, but we accept with thankful hearts the quiet loveliness of spring. In this, as in deeper experiences, we learn that

At best we gain not happiness,
But peace, friends—peace in the strife.

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

A FORGOTTEN AMERICAN WORTHY.

THE pleasant agricultural village of Reading, in Fairfield county, Western Connecticut, presents much that is charming and picturesque in scenery, and is withal replete with historic incidents; but its chief claim to interest rests on the fact that it was the birthplace of Joel Barlow, who has decided claims to the distinction of being the father of American letters. Nearly seventy years have passed since the poet's tragic death, and the story of his life is still untold, while his memory has nearly faded from the minds of the living; nor would it be easy, at this late day, to collect sufficient material for an extended biography if such were demanded. Some pleasant traditions still linger in the sleepy atmosphere of his native village; a few of his letters and papers still remain in his family; contemporary newspapers had much to say both for and against him; the reviewers of his day noticed his poems, sometimes with approbation, sometimes with bitterness. There are fragmentary sketches of him in encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries, and several pigeonholes in the State Department are filled with musty documents written by him when abroad in his country's diplomatic service. From these sources alone is the scholar of our times to glean his knowledge of one who

in his day filled as large a space in the public eye as almost any of his contemporaries, and whose talents, virtues and public services entitled him to as lasting a fame as theirs.

Not from any of these sources, but from the Barlow family register in the ancient records of Fairfield, we learn that the poet was born on March 24, 1754, and not in 1755, as is almost universally stated by the encyclopædists. His father was Samuel Barlow, a wealthy farmer of the village—his mother, Elizabeth Hull, a connection of the general and commodore of the same name who figured so prominently in the war of 1812. There is little in the early career of the poet of interest to the modern reader. He is first presented to us in the village traditions as a chubby, rosy-faced boy, intent on mastering the Greek and Latin tasks dealt out to him by Parson Bartlett, the Congregational minister of the village, who, like many of the New England clergy of that day, added the duties of schoolmaster to those of the clergyman. In a year or two he was placed at Moor's school for boys in Hanover, New Hampshire, and on completing his preparatory course he entered Dartmouth College in 1774. His father had died the December previous, and, with the view probably

of being nearer his mother and family in Reading, he left Dartmouth in his Freshman year and was entered at Yale.

Barlow's college career was marked by close application to study, and won for him the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. During his second year the war of the Revolution broke out, but the young poet, though an ardent patriot, clung to his books, resolutely closing his ears to the clamor of war that invaded his sacred cloisters until the long summer vacation arrived. Then he threw aside books and gown and joined his four brothers in the Continental ranks, where he did yeoman's service for his country. He graduated in 1778, and signalized the occasion by reciting an original poem called the "Prospect of Peace," which, in the quaint language of one of his contemporaries, gained him "a very pretty reputation as a poet."

The next year found him a chaplain in the Continental army, in the same brigade with his friend Dwight, later renowned as the poet-president of Yale College, and with Colonel Humphreys, whom we shall find associated with him in a far different mission. The two young chaplains, not content with the performance of their clerical duties, wrote in connection with Humphreys stirring patriotic lyrics that were set to music and sung by the soldiers around the campfires and on the weary march, and aided largely in allaying discontent and in inducing them to bear their hardships patiently.

For four years, or until the peace of 1783, Barlow continued to serve his country in the army: he left the service as poor as when he entered it, and a second time the question of a vocation in life presented itself. He at length chose the law, but before being admitted to practice performed an act which, however foolish it may have seemed to the worldly wise, proved to be one of the most fortunate events of his life. Although poor and possessing none of the qualities of the successful bread-winner, he united his fortunes with those of an amiable and charming young lady—Miss Ruth Bald-

win of New Haven, daughter of Michael Baldwin, Esq., and sister of Hon. Abraham C. Baldwin, whom the student will remember as a Senator of note from Georgia. After marriage the young husband settled in Hartford, first in the study, and later in the practice, of the law. In Hartford we find him assuming the duties of lawyer, journalist and bookseller, and in all proving the truth of the fact often noted, that the possession of literary talent generally unfits one for the rough, everyday work of the world. As a lawyer Barlow lacked the smoothness and suavity of the practised advocate, while the petty details and trickeries of the profession disgusted him. As an editor he made his journal, the *American Mercury*, notable for the high literary and moral excellence of its articles, but it was not successful financially, simply because it lacked a constituency sufficiently cultured to appreciate and sustain it. His bookstore, which stood on the quiet, elm-shaded main street of the then provincial village, was opened to dispose of his psalm-book and poems, and was closed when this was accomplished.

As a poet, however, he was more successful, and it was here that the assurance of literary ability, so dear to the heart of the neophyte, first came to him. Dr. Watts's "imitation" of the Psalms, incomplete and inappropriate in many respects, was then the only version within reach of the Puritan churches, and in 1785 the Congregational Association of Connecticut applied to the poet for a revised edition of the work. Barlow readily complied, and published his revision the same year, adding to it several psalms which Dr. Watts had omitted. This work was received with marked favor by the Congregational churches, and was used by them exclusively until rumors of the author's lapse from orthodoxy reached them, when it was superseded by a version prepared by Dr. Dwight.

Two years after, in 1787, Barlow published his *Vision of Columbus*, a poem conceived while in the army and largely written during the poet's summer vacations at Reading. It was received with unbounded favor by his patriotic coun-

trymen, and after passing through several editions at home was republished both in London and Paris, and made its author the best known American in the literary circles of his day. There was in Hartford at this time a coterie of literary spirits whose sprightliness and bonhomie had gained for them the sobriquet of the "Hartford Wits." Dr. Lemuel Hopkins was doubtless the chief factor in the organization of this club: Barlow, John Trumbull, Colonel Humphreys, Richard Alsop and Theodore Dwight—all of whom had gained literary distinction—were its chief members. The principal publications of the club were the *Anarchiad*, a satirical poem, and the *Echo*, which consisted of a series of papers in verse lampooning the social and political follies of the day. To both of these, it is said, Barlow was a prominent contributor. He was also a prominent figure in the organization, about this time, of the Connecticut Cincinnati, a society formed by Revolutionary officers for urging upon Congress their claims for services rendered in the Revolution.

In these varied pursuits and amid such pleasant associations three years passed away, but during all this time the grim spectre of Want had menaced the poet—first at a distance, but with each succeeding month approaching nearer and nearer, until now, in 1788, it stared him in the face. His patrimony had been nearly exhausted in his education; his law-business was unremunerative; his paper, as we have said, was not a success financially; and his poetry brought him much more honor than cash. And thus it happened that at the age of thirty-four he found himself without money or employment. At this trying juncture there came from the West—fruitful parent of such schemes!—the prospectus of the Scioto Land Company, furnished with glaring head-lines and seductive phrases, and parading in its list of stockholders scores of the best-known names in the community. This company claimed to have become the fortunate possessor of unnumbered acres in the valley of the Scioto, and was anxious to share its good fortune—for a con-

sideration—with Eastern and European capitalists. It was desirous of securing an agent to negotiate its sales in Europe, and, quite naturally, its choice fell on Joel Barlow, the only American having a reputation abroad who was at liberty to undertake the mission; and, since the company bore a good repute and offered fair remuneration, the poet very gladly embraced its offer. He does not seem to have met with much success in England, but in France his reception was much more encouraging. An estate in the New World was a veritable *château en Espagne* to the mercurial Frenchmen, and they purchased with some avidity; but just as the agent's ground was prepared for a plenteous harvest news came that the Scioto Company had burst, as bubbles will, leaving to its dupes only a number of well-executed maps, some worthless parchments called deeds, and that valuable experience which comes with a knowledge of the ways of the world. Barlow, being the company's principal agent abroad, came in for his full share of the abuse excited by its operations; and yet it is evident that he was as innocent of its real character as any one, and that he had accepted the position of agent with full confidence in the company's integrity. Its collapse left him as poor as ever, and a stranger in a strange land, notwithstanding he was surrounded here by conditions that assured him the generous and honorable career which had been denied him in the New World.

Of the foreigners who then thronged cosmopolitan Paris, none were so popular as Americans. Benjamin Franklin and Silas Deane, by their courtesy and dignity, joined to republican simplicity, had provided passports for their countrymen to the good graces of all Frenchmen: besides, the name "republican" was a word of magic import in France at that time. Barlow's reputation as a poet was also of great service to him at a time when literature exercised a commanding influence both in society and politics. He was presented at court, admitted to the companionship of wits and savants, and was enabled, by the favor of some financial magnates, to participate

in speculations which proved so successful that in a short time he was raised above the pressure of want. But in less than a year after his arrival the Revolution broke out, and involved him in its horrors. His sympathies were entirely with the Girondists—the party of the literati, and the most patriotic and enlightened of the rival factions. He is said to have entered heartily into the advocacy of their cause, writing pamphlets and addresses in their interest and contributing frequently to their journals: he is also said to have figured prominently at the meetings of the Girondist leaders held in the salon of Madame Roland. The atrocities of the Jacobins, however, so shocked and disgusted him that he shortly withdrew and went into retirement outside of the city. The greater part of the years 1791–92 he spent in England, with occasional visits to France. During one of these visits the privileges of French citizenship were conferred on him—an honor that had been previously conferred on but two Americans, Washington and Hamilton.

In 1795 a crisis in his fortunes occurred, and from this date the story of his life becomes an interesting and important one. He had been for some months on a business-tour through the northern provinces, and, returning to Paris early in September, was surprised at receiving a visit from his old friend Colonel David Humphreys, who had been American minister to Portugal for some years, and was now in Paris on a political mission. He was accompanied on this visit by James Monroe, then American minister at the French court. They bore a commission from President Washington naming Barlow consul at Algiers, and their object was to induce him to accept the appointment. The post was one of extreme difficulty and danger, and had Barlow consulted his own wishes and interests he would undoubtedly have declined it. But by appeals to his philanthropy, and by representations that from his knowledge of courts and experience of the world he was well fitted for the performance of the duties assigned to him, he was at length induced to ac-

cept the commission. Preparations were at once made for the journey. His business-affairs were arranged and his will made: then, bidding his wife farewell, he set out with Humphreys on the 12th of September, 1795, for Lisbon, *en route* for the Barbary coast.

At the time of Barlow's mission Algiers was at the height of its power and arrogance. Great Britain, France, Spain, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Venice were tributaries of this barbarous state, which waged successful war with Russia, Austria, Portugal, Naples, Sardinia, Genoa and Malta. Its first depredation on American commerce was committed on the 25th of July, 1785, when the schooner Maria, Stevens master, owned in Boston, was seized off Cape St. Vincent by a corsair and carried into Algiers. Five days later the ship Dauphin of Philadelphia, Captain O'Brien, was taken and carried into the same port. Other captures quickly followed, so that at the time of Barlow's mission there were one hundred and twenty American citizens in the Algerine prisons, exclusive of some forty that had been liberated by death or ransomed through the private exertions of their friends.

The course pursued by Congress for the liberation of these captives cannot be viewed with complacency even at this late day. After some hesitation it decided to ransom the prisoners, and proceeded to negotiate—first, through Mr. John Lamb, its agent at Algiers, and secondly through the general of the Mathurins, a religious order of France instituted in early times for the redemption of Christian captives from the infidel powers. These negotiations extended through a period of six years, and accomplished nothing, from the fact that the dey invariably demanded double the sum which Congress thought it could afford to pay. In June, 1792, with the hope of negotiating a treaty and rescuing the captives, the celebrated John Paul Jones was appointed consul to Algiers, but died before reaching the scene of his mission. His successor, Mr. Thomas Barclay, died at Lisbon January 19, 1793, while on his way to Algiers. The con-

duct of Barbary affairs was next confided to Colonel Humphreys, our minister to Portugal, with power to name an agent who should act under him, and Mr. Pierre E. Skjoldebrand, a brother of the Swedish consul, was appointed under this arrangement; but the latter gentleman seems to have been no more successful than his predecessors. Late in 1794, Humphreys returned to America, and while here it was arranged that Joseph Donaldson should accompany him on his return as agent for Tunis and Tripoli, while Barlow, it was hoped, could be induced to accept the mission to Algiers and the general oversight of Barbary affairs.

The two diplomats left America early in April, 1795, and proceeded to Gibraltar, where they separated, Donaldson continuing his journey to Algiers *via* Alicant, and Humphreys hastening on to Paris in search of Barlow, as has been narrated. Colonel Humphreys and Mr. Barlow did not reach Lisbon until the 17th of November, and when the latter was about prosecuting his journey he was surprised by a visit from Captain O'Brien, who had been despatched by Mr. Donaldson with a newly-signed treaty with Algiers. Mr. Donaldson, it was learned, had reached Algiers on the 3d of September, and finding the dey in a genial mood had forthwith concluded a treaty with him, considering that he had sufficient authority for this under the general instructions of Colonel Humphreys. It was found that some of the conditions of the treaty could not be fulfilled, particularly one stipulating that the first payment of nearly eight hundred thousand dollars should be made by the 5th of January, 1796; and Barlow therefore hastened forward to Algiers to explain the matter to the dey and make such attempts at pacification as were practicable, while Captain O'Brien was sent to London in the brig *Sophia* for the money. Of his life in Algiers, and of the subsequent fate of the treaty, some particulars are given in a letter from Barlow to Humphreys, dated at Algiers April 5, 1796, and also in a letter to Mrs. Barlow written about the

same time. The letter to Humphreys is as follows:

"SIR: We have now what we hope will be more agreeable news to you. For two days past we have been witnesses to a scene of as complete and poignant distress as can be imagined, arising from the total state of despair in which our captives found themselves involved, and we without the power of administering the least comfort or hope. The threat of sending us away had been reiterated with every mark of a fixed and final decision, and the dey went so far as to declare that after the thirty days, if the money did not come, he never would be at peace with the Americans. Bacri the Jew, who has as much art in this sort of management as any man we ever knew, who has more influence with the dey than all the regency put together, and who alone has been able to soothe his impatience on this subject for three months past, now seemed unable to make the least impression, and the dey finally forbade him, under pain of his highest displeasure, to speak to him any more about the Americans. His cruisers are now out, and for some days past he has been occupied with his new war against the Danes. Three days ago the Danish prizes began to come in, and it was thought that this circumstance might put him in good-humor, so that the Jew might find a chance of renewing our subject in some shape or other; and we instructed the Jew that if he could engage him in conversation on his cruisers and prizes he might offer him a new American-built ship of twenty guns which should sail very fast, to be presented to his daughter, on condition that he would wait six months longer for our money. The Jew observed that we had better say a ship of twenty-four guns, to which we agreed. After seeing him three or four times yesterday under pretence of other business, without being able to touch upon this, he went this morning and succeeded.

"The novelty of the proposition gained the dey's attention for a moment, and he consented to see us on the subject; but he told the Jew to tell us that it must be a ship of thirty-six guns or he would not

listen to the proposition. We were convinced that we ought not to hesitate an instant. We accordingly went and assented to his demand, and he has agreed to let everything remain as it is for the term of three months from this day, but desired us to remember that not a single day beyond that will be allowed on any account.

"We consider the business as now settled on this footing, and it is the best ground that we could possibly place it upon. You still have it in your power to say peace or no peace: you have an alternative. In the other case war was inevitable, and there would have been no hope of peace during the reign of this dey. . . .

"In order to save the treaty, which has been the subject of infinite anxiety and vexation, we found it necessary some time ago to make an offer to the Jew of ten thousand sequins (eighteen thousand dollars), to be paid eventually if he succeeded, and to be distributed by him among such great officers of state as he thought necessary, and as much of it to be kept for himself as he could keep consistent with success. The whole of this new arrangement will cost the United States about fifty-three thousand dollars. We expect to incur blame, because it is impossible to give you a complete view of the circumstances, but we are perfectly confident of having acted right."

A few weeks later the long-expected ransom arrived: the prison-doors were thrown open, and the captives came out into the sunlight. How pitifully the poet-diplomatist received them, how tenderly he cared for their wants, and how he exerted himself to secure for them a speedy passage to their native land, may be inferred from the character of the man. Having now accomplished the object of his mission, it was to be expected that he would be free to give up his unpleasant post and return to France. But in the adjacent states of Tunis and Tripoli there were other prisons in which American citizens were confined, and until they were liberated he does not seem to have considered his mission as fully perform-

ed. Six months or more were spent in effecting this object, and when it was accomplished he very gladly delivered up his credentials to the government and returned to his home and friends in France.

The succeeding eight years were spent in congenial pursuits, chiefly of a literary and philanthropic character. He purchased the large hôtel of the count Clermont Tonnere, near Paris, which he transformed into an elegant villa: here he lived during his residence in France, dispensing a broad hospitality and enjoying the friendship of the leading minds of the Empire, as well as the companionship of all Americans of note who visited the capital. But at length, in 1805, after seventeen years of absence, the home-longing which sooner or later comes to every exile seized upon him, and, yielding to its influence, he disposed of his estates in France and with his faithful wife embarked for America.

Great changes had occurred in his native land during these seventeen years. Washington was gone, and with him the power and prestige of Federalism; Jefferson and Burr had led the Republican hosts to victory; Presbyterianism as a political force was dead; and everywhere in society the old order was giving place to the new. This was more markedly the case in New England, where the Puritan crust was being broken and pulverized by the gradual upheaval of the Republican strata. Withal, it was an era of intense political feeling and of partisan bitterness without a parallel.

This will explain, perhaps, the varying manner in which Barlow was received by the different parties among his countrymen. The Republicans greeted him with acclamation as the honored citizen of two republics, the man who had perilled life and health in rescuing his countrymen from slavery. The Federalists, on the other hand, united in traducing him — an assertion which may be gainsaid, but which can be abundantly proved by reference to the Federal newspapers and magazines of the day. In evidence, and as a curious instance of the political bitterness of the times, I will adduce the

following article from the *Boston Repository*, printed in the August after the poet's return :

"JEFFERSON, BARLOW AND PAINE.

"In our last paper was announced, and that with extreme regret, the return of Joel Barlow, Esq., to this country. This man, the strong friend of Mr. Jefferson and confidential companion of his late warm defender, Tom Paine, is one of the most barefaced infidels that ever appeared in Christendom. Some facts respecting these distinguished personages may serve to show the votaries of Christianity what a band of open enemies (to the faith) is now assembling in this country.

"Mr. Jefferson, in his famous *Notes on Virginia*, advances opinions incompatible with Mosaic history. This cannot be disputed, nor will Mr. Jefferson dare to deny that he has, since he has been President of the United States, publicly made the Eucharist a subject of impious ridicule. Tom Paine has written two books for the express purpose of combating the Holy Scriptures. His *Age of Reason* is but too common, and his letter to the late Samuel Adams still evinces his perverse adherence to his infidel system.

"Joel Barlow is said to have written the following shocking letter to his correspondent, John Fellows, dated Hamburg, May 23, 1805: 'I rejoice at the progress of good sense over the *damnable imposture of Christian mummery*. I had no doubt of the effect of Paine's *Age of Reason*: it may be cavilled at a while, but it must prevail. Though things as good have been often said, they were never said in so good a way,' etc. Mr. Barlow can now answer for himself: if this letter be a forgery, let him inform the public. It has never yet been contradicted, though it has been four years published in America."

From which we gather that in the political code of that day the grossest calumnies if uncontradicted were to be accepted as truth. There is not the slightest evidence, however, in his writings or public utterances that the poet ever renounced the faith of his fathers, although

it is not probable that he was a very strict Presbyterian at this time.

Barlow seems not to have returned with any hopes of political preferment: at least he made no attempt to enter the field of politics, but after spending several months in travel took up his residence in Washington and devoted himself to philosophical studies and the cultivation of the Muses. He had purchased a beautiful site on the banks of the Potomac within the city limits, and here he erected a mansion whose beauty and elegance made it famous throughout the country. This mansion he called Kalorama, and the wealth and correct taste of its owner were lavishly employed in its adornment. Broad green lawns, shaded by forest trees, surrounded the house, fountains sparkled and gleamed amid the shrubberies, and gay parterres of flowers added their beauty to the scene. Within, French carpets, mirrors, statuary, pictures and bric-à-brac betokened the foreign tastes of the owner. In the library was gathered the most extensive private collection of foreign books which the country then contained. Kalorama was the Holland House of America, where were to be met all the notables of the land, political, literary or philanthropic. The President, heads of departments, Congressmen, foreign ambassadors, poets, authors, reformers, inventors, were all to be seen there. Robert Fulton, the father of steam-navigation, was the poet's firm friend, and received substantial aid from him in his enterprise. Jefferson, throwing off the cares of state, often paid him informal visits, and the two sages had a pet plan which was generally the subject of conversation on these occasions. This was the scheme of a national university, to be modelled after the Institute of France, and to combine a university, a learned society, a naval and military school and an academy of fine arts. The movement had been originated by Washington, and Jefferson and Barlow, with many other leading men of the day, were its warm friends and promoters. In 1806, Barlow, at Jefferson's suggestion, drew up a prospectus, which was printed and

circulated throughout the country. So great a public sentiment in favor of the scheme was developed that a bill for its endowment was shortly after introduced in Congress; but New England exerted her influence against it in favor of Yale and Harvard so successfully that it was defeated.

The chief literary work which occupied the poet in this classic retreat was *The Columbiad*, which appeared in 1808. He also busied himself with collecting materials for a general history of the United States—a work which, if he had been permitted to finish it, would have proved no doubt a valuable contribution to this department of literature. But in the midst of this scholarly retirement he was surprised at receiving a note from Mr. Monroe, then Secretary of State, offering him the position of minister to France, and urging his acceptance of it in the strongest terms.

Our relations with France were then (1811) in a very critical state, owing to the latter's repeated attacks on American commerce, and it was of vital moment to the government that a man so universally respected by the French people, and so familiar with the French court and its circle of wily diplomats, as was Barlow, should have charge of American interests in that quarter. A man less unselfish, less patriotic, would have refused the burden of such a position, especially one so foreign to his tastes and desires; but the poet in this case, as in 1795, seems not to have hesitated an instant at the call of his country. *Kalorama* was closed—not sold, for its owner hoped that his absence would not be of long duration—preparations for the journey were speedily made, and early in August, 1811, Barlow, accompanied by his faithful wife, was set down at the port of Annapolis, where the famous frigate *Constitution*, Captain Hull, had been lying for some time in readiness to receive him. In Annapolis the poet was received with distinguished honor: at his embarkation crowds thronged the quay, and a number of distinguished citizens were gathered at the gangplank to bid him God-speed on his journey. Captain Hull received his guest

with the honor due his station: then the *Constitution* spread her sails, and, gay with bunting and responding heartily to the salutes from the forts on shore, swept gallantly down the bay and out to sea. The beautiful city, gleaming amid the foliage of its stately forest trees, and the low level shores, green with orchards and growing corn, were the last objects that the poet beheld ere the outlines of his native land sank beneath the waters. Happily, he could not foresee the untimely death in waiting for him not eighteen months distant, nor the lonely sepulchre in the Polish waste, nor the still more bitter fact that ere two generations should pass an ungrateful country would entirely forget his services and martyrdom.

Barlow's correspondence with Mr. Monroe and the duke de Bassano while abroad on this mission forms an interesting and hitherto unpublished chapter in our history. It has rested undisturbed in the pigeonholes of the State Department for nearly a century, and if published in connection with a brief memoir of the poet would prove a valuable addition to our annals. The first of the series is Mr. Monroe's letter of instruction to the newly-appointed minister, defining the objects of his mission, which were, in brief, indemnity for past spoliation and security from further depredations. The second paper is Mr. Barlow's first letter from Paris, under date of September 29, 1811, and is as follows:

"I seize the first occasion to announce to you my arrival, though I have little else to announce. I landed at Cherbourg the 8th of this month, and arrived at Paris the 19th. The emperor has been residing for some time at Compiègne, and it unluckily happened that he set out thence for the coast and for Holland the day of my arrival here. The duke de Bassano, Minister of Foreign Relations, came the next day to Paris for two days only, when he was to follow the emperor to join him in Holland. General Turreau and others, who called on me the morning after I reached Paris, assured me that the duke was desirous of seeing me as soon as possible and with as little ceremony.

"On the 21st I made my first visit to

him, which of course had no other object than that of delivering my credentials. I expressed my regret at the emperor's absence, and the consequent delay of such business as was rendered particularly urgent by the necessity of sending home the frigate and by the approaching session of Congress, as well as by the distressed situation of those American citizens who were awaiting the result of decisions which might be hastened by the expositions I was charged to make on the part of the President of the United States. He said the emperor had foreseen the urgency of the case, and had charged him to remedy the evil, as far as could be done, by dispensing with my presentation to His Majesty till his return, and that I might immediately proceed to business as if I had been presented. He said the most flattering things from the emperor relative to my appointment. He observed that His Majesty had expected my arrival with some solicitude, and was disposed to do everything that I could reasonably ask to maintain a good intelligence between the two countries. . . . I explained to him with as much precision as possible the sentiments of the President on the most pressing objects of my mission, and threw in such observations as seemed to arise out of what I conceived to be the true interests of France. He heard me with patience and apparent solicitude, endeavored to explain away some of the evils of which we complain, and expressed a strong desire to explain away the rest. He said that many of the ideas I suggested were new to him, and were very important—that he should lay them before the emperor with fidelity and in a manner calculated to produce the most favorable impression; desired me to reduce them to writing, to be presented in a more solemn form; and endeavored to convince me that he doubted not our being able on the return of the emperor to remove all obstacles to a most perfect harmony between the two countries."

In a letter dated December 19, 1811, he writes:

"Since the date of my last I have had many interviews with the Minister of For-

eign Relations. I have explained several points, and urged every argument for as speedy an answer to my note of the 10th as its very serious importance would allow. He always treats the subject with apparent candor and solicitude, seems anxious to gain information, and declares that neither he nor the emperor had before understood American affairs, and always assures me that he is nearly ready with his answer. But he says the emperor's taking so long a time to consider it and make up his decision is not without reason, for it opens a wide field for meditation on very interesting matters. He says the emperor has read the note repeatedly and with great attention—that he told him the reasoning in it was everywhere just and the conclusions undeniable, but to reconcile its principles with his continental system presented difficulties not easy to remove. From what the emperor told me himself at the last diplomatic audience, and from a variety of hints and other circumstances remarked among the people about his person, I have been made to believe that he is really changing his system relative to our trade, and that the answer to my note will be more satisfactory than I had at first expected."

Several other letters from the poet to Monroe follow, all of the same general tenor—complaining of delay, yet hopeful that the treaty would shortly be secured. February 8, 1812, he writes to the Secretary of State that the duke is "at work upon the treaty, and probably in good earnest, but the discussions with Russia and the other affairs of this Continent give him and the emperor so much occupation that I cannot count upon their getting on very fast with ours."

Amid these delays the summer passed away, and the emperor, intent on mapping out his great campaign against Russia, still neglected to sign the important instrument. Early in the summer Napoleon left Paris for Wilna to take command of the vast armies that had been collected for the invasion, and from that place, on the 11th of October, the duke de Bassano addressed the following note to Mr. Barlow in Paris:

"SIR: I have had the honor to make known to you how much I regretted, in the negotiation commenced between the United States and France, the delays which inevitably attended a correspondence carried on at so great a distance. Your government has desired to see the epoch of this arrangement draw near: His Majesty is animated by the same dispositions, and, willing to assure to the negotiation a result the most prompt, he has thought that it would be expedient to suppress the intermediaries and to transfer the conference to Wilna. His Majesty has in consequence authorized me, sir, to treat directly with you; and if you will come to this town I dare hope that, with the desire which animates us both to conciliate such important interests, we shall immediately be enabled to remove all the difficulties which until now have appeared to impede the progress of the negotiation. I have apprised the duke of Dalberg that his mission was thus terminated, and I have laid before His Majesty the actual state of the negotiation, to the end that when you arrive at Wilna, the different questions being already illustrated either by your judicious observation or by the instructions I shall have received, we may, sir, conclude an arrangement so desirable and so conformable to the mutually amicable views of our two governments."

Barlow could do no less than comply with this invitation, since, as he remarked in a letter to Monroe under date of October 25, "it was impossible to refuse it without giving offence." His letter accepting the duke's invitation was probably the last ever written by him, and is dated Paris, October 25, 1812:

"SIR: In consequence of the letter you did me the honor to write me on the 11th of this month, I accept your invitation, and leave Paris to-morrow for Wilna, where I hope to arrive in fifteen or eighteen days from this date. The negotiation on which you have done me the honor to invite me at Wilna is so completely prepared in all its parts between the duke of Dalberg and myself, and, as I understand, sent on to you for your approbation about the 18th of the pres-

ent month, that I am persuaded that if it could have arrived before the date of your letter the necessity of this meeting would not have existed, as I am confident His Majesty would have found the project reasonable and acceptable in all its parts, and would have ordered that minister to conclude and sign both the treaty of commerce and the convention of indemnities."

Barlow left Paris for Wilna on the 26th of October in his private carriage, yet travelling night and day and with relays of horses at the post-towns to expedite his progress. His sole companion was his nephew and secretary of legation, Thomas Barlow, who had been educated and given an honorable position in life through the poet's munificence. Their route, the same as that pursued by Napoleon a few weeks before, led across the Belgian frontiers and through the forests and defiles of the German principalities. Once across the Niemen, they met with rumors of the emperor's disaster at Moscow, and that portions of his army were then in full retreat, but, discrediting them, pushed on to Wilna, which they reached about the 1st of December. Wilna is the only considerable village in Russia between the Niemen and Moscow: it is a quaint and venerable town, capital of the ancient province of Lithuania, and played an important part in Napoleon's Russian campaign, being the rendezvous of his legions after crossing the Niemen and the site of his army-hospitals. When our travellers entered it, it was filled with a horde of panic-stricken fugitives, who made the town a temporary resting-place before continuing their flight to the frontiers; nor were they long in learning the, to them, distressing news that the French army was in swift retreat, and that the duke de Bassano, so far from being at leisure to attend a diplomatic conference at Wilna, was then on the frontiers hurrying forward reinforcements to cover the retreat of his emperor across the Beresina.

The perilous journey had been made in vain, and the treaty was doomed to still further delay. It now only remained for Barlow to extricate himself from

his dangerous position and to reach the frontiers before the fleeing army and the pursuing Cossacks should close every avenue of escape.

Thomas Barlow on his return to America sometimes favored his friends with vivid pictures of the sufferings and privations endured by the travellers in their flight from Wilna. The passage of so many men had rendered the roads well-nigh impassable; food, even of the meanest kind, could only be procured with the greatest difficulty; and often the travellers were mixed up with the flying masses, as it seemed inextricably. Ruined habitations, wagons and provision-vans overturned and pillaged, men dying by scores from hunger and starvation, and frozen corpses of men and horses, were objects that constantly presented themselves. At length they crossed the Niemen and pursued their journey through Poland, still suffering terribly from the cold and from the insufficient nature of the food obtainable; but on reaching Zarrow,* an obscure village near Cracow, the poet was seized with a sudden and fatal attack of pneumonia, the result, no doubt, of privation and exposure. He was borne to a little Jewish cottage, the only inn that the village afforded, and there died December 26, 1812. His remains were interred in the little churchyard of the village where he died. It is rarely that an American visits his grave, and the government has never taken interest enough in its minister to erect a memorial slab above his dust; but wifely devotion has supplied the omission, and a plain monument of marble, on which are inscribed his name, age and station and the circumstances of his death, marks the poet's place of sepulture.

The news of his death seems not to have reached the United States until the succeeding March. The Federal journals merely announced the fact without comment: the Republican papers published formal eulogiums on the dead statesman. President Madison, in his inaugural of 1813, thus referred to the event: "The sudden death of the dis-

* The name is variously written Zarrow, Zarniwica and Zarrowitch.

tinguished citizen who represented the United States in France, without any special arrangement by him for such a conclusion, has kept us without the expected sequel to his last communications; nor has the French government taken any measures for bringing the depending negotiations to a conclusion through its representative in the United States."

In France the poet's demise excited a more general feeling of regret, perhaps, than in his own country. A formal eulogy on his life and character was pronounced by Dupont de Nemours before the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, and the year succeeding his death an account of his life and writings was published at Paris in quarto form, accompanied by one canto of *The Columbiad*, translated into French heroic verse. The American residents of Paris also addressed a letter of condolence to Mrs. Barlow, in which is apparent the general sentiment of respect and affection entertained for the poet in the French capital.

"In private life," says one of his eulogists, "Mr. Barlow was highly esteemed for his amiable temperament and many social excellences. His manners were generally grave and dignified, and he possessed but little facility of general conversation, but with his intimate friends he was easy and familiar, and upon topics which deeply interested him he conversed with much animation."

Another thus refers to his domestic relations: "The affection of Mr. Barlow for his lovely wife was unusually strong, and on her part it was fully reciprocated. She cheerfully in early life cast in her lot with his 'for better or for worse'—and sometimes the worst, so far as their pecuniary prospects were concerned. In their darkest days Barlow ever found light and encouragement at home in the smiles, sympathy and counsel of his prudent, faithful wife. No matter how dark and portentous the cloud that brooded over them might be, she always contrived to give it a silver lining, and his subsequent success in life he always attributed more to her influence over him than to anything else."

Barlow lived a dual life—the life of a poet as well as of a diplomatist—and this paper can scarcely be considered complete unless it touches somewhat on his literary productions. It will be the verdict of all who study his life carefully that he was a better statesman than poet, and a better philanthropist than either; yet as a poet he surpassed his contemporaries, producing works that fairly entitle him to the distinction of being the father of American letters. His *Hasty Pudding* would be a valuable addition to any literature, and in his *Advice to the Privileged Orders* and his *Conspiracy of Kings* much poetic power and insight is apparent. It was on his epic of *The Columbiad* that he no doubt founded his hopes of fame, but, though the book was extensively read in its day and passed through several editions on both continents, no reprint has been demanded in modern times, and it long since dropped out of the category of books that are read.

Barlow's private letters from abroad would have possessed undoubted interest to the present generation, but, so far as is known, none of them have been preserved—with one exception, however. There is in existence a long letter of his, written to his wife while he was in Algiers in imminent danger from the plague, and which was to be forwarded to her only in case of his death. It was found among his papers after his death nearly sixteen years later. This letter has already appeared in print, but it will be new to most of our readers, and it is so remarkable in itself, and throws such light on the character of the writer, that, in spite of its length, no apology is required for inserting it here:

"To Mrs. Barlow in Paris:

"ALGIERS, 8th July, 1796.

"MY DEAREST LIFE AND ONLY LOVE: I run no risk of alarming your extreme sensibility by writing this letter, since it is not my intention that it shall come into your hands unless and until, through some other channel, you shall be informed of the event which it anticipates as possible. For our happy union to be

dissolved by death is indeed at every moment possible; but at this time there is an uncommon degree of danger that you may lose a life which I know you value more than you do your own. I say I *know* this, because I have long been taught, from our perfect sympathy of affection, to judge your heart by mine; and I can say solemnly and truly, as far as I know myself, that I have no other value for my own life than as a means of continuing a conjugal union with the best of women—the wife of my soul, my first, my last, my only love. I have told you in my current letters that the plague is raging with considerable violence in this place. I must tell you in this, if it should be your fortune to see it, that a pressing duty of humanity requires me to expose myself more than other considerations would justify in endeavoring to save as many of our unhappy citizens as possible from falling a sacrifice, and to embark them at this cruel moment for their country. Though they are dying very fast, it is possible that my exertions may be the means of saving a number who otherwise would perish. If this should be the case, and I should fall instead of *them*, my tender, generous friend must not upbraid my memory by ever thinking I did too much. But she cannot help it: I know she cannot. Yet, my dearest love, give me leave, since I must anticipate your affliction, to lay before you some reflections which would recur to you at *last*, but which ought to strike your mind at *first*, to mingle with and assuage your first emotions of grief. You cannot judge at your distance of the risk I am taking, nor of the necessity of taking it; and I am convinced that were you in my place you would do more than I shall do, for your kind, intrepid spirit has more courage than mine, and always had.

"Another consideration: Many of these persons have wives at home as well as I, from whom they have been much longer separated, under more affecting circumstances, having been held in a merciless and desponding slavery: if their wives love them as mine does me (a thing I cannot believe, but have no right to deny), ask these lately disconsolate and now joy-

ous families whether I have done too much.

"Since I write this as if it were my last poor demonstration of affection to my lovely friend, I have much to say; and it is with difficulty that I can steal an hour from the fatigue of business to devote to the grateful, painful task. But tell me (you cannot tell me) where shall I begin? where shall I end? how shall I put an eternal period to a correspondence which has given me so much comfort? With what expression of regret shall I take leave of my happiness? with what words of tenderness, of gratitude, of counsel, of consolation, shall I pay you for what I am robbing you of—the husband whom you cherish, the friend who is all your own?

"But I am giving vent to more weakness than I intended: this, my dear, is a letter of *business*, not of love, and I wonder I cannot enter upon it and keep to my subject. Enclosed is my last will, made in conformity to the one I left in the hands of Doctor Hopkins of Hartford, as you may remember. The greater part of our property now lying in Paris, I thought proper to renew this instrument, that you might enter immediately upon the settlement of your affairs, without waiting to send to America for the other paper.

"You will likewise find enclosed a schedule of our property debts and demands, with explanations, as nearly just as I can make it from memory in the absence of my papers. If the French Republic is consolidated, and her funds rise to par, or near it, as I believe they will do soon after the war, the effects noted in this schedule may amount to a capital of about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, besides paying my debts; which sum, vested in the American funds or mortgages equally solid, would produce something more than seven thousand dollars a year perpetual income.

"If the French should fund their debt anew at one-half its nominal value (which is possible), so that the part of your property now vested in those funds should diminish in proportion, still, taking the whole together, it will not make a difference of more than one-third, and the

annual income may still be near five thousand dollars. Events unforeseen by me may, however, reduce it considerably lower. But, whatever may be the value of what I leave, it is left simply and wholly to you.

"Perhaps some of my relations may think it strange that I have not mentioned them in this final disposition of my effects, especially if they should prove to be as considerable as I hope they may. But, my dearest love, I will tell you my reasons, and I hope you will approve them; for if I can excuse myself to *you* in a point in which your generous delicacy would be more likely to question the propriety of my conduct than in most others, I am sure my arguments will be convincing to those whose objections may arise from their interest.

"*First*. In a view of justice and equity, whatever we possess at this moment is a joint property between ourselves, and ought to remain to the survivor. When you gave me your blessed self you know I was destitute of every other possession, as of every other enjoyment: I was rich only in the fund of your affectionate economy and the sweet consolation of your society. In our various struggles and disappointments while trying to obtain a moderate competency for the quiet enjoyment of what we used to call the remainder of our lives, I have been rendered happy by misfortunes, for the heaviest we have met with were turned into blessings by the opportunities they gave me to discover new virtues in you, who taught me how to bear them.

"I have often told you since the year 1791, the period of our deepest difficulties (and even during that period), that I had never been so easy and contented before; and I have certainly been happier in you during the latter years of our union than I was in former years; not that I have loved you more ardently or more exclusively, for that was impossible, but I have loved you *better*: my heart has been more full of your excellence and less agitated with objects of ambition, which used to devour me too much.

"I recall these things to your mind to convince you of my full belief that the

acquisition of the competency which we seem at last to have secured is owing more to your energy than my own: I mean the energy of your virtues, which gave me consolation, and even happiness, under circumstances wherein, if I had been alone or with a partner no better than myself, I should have sunk.

"These fruits of our joint exertions you expected to enjoy *with me*, else I know you would not have wished for them. But if by my death you are to be deprived of the greater part of the comfort you expected, it would surely be unjust and cruel to deprive you of the remainder, or any portion of it, by giving any part of this property to others. It is yours in the truest sense in which property can be considered; and I should have no right, if I were disposed, to take it from you.

"*Secondly*. Of my relations, I have some thirty or forty, nephews and nieces and their children, the greater part of whom I have never seen, and from whom I have had no news for seven or eight years. Among them there may be some necessitous ones who would be proper objects of particular legacies, yet it would be impossible for me at this moment to know which they are. It was my intention, and still is if I live, to go to America, to make discrimination among them according to their wants, and to give them such relief as might be in my power, without waiting to do it by legacy. Now, my lovely wife, if this task and the means of performing it should devolve upon you, I need not recommend it: our *joint* liberality would have been less extensive and less grateful to the receivers than *yours* will be alone.

"*Your own* relations in the same degree of affinity are few in number. I hope I need not tell you that in my affections I know no difference between yours and mine. I include them all in the same recommendation, without any other distinction than what may arise from their wants and your ability to do them good.

"If Colonel B—— or his wife (either of them being left by the other) should be in a situation otherwise than comfort-

able, I wish my generous friend to render it so as far as may be in her power. We may have had more powerful friends than they, but never any more sincere. *He* has the most frank and loyal spirit in the world, and she is possessed of many amiable and almost heroic virtues.

"Mary——, poor girl!—you know her worth, her virtues, and her talents, and I am sure you will not fail to keep yourself informed of her circumstances. She has friends, or at least *had* them, more able than you will be to yield her assistance in case of need. But they may forsake her for reasons which to your enlightened and benevolent mind would rather be an additional inducement to contribute to her happiness. Excuse me, my dearest life, for my being so particular on a subject which, considering to whom it is addressed, may appear superfluous; but I do it rather to show that I agree with you in these sentiments than to pretend that they originate on my part. With this view I must pursue them a little further. One of the principal gratifications in which I intended, and still intend to indulge myself if I should live to enjoy with you the means of doing it, is to succor the unfortunate of every description as far as possible—to encourage merit where I find it, and try to create it where it does not exist. This has long been a favorite project with me; but, having always been destitute of the means of carrying it into effect to any considerable degree, I have not conversed with you upon it as much as I wish I had. Though I can say nothing that will be new to you on the pleasure of employing one's attention and resources in this way, yet some useful hints might be given on the means of multiplying good actions from small resources; for I would not confine my pleasure to the simple duties of *charity* in the beggar's sense of the word.

"*First*. Much may be done by advising with poor persons, contriving for them, and pointing out the objects on which they can employ their own industry.

"*Secondly*. Many persons and families in a crisis of difficulty might be extricated and set up in the world by little loans of

money, for which they might give good security and refund within a year; and the same fund might then go to relieve a second and a third; and thus a dozen families might be set on the independent footing of their own industry in the course of a dozen years by the help of fifty dollars, and the owner lose nothing but the interest. Some judgment would be necessary in these operations, as well as care and attention in finding out the proper objects. How many of these are to be found in prisons, thrown in and confined for years, for small debts which their industry and their liberty would enable them to discharge in a short time! Imprisonment for debt still exists as a stain upon our country, as most others. France, indeed, has set us the example of abolishing it, but I am apprehensive she will relapse from this, as I see she is inclined to do from many other good things which she began in her magnanimous struggle for the renovation of society.

"*Thirdly.* With your benevolence, your character and connections, you may put in motion a much greater fund of charity than you will yourself possess. It is by searching out the objects of distress or misfortune, and recommending them to their wealthy neighbors in such a manner as to excite their attention. I have often remarked to you (I forget whether you agree with me in it or not) that there is more goodness at the bottom of the human heart than the world will generally allow. Men are as often hindered from doing a generous thing by an *indolence* either of thought or action as by a selfish principle. If they knew what the action was, when and where it was to be done and how to do it, their obstacles would be overcome. In this manner one may bring the resources of others into contribution, and with such a grace as to obtain the thanks both of the givers and receivers.

"*Fourthly.* The *example* of one beneficent person, like yourself, in a neighborhood or a town would go a great way. It would doubtless be imitated by others, extend far, and benefit thousands whom you might never hear of.

"I certainly hope to escape from this

place and return to your beloved arms. No man has stronger inducements to wish to live than I have. I have no quarrel with the world: it has used me as well as could be expected. I have valuable friends in every country where I have put my foot, not excepting this abominable sink of wickedness, pestilence and folly—the city of Algiers. I have a pretty extensive and dear-bought knowledge of mankind; a most valuable collection of books; a pure and undivided taste for domestic tranquillity, the social intercourse of friends, study, and the exercise of charity. I have a moderate but sufficient income, perfect health, an unimpaired constitution, and, to give the relish to all enjoyments and smooth away the asperities that might arise from unforeseen calamities, I have the wife that my youth chose and my advancing age has cherished—the pattern of excellence, the example of every virtue—from whom all my joys have risen, in whom all my hopes are centred.

"I will use every precaution for my safety, as well for your sake as mine. But if you should see me no more, my dearest friend, you will not forget I loved you. As you have valued my love, and as you believe this letter is written with an intention to promote your happiness at a time when it will be for ever out of my power to contribute to it in any other way, I beg you will kindly receive the last advice I can give you, with which I am going to close our endearing intercourse. . . . Submitting with patience to a destiny that is unavoidable, let your tenderness for me soon cease to agitate that lovely bosom: banish it to the house of darkness and dust, with the object that can no longer be benefited by it, and transfer your affections to some worthy person who shall supply my place in the relation I have borne to you. It is for the living, not the dead, to be rendered happy by the sweetness of your temper, the purity of your heart, your exalted sentiments, your cultivated spirit, your undivided love. Happy man of your choice should he know and prize the treasure of such a wife! Oh, treat her tenderly, my dear sir: she is used to nothing but

kindness, unbounded love and confidence. She is all that any reasonable man can desire. She is more than I have merited, or perhaps than you can merit. My resigning her to your charge, though but the result of uncontrollable necessity, is done with a degree of cheerfulness—a cheerfulness inspired by the hope that her happiness will be the object of your care and the long-continued fruit of your affection.

"Farewell, my wife; and though I am not used to subscribe my letters address-

ed to you, your familiarity with my writing having always rendered it unnecessary, yet it seems proper that the last characters which this hand shall trace for your perusal should compose the name of your most faithful, most affectionate and most grateful husband,

"JOEL BARLOW."

After her husband's decease Mrs. Barlow returned to America, and continued to reside at Kalorama until her death in 1818. CHARLES BURR TODD.

TERESA DI FAENZA.

I.

IF he should wed a woman like a flower,
 Fresh as the dew and royal as a rose,
 Veined with spring-fire, mesmeric in repose,
 His world-veit brain to lull with mystic power,
 Great-souled to track his flight through heavens starred,
 Upborne by wings of trust and love, yet meek
 As one who has no self-set goal to seek,
 His inspiration and his best reward,
 At once his Art's deep secret and clear crown,
 His every-day made dream, his dream fulfilled,—
 If such a wife he wooed to be his own,
 God knows 'twere well. Even I no less had willed.
 Yet, O my heart! wouldst thou for his dear sake
 Frankly rejoice, or with self-pity break?

II.

What could I bring in dower? A restless heart,
 As eager, ardent, hungry, as his own,
 Face burned pale olive by our Southern sun,
 A mind long uscd to musings grave apart.
 Gold, noble name or fame I ne'er regret,
 Albeit all are lacking; but the glow
 Of spring-like beauty, but the overflow
 Of simple, youthful joy. And yet—and yet—
 A proud voice whispers: Vain may be his quest,
 What fruit soe'er he pluck, what laurels green,
 Through all the world, for just this prize unseen
 I in my deep heart harbor quite unguessed:
 I alone know what full hands I should bring
 Were I to lay my wealth before my king.

EMMA LAZARUS.

PIPISTRELLO.

I AM only Pipistrello. Nothing but that —nothing more than any one of the round brown pebbles that the wind sets rolling down the dry bed of the Tiber in summer.

I am Pipistrello, the mime, the fool, the posturer, the juggler, the spangled saltinbanco, the people's plaything, that runs and leaps and turns and twists, and laughs at himself and is laughed at by all, and lives by his limbs like his brother the dancing bear and his cousin the monkey in a red coat and a feathered cap.

I am Pipistrello, five-and-twenty years old, and strong as you see, and good to look at, the women have said. I can leap and run against any man, and I can break a bar of iron against my knee, and I can keep up with the fastest horse that flies, and I can root up a young oak without too much effort. I am strong enough, and my life is at the full, and a day's sickness I never have known, and my mother is living. Yet I lie under sentence of death, and to-morrow I die on the scaffold: if nothing come between this and the break of dawn, I am a dead man with to-morrow's sun.

And nothing will come: why should it?

I am only Pipistrello. The people have loved me, indeed, but that is no reason why the law should spare me. Nor would I wish that it should—not I. They come and stand and stare at me through the grating, men and women and maidens and babies. A few of them cry a little, and one little mite of a child thrusts at me with a little brown hand the half of a red pomegranate. But for the most part they laugh. Why, of course they do. The street-children always laugh to see a big black steer with his bold horned head go down under the mace of the butcher: the street always finds that droll. The strength of the bull could scatter the crowd as the north wind scatters the dust, if he were free;

but he is not, and his strength serves him nothing: the hammer fells him and the crowd laughs.

The people of this old Orte know me so well. Right and left, up and down, through the country I have gone all the years of my life. Wherever there was fair or festa, there was I, Pipistrello, in the midst. It is not a bad life, believe me. No life is bad that has the sun and the rain upon it, and the free will of the feet and the feel of the wind, and nothing between it and heaven.

My father had led the same kind of life before me: he died at Genoa, his spine broken in two, like a snapped bough, by a fall from the trapeze before the eyes of all the citizens. I was a big baby in that time, thrown from hand to hand by the men in their spectacles as they would have thrown a ball or an orange.

My mother was a young and gentle creature, full of tenderness for her own people, with strangers shy and afraid. She was the daughter of a poor weaver. My father had found and wooed her in Etruria, and although he had never taken the trouble to espouse her before the mayor, yet he had loved her and had always treated her with great respect. She was a woman very pure and very honest. Alas, the poor soul! To-day her hair is white as the snow, and they tell me she is mad. So much the better for her if she know nothing; but I fear the mad and the imbecile know all and see all, crouching in their hapless gloom.

When my father died thus at Genoa my mother took a hatred for that manner of living, and she broke off all ties with the athletes who had been his comrades, and, taking the little money that was hers in a little leather bag, she fled away with me to the old town of Orte, where my grandmother still lived, the widow of the weaver. The troop wished to keep me with them, for, although I

was but five years old, I was supple and light and very fearless, and never afraid of being thrown up in the air, a living ball, in their games and sports.

Orte was just the same then as it is now. These very aged towns I think never change: if you try to alter them you must break them up and destroy them utterly. Orte has known the Etruscans: she can very well do without modern folk. At Orte my mother and grandmother dwelt together in one room that looked over the river—a large vaulted chamber with grated casements, with thick stone walls—a chamber in what had once been a palace. My mother was then still very young and beautiful—of a pale, serious beauty, full of sadness. She smiled on me sometimes, but never once did I hear her laugh. She had never laughed since that awful day when, in the full sunlight, in the midst of the people, in the sight of the sea, in Genoa, a man had dropped from air to earth like an eagle fallen stone dead from the skies, struck by lightning.

My mother had many suitors. She was beautiful of face, as I say, like one of the Madonnas of our old painters: she was industrious, and all her little world knew very well that she would one day inherit the strip of field and the red cow that my grandmother owned outside the gates of Orte. All these pretty suitors of course made a great fuss with me, carressed me often, and brought me tomatoes, green figs, crickets in wire cages, fried fish and playthings. But my mother looked at none of them. When a woman's eyes are always looking downward on a grave, how should their tear-laden lids be lifted to see a fresh lover? She repulsed them all, always. She lived, lonely and sad, as well as she could in our great garret: we ate little, our bed was hard, and she and my grandam labored hard to get a pittance. But when a rich bailiff sought her in honest marriage, she kissed me and wept over me, and said again and again, "No, no! To your father I will be faithful, let what will chance to us."

The bailiff soon consoled himself: he married a big country wench who had a fine rope of pearls and gold bracelets,

and I continued to grow up by my mother's side where the Tiber is gilded with the gold of the dawns and rolls its heavy waves under the weeping boughs of its willows. My boyish strength increased in the heat of the summers, and I grew like a young brown stalk of the tall maize. I herded the cow, cut the rushes and hewed wood, and I was always happy, even when my mother would send me to the old priest to learn things out of books. She wished to make a monk of me, but the mere idea made me shudder with fear. I loved to climb the oaks, to swing in the maples, to scale the roofs and the towers and the masts of the vessels. What had I to do with a monkish frock and a whitewashed cell? *Ouf!* I put my fingers in my ears and ran away whenever my poor mother talked of the cloister.

My limbs were always dancing, and my blood was always leaping, laughing, boiling merrily in my veins. A priest? What an idea! I had never wholly forgotten the glad, bright days of childhood when my father had thrown me about in the air like a ball: I had never wholly forgotten the shouts of the people, the sight of the human sea of faces, the loud, frank laugh of the populace, the sparkle of the spangled habit, the intoxication of the applause of a crowd. I had only been five years old then, yet I remembered, and sometimes in the night I cried bitterly for, those dead days. I had only been a little brown thing, with curls as black as the raven's wing, and they had thrown me from one to the other lightly, laughingly, like a ripe apple, like a smooth peach. But I had known what it was to get drunk on the "hurrahs" of the multitude, and I did not forget them as I grew up here a youth in old Orte.

The son of an athlete can never rest quiet at home and at school like the children of cobblers and coppersmiths and vine-dressers. All my life was beating in me, tumbling, palpitating, bubbling, panting in me—moving incessantly, like the wings of a swallow when the hour draws near for its flight and the thirst for the south rises in it. With all

my force I adored my pale, lovely, Madonna-like mother, but all the same, as I trotted toward the priest with a satchel on my back, I used to think, Would it be very wicked to throw the books into the river and run away to the fields? And, in truth, I used to run away very often, scampering over the country around Orte like a mountain-hare, climbing the belfries of the churches, pulling off their weathercocks or setting their bells a-ringing—doing a thousand and one mischievous antics; but I always returned at nightfall to my mother's side. It seemed to me it would be cruel and cowardly to leave her, for she had but me in the world.

"You promise to be sensible and quiet, Pippo?" the poor soul always murmured. And I used to say "Yes," and mean it. But can a bird promise not to fly when it feels in its instincts the coming of spring? Can a young colt promise not to fling out his limbs when he feels the yielding turf beneath his hoofs?

I never wished to be disobedient, but, somehow, ten minutes after I was out of her sight I was high above on some tower or belfry, with the martens and the pigeons circling about my curly head. I was so happy on high there, looking down on all the old town misty with dust, the men and women like ants on an ant-heap, the historic river like a mere ribbon, yellow and twisted, the palaces and the tombs all hidden under the same gray veil of summer dust! I was so happy there!—and they spoke of making me into a monk, or, if I would not hear of that, of turning me into a clerk in a notary's office!

A monk? a clerk? when all the trees cried out to me to climb and all the birds called to me to fly! I used to cry about it with hot tears that stung my face like lashes, lying with my head hidden on my arms in the grass by the old Tiber water. For I was not twelve years old, and to be shut up in Orte always, growing gray and wrinkled as the notary had done over the wicked, crabbed, evil-looking skins that set the neighbors at war! The thought broke my heart. Nevertheless, I loved my mother, and I mended

my quills, and tried to write my best, and said to the boys of the town, "I cannot bend iron or leap or race any more. I am going to write for my bread in the notary's office a year hence, for my mother wishes it, and so it must be."

And I did my best not to look up to the jackdaws circling round the towers or the old river running away to Rome. For all the waters cried to me to leap, and all the birds to fly. And you cannot tell, unless you have been born to do it as I was, how good it is to climb and climb and climb, and see the green earth grow pale beneath you, and the people dwindle till they are small as dust, and the houses fade till they seem like heaps of sand. The air gets so clear around you, and the great black wings flap close against your face; and you sit astride where the bells are, with some quaint stone face beside you that was carved on the pinnacle here a thousand years and more ago, and has hardly been seen of man ever since; and the white clouds are so near you that you seem to bathe in them; and the winds toss the trees far below, and sweep by you as they go down to torment the trees and the sea, the men that work, and the roofs that cover them, and the sails of their ships in the ocean. Men are so far from you, and heaven seems so near! The fields and the plains are lost in the vapors that divide you from them, and all their noise of living multitudes comes very faintly to your ear, and sweetly like the low murmuring of bees in the white blossoms of an acacia in the month of May.

But you do not understand, you poor toilers in cities who pace the street and watch the faces of the rich.

I was to be a notary's clerk—I, called Pipistrello (the bat) because I was always whirling and wheeling in air. I was to be a clerk, so my mother and grandmother decided for me, with the old notary himself who lived at the corner, and made his daily bread by carrying fire and sword where he could through the affairs of his neighbors. He was an old rascal, but my mother did not know that: he promised to be a safe and trustworthy guardian

of my youth, and she believed he had power to keep me safe from all dangers of destiny. She wanted to be sure that I should never run the risks of my father's career: she wanted to see me always before the plate of herb soup on her table. Poor mother!

One day in Orte chance gave me another fate than this of her desires.

One fine sunrise on the morning of Palm Sunday I heard the sharp sound of a screeching fife, the metallic clash of cymbals, the shouts of boys, the rattle of a little drum. It was the rataplan beating before a troop of wrestlers and jugglers who were traversing the Marche and Reggio Emilia. The troop stationed themselves in a little square burnt by the sun and surrounded by old crumbling houses: I ran with the rest of the lads of Orte to see them. Orte was in holiday guise: aged, wrinkled, deserted, forgotten by the world as she is, she made herself gay that day with palms and lilies and lilac and the branches of willow; and her people, honest, joyous, clad in their best, who filled the streets and the churches and wine-houses, after mass flocked with one accord and pressure around the play-place of the strollers.

It was in the month of April: outside the walls and on the banks of Tiber, still swollen by the floods of winter, one could see the gold of millions of daffodils and the bright crimson and yellow of tulips in the green corn. The scent of flowers and herbs came into the town and filled its dusky and narrow ways; the boatmen had green branches fastened to their masts; in the stillness of evening one heard the song of crickets, and even a mosquito would come and blow his shrill little trumpet, and one was willing to say to him "Welcome!" because on his little horn he blew the good news, "Summer is here!" Ah, those bright summers of my youth! I am old now—ay, old, though I have lived through only twenty-five years.

This afternoon, on Palm Sunday, I ran to see the athletes as a moth flies to the candle: in Italy all the world loves the saltinbanco, be he dumb or speaking, in wood or in flesh, and all Orte hastened,

as I hastened, under the sunny skies of Easter. I saw, I trembled, I laughed: I sobbed with ecstasy. It was so many years that I had not seen my brothers! Were they not my brothers all?

This day of Palm, when our Orte, so brown and so gray, was all full of foliage and blossom like an old pitcher full of orange-flowers for a bridal, it was a somewhat brilliant troop of gymnasts which came to amuse the town. The troop was composed of an old man and his five sons, handsome youths, and very strong, of course. They climbed on each other's shoulders, building up a living pyramid; they bent and broke bars of iron; they severed a sheep with one blow of a sword; in a word, they did what my father had done before them. As for me, I watched them stupefied, fascinated, dazzled, drunk with delight, and almost crazy with a torrent of memories that seemed to rain on me like lava as I watched each exploit, as I heard each shout of the applauding multitudes.

It is a terrible thing, a horrible thing, those inherited memories that are born in you with the blood of others. I looked at them, I say, intoxicated with joy, mad with recollection and with longing;—and my mother destined me to a notary's desk, and wished me to be shut there all my life, pen in hand, sowing the seeds of all the hatreds, of all the crimes, of all the sorrows of mankind, lighting up the flames of rage and of greed in human souls for an acre of ground, for a roll of gold! She wished to make me a notary's clerk! I gazed at these men who seemed to me so happy—these slender, agile, vigorous creatures in their skins that shone like the skins of green snakes, in their brodered, glittering, spangled vests, in their little velvet caps with the white plume in each. "Take me! take me!" I shrieked to them; and the old king of the troop looked hard at me, and when their games were finished crossed the cord that marked their arena and threw his strong arms about me, and cried, "Body of Christ! you are little Pippo!" For he had been my father's mate. To be brief, when the little band left Orte I went with them.

It was wickedly done, for my poor mother slept, knowing nothing, when in the dusk before daybreak I slipped through the bars of the casement and noiselessly dropped on to a raft in the river below, and thence joined my new friends. It was wickedly done; but I could not help it. Fate was stronger than I.

The old man did not disturb himself as to whether what he had encouraged me to do was ill or well. He foresaw in me an athlete who would do him honor and make the ducats ring merrier in his purse. Besides, I had cost him nothing.

From this time life indeed began for me. I wept often; I felt the barb of a real remorse; when I passed a crucifix on the road I trembled with true terror and penitence; but I fled away, always. I drew my girdle closer about my spangled coat, and, despite all my remorse, I was happy. When I was very, very far away I wrote to my mother, and she understood, poor soul! that there were no means of forcing me back to her. Children are egotists: childhood has little feeling. When the child suffers he thirsts for his mother, but when he is happy, alas! he thinks little and rarely about her.

I was very happy, full of force and of success: the men kept their word and taught me all their tricks, all their exploits. Soon I surpassed my teachers in address and in temerity. I soon became the glory of their band. In the summertime we wandered over the vast Lombard plains and the low Tuscan mountains; in winter we displayed our prowess in Rome, in Naples, in Palermo; we loitered wherever the sun was warm or the people liked to laugh.

From time to time I thought of my mother: I sent her money. I shivered a little when I saw a Madonna, for all Madonnas have the smile that our mother has for our infancy. I thought of her, but I never went home. I was Pipistrello the champion-wrestler. I was a young Hercules, with a spangled tunic in lieu of a lion-skin. I was a thousand years, ten thousand leagues, away from the child of Orte. God is just. It is just that I die here, for in my happy years I

forgot my mother. I lived in the sunlight—before the crowds, the nervous crowds of Italy—singing, shouting, leaping, triumphing; and I forgot my mother alone in the old chamber above the Tiber—quite alone, for my grandam was dead. That I have slain what I have slain—that is nothing. I would do the same thing again had I to live my life again. Yes, without pause or mercy would I do it. But my mother—she has lived alone, and she is mad. That is my crime.

I was a tall, strong youth, full of courage and handsome to the eye of women: I led a life noisy and joyous, and for ever in movement. I was what my father had been before me. So they all said. Only I liked to finger a book, and my father never had looked inside one, and out of remembrance of the belief of my mother I uncovered my head as I passed a church or saw a shrine, and to do this had not been in my father's habits. In these years I made a great deal of money—a great deal, at least, for a stroller—but it went as fast as it came. I was never a vicious man, nor a great gambler or drinker, yet my plump pieces soon took wing from my pocket, for I was very gay and I liked to play a lover's part. My life was a good life, that I know: as for the life of the rich and of the noble, I cannot tell what it is like, but I think it is of a surety more gloomy and mournful than mine. In Italy one wants so little. The air and the light, and a little red wine, and the warmth of the wind, and a handful of maize or of grapes, and an old guitar, and a niche to sleep in near a fountain that murmurs and sings to the mosses and marbles,—these are enough, these are happiness in Italy. And it is not difficult to have thus much, or was not so in those days. I was never very poor, but whenever money jingled in my purse I treated all the troop and half the town, and we laughed loud till daybreak.

I was never aught save Pipistrello—Pipistrello the wrestler, who jumped and leaped, and lifted an ox from the ground as easily as other men lift a child. No doubt to the wise it seems a fool's life, to the holy a life impure. But I had been born for it: no other was possible to me;

and when money rained upon me, if I could ease an aching heart, or make a sick lad the stouter for a hearty meal, or make a tiny child the gladder for a lapful of copper coins, or give a poor stray dog a friend and a bed of straw, or a belabored mule a helpful push to the wheels of his cart,—well, that was all the good a mountebank could look to do in this world, and one could go to sleep easy upon it.

When the old man died who had been my father's comrade the troop fell to pieces, quarrelling over his leavings. The five brothers came to a common issue of stabbing. In Italy one takes to the knife as naturally as a child to the breast. Tired of their disputes, I left them squabbling and struck off by myself, and got a little band together, quite of youths, and with them made merry all across the country from sea to sea. We were at that time in the south. I was very popular with the people. When my games were done I could sing to the mandoline, and improvise, and make them laugh and weep: some graver men who heard me said I might have been a great actor or a great singer. Perhaps: I never was anything but Pipistrello the stroller. I wanted the fresh air and the wandering and the sports of my strength too much ever to have been shut in a roofed theatre, ever to have been cooped up where lamps were burning.

One day, when we were in dusty, brown Calabria, parching just then under June suns, with heavy dust on its aloë-hedges and its maize-fields, a sudden remorse smote me: I thought of my mother, all alone in Orte. I had thought of her scores of times, but I had felt ashamed to go and see her—I who had left her so basely. This day my remorse was greater than my shame. I was master of my little troop. I said to them, "It is hot here: we will go up Rome-way, along the Tiber;" and we did so.

I have never been out of my own land: I fancy it must be so dark there, the other side of the mountains. I know the by-roads and the hill-paths of Italy as a citizen knows the streets and lanes of his own *contrada*. We worked and played

VOL. XXVI.—6

our way now up through the Basilicata and Campania and Latium, till at last we were right near Orte—dull, old, gray-colored Orte, crumbling away on the banks of Tiber. Then my heart beat and my knees shook, and I thought, If she is dead?

I left my comrades drinking and resting at a wine-shop just outside the town, and went all alone to look for her. I found the house—the gloomy barred window hanging over the water, the dark stone walls frowning down on the gloomy street. There was a woman, quite old, with white hair, who was getting up water at the street-fountain that I had gone to a thousand times in my childhood. I looked at her. I did not know her: I only saw a woman feeble and old. But she, with the brass *secchia* filled, turned round and saw me, and dropped the brazen pitcher on the ground, and fell at my feet with a bitter cry. Then I knew her.

When in the light of the hot, strong sun I saw how in those ten years my mother had grown old—old, bent, broken, white-haired, in those ten years that had been all glow and glitter, and pleasure and pastime, and movement and mirth to me—then I knew that I had sinned against her with a mighty sin—a sin of cruelty, of neglect, of selfish wickedness. She had been young still when I had left her—young and fair to look at, and without a silver line in her ebon hair, and with suitors about her for her beauty like bees about the blossoms of the ivy in the autumn-time. And now—now she was quite old.

She never rebuked me: she only said, "My son! my son! God be praised!" and said that a thousand times, weeping and trembling. Some women are like this.

When the bright, burning midsummer day had grown into a gray, firefly-lighted night, I laid me down on the narrow bed where I had slept as a child, and my mother kissed me as though I were a child. It seemed to purify me from all the sins of all the absent years, except, indeed, of that one unpardonable sin against her. In the morning she open-

ed the drawers of an old bureau and showed me everything I had sent her all those years: all was untouched, the money as well as the presents. "I took nothing while you did not give me yourself," she said. I felt my throat choke.

It was early day: she asked me to go to mass with her. I did so to please her. All the while I watched her bent, feeble, aged figure and the white hair under the yellow kerchief, and felt as if I had killed her. This lone old creature was not the mother like Raffaella's Madonna I had left: I could never make her again what she had been.

"It is my son," she said to her neighbors, but she said it with pain rather than with pride, for she hated my calling; but Orte was of another way of thinking. Orte flocked to see me, having heard of Pipistrello, its own Pipistrello, who had plagued it with his childish tricks, having grown into fame amongst the cities and villages as the strongest man in all Italy. For indeed I was that; and my mother, with dim, tear-laden eyes, looked at me and said, "You are the image of your father. Oh, my dear, my love! take care."

She, poor soul! saw nothing but the fall she had seen that day at Genoa of a strong man who dropped like a stone. But I fear to weary you. Well! I had left my spangled dress and all insignia of my calling with my comrades at the wine-shop, fearing to harass my mother by sight of all those things which would be so full of bitter recollection and dread to her. But Orte clamored for me to show it my powers—Orte, which was more than half asleep by Tiber's side, like that nymph Canens whom I used to read of in my Latin school-books—Orte, which had no earthly thing to do this long and lazy day in the drought of a rainless June.

I could not afford to baulk the popular will, and I was proud to show them all I could do—I, Pipistrello, whom they had cuffed and kicked so often in the old time for climbing their walnut trees and their pear trees, their house-roofs and their church-towers. So, when the day cooled I drew a circle with a red rope

round myself and my men on a piece of waste ground outside the town, and all Orte flocked out there as the sun went down, shouting and cheering for me as though Pipistrello were a king or a hero. The populace is always thus—the giddiest-pated fool that ever screamed, as loud and as ignorant as a parrot, as changeful as the wind in March, as base as the cuckoo. The same people threw stones at me when they brought me to this prison—the same people that feasted and applauded me then, that first day of my return to Orte. To-day, indeed, some women weep, and the little child brings me half a pomegranate. That is more remembrance than some fallen idols get, for the populace is cruel: it is a beast that fawns and slavers, then tears.

It was a rainless June, as I say. It was very warm that evening; the low west was vermilion and the higher sky was violet; bars of gold parted the two colors; the crickets were hooting, the bats were wheeling, great night-moths were abroad. I felt very happy that night. With us Italians pain rarely stays long. We feel sharply, but it soon passes. I had drowned my remorse in the glory and vanity of showing Orte all I could do by the sheer force of my muscles and sinews. We are not a very brave people, nor a strong one, and so strength and bravery seem very rare and fine things on our soil, and we make a great clatter and uproar when we ever find them amidst us. I had them both, and the people were in ecstasies with all I did. I put out all my powers, and in the circle of red rope exerted all my might, as though I had been performing before kings. After all, there is no applause that so flatters a man as that which he wrings from unwilling throats, and I know Orte had been long set against me by reason of my boyish mischief and my flight.

In real truth, I did nothing now in my manhood so really perilous as I had done in my childhood, when I had climbed to the top of the cross on the church and sat astride of it. But they had called that mischief and blasphemy: they called

the things I did now gymnastics, and applauded them till the noise might have wakened the Etrurian dead under the soil.

At last I came to the feat which, though far from the hardest to me, always looked to the crowd the most wonderful: it was my old master's trick of holding his five sons on his shoulder. Only I outshone him, and sustained on mine seven men in four tiers, and the topmost had on his head little Febo.

The mite whom we called Phœbus, because we had found him at sunrise and he had such yellow locks—yellow as the dandelion or the buttercup—was a stray thing picked up on the seashore in Apulia—a soft, merry, chirping little fellow, of whom we were all fond, and to whom we had easily taught that absence of fear which enabled us to play ball with him in our spectacles. He always delighted the people, he was such a pretty little lad, and not, perhaps, more than four years old then, and always laughing, always ready. To him it was only fun, as it had been to me at his years. I never thought it was cruel to use him so, I had been so happy in it myself. All at once, as I stood erect sustaining the men on my shoulders, the topmost one holding on his head our tiny Phœbus—all at once as I did this, which I had done a hundred times, and had always done in safety—all at once, amongst the sea of upturned faces in the glowing evening light, I saw one woman's eyes. She was leaning a little forward, resting her cheek on her hand. She had black lace about her head and yellow japonica-flowers above her left ear. She was looking at me and smiling a little.

I met her eyes, full, across the dust reddened by the sunset glow as the dust of a battlefield is reddened with blood. I felt as if I were stabbed; the red dust seemed to swim round me; I staggered slightly: in another instant I had recovered myself, but the momentary oscillation had terrified my comrades. The seventh and highest, feeling the human pyramid tremble beneath him, involuntarily, unconsciously, opened his arms to save himself. He did not lose his bal-

ance, but he let the child fall. It dropped as an apple broken off the bough falls to the earth.

There was a moment of horrible silence. Then the men leaped down, tumbling and huddling one over another, not knowing what they did. The audience rose screaming, and broke the rope and swarmed into the arena. I stooped and took up the child. He was dead. His neck had been broken in the fall. He had struck the earth with the back of his head; he was rolled up on the sand like a little dead kid; his tiny tinsel crown had fallen off his curls, his tiny tinselled limbs were crushed under him, his blossom-like mouth was half open. It was horrible.

People spoke to me: I did not see or hear them. The crowd parted and scattered, some voluble, some dumb, with the shock of what they had seen. I lifted up what a moment before had been little Phœbus, and bore him in my arms to my mother's house.

She was sitting at home alone, as she had been alone these ten years and more. When she saw the dead baby in those glistening spangled clothes she shuddered, and understood without words. "Another life?" she said, and said nothing more: she was thinking of my father. Then she took the dead child and laid him on her knees as if he had been a living one, and rocked him on her breast and smoothed the sand out of his pretty yellow curls. "The people go always in the hope of seeing something die," she said at length. "That is what they go for: you killed the baby for their sport. It was cruel."

I went out of the house and felt as if I had murdered him—the little fair, innocent thing who had run along with us over the dusty roads, and along the sad seashores, and under the forest trees, laughing and chirping as the birds chirp, and when he was tired lifting up his arms to be carried on the top of the big drum, and sitting there throned like a king. Poor little dead Phœbus! It was true what my mother had said: the people throng to us in hope of seeing our death, and yet when they do see it they are

frightened and sickened and sorrowful. Orte was so this night.

"Could I help it?" I cried to my comrades fiercely; and in my own soul I said to myself, "Could I help it? That woman looked at me."

Who was she? All through the pain that filled me for the death of the child that wonder was awake in me always. She had looked so strange there, so unlike the rest, though she was all in black and had the lace about her head which is common enough in our country. All the night long I saw her face—a beautiful face, with heavy lids and drooping hair, like that marble head they call the Braschi Antinous down in Rome.

Little Phœbus was laid that night in my mother's house, with lilies about him, while a little candle that the moths flickered into burnt at his feet. As I sat and watched by him to drive away the rats which came up in hordes at night from Tiber into the rooms that overhung the river, I only saw that face. It had been a bad home-coming.

I would play no more in Orte, nor go with these men any more. I disbanded my troop and let them pass their own ways. I had coin enough to live on for months: that was enough for the present. I felt as if the sight of the red rope and the spangled vest and the watching crowd would be horrible to me—those things which I had loved so well. Little Phœbus was put away in the dark earth, as the little Etruscan children had been so many hundred years before him, and I buried his little crown and his little coat with him, as the Etruscans buried the playthings. Poor little man! we had taught him to make Death his toy, and his toy had been stronger than he.

After his burial I began my search for the woman whose face I had seen in the crowd. My mother never asked me whence I came or where I went. The death of Phœbus had destroyed the trembling joy with which she had seen me return to her: happiness came to her too late. When grief has sat long by one hearth, it is impossible to warm the ashes of joy again: they are cold and dead for ever. My time passed sadly;

a terrible calmness had succeeded to the gayety and noise of my life; a frightful silence had replaced the frenzied shouts, the boisterous laughter, of the people: sometimes it seemed to me that I had died, not Phœbus.

The constant hope of finding the woman I had seen but once occupied me always. I roamed the country without ceasing, always with that single hope before me. Days became weeks: I wandered miserably, like a dog without master or home.

One day I saw her. Having on my shoulder my *girella*, which gave me a pretext for straying along the river-side, I came to that part of Etruria where (so I had used to learn from the school-books in my childhood) the Etruscans in ancient times drew up in order of battle to receive Fabius. The country is pretty about there, or at least it seemed so to me. The oak woods descend to the edge of the Tiber: from them one sees the snow of the Apennines; the little towns of Giove and Penna are white on the Umbrian hills; in the low fields the vine and the olive and the maize and the wheat grow together. Here one finds our Lagherello, which I had heard scholars say is no other than the Lake Vadimon of which Pliny speaks. Of that I know nothing: it is a poor little pool now, filled with rushes, peopled with frogs. By the side of this pool I saw her again: she looked at me. Like a madman I plunged into the water, but the reeds and the lilies entangled me in their meshes: the long grasses and water-weeds were netted into an impenetrable mass. I stood there up to my waist in water, incapable of movement, like the poor cattle of which Pliny tells, who used to mistake all this verdure for dry land, and so drifted out into the middle of the lake. She looked at me, laughed a little, and disappeared.

Before sunset I had learned who she was from a peasant who came there to cut the reeds.

Near to the Lagherello is a villa named Sant' Aloisa: about its walls there is a sombre, melancholy wood, a remnant of that famous forest which in the ancient times the Romans dreaded as the borders

of hell. The Tiber rolls close by, yellow and muddy with the black buffaloes descending to its brink to drink, and the snakes and the toads in its brakes counting by millions—sad, always sad, whether swollen by flood in autumn and vomiting torrents of mud, or whether with naked sands and barren bed in summer, with the fever-vapors rising from its shallow shoals. The villa is dull and mournful like the river—built of stone, fortified in bygone centuries, without color, without light, without garden or greenery, all its casements closed like the eyelids of a living man that is blind.

This was and is Sant' Aloisa. In the old times, no doubt, the villa had been strong and great, and peopled with a brilliant feudal pomp, and noisy with the clash and stir of soldiery: now it is poverty-stricken and empty, naked and silent, looking down on the tawny, sullen swell of the Tiber—the terrible Tiber, that has devoured so much gold, so much treasure, so much beauty, and hidden so many dead and so many crimes, and flows on mute and gloomy between its poisonous marshes. Of Tiber I have always felt afraid.

Sant' Aloisa has always been a fief of the old counts Marchioni. One of that race lived still, and owned the old grounds and the old walls, though the fortunes of the family had long fallen into decay. Taddeo Marchioni was scarcely above his own peasants in his manners and way of life. He was ugly, avaricious, rustic, cruel. He was lord of the soil indeed, but he lived miserably, and this beautiful woman had been his wife seven years. At fifteen her father, a priest who passed as her uncle, had wedded her to Taddeo Marchioni. She had dwelt here seven mortal years, in this gloomy wood, by these yellow waters, amidst these pestilential marshes. Her marriage had made her a countess, that was all. For the rest, it had consigned her, living, to a tomb.

The lives of our Italian women are gay enough in the cities, but in the country these women grow gray and pallid as the wings of the night-moth. They have no love for Nature, for air, for the woods, for

the fields: flowers say nothing to them. They look neither at the blossoms nor the stars. The only things which please them are a black mask and a murmur of love, a hidden meeting, the noise of the streets, the bouquets of a carnival. What should they do in the loneliness and wildness of the broad and open country—our women, who only breathe at their ease in the obscurity of their *palco* or under the shelter of a domino?

The travellers who run over our land and see our women laughing with wide-opened rose-red mouths upon their balconies at Berlingaccio or at Pentolaccia can never understand the immense, the inconsolable, desolation of dulness which weighs on the lives of these women in the little towns of the provinces and the country-houses of the hills and plains. They have the priest and the chapel: that is all.

In Italy we have no choice between the peasant-woman toiling in the ploughed fields, and growing black with the scorch of the sun, and bowed and aged with the burdens she bears, and the ladies who live between the alcove and the confessional, only going forth from their chambers by night as fireflies glisten, and living on secret love and daily gossip. What can these do in their gaunt, dull villas—they who detest the sigh of the wind and the sight of a tree, who flee from a dog and scream at a tempest, who will not read, and whose only lore is the sweet science of the passions?

This I came to know later. All I saw that day, as I tramped around it wet and cold, was the gloomy evil shadow of the great place that had once been a fortress, the barred and shattered windows, the iron-studded doors, the grass-grown bastions. She had made me kill Phœbus, and yet I only lived to see her face again.

Sometimes I think love is the darkest mystery of life: mere desire will not explain it, nor will the passions or the affections. You pass years amidst crowds and know naught of it: then all at once you meet a stranger's eyes, and never again are you free. That is love. Who shall say whence it comes? It is a bolt from the gods that descends from heav-

en and strikes us down into hell. We can do nothing.

I went home slowly when evening fell. I had seen her eyes across the crowd in Orte once, and once across the pool that was the Vadimon, and I was hers for evermore. Explain that, ye wise men, who in your pride have long words for all things. Nay, you may be wise, but it is beyond you.

My mother and I spoke but little at this time. That home was a sad one: the death of the child and the absence of long years had left a chill in it. We ate together, chiefly in silence: it was always a pain to her that I was but Pipistrello the gymnast—not a steadfast, deep-rooted, well-loved citizen of Orte, with a trade to my hand and a place in church and market. Every day she thought I should wander again; every day she knew my savings shrank in their bag; every day she heard her neighbors say, "And your Pippo? will he not quiet down and take a wife and a calling?"

Poor mother! Other women had their sons safe stay-at-homes, wedded fathers of children, peaceable subjects of the king, smoking at their own doors after the day's work was done. She would have been so blessed had I been like them—I, who was a wrestler and a roysterer, a mere public toy that had broken down in the sight of all Orte. My father had never failed as I had failed. He had never killed a child that trusted in his strength: he had fallen himself and died. That difference between us was always in her eyes. I saw it when I met them; and she would make up little knots of common flowers and carry them to the tiny grave of Phœbus, my victim. Once I said to her, "I could not help it: I would have given my life to save him." She only replied, "If you had consented to bide at home the child would be living."

Nay, I thought, if she had not looked at me— But of that I said nothing. I kept the memory of that woman in my heart, and went night and day about the lake and the river and the marshes of Sant' Aloïsa. Once or twice I saw Taddeo Marchioni, the old count—a gray, shrunken, decrepitate figure of a man, old,

with a lean face and a long hard jaw—but of her, for days that lengthened into weeks, I saw nothing. There are fish in the Lagherello. I got the square huge net of our country, and set it in the water as our habit is, and watched in the sedges from dawn to eve. What I watched for was the coming of the vision I had once seen there: the fish came and went at their will for me.

One day, sick of watching vainly, and having some good fish in the net, I dragged them out into the reeds, and pushed them in a creel, and shouldered them, and went straight to the gloomy walls of Sant' Aloïsa. There were no gates: the sedges of the low lands went along the front of the great pile, almost touching it. Around it were fields gray with olives, and there was neither garden nor grass-land: all had been ploughed up that was not marsh and swamp.

The great doors were close fastened. I entered boldly by a little entrance at the side, and found myself in the great naked hall of marble, empty and still and damp. There was a woman there, old and miserable, who called her master. Taddeo Marchioni came and saw the fish, and chattered for them with long hesitation and shrewd greed, as misers love to do, and then at last refused them: they were too dear, he said. I threw them down and said to him, "Count, give me a stoup of wine and they are yours." That pleased him: he bade the serving-woman carry the fish away, and told me to follow him. He took me into a vaulted stone chamber, and poured with a niggard hand a glass of *mezzo-vino*. I looked at him: he was lean, gray, unlovely. I could have crushed him to death with one hand.

These great old villas in the lone places of Italy are usually full at least of pleasant life—of women hurrying to the silk-worms and the spinning and the linen-press, of barefooted men loitering about on a thousand pleas or errands to their master. But Sant' Aloïsa was silent and empty.

Passing an open door, I saw her. She was sitting, doing nothing, in a room whose faded tapestries were gray as

spiders' webs, and she was beautiful as only one woman is here and there in a generation. She looked at me, and I thought she smiled.

I went out with my brain on fire and my sight dim. I saw only that smile—that sudden, momentary smile whose fellow had brought death to little Phœbus. And I felt she had known me again, though she had seen me but once, in my spangled coat of velvet and silver, and now I had my legs bare to the knee, and was clad in a rough blue shirt and woollen jacket, like any other country-fellow upon Tiber's side.

As I was going out the serving-wench plucked my sleeve and whispered to me, "Come back a moment: she wishes to see you."

My heart leaped, then stood still. I turned back into the house, and with trembling knees went into that chamber where the dusky tapestry mouldered on the walls. She looked at me, sitting idly there herself in the bare, melancholy room—a woman with the face of our Titian's Venus.

"Did the child die?" she asked.

I stammered something, I knew not what.

"Why did you tremble that day?" she said, with the flicker of a smile about her lovely mouth: "you look strong—and bold."

How the words had courage and madness enough to leap to my lips I know not, but I do know I said to her, "You looked at me."

She frowned a moment: then she laughed. No doubt she had known it before. "Your nerves were not of iron, then, as they should be," she said carelessly. "Well! the people wanted to see something die. They always do: you must know that. Bring more fish for my husband-to-morrow. Now go."

I trembled from head to foot. I had said this bold and insolent thing to her face, and she still bade me return!

No doubt had I been a man well born I should have fallen at her feet and sworn a midsummer madness: I should have been emboldened to any coarse avowal, to any passionate effrontery. But I was

only a stroller—a poor ignorant soul, half Hercules, half fool. I trembled and was mute.

When the air blew about me once more I felt as if I had been drunk—drunk on that sweet yeasty wine of a new vintage which makes the brain light and foolish. She had bade me return!

That day my mother ate alone at home. When night fell it found me by the Lagherello. I set my nets: I slept in a shepherd's hut. I had forgotten Phœbus: I only saw her face. What was she like? I cannot tell you. She was like Titian's Venus. Go and look at it—she who plays with the little dog in the Tribune at Pitti: that one I mean. With all that beauty, half disclosed like the bud of a pomegranate-flower, she had been given to Taddeo Marchioni, and here for seven years she had dwelt, shut in by stone walls.

Living so, a woman becomes a saint or a devil. Taddeo Marchioni forgot or never knew that. He left her in his chamber as he left the figures of the tapestry, till her bloom should fade like theirs, and time write wrinkles on her as it wove webs on them. He forgot! he forgot! He was old and slow of blood and feeble of sight: she was scarcely beautiful to him. There were a few poor peasants near, and a priest as old as Taddeo Marchioni was; and though Orte was within five miles, the sour and jealous temper of her husband shut her up in that prison-house as Pia Tolomei was shut in the house of death in the Maremma.

That night I watched impatient for the dawn. Impatient I watched the daybreak deepen into day. All the loveliness of that change was lost on me: I only counted the hours in restless haste. Poor fools! our hours are in sum so few, and yet we for ever wish them shorter, and fling them, scarcely used, behind us roughly, as a child flings his broken toys.

The sultry morning was broad and bright over the land before I dared take up such fish as had entered my girella in the night and bend my steps to Sant' Aloisa. Fever-mists hung over the canebreaks and the reedy swamps; the earth

was baked and cracked; everything looked thirsty, withered, pallid, dull, decaying: in the heats of August it is always so desolate wherever Tiber rolls. "Marchioni is out," said the old brown crone whom I had seen the day before. "But come in: bring your fish to Madama Flavia."

It was a strange, gaunt wilderness of stone, this old villa of the Marchioni. It would have held hundreds of serving-men—it had as many chambers as one of the palaces down in Rome—but this old woman was all the servitor it had, and in the grand old hall, with sculptured shields upon the columns of it and Umbrian frescoes in the roof, she spread their board and brought them their onion-soup and their dish of *pasta*, and while they ate it looked on and muttered her talk and twirled her distaff, day after day, year after year, the same. Life is homely and frugal here, and has few graces. The ways of life in these grand old places are like nettles and thistles set in an old majolica vase that has had knights and angels painted on it. You know what I mean, you who know Italy. Do you remember those pictures of Vittorio Carpaccio and of Gentiléo? They say that this is the life our Italy saw once in her cities and her villas: that is the life she wants. Sometimes, when you are all alone in these vast deserted places, the ghosts of all that pageantry pass by you, and they seem fitter than the living people for these courts and halls.

"Madama Flavia will see the fish," said the old crone, and hobbled away.

Madama Flavia! How many times has Tiber heard such a name as that breathed on a lover's mouth to the sigh of the mandoline, uttered in revel or in combat, or as a poisoner whispered it stealing to mix the drug with the wine in the goblet. Madama Flavia! All Italy seemed in it—all love, all woe! There is a magic in some names.

Madama Flavia! Just such a woman as this it needs would be to fitly wear such a name—a woman with low brows and eyes that burn, and a mouth like the folded leaves that lie in the heart of a rose—a woman to kneel at morn in the

black shadows of the confessional, and to go down into the crowd of masks at night and make men drunk with love.

"Madama Flavia!" The name (so much it said to me) halted stupidly on my lips: I stood in her presence like a foolish creature. I never before had lacked either courage or audacity: I trembled now. I had been awake all the night, gazing at the dim, dusky pile of her roof as it rose out from the olives black against the stars; and she knew it—she knew it very well. That I saw in her face. And she was Madama Flavia, and I was Pipistrello the juggler. What could I say to her? I could have fallen at her feet and kissed her or killed her, but I could not speak. No doubt I looked but a poor boor to her—a giant and a dolt.

She was leaning against a great old marble vase—leaning her hands on it, and her chin on her hands. She had some red carnations in her breast: their perfume came to me. She was surrounded by decay, dusty desolation, the barrenness of a poverty that is drearier than any of the poverty of the poor; but so might have looked Madama Lucrezia in those old days when the Borgia was God's vicegerent.

At the haul of fish she never glanced: she gazed at me with meditation in her eyes. "You are very strong," she said abruptly.

At that I could do no less than laugh. It was as if she had said the ox in the yoke was strong or the Tiber strong at flood.

"Why are you a fisherman now?" she said. "Why do you leave your arena?"

I shuddered a little. "Since the child fell"—I muttered, thinking she would understand the remorse that made my old beloved calling horrible to me.

"It was no fault of yours," she said with a dreamy smile. "They say I have the evil eye—"

"You have, madama," I said bluntly, and then felt a choking in my throat, fearing my own rashness.

Her beautiful eyes had a bright scorn in them, and a cold mockery of me. "Why do you stay, then?" she asked,

and smiled at the red carnations carelessly.

"Because—rather would I die of beholding you than live shut out from sight of you," I said in my madness. "Madama, I am a great useless fool: I have done nothing but leap and climb and make a show. I am big and strong as the oxen are, but they work, and I have never worked. I have shown myself, and the people have thrown me money—a silly life, good to no man or beast. Oh yes, that I know full well now; and I have killed Phœbus because you looked at me; and my mother, who has loved me all her life, is old before her time through my fault. I am a graceless fool, a mountebank. When I put off my spangles and stand thus, you see the rude peasant that I am. And yet in all the great, wide, crowded world I know there does not live another who could love you as I love—seeing you twice."

I stopped; the sound of my own voice frightened me; the dull tapestries upon the wall heaved and rocked round me. I saw her as through a mist, leaning there with both arms on the broken marble vase.

A momentary smile passed over her face. She seemed diverted, not angered as I feared. She had listened without protest. No doubt she knew it very well before I spoke. "You are very strong," she said at length. "Strong men are always feeble—somewhere. If the count Taddeo heard you he would—" Then some sudden fancy struck her, and she laughed aloud, her bright red lips all tremulous and convulsed with laughter. "What could he do? You could crush him with one hand, as you could crush a newt! Poor Taddeo! did he not beat your fish down, give you watered wine, the rinsings of the barrel, yesterday? That is Taddeo always."

She laughed again, but there was something so cruel in that laughter that it held me mute. I dared not speak to her. I stood there stupidly.

"Do you know that he is rich?" she said abruptly, gnawing with her lovely teeth the jagged leaf of one of her carnations. "Yes, he is rich, Taddeo. That

is why my father sold me to him. Taddeo is rich: he has gold in the ground, in the trees, in the rafters and the stones of the house; he has gold in Roman banks; he has gold in foreign scrip, and in ships, and in jewels, and in leases: he is rich. And he lives like a gray spider in the cellar-corner. He shuts me up here. We eat black bread, we see no living soul: once in the year or so I go to Orte or to Penna. And I am twenty-three years old, and I can read my own face in the mirror." She paused; her breast heaved, her beautiful low brows drew together in bitter fury at her fate: she had no thought of me.

I waited, mute. I did not dare to speak.

It was all true: she was the wife of Taddeo Marchioni, shut here as in a prison, with her youth passing and her loveliness unseen, and her angry soul consuming itself in its own fires. I loved her: what use was that to her—a man who had naught in all the world but the strength of his sinews and muscles?

She remembered me suddenly, and gave me a gesture of dismissal: "Take your fish to the woman; I cannot pay you for them; I have never as much as a bronze coin. But—you may come back another day. Bring more—bring more." Then with a more imperious gesture she made me leave her.

I stumbled out of the old dark, close-shuttered house into the burning brilliancy of the August day, giddy with passion and with hope. She knew I loved her, and yet she bade me return!

I know not how much, how little, that may mean in other lands, but here in Italy it has but one language—language enough to make a lover's heart leap like the wild goat. Yet hope is perhaps too great a word to measure rightly the timid joy that filled my breast. I lay in the shepherd's hut wide awake that night, hearing the frogs croak from the Lagharello and the crickets sing in the hot darkness. The hut was empty: shepherd and sheep and dogs were all gone up to the higher grounds amongst the hills. There were some dry fern-plants in a corner of it. I lay on these and stared at the plan-

ets above me throbbing in the intense blue of the skies: they seemed to throb, they seemed alive.

A mile away, between me and the stars, was the grand black pile of Sant' Aloïsa.

Christ! it was strange! I had led a rough life, I had been no saint. I had always been ready for jest or dance or intrigue with a pretty woman, and sometimes women far above me had cast their eyes down on the arena, as in Spain ladies do in the bull-ring to pick a lover out thence for his strength; but I had never cared. I had loved, laughed and wandered away with the stroller's happy liberty, but I had never cared. Now, all at once, the whole world seemed dead—dead heaven and earth—and only one woman's two eyes left living in the universe, living and looking into my soul and burning it to ashes. Do you know what I mean? No? Ah, then you know not love.

All the night I lay awake—the short hot night when the western gold of sunset scarce fades into dark ere the east seems to glow luminous and transparent with the dawn. Ah! the sunrise! I shall see it once more, only once more! I shall see it through those bars, a hand's breadth of it above Tiber, no more; and when again it spreads its rosy warmth over the sky and reddens the river and the plain, I shall be dead—a headless thing pushed away under the earth and lime, and over my brain and skull the wise men will peer with knife and scalpel, and pour the plaster over its bones to take a cast, and say most likely to one another, as I heard them say once before a cast in a museum, "A good face, a fair brow, fine lines: strange that he should have been a murderer!" Well! so be it. Even though I lived for fourscore years and ten, the sun would nevermore rise for me as it rose before Phœbus died.

At that time I lived only to see a shadow on the barred windows, a hand open a lattice, a veiled head glide by through the moonbeams. I was wretched, yet never had I been so happy. The bolt of the gods stuns as it falls, but it intoxicates also.

I had been such a fool! such a fool!

When she had said so much I had said nothing: that last moment haunted me with unending pain. If I had been bolder, if I had only known what to answer, if I had only seized her in my arms and kissed her! It would have been better to have had that one moment, and have died for it, than have been turned out of her presence like a poor cowardly clod.

I cannot tell how the long hot days went on: they were days of drought to the land, but they were days of paradise to me. The fever-mists were heavy and the peasants sickened. Tiber was low, and had fetid odors as its yellow shallows dried up in the sun, clouds of gnats hovered over the Lagherello and its beds of rushes, and the sullen wind blew always from the south-east, bringing the desert sand with it. But to me this sickly summer was so fair that I continued to live in the absent shepherd's empty hut. I continued to net the fish when I could, and now and again I saw her. I lived only in the hope of seeing her face. She had the evil eye. Well, let it rest on me and bring me all woe, so that only I might live in its light one day! So I said in my madness, not knowing.

I must have looked mad at that time to the few scattered peasants about the pool. I lived on a handful of maize, a crust of bread. I cast my nets in the water, and once or twice went up to Sant' Aloïsa with the small fish, and was sent away by the crone Marietta. August passed, and the time drew nigh for the gathering of the grapes, ripe here sooner than in the Lombard and the Tuscan plains. But the vintage of Sant' Aloïsa was slight, for the ground was covered with olives in nearly every part. When they were stripping what few poor vines there were I offered myself for that work. I thought so I might behold her. There was no mirth on the lands of Taddeo Marchioni: the people were poor and dull. Fever that came from the river and the swamps had lessened their numbers by death and weakened those who were living: my strength was welcome to those ague-stricken creatures.

The day of the gathering was very

hot: no rain had fallen. The oxen in the wains were merely skin and bone: their tongues were parched and swollen in their muzzled mouths. The grass had been long all burnt up, and the beasts famished: the air was stifling, pregnant with storm.

Amidst the serene and arid fields, and the woods, black and gray, of ilex and of olive, the great old square house rose before us, pale, solitary, mysterious—a mausoleum that shut in living creatures: it terrified me.

Night fell as the last wagon, loaded with the last casks of grapes, rolled slowly with heavy grinding wheels toward the cellars of Sant' Aloïsa. With the wagon there were a few men enfeebled with fever, a few women shivering with ague. I walked behind the wagon, pushing it to aid the weary oxen. There was no moon: here and there a torch flickered in a copper sconce filled with oil. The courtyard and the cellar were of enormous size: in the old times Sant' Aloïsa had sheltered fifteen hundred men. In the darkness, where a torch flared when he passed, I saw now and then Taddeo Marchioni coming and going, giving orders in his high, thin voice, screaming always, swearing sometimes, always suspecting some theft. He did not see me. He was entirely absorbed in his vintage and in the rebukes he hurled at his peasants. I drew back into the shadow, leaning against the column of the gateway, a huge wall blackened with time and damp. The bell of the old clock-tower sounded the nineteenth hour of the night. All at once the servant Marietta muttered in my ear, "Go in: she wants to speak with you. Go in to the tapestry-room on the other side of the house: you remember."

My blood bounded in my veins. I asked nothing better of Fate. I glided along the old walls, leaving the central court and the master there absorbed in his work, and I found with some difficulty the little side-door by which I had entered the house before. I trembled from head to foot, as in that hour. I felt myself all at once to be ugly, heavy, stupid, a brute to frighten any woman—sweating from the labors of the day, cov-

ered with dust, poor and frightful in my rough hempen shirt, with my naked legs and my bare knees impregnated with the juice of the grapes. And I dared to love this woman—I! Loved her, though she had slain Phœbus.

My mind was all in confusion: I was no longer master of myself. I scarcely drew breath; my head was giddy; I staggered as I went along those endless galleries and passages, as I had done that day when Phœbus had fallen on the sand of my arena. At last I reached—how I knew not—the room of the *arazzi*, scarcely lighted by a lamp of bronze that hung from the ceiling by a chain. In the twilight I saw the woman with the fatal gaze, with the lips of rose, with the features of Lucrezia, of Venus, the woman who in all ages has destroyed man.

Then I forgot that I was a laborer, a peasant, a juggler, a wrestler, a vagabond—that I was clad in coarse linen of hemp—that I was dirty and filthy and ignorant and coarse. I forgot myself: I only remembered my love—my love immense as the sky, omnipotent as Deity. I fell on my knees before her. I only cried with stifled voice, "I am yours! I am yours!" I did not even ask her to be mine. I was her slave, her tool, her servitor, her thing, to be cherished or rejected as she would. I shivered, I sobbed. I had never known before, it seemed to me, what love could be; and it made a madman of me.

All the while she said nothing: she let me kiss her gown, her feet, the stone floor on which she stood. Suddenly and abruptly she said only, "You are a droll creature: you love me, really—you?"

Then I spoke, beside myself the while. I remember nothing that I said: she heard me in silence, standing erect above me where I kneeled. The light was very faint; the lamp swung to and fro on its bronze chain; I saw only the eyes of the woman burning their will into mine. She bent her head slightly: her voice was very low. She said only, "I have known it a long time. Yes, you love me, but how? How?"

How? I knew no words that could

tell her. Human tongues never have language enough for that: a look can tell it. I looked at her.

She trembled for a moment as though I had hurt her. Soon she regained her empire over herself. "But how?" she muttered very low, bending over me her beautiful head, nearly touching mine. "But how? Enough to—?"

She paused. Enough? Enough for what? Enough to deny heaven, to defy hell, to brave death and torment, to do all that a man could do: who could do more?

"And I love you—I." She murmured the words very low: the evening wind which touches the roses was never softer than her voice. She brushed my hair with her lips. "I love you," she repeated. "For you are strong, you are strong."

Kneeling before her there, I took her in my arms. I drew her close to me: I drank the wine of Paradise—the wine that makes men mad.

But she stopped me, drew herself away from me, yet gently, without wrath. "No," she said, "not yet, not yet." Then she added, lower still, "You must deserve me."

Deserve her? I did not comprehend. I knew well that I did not deserve my joy, poor fool that I was, mere man of the people, with the trestles of the village fair for all my royal throne. But, since she loved me, a crowd of ideas confused and giddy thronged on my brain and whirled madly together. Up above in the belfries and the towers in my infancy, with the clear blue air about me and the peopled world at my feet, I had dreamed so many foolish gracious things—things heroic, fantastical, woven from the legends of saints and the poems of wandering minstrels. When she spoke to me thus these old beautiful fancies came back to my memory. If she wished me to become a soldier for her sake, I thought—

She looked at me, burning my soul with her eyes, that grew sombre yet brilliant, like the Tiber water lighted by a golden moon. "You must deserve me," she repeated: "you must deliver me. You are strong."

"I am ready," I answered. I was still kneeling before her. I had at my throat a rude cross that my mother had hung there in my childish years. I touched the cross with my right hand in sign of oath and steadfastness. "I am ready," I said to her. "What do you wish?"

She answered, "You must free me. You are strong."

Even then I did not understand. "Free?" I repeated. "You would fly with me?"

She gave a gesture, superb, impatient, contemptuous. She drew herself backward and more erect. Her eyes had a terrible brilliancy in them. She was so beautiful, but as fierce in that hour as the wild beast that I saw once at a fair break from its cage and descend amidst the people, and which I strangled in my arms unaided.

She murmured through her closed teeth, "You must kill him. You are strong."

With a bound I rose to my feet. In the burning night an icy cold chilled my blood, my limbs, my heart.

Kill him? Whom? The old man? I, young and strong as I was, and his wife's lover?

I looked at her. What will be the scaffold to-morrow to me, since I have lived through that moment?

She looked at me, always with her sorceress's eyes. "You must kill him," she said briefly. "It will be so easy to you. If you love me it will be done. If not—farewell."

A horrible terror seized on me. I said nothing. I was stupefied. The gloomy shadows of the chamber surrounded us like a mystic vapor; the pale figures of the tapestries seemed like the ghosts arisen from the grave to witness against us; the oppressive heat of the night hour lay on our heads like an iron hand.

A phantom parted us: the spectre of a cowardly crime had come between us.

"You do not love me," she said slowly. She grew impatient, angered, feverish: a dumb rage began to work in her. She had no fear.

I drew my breath with effort. It seemed as if some one were strangling me.

Kill him! Kill him! These ghastly words re-echoed in my ears. Kill an old and feeble man? It was worse than a crime: it was a cowardice.

"You do not love me," she repeated with utter scorn. "Go—go!"

A cry to her sprang from my very soul: "Anything else, anything but that! Ask my own life, and you shall have it."

"I ask what I wish."

As she answered me thus she drew herself in all her full height upward under the faint radiance from the lamp. Her magnificent beauty shone in it like a grand white flower of the datura under the suns of autumn. A disdain without bounds, without limit, without mercy, gleamed from her eyes. She despised me—a man of the people, a public wrestler, a bravo, only made to kill at his mistress's order, only of use to draw the stiletto in secrecy at the whim and will of a woman.

I was Italian, yet I dared not slay a feeble old man in the soft dark of a summer night, to find my reward on the breast of his wife.

Silence fell between us. Her eyes of scorn glanced over me, and all her beauty tempted me and cried to me, "Kill, kill, kill! and all this is thine!"

Then her eyes filled with tears, her proud loveliness grew humble, and, a supplicant, she stretched out her arms to me: she cried, "Ah, you love me not: you have no pity. I may live and die here: you will not save me. You are strong as the lions are—you are so strong, and yet you are afraid."

I shook in all my limbs. Yes, I was afraid—I was afraid of her, afraid of myself. I shivered: she looked at me always, her burning eyes now humid and soft with tears.

"In open war, in combat, all you wish," I said to her slowly. "But an old man—in secret—to be his assassin—"

My voice failed me. I saw the light in the lamp that swung above, oscillating between us: it seemed to me like the frail life of Taddeo Marchioni that swung on a thread at our will.

She drew herself upward once more. Her tears were burned up in the fires of

a terrible dumb rage. She cried aloud, "You are a coward. Go!"

I fell once more at her feet; I seized her by her gown; I kissed her feet. "Any other thing!" I cried to her in my anguish—"any other thing! But the life of a weak old man! It would be horrible. I am not a coward: I am brave. It is for cowards to kill the feeble: I cannot. And you would not wish it? No, no, you would not wish it? It is a dream, a nightmare! It is not possible. I adore you! I adore you! I am a madman. I am yours; I give you my life; I give you my body and my soul. But to kill a feeble old man that I could crush in my arms as a fly is stifled in wine! No, no, no! Any other thing, any other thing! But not that."

She thrust me from her with her foot. "That or nothing," she said coldly.

The sweat fell from my brow in the agony of this horrible hour. I was ready to give my life for her, but an old man, a murder done in secret! All my soul revolted.

"But you love me!" I cried to her; and a great sob rose in my throat.

"You refuse to do this thing?" she answered.

"Yes."

Then she threw me away from her with the strength of a tigress: "Imbecile! You thought I loved you? I should have used you: that is all."

The lamp went out: the darkness was complete. I stretched my hands out, to meet but empty air. If I were alone I could not tell: I touched nothing, I heard nothing, I saw nothing. A strange giddiness came upon me; my limbs trembled under the weight of my body and gave way; I lost consciousness. It is what we call in this country a stroke of the blood.

When my senses revived I opened my eyes. It was still night about me, but a pallid light shone into the chamber, for the moon had risen, and its rays penetrated through the iron bars of the high windows. I remembered all.

I rose with pain and effort: the heavy fall on the stone floor had bruised and strained me. A great stupor, the stupor

of horror, had fallen upon me. I felt all at once old, quite old. The thought of my mother passed through my mind for the first time for many days. My poor mother!

By the light of the moon I tried to find my way out of this chamber—a chamber accursed. I gained the entrance of the gallery. Silence reigned everywhere. I could not tell what hour it was. The lustre from the skies sufficed to illumine fitfully the vast and sombre passages. I found the door by which I had entered the house, and I felt the hot air of the night blow upon my forehead, as hot now as it had been at noonday.

I passed into the great open court. Above it hung the moon, late risen, round, yellow, luminous. I looked upward at it: this familiar object seemed to me a strange and unknown thing. I walked slowly across the pavement of the courtyard on a sheer instinct, as you may see a wounded dog walk, bearing death in him. My heart seemed like a stone in my breast: my blood seemed like ice in my veins. All around me were the walls of Sant' Aloïsa, silent, gray, austere.

My foot touched something on the ground. I looked at it. It was a thing without form—a block of oak wood or a slab of marble?—yet I looked at it, and my eyes were rooted there and could not look elsewhere. The moon shed a sinister white light upon this thing. I looked long, standing there motionless and without power to move. Then I saw what it was, this shapeless thing: it was the body of Taddeo Marchioni—dead, horribly dead, fallen face downward, stretched out upon the stones, a knife plunged into the back of the throat, and left there. He had been stabbed from behind.

I looked, I saw, I understood: it was her act.

I stooped; I touched the corpse; I turned the face to the light; I searched for a pulse of life, a breath. There was none: he was dead. A single blow had been given, and the blow had been sure. A ghastly grimace distended the thin lips of the toothless mouth; the eyes were

starting from their orbits; the hands were clenched: it had been a death swift, silent, violent, terrible.

I drew out the knife, deep buried in the bone of the throat below the skull. It was my knife, the same with which I had slashed asunder the boughs of the vines in the day just gone in the vintage-fields. She had taken it, no doubt, from my girdle when I had fallen at her feet.

"I understand," I said to the dead man: "it is her work."

The dead mouth seemed to laugh.

A casement opened on the court. A voice cried aloud. The voice was hers: it cried for help. From the silent dwelling came a sound of hurrying feet: the flame of a torch borne in a peasant's hand fell red on the livid moonlight.

She came with naked feet, with unloosed hair, as though roused from her bed, beautiful in her disarray, and crying aloud, "An assassin! an assassin!"

I understood all. She meant to send me to the scaffold in her place. It was my knife: that would be testimony enough for a tribunal. Justice is blind.

She cried aloud: they seized me, and the dead man lay between us, stretched on the stones and bathed in blood. I looked at her: she did not tremble.

But she had forgotten that I was strong—strong with the strength of the lion, of the bull, of the eagle. She had forgotten. With a gesture I flung far away from me, against the walls, the men who had seized me: with a bound I sprang upon her. I took her in my arms in her naked loveliness, scarcely veiled by the disordered linen, by the loosened hair, and shining like marble in the glisten of the moon. I seized her in my arms; I kissed her on her lips; I pressed against my heart her beautiful white bosom. Then between her two breasts I plunged my knife, red with the blood of her dead lord. "I avenge Phœbus," I said to her.

Now you know why to-morrow they will kill me, why my mother is mad.

Hush! I am tired. Let me sleep in peace.

* * * * *

And on the morrow he slept.

QUIDA.

STUDIES IN THE SLUMS.

III.—NAN; OR, A GIRL'S LIFE.

"A N' this one? Lord have mercy on her, an' forgive me for saying it the way I do every time I look at her! It comes out of itself, an' there's times when I could think for a minute that He will; an' then it comes over me like a blackness on everything that her chance is gone. Look at that one by her. Ain't he a rough? Ain't he just fit for the Rogues' Gallery, an' 'nowhere else? And yet— Well, it's a long story, an' you won't want to hear it all."

"Every word," I said. "For once, we are all alone, and the rain pours down so nobody is likely to interrupt. Such a face as that could hardly help having a story, and a strange one."

"The most of it happens often enough, but I'll tell you. You think it's pretty, but that black an' white thing doesn't tell much. If you could once have looked at her, you'd have wanted to do something, same as 'most everybody did when the time for doin' was over. Let me get my bit of work, an' then I'll tell you."

It was in the "McAuley Mission-parlor." The street below, cleared by the pouring rain, was comparatively silent, though now and then a sailor swung by unmindful of wet, or the sound of a banjo came from the tenement-houses opposite. Below us, in the chapel, the janitor scrubbed vigorously to the tune which seems for some unknown reason to be always a powerful motive-power,

"I'm goin' home, no more to roam,"

the brush coming down with a whack at each measure. In my hands was the mission album, a motley collection of faces, as devoid of Nature or any clew to the real characteristics of the owners as the average photograph usually is, but here and there one with a suggestion of interest and, in this special case, of beauty—a delicate, pensive face, with a mass of floating hair, deep, dark eyes, and ex-

quisite curves in cheek and lip and chin—the face of some gently born and nurtured maiden, looking dreamily out upon a world which thus far, at least, could have shown her only its tender, never its cruel or unfriendly, side, and not, as its place would indicate, that of one who had somehow and at some strange time found a home in these slums. Beauty of a vulgar, striking sort is common enough there—vivid coloring, even a sparkle and light poverty has had no power to kill—but this face had no share in such dower, and the dark, soft eyes had a compelling power which made mine search them for their secret,—not theirs, after all, it might prove, but only a gift from some remote ancestor, who could transmit outline, and even expression, but not the soul that had made them.

Mrs. McAuley slipped the picture from its place as she sat down by me again. "I ought to have done that long ago," she said. "Jerry is always telling me I've no business to keep it where everybody can look at it an' ask about her; an' I hadn't, indeed, for it brings up a time I'd hardly think or talk about unless I had to for some good. I'll put it away with two or three more I keep for myself; an' Jerry 'll be glad of it, for he hates to think of her, 'most as much as I do."

"Her father and mother? Ah, that's it: if she'd had *them!* But, you see, her mother was a young thing that wasn't used to roughing it, an' this Nan only a baby then. They were decent English folks, an' he looked like a gentleman; but all we know was that she died of ship-fever on the passage over, an' was buried at sea; an' he had it too, an' came 'most as nigh dyin', an' just had strength to crawl ashore with Nan in his arms. He'd a cousin in the Bowery, a woman that kept a little store for notions, but didn't make any headway on account of two drinkin' sons; an' he went to her, an' just fell on the floor before he'd half finished his story. She put him to bed,

and, though the sons swore he shouldn't stay, an' said they'd chuck him out on the sidewalk, she had her way. It didn't take him long to die, an' he'd a good bit of money that reconciled them; but when he was gone there was the baby, just walkin' an' toddlin' into everything, an' would scream if Pete came near her. He was the oldest, an' he hated her worse than poison, an' about once in so often he'd swear he'd send her to the orphan asylum or anywhere that she'd be out of his sight. Jack didn't care one way or another, but the mother was just bound up in the little thing; an' she was, they said, just that wonderful-lookin' that people stopped an' stared at her. Her eyes weren't black, as they look there, but gray, with those long curly lashes that looked innocent an' baby-like to the very last minute; and her hair—oh, you never saw such hair! Not bleached out, as they do it now, to a dead yellow, but a pure gold-color, an' every thread of it alive. I've taken hold of it many a time to see it curl round my finger, an' the little rings of it lying round her forehead; an' her face to the last as pure-lookin' as a pearl—clear an' soft, you know—an', when I saw her first, with a little color in her cheeks no deeper than the pink in a pink rose.

"Now, it'll seem to you like a bit out of the *Police Gazette* or those horrid story-papers, but, do you know, when she wasn't three Pete came home one night just drunk enough to be cunnin', an' he said, after he'd had his supper, he wanted to take the child a little way, only round the corner, to show her to some friends of his. Mrs. Simpson said No— whoever wanted to see her could come there, but she shouldn't let her be taken round. The shop-bell rang that minute, an' she went out. It wasn't ten minutes, but when she came back Pete an' the child weren't there. She ran to the door an' looked up an' down the street, but it was twelve years before she ever saw that child again. Pete was gone a week, an' when he come home not a word would he say but that the child was safe enough, an' he'd had enough of her round under foot. They had high

words. She told him he should never have another cent till Nan was brought back, an' he went out swearin' an' cursin', to be brought home in half an hour past any tellin' in this world. He'd been knocked down an' run over by a fire-engine, an', though there was life enough left to look at his mother an' try to speak, speak he couldn't.

"Well, there was nothin' that woman didn't do, far as her money would go. She'd a nephew was a policeman, an' he hunted, an' plenty more, but never a sign or a word. She couldn't get out much on account of the shop, but whenever she did there wasn't a beggar with a child that she wouldn't stop an' look with all her eyes to see if it might be Nan. You wouldn't think anybody would take a child that way to be tormented with, when there's hundreds runnin' round loose that nobody claims; but, for all that, it's done. Not as often as people think. There's more kidnappin' in the story-papers than ever gets done really, but it *does* happen now and then. An' New York's a better place to hide in than anywheres out of it. I know plenty of places this minute where the police couldn't find a man if they hunted a month.

"Pete Simpson took this child to a hole in the Five Points, rag-pickers an' beggars an' worse, an' gave her to a woman that took children that was wanted out o' the way. He paid her a dollar, an' said she could make enough out of her to pay for the trouble, she was so fair-lookin'. She was one of the women that sit round with a baby an' one or two children close to her, mostly with laudanum enough to make 'em stupid.

"Nan was spirited, an' she screamed an' fought, but blows soon hushed her. She remembered, she's told me. She didn't know where she'd come from, but she knew it was clean an' decent, an' she wouldn't eat till hunger made her. Then there was a long time she came up with three or four that made a kind of a livin' pickin' pockets an' a turn now an' then as newsboys, or beggin' cold victuals an' pickin' up any light thing they could see if they were let in. Nan changed hands a dozen times, an' she never would have

known where she come from if Charley Calkins hadn't kept half an eye to her. He was six years older, an' nobody knew who he belonged to; an' he an' Nan picked rags together, an' whatever trick he knew he taught her. They cropped her hair, an' dirt hid all the prettiness there was, but by ten she'd learned enough to get any bit of finery she could, an' to fight 'em off when they wanted to cut her hair still. She'd dance an' sing to any hand-organ that come along; an' that was where I saw her first—when she was twelve, I should think—with a lot o' men an' boys standin' round, an' she dancin' an' singin' till the very monkey on the organ danced too. I was in a house on Cherry street then, with some girls that played at a variety theatre on the Bowery, an' Nan by this time was so tall they'd made her a waiter-girl in one of the beer-shops. It was there the theatre-man saw her one day goin' down to the ferry. He thought she was older, for she never let on, an' she was tall as she ever was, an' her hair floatin' back the way she would always have it. She could read. She'd been to school one term, because she would, an' she had a way with her that you'd think she was twenty. So it didn't take long. The variety-man said he'd make her fortune, an' she thought he would; an' next day she come an' told me she had agreed for three years.

"She didn't know there was work in it, but she soon found there was just as much drudgery as in the rag-pickin' or a beer-shop. But she had an ambition. She said she'd started here, an' she would stay an' learn everything there was, but she believed she should be an actress in the Old Bowery yet. That seemed a great thing to me in those days, an' I looked at her an' wondered if she knew enough, an' if she'd speak to us when she got there. She was so silent sometimes that it daunted us, an' then she'd have spells of bein' wilder than the wildest; but she said straight enough, 'I'm not goin' to stay down in this hole: I'm goin' to be rich an' a lady; an' you'll see it.'

"The time came when she did get to

Vol. XXVI.—7

the Old Bowery, an' the manager glad to have her too. The variety-man swore he'd kill her for leavin', for she drew at the last bigger houses than he ever had again. How she learned it all you couldn't tell, but the night we all turned out to see her in *The Rover's Bride* you'd have said yourself she was wonderful—painted of course, and fixed off, but a voice that made you cry, an' a way just as natural as if she believed every word she said. An' when she came out the third time, after such a stamin' an' callin' as you never heard, with her eyes shinin' an' *such* a smile, I cried with all my might.

"It was the very next day. Charley Calkins was bar-tender in a saloon, but getting off whenever he could to see Nan act. That was another thing. She wouldn't take any fancy name, but was Nan Evans straight through—on the bills an' everywhere—an' every one she'd grown up with went to see her, an' felt sort of proud to think she belonged to the Fourth Ward. An' a strange thing was, that, though so many were after her, she never seemed to care for anybody but this Charley, that had knocked her round himself, though he wouldn't let anybody else.

"Well, the old woman that had taken her first was dyin'. She was Charley's aunt, an' so she sent for him, for want of any other relation, an' told him she'd a little money for him, an' was a mind to give a little to Nan. Charley said, 'All right!' He knew she most likely had a good bit, for they often do, but then he said, 'You've always kept to yourself where you got Nan, an' I'm a mind to know.'—'Simpson's, up the Bowery,' she said; an' that was the very last word she ever spoke. She left thirteen hundred dollars in the Bowery Bank, an' it seemed as if there were odd sums in every bunch of rags in the room, so that Charley had enough to set him up pretty well. An' it didn't take him long after he started his own saloon near the theatre to find out, among all the Simpsons, the woman that had had Nan. She had her store still, an' a young woman to help her, an' she cried a little when Charley told her.

But she was a member of the Mott Street Church, an' when she said, 'Where is she now? and why don't she come herself?' an' Charley said, 'She couldn't, because rehearsal's going on,' she looked at him.

"Re- what?" says she.

"Re-hearsal: she's an actress," says he; an' she shut her eyes up as if the sight of him after such words was poison.

"I want nothing to do with her," says she. 'I've had my fill of sorrow an' trouble from wickedness. You can go, an' say no more.'

"This didn't suit Charley, for he knew how Nan kept herself sort of respectable even when she was with the worst, an' he was bound to find out all he could.

"Well, he hung on an' asked questions till he'd found out all there was, an' that was little, as you know. But Nan had wondered many a time where she came from, an' if she'd ever belonged to anybody, an' he wanted to be the first one to tell her. He scared the old lady, for he wasn't long from the Island, where he'd been sent up for assault an' battery, an', do what you would to him, clothes nor nothin' could ever make him look like anything but a rough. But he was bound to know, for he thought there might be money belonging to her or folks that would do for her. There wasn't a soul, though, that he could find out, an' the next thing was to go to Nan an' tell her about it. They'd have been wiser to have waited a day, till the old lady'd a chance to quiet down and think it all over; but he went straight to Nan an' told her he'd found some of her folks; an' she, without a word, put on her hat an' went with him. If she'd been alone it might have been better, for Charley seemed worse than he was. The old lady was in the room back of the shop, neat as a pin, an' Nan looked as if she was looking through everything to see if she could remember.

"An' when the old lady saw her there was a minute she cried again an' took hold of Nan. 'It's her very look,' she said, 'an' her hair an' all;' but then she stiffened. 'I've no call to feel sure,' she said, 'but if you are Nan, an' want to be decent, an' will give up all your wicked-

ness, an' come here an' repent, I'll keep you.'

"'Wickedness?' Nan says, sort of bewildered—'repent?'

"I don't know as it would do, either,' the old lady said, beginning to be doubtful again. 'A lost creature, that's only a disgrace, so that I couldn't hold my head up, any more'n I can when I think how Pete went: I couldn't well stand it.'

"You won't have to," said Nan, with her head high. 'I did think I'd found some folks, but it seems not;' an' out she went.

"Charley shook his fist an' swore. 'Nice folks, Christians are!' he said. 'I like 'em, — 'em! I'd like to burn her shop over her head!'

"Nonsense!" Nan said, as if she didn't mind a bit. 'I thought it would feel good to have somebody I belonged to, but it wouldn't. I never could stand anything like her shaking her head over me; but it's strange how I've always been hoping, an' now how I don't care.'

"Then Charley told her she'd better go home with him: he'd got a comfortable, nice place, an' he'd never bother her. They'd talked it over many a time, but she'd held off, always thinking she might find her folks.

"Marriage didn't mean anything to either of them. How could it, coming up the way they had? though she'd never been like the other girls. You can't think how they could be the heathen they were? Remember what you've seen an' heard in this very place, an' then remember that ten years ago, even, a decent man or woman didn't dare go up these alleys even by daylight, an' the two or three missionaries were in danger of their lives; an' you'll see how much chance they'd had of learning.

"Nan wasn't sixteen then, an' she didn't think ahead, though if she had likely she would have done the same. She had her choice, but she'd always known Charley, an' so it ended that way.

"Then came a long time when my own troubles were thick, an' I went off to the country an' lost sight of her. It was two years before I came back, an'

then everything was changed. All that set I'd known seemed to have gone to the bad together—some in prison and some dead. Jerry was out then, an' we were married an' began together in the little room down the street; an' now I thought often of Nan. They told me Charley was drinkin' himself to death, an' that she was at the theatre still, an' kept things goin' with her money, an' that he knocked her round, when he was out of his head, the worst way. It wasn't long before I went to her. She looked so beautiful you wouldn't think a fiend could want to hurt her, an' her eyes had just the look of that picture. I told her how I had turned about, an' how happy we both were, in spite of hard times an' little work; but she listened like one in a dream, an' I knew enough to see that I should have to tell her many times before she would understand or care. But she seemed so frail I couldn't bear to leave her so. An' the worst of it was, that she'd begun to wish Charley would marry her, an' he thought it was all nonsense, an' swore at her if she said a word about it. She'd been gettin' more and more sensible, an' he'd just been goin' the other way, but she kept her old fondness for him. I said nothing then, but one day I found her cryin', an' her arm so she could hardly move it; an' it came out he'd knocked her down, an' told her she could clear out when she liked, for he was sick of her pale face an' her big eyes an' her airs, an' meant to bring a woman there with some life in her.

"Things don't come out as we plan," she said. "I was going to be a lady, but I forgot that anybody had anything to do with it but myself. An' now I can't go to any decent place, an' Charley doesn't want me any longer. See how nice it all looks here, Maria. I've fixed it myself, an' I've always been so glad that after the play was over I could come home—not to somebody else's room, but my own place—an' I never thought there was any reason why it wouldn't always be my place. Men aren't like women. I was true to Charley, and I'll never think of anybody else; but he says I must get out of this."

"Well, I wanted her to understand that I knew plenty would help her, an' I tried to tell her she could begin a different life; but she just opened her eyes, astonished at me.

"You think I'd go to one of those Homes?" she said. "You're crazy. I can make my livin' easy enough at the theatre, even if I'm not so strong as I was. What have I done more than anybody, after all? Do you think I'd be pointed at an' talked over the way those women are? I'd throw myself in the river first! I've learned enough these years. I go to church sometimes, an' hear men in the pulpit talk about things I know better than they do. I've found out what the good people, the respectable people, are like. I've found out, too, what I might have been, an' that if I live a thousand years I never can be it in this world; an' that's one reason I thought Charley might be willing to marry me. But I shall never say anything more now, for, you see, it isn't goin' to make so very much matter. I had a bad cold in the spring, an' the doctor said then I must be very careful or I should go with consumption. See my arm? They said the other day I'd have to do something to plump up, but I never shall: I'm goin', an' I'm glad of it."

"Then, if that's got to be, let it be goin' home," I said. "Nan, there's everything waitin' for you if you'll only take it. Come down to one of the meetin's an' you'll hear. Won't you?"

"I don't understand it," she said. "Everything's in a twist. Years an' years and never hear of God, an' not a soul come near you to tell about Him, an' all at once they say He loves you, and always has. Bah! If He loved, an' people think about it as they pretend, how dare they let there be such places for us to come up in? If God is what they say, He ought to strike the people dead that keep Him to themselves till it is too late for us ever to be helped. There! I won't talk about it. I don't care: all I want is quiet, an' I'll have it soon."

"I saw there was no use then, an' I made up my mind. I'd seen this Mrs.

Simpson, for Nan had told me when it all happened, an' I'd gone to the store on purpose; an' I went straight there. 'I've come from Nan,' I said, 'but she doesn't know it. She's a dyin' girl, an' as you helped the father I want you to help the daughter. You're a Christian woman, an' the only soul belongin' to her, an' the time's come to do something.'

''The father was decent,' she said: 'I've nothing to do with street-women.'

''It's through your own son that she grew up to know no better,' I said, for I knew the whole story then, though nobody did when she was down there. 'It's for you to give her your hand now, an' not throw it up to her, any more'n the Lord when he said, "Go, and sin no more." She's in trouble an' sick, and doesn't know what way to turn, an' sore-hearted; an' if you would go to her in the right way you might save a soul, for then she'd believe people meant what they said.'

''She's the same to me as dead,' she said. 'I mourned her sharp enough, but it ain't in nature to take one again after they've been thought dead; an' you know they're straight from corruption itself. There's places for her to go if she's tired of wickedness, but I don't want to see her bold face, an' her head high, as if she was respectable. An' I don't want to be plagued no more. I don't deny I lotted on her before she was took away, but I never want to think about her again; so you needn't come nor send. I've said my say, an' I hope the Lord will save her.'

''It's good He's more merciful than His creatures,' I said; an' I went away more angry than I ever want to get. I couldn't quite make it out—I can't to this day—how she could mourn so over the child, an' yet never have a thought for all the years she'd had to suffer.

"There came a month that everything crowded. I thought of Nan, but couldn't go up, till one day Tom Owens came in—you know him—an' he said, 'It's all up with Charley Calkins.'

''How?' I said.

''Smallpox,' he said, 'an' Nan's dropped everything to nurse him. She'd left

there, they said, an' the woman he brought in to take her place cut the minute she found he had the smallpox. He won't live, they say.'

"This was before they were so particular about carrying them off to hospital. The house was cleared an' the saloon shut up, but Nan was allowed to stay because she'd been exposed anyway, an' it was no use to send her off. He had it the worst way, an' he'd scream an' swear he wouldn't die, an' strike out at her, though he couldn't see, his face and eyes bein' all closed up. It didn't last but a week, and then he died, but Nan hadn't taken off her clothes or hardly slept one instant. He was stupid at the last, an' when she saw he was gone she fell on the floor in a faint; an' when she come to the blood poured from her mouth, an' all they could do was to take her off to the hospital. She didn't take the smallpox, but it was a good while before she could be let to see anybody. When they thought it was safe she sent for me, but it was hard to think it could be the same Nan I'd known. Every breath come with pain, and she was wasted to a shadow, but she smiled at me an' drew me down to kiss her. 'You see, I sha'n't be troubled or make trouble much longer,' she said, 'but oh, if I only could rest!'

"Poor soul! She couldn't breathe lyin' down, nor sleep but a bit at a time, an' it was awful to have her goin' so, an' she not twenty.

"I knelt down by her. She had a little room to herself, for she had some money yet, and I prayed till I couldn't speak for crying. 'Nan, Nan!' I said, 'you're goin' straight to the next world, an' you've got to be judged. What will you do without a Saviour? Try to think about it.'

"She patted my hand as if I were the one to be quieted. 'Don't bother,' she said: 'I don't mind, an' you mustn't. If He's as good as you say He'll see that it's all right. I'm too tired to care: I only want to get through. There's nothing to live for, an' I'm glad it's 'most over. I want you to come every day, for it won't be long.'

''Let me bring Jerry,' I said, but she

only laughed. She'd known him at his hardest, an' couldn't realize he might be different; but after a week or two she let him come, an' she'd lie an' listen with a sort of wonder as she watched him. But nothing seemed to take hold of her. She looked like a flower lyin' there, an' you'd think her only a child, for they'd cut her hair, and it lay in little rings all over her head; an' Jerry just cried over her, to think that unless she hearkened she was lost. She liked to be read to, but you couldn't make her believe, somehow, that any of it was real. 'I'd believe it if I could,' she said, 'but why should I? I don't see why you do. It sounds good, but it doesn't seem to mean anything. Why hasn't anybody ever told me before?'

“Try to believe, only try!’ I’d say. ‘Ask God to make you. He can, and He will if you only ask;’ but all she’d say was, ‘I don’t seem to care enough. How

can I? If it is true He will see about it.’

“That was only a day or two before the end. The opium, maybe, hindered her thinkin’, but she looked quiet an’ no sign of trouble between the coughing-times. The last night of all I stayed with her. They said she would go at daybreak, an’ I sat an’ watched an’ prayed, beggin’ for one word or sign that the Lord heard us. It never came, though. She opened her eyes suddenly from a half sleep, and threw out her hands. I took one, but she did not know me. She looked toward the east and smiled. ‘Why! are you coming for me?’ she said, and then fell back, but that look stayed—a smile as sweet as was ever on a mortal face. An’ that’s why I never can help sayin’, ‘Lord have mercy on her!’ and do you wonder even when I know better? But—”

HELEN CAMPBELL.

MY TREASURE.

UNDER the sea my treasure lies—
 Only a pair of starry eyes,
 That looked out from their azure skies
 With innocent wonder, sweet surprise,
 That they should have strayed from Paradise.

Under the sea lies my treasure low—
 Little white hands like flakes of snow,
 Once soft and warm; and I loved them so!
 Ah! the tide will come and the tide will go,
 But their tender touch I shall never know.

Under the sea—oh, wealth most rare!—
 Are silken tresses of golden hair,
 Each amber thread, each lock so fair,
 Gleaming out from the darkness there,
 With the same soft light they used to wear.

Under the sea—oh, treasure sweet!—
 Lies a curl-crowned head and tiny feet

That in days gone by, when the shadows fleet
 Were growing long in the darkening street,
 Came bounding forth their love to meet.

And I sometimes think, as down by the sea
 I sit and dream, that there comes to me
 From my darling a message that none may see,
 Save those who can read love's mystery
 By Nature written on leaf and tree.

Strange things to my spirit-eyes lie bare
 In the azure depths of the summer air:
 Through the snowy leaves of the lily fair
 Gleams her pure white soul, and I compare
 Its golden heart to her sunny hair.

The perfume nestling among the leaves,
 Or blown on the wind from the autumn sheaves,
 Is her spirit of love, my soul believes;
 And while my stricken heart still grieves
 That gentle presence its pang relieves.

A shell is cast by the waves at my feet,
 With its wondrous music low and sweet;
 And in its murmuring tones I greet
 The voice of my love, while its crimson flush
 From her fair young cheek has stolen the blush.

Mid white foam, tossed on the pebbly strand,
 I catch a glimpse of a waving hand:
 'Tis a greeting that well I understand;
 But to those who see not the soul of things
 'Tis only the spray which the wild wave flings.

The pearl's rare whiteness, the coral's red,
 From the brow and the lip of my beautiful dead
 Their soft tints stole when her spirit fled;
 And it seems to me that sweet words, unsaid
 By my darling, gleam through the light they shed.

Thus down by the sea, in the white sunshine,
 While the winds and the waves their sighs combine,
 I sit, and wait from my love a sign;
 And a message comes to my waiting eyes
 From under the sea where my treasure lies.

H. L. LEONARD.

ON SPELLING REFORM.

THE agitation for "reform" in English spelling continues, but, so far, without involving anything that can be properly called discussion. Discussion implies argument on both sides—a striking by twos. Most of the appeals to the public on this subject, whether through the newspapers and magazines or on the platform, have been made by the advocates of the movement. The other side, if another side there be, has been comparatively silent, uttering occasionally only words of dissent. I presume this follows a law of Nature: those who favor movement move, and those who desire peace keep it and are still. But it ought not to be inferred that the noise made by the "spelling reformers" is representative of the scholarship of the country, or that the silence of the conservatives indicates acquiescence in all the propositions suggested and urged by the radicals. There is much that can be said that has not been said. Some late announcements on the part of those who advocate the evisceration of the English language and literature are of a kind to call for some reply. I have no desire, at present, to enter into an elaborate discussion of the merits or demerits of the new departure in literature. The present agitation is only a skirmish, and ought not to be dignified by the title of a battle: whether we shall have a battle on this skirmish-line remains to be seen.

In the January number of the *Princeton Review* there appeared a paper from the pen of Professor Francis A. March in commendation of the "reform." The professor is one of the most active as well as able of those who have spoken on that side, and, while he incidentally and modestly crowns Mr. George P. Marsh as chief of the movement, his fellow-soldiers, if they are wise, will bestow the crown upon him. In the article referred to the professor emphasizes his earnestness by securing the printing of his admirable paper in the peculiar orthography

he advocates. This orthography is practically the same as that advocated and contended for by the American Philological Association and the Spelling-Reform Association. Any criticism, therefore, of the peculiar orthography of the professor's paper is a criticism of the adopted orthography of the whole body of "reformers," so far as they are agreed, for in some details they still disagree.

The readers of the professor's paper will notice that in a large number of words the usual terminal *ed* is changed to *t*. This is in accordance with one of the rules recommended by the Spelling-Reform Association and laid down authoritatively by the American Philological Association. The phrasology of the rule is to make the substitution wherever the final *ed* "has the sound of *t*." It is to the professor's application of this rule that I now desire to call the attention of the reader. The "reformers" write *broacht*, *ceast*, *distinguisht*, *establisht*, *introduc't*, *past*, *prejudic't*, *pronounc't*, *rankt*, *pluckt*, *learnt*, *reduc't*, *spell*, *trickt*, *uneartht*, and assert that they write the words as they pronounce them. In the rule given by the A. P. A. for the substitution of *ed* for *t*, *lasht* and *imprest* are given as examples.

All of us are undoubtedly aware of the ease with which the sound represented by *ed* can be reduced to a *t*-sound in vocalization. But even if the sound of *t* is given at the termination of the words named, not much is gained by the "reform" in the actual use of the words. On the contrary, it adds another tangle in the skein which children at school must untangle. It either forms another class of regular verbs, or swells the already almost unmanageable list of irregular verbs. In either case it is shifting the burden from the shoulders of adults to those of children, already, as the reformers tell us, overburdened and overworked. When a man really and sincerely asks himself the question, "Do I pro-

nounce *lashed* as though written *lasht*?" and tests his own practice in that respect, it will not take him long to determine that he does not know. It requires a very delicate ear to make the determination. This may also be said of most of the words quoted above. The terminal *ed* means something: it means what it purports to mean when used. The *t* may have a meaning, but that meaning cannot accompany it when it acts as a substitute for *ed*. The common-sense view would be, in cases of doubt, to use letters with a significance you desire to convey by their use.

In the paper to which I have referred Professor March informs us that "what the scholars want for historical spelling is a simple and uniform fonetic system, which shall record the current pronunciation." This assumption is not accidental, I think, nor is the spirit of the Pharisee confined to Professor March. Nearly all of the advocates of this special "reform" assume the prerogative of determining who are and who are not "scholars." In the same paper the professor says: "The scholars proper have, in truth, lost all patience with the etymological objection. 'Save us from such champions!' says Professor Whitney: 'they may be allowed to speak for themselves, since they know best their own infirmity of back and need of braces: the rest of the guild, however, will thank them for nothing.'" Again: "In conclusion, it may be observed that it is mainly among *half-taught dabblers* in filology that etymological spelling has found its supporters. *All true filologists* and filological bodies have uniformly denouced it as a monstrous absurdity, both from a practical and a scientific point of view." The professor also quotes approvingly Professor Lounsbury as saying that the "spelling reform numbers among its advocates *every linguistic scholar* of any eminence whatever." Of course, these statements, whether made by Professor March or by the distinguished scholars whom he cites, are strong arguments. That the professor so considers them is, attested by the logical conclusion drawn from them in

the very next paragraph after the one in which they are given. There he says: "It may be taken, then, as certain, and agreed by all whose judgment is entitled to consideration, that there are no sound arguments against fonetic spelling to be drawn from scientific and historical considerations."

We always forgive something to enthusiasts and reformers. They are expected to effervesce once in a while, and when they indulge in gush and self-appreciation it is taken as a matter of course. Whether or not it strengthens or weakens their arguments is yet to be determined. At any rate, the exhibit that is made of them and of their intemperance is furnished by themselves.

There is an illogical argument for the new spelling drawn from the published facts of illiteracy. We are told that the last national census reports 5,658,144 persons, ten years of age and over, who cannot read and write, and this number is said to be "one-fifth of the whole population." The census of 1870 reports a total population of 38,558,371, and a total of illiterates, ten years of age and over, of 5,660,074, which is only 14½ per cent. of the total population. This is nearer one-seventh than one-fifth. This "one-fifth" the professor compares with the number of illiterates in other countries in order to bring discredit upon the English language, showing by the comparison that there is a larger percentage of illiterates where the English language is spoken and written than in non-English Protestant countries. He reports illiterates in England at 33 per cent. of the population. "In other Protestant countries of Europe they are comparatively few. In Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway there are none to speak of; in Germany, as a whole, they count 12 per cent., but some of the states have none." Professor March asserts that "one of the causes of the excessive illiteracy among the English-speaking people is the difficulty of the English spelling;" and his argument proceeds on the assumption that this is in fact the main cause.

Even if assent be given to the state-

ment that the difficulty attendant upon the acquisition of correctness in English orthography is one of the causes of English and American illiteracy, the next step is to determine the force and efficiency of the cause in that direction; and this determination cannot be had on the basis of bald, unguarded and extravagant statements such as I have cited. The illiteracy of the American people must not be judged by the bare figures given above. The census returns furnish data for a more just discrimination. The statistician must not forget the item of 777,864 illiterates of foreign birth going to swell the grand total. This leaves 4,882,210 native-born illiterates—a percentage of less than 13. Of the native-born illiterates reported by the census returns, there are 2,763,991 reported as colored. This number is more than one-half the colored population, and also over one-half of the whole number of reported native illiterates. I think none of the reformers would insist that the illiteracy of the colored population ought to be charged to "the difficulties of English spelling"—I hardly need to state why: the reason will readily suggest itself to all.

Eliminating from the problem the foreign and colored factors, we find a native white population in 1870 of 28,121,816, and native white illiterates, of ten years of age and over, to the number of 2,102,670—less than 7½ per cent. Of this number of native white illiterates, 1,443,956—two-thirds of the whole—are reported from the States lately known as Slave States. In these States, as is well known, there are peculiar reasons for the illiteracy of the white as well as of the colored native, outside of any consideration of the difficulty of mastering English orthography. This survey takes no account of the native children with foreign parents, as it would not materially disturb the percentage, nor of the populations of New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California and Colorado, all largely settled by Mexicans and Spaniards, among whom there is doubtless a larger percentage of illiterates than among the same number of native whites in the Northern States. If account be taken of all these elements,

I think the percentage of illiterates proper to be charged up to the English language and American institutions would be reduced to about 3¼ per cent.

The next consideration is as to the cause of this large percentage of illiterates among the native white population of the United States. Professor March ascribes it in part to "the difficulties of the English spelling," and he adds: "We are now having earnest testimony to this fact from scholars and educators in England." He names Max Müller and "Dr. Morell, one of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools," and quotes from both of them. Dr. Morell states that in some examinations for the civil service, out of 1972 failures, "1866 candidates were plucked for spelling; that is, eighteen out of every nineteen who failed, failed in spelling." Max Müller, as quoted, bears testimony to the fact that in the public schools of England 90 per cent. fail "to read with tolerable ease and expression a passage from a newspaper, and spell the same with tolerable accuracy." This is the substance of the "earnest testimony" from "scholars and educators in England." All this testimony has been previously given by the same "reformer" and by others without variation or corroboration. The facts stated seem to be isolated ones, as well as "grand, gloomy and peculiar." One swallow does not make a summer, nor do one eminent philologist and one uneminent educator make "scholars and educators." But when the testimony is carefully viewed, what does it amount to? Some of the very elements necessary in the consideration of the testimony are wanting. What was the extent of the failures by the candidates for civil service? Did they miss one word or more? Were they more deficient in spelling than in other branches? Of the 90 per cent. of the public-school pupils who failed, what is the class composing those pupils? Were they as deficient in other branches as in spelling? What were the newspaper passages selected for trial? What is meant by "tolerable ease and expression" and "tolerable accuracy"? According to the testimony itself, the reference of Max Müller is to the "new

schools" established since the late extension of education in England. Confessedly, then, this applies to classes of pupils who had formerly been deprived of educational advantages and privileges. It is a wonder that 10 per cent. were successful. The testimony furnished is more "earnest" than valuable.

The state of education in Protestant countries where other languages than the English are spoken is taken as a conclusive argument for the efficiency of phonetic orthography. Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland are named as shining exemplars in this regard. It is because the languages of those countries are orthographic models that the people are so highly educated. The general fact is incontrovertible that among those people there is less illiteracy than among those who speak the English language. As Switzerland has no national language, the Swiss people should not have been named except in company with those others whose languages they use. But the bare fact of the smaller percentage of illiteracy among the people above named is not conclusive as to the retarding and depressing influence which the "difficulties of English spelling" have upon the spread of education among the American people. In Denmark attendance upon school for seven years by every child of school age is compulsory. The number of children of school age for 1876 was 200,761, while the number in attendance upon the public schools was 194,198, the attendance being 96 per cent. of the whole number of children of school age. In addition to the attendance upon the public schools, there were 13,994 in attendance upon private schools: some of these evidently were above or below school age. We thus see how efficiently the compulsory system is enforced. This system is not new to that country, but has been in existence for many years, and the results seem to justify the statement in the *Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1871*, that "even among the lower classes a remarkable knowledge of general history and geography, but more especially of Scandinavian literature and history," is found.

In Norway, as in Denmark, from the eighth to the fifteenth year attendance upon school is obligatory. In 1866, of a total of 212,137 country children of school age, 206,623, or more than 97 per cent. of the whole, were in attendance at school. In the towns and cities less than 1 per cent. failed to attend school. In Sweden compulsory attendance upon school is the rule. In 1868, of the whole number of children of school age, the average attendance amounted to 97 per cent.

There is no general or national system of common-school instruction in Switzerland. Each canton regulates its own schools. There, as in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, attendance upon schools is made compulsory. In 1870 the attendance of children between six and thirteen years of age was between 95 and 96 per cent. of the whole school population.

Now, what kind of a school system have we in the United States? Here, as in Switzerland, there is no general or national system of school instruction. Each State regulates its own schools in all details. In 1870 the total school population, excluding the Territories, in the United States was 14,093,778; the number actually enrolled in the public schools was 8,881,848, or 63 per cent. of the whole; and the average daily attendance upon the public schools was 4,886,289, or a little over 34½ per cent. of the school population. An inclusion of the Territories in the computation does not vary the percentage in any appreciable degree. In the Northern States only, excluding the Territories, and excluding also Minnesota and Wisconsin, whose returns I have not at hand, there were 8,364,841 school population, while the average daily attendance was only 3,720,133, a trifle over 44 per cent.

In the United States there is practically no compulsory attendance upon school. Schools are provided by the State, and the children attend or refrain from attendance as suits the convenience or wish of the pupils or their parents. That compulsory attendance upon school is productive of a wider and more thorough diffusion of knowledge is probably conceded by all. At least, educators so

urge. What would Professor March have? Does he expect to find education as thorough and general among a people of whose school population less than one-half are in usual attendance at school, and less than two-thirds even enrolled as occasional attendants at school, as among a people with whom over 95 per cent. of the school population are in constant and habitual attendance? When we consider the published school statistics of this nation, it is no wonder that about one-seventh of the whole are unable to read and write. Shall we give no credit to compulsory systems of education, and still insist that the illiteracy of the United States is caused in any appreciable degree by the "difficulties of English spelling"?

Early in 1879, Professor Edward North assured us that the Italians and Spaniards have discarded *ph* for *f* in *philosophy* and its fellows. Professor March gleefully records that "the Italians, like the Spaniards, have returned to *f*. They write and print *filosofia*" for *philosophia*, and *tisica* for *phthisica*. Professor Lounsbury, in his elaborate articles in *Scribner* lately, commends the Italians for writing *tisico* and the Spaniards for writing *tisica*. These of course are commendations of those peoples for the simplicity of their orthography, and they are mentioned as worthy examples for us. Yet we are not advised by either of the three professors named that the Italians and Spaniards are for that reason gaining upon the English people in intelligence, educational progress and culture. No statistics are advanced disclosing the narrow percentage of illiteracy found in Italy and Spain, and a comparison made between that narrow percentage and the wide percentage already advertised as existing in English-speaking states. If "the difficulties of English spelling" be a serious cause of illiteracy in England and the United States, the simplicity of the Italian and Spanish spelling ought to be a cause of high proficiency in literary and educational attainments among the people of Italy and Spain. A commendation of those two nations for their taste in discarding "Greek orthography" to be ef-

fective ought to be supplemented with some evidence of the usefulness of that operation. Unless so supplemented, the commendation can have no weight as an argument. The Anglo-Saxon race has not been accustomed to follow the Latins in literary and educational matters. The past and present condition of those two countries affords no guarantee that their adoption of the so-called simpler spelling is commendable. There are persons whose corroboration of a statement adds no weight to it with their neighbors. It adds no force to the arguments of the "reformers" that the Italians and Spaniards endorse them.

The demand for "spelling reform" is based upon the assumption that the pronunciation constitutes the word—in other words, that the real word is the breath by means of which it is uttered. In the word *wished* philologists assure us that the letters *e d* are remains of *did*, as if it were written *did wish*; and it certainly has that sense. It is proposed to substitute *t* for the *ed*, because, we are told by the "reformers," the *t* represents the sound given to those two letters. Of course the *t* stands for nothing: it does not represent any idea. It is only a character, and its pronunciation only a breath, without any significance. The new word cannot mean *did wish*. The "reformers" must contend that *wisht* is the real word, or their position cannot be maintained for an instant. If the word still remains *wished*—"did wish"—though pronounced *wisht*, their proposition to conform the spelling to the pronunciation is laughable. There can be no conformation and the old words remain. Whenever a change is made in a single letter of a word, the word is broken: it is no longer the same word. The new form becomes a new word, and there can be no objection to any one giving to it any significance he chooses. In a certain sense, and also to a certain extent, letters are representative, and are not the real words. Before the arts of writing and printing were invented the sound of course constituted the representative of the idea sought to be conveyed. The invention of the arts of writing and printing brought into use other representatives

of ideas. The cuneiform characters and the hieroglyphics were representatives of ideas, though there could be no pronunciation of them. Letters came into use as representatives merely. In an age of printing it is hardly correct to say that they are only used to signify sounds. They are now more than that: they have become more important than the sounds even. They are now representatives of ideas, and not of sound. Modifications of pronunciation are taking place, and there are variations in the pronunciation of many words, but the word as written and printed is the arbiter.

In the Sanscrit we find the verb *kan* to see, and the later word *gna*, to know, as the result of seeing. The words are practically spelled alike, each beginning with a guttural sound. The latter could only have, at first, the idea of acquiring or possessing knowledge by sight. It is evident that the Greek *γινώσκω* and the Latin *gnosco* came directly from the Sanscrit *gna*, after the vowel between the guttural *g*, or *k* and *n*, had been eliminated; and it is also evident that the *g*, or guttural sound, with which *gna* and its Greek and Latin children began, was vocalized. The other branch of the Aryan family retained the vowel between the guttural sound and the terminal *n*. Hence we have the Gothic *kunnan*, *kænna*, Anglo-Saxon *cunnan*, German *kennen*, to examine, to know. Hence, also, our *can*, to know, to be able; *cunning*, knowing, skilful; and *know*, to perceive, to have knowledge of. While we pronounce *know* without the guttural sound, the word itself and the significance it embodies necessitate the continued use of the *k*. The sound of *know*, as we use it, gives no idea of sight or of knowledge or of ability. When we hear it articulated, and we understand that *know* is the word meant, we then recognize the sense intended to be conveyed. We are able to do this because of our ability to construct and give arbitrary significance to new words, and to transfer the sense of an old word to one newly formed. When any word is used in speech of which the pronunciation does not correspond with the letters with which the word is written,

we instinctively image the written or printed word in the mind, and others apprehend the sense intended. I am aware of a certain answer that may be made to this—namely, that illiterate persons are able to understand a word only from its sound as it falls on their ears; but I am speaking now of a civilized language as used by a civilized people, and illiterates and their language do not come under this purview.

The movement inaugurated by Professor March and his associates contemplates the displacement of the *k* or guttural sound from *know* and *knowledge*, both in writing and speaking. They say, in effect, if not in so many words, that because there is no guttural sound in the pronunciation, therefore there is none in the word. Some people say *again*, pronouncing the word as it is spelled: others say *agen*, as, I believe, Professor March does. These two classes mean the same thing, but it is quite evident that they do not say the same thing. *Ai* cannot be the equivalent of *e*. To so hold would be to make "confusion worse confounded" in English orthography. By one class of literary people *neither* is pronounced as though the *e* were absent, and by another class as though the *i* were not present. No one, I think, will contend for the identity, or even equivalence, of *i* and *e*. If not identical or equivalent, they must be different. If *ai* is different from *e*, then *again* and *agen* cannot be the same word, and if *i* and *e* are neither identical nor equivalent, *nither* and *neether* are two different words. The logic of the "reformers" would bring the utmost confusion into the language. It would make two separate words identical in significance. It would make into one word with four different meanings the four words *right*, *rile*, *write*, *wright*. The words *signet* and *signature* are formed from the stem *sign*, and yet the stem when standing alone has a different vocalization from what it has when used in the derivative words. By the logic of the "reformers" the word *sign* when used alone is not the same as the same letters, arranged in the same order, when used in *signature*, *signet*, *resignation* and the like. The word is

changed, but the original significance remains. When a person responds, even in writing, "It is me," grammarians say he is incorrect—that he ought to say "I." But he means the person and thing he would mean if he said "I." He simply spells "I" in a different way. Is he not just as correct as he who writes *no* when he means *know*? or he who writes *filos-opher* when he means *philosopher*?

But Professor March dogmatically says that "fonetic spelling does not mean that every one is to write as he pronounces or as he thinks he pronounces. There are all sorts of people. We must have something else written than 'confessions of provincials.'" This may be understood as modifying the idea expressed earlier in the same paper, that the proper function of writing "is truthfully to represent the present speech." But the difficulties to be encountered in an effort to make the present speech homogeneous will baffle the wisdom of the reformers. I will not answer the question now—I will only ask it: What is the present speech? Who is to determine that? "The scholars formally recognize that there is and ought to be a standard speech and standard writing." I do not quite seize the idea embodied in the above-quoted sentences about writing as we think we pronounce and about "confessions of provincials." We may agree that there ought to be, probably, a standard speech, both spoken and written. That we have the standard written speech must be confessed, or did have until Professor March and his collaborators began the publication of their ideas in "bad spelling." The spoken speech is far from homogeneity. Some of the most pretentious scholars assume that we have a standard of pronunciation. That the standard is not adhered to, and is therefore, to all intents and purposes, no standard at all, is evident. The learned or college-bred use one pronunciation, and for that class that is the standard. Those who are deficient in education do not follow that standard. As the educated seem to drift naturally to centres of population, there is assumed to be a city standard and a country standard of pronunciation. The professor tells

us that the country standard must be abolished, the city standard adopted, and then the new era will open out in beauty. Or does he mean, as his words are open to this meaning, that a spoken word is not *the* word unless it is spoken in accordance with the city or college-bred standard? But sound is sound, by whomsoever uttered, and if the word is mere sound a provincial can make words as well as any one else. The proposition is, *the* word is the word spoken and not the word written, unless the word is spoken by a provincial. To be *the* word, it must be intoned and articulated in accordance with the intonation and articulation of the *literati*. If this is the logical outcome of the position taken by the "spelling reformers," then we know our soundings.

We speak of *progress* in connection with intellectual, moral, religious, social and political matters and civilization. In the use of the word we discard its true meaning, "stepping forward" in a physical sense. We cannot have an idea that the mind or the morals or the manners take steps. So when we say we will consider a matter we do not necessarily mean that two or more of us will *sit together* about the matter. When we meet for *deliberation* there is no process of weighing intended, no proposal to use the scales, in arriving at a conclusion in the matter we have in mind. We *say* "stepping forward," "sitting together" and "weighing," but we *mean* something else. When Professor Whitney, in the quotation I have given in the early part of this paper, says of the spelling conservatives, "They know best their own infirmity of back," he has no idea that the back has anything to do with their refusal to follow him in his chimerical ramble after an ideal orthography. When Professor March, in the paper from which I have quoted, says that "a host of scholars are pursuing the historical study of the English language," he means something more than, and different from, what his words indicate, and he certainly doesn't mean what his words do indicate. The matter of pursuit is altogether one of physics. These words of an intellectual signif-

icance which I have noted are so used because we have no words in our language which have meanings such as those we attach to them. We are obliged to take words of a physical and material significance and use them as intimations of the sense we wish to convey. As men take a material substance—gold, silver, ivory, wood or stone—and use it as an image or symbol of the deity they worship, so we use words of a material sense to express, in some faint degree, the intellectual and moral ideas we desire to disclose.

The bald statement, expressed or implied, that the sounds we produce in our attempts to utter a word constitute the true word, requires some material modification, but to what extent it is not for me now to discuss. When that necessity for

modification is admitted by the reformers, it is for them to survey its limits. They are the aggressors in the contest that is precipitated. They must outline and define their own case.

There are many considerations favorable to a modification of the present spelling of several classes of words. A reform is needed, and must come, but it will not come, and ought not to come, with the character and to the extent desired by the "reformers." A reform that shall make the spelling better, and not merely make it over, should be aided by all admirers of the English language. The just limitations of that reform have not been indicated yet by any of the "reformers." That those limitations will soon be surveyed and marked I do not doubt.

M. B. C. TRUE.

AN OPEN LOOK AT THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

MACAULAY, in describing the rise of the two great parties which have alternately governed England during the last two centuries, traces the division to a fundamental distinction which "had always existed and always must exist," causing the human mind "to be drawn in opposite directions by the charm of habit and the charm of novelty," and separating mankind into two classes—those who are "anxious to preserve" and those who are "eager to reform." It seems to us extremely doubtful whether this theory, so neat and compact, so simple to state and so easy to illustrate, would suffice to explain all the struggles, great and small, that have agitated society, varying in character and circumstances, and ranging from fervent emulation to violent collision—from the ferment of ideas which is the surest sign of vitality to the selfish and aimless convulsions that portend dissolution. Applied to that condition of things by which it was suggested, the theory may be allowed to stand. The history of parlia-

mentary government in England, in recent times at least, presents a tolerably fair example of a contest between two parties composed respectively of men who desired and men who resisted innovation—of those who looked forward to an ideal future and those who looked back to an ideal past. That the former should triumph in the long run lay in the very necessity of things; but, whatever may be thought of the changes that have taken place, no one would venture to assert that the contest has ever been conducted with purely selfish aims; that no great principles were involved in it; that the general mass of the voters have been the mere tools of artful leaders; that appeals to the reason, or at least to the interests or the prejudices, of the whole nation or of different classes have been wanting on either side; that at any crisis there has been no discussion of measures, past or prospective, no talk of any question concerning the honor or welfare of the country; or that victory has ever been

achieved or contemplated by the employment of mere cunning or fraud. But in a state of things of which one might assert all this without fear of contradiction the existence of two parties, however evenly balanced, could hardly be accounted for by the sway in opposite directions of the charms of habit and of novelty and the natural antagonism between men who are anxious to preserve and men who are eager to reform. That such a state of things may actually exist there can be no doubt, since, if history had no example to offer in the past, one which is equally undeniable and conspicuous is presented by the United States at the present moment. Here is a people divided into two great parties, neither of which is anxious to preserve what the other would seek to destroy, or eager to reform anything which the other would leave untouched; no principle involving any question or policy of the present or the future is inscribed on the banner of either; no discussions are held, no appeals are put forth, with the object of convincing opponents, stimulating supporters, creating public opinion or arousing public sentiment: a great struggle is at hand, and all that any one knows about the nature of it is, that it concerns the possession of the government, and that the chiefs of the winning faction will reward as many as possible of their most active adherents by confirming them in office or appointing them to office—this being the one feature of the matter in which the "charm of habit" and "the charm of novelty" have a visible influence.

We shall probably be told in reply that this state of things is only momentary; that there is now a suspension of arms preparatory to the decisive conflict; that on each side, while the great host of warriors is at rest, the chiefs are in consultation, counting up their resources, preparing the plan of battle—above all, selecting the generalissimo; and that when these arrangements are completed and the time of action draws near the trumpets will give forth no uncertain sound, banners emblazoned with the most heart-stirring devices will be advanced, and

we shall fall into line according as our temperaments and sympathies incline us to join with those who are "anxious to preserve" or with those who are "eager to reform." It is of course certain that a few weeks hence the aspect will have changed in some respects: we shall have been told the names of the "candidates" whom we are to support or oppose; we shall hear all that can be learned or imagined about their characters and acts, and see them painted by turns as angels and demons; we shall also be reminded of the traditions which they represent or are figured as representing, and shall be assured that certain shibboleths and watchwords should be the objects of our veneration and certain others of our abhorrence, and that on our choice between them will depend the ruin or salvation of the country. But we shall be no wiser than we are now in regard to any one measure or set of measures affecting the welfare of the nation, and tending either to preserve or to reform, which one party proposes to carry out and the other to reject. The proclamations of each will be full of promises and disavowals, but these, it is very certain, will not touch a single principle of the least importance which will be disputed by the other. Each party will parade its "record," its glorious achievements in the past, when it carried the country triumphantly through dangers in which the other party had involved it; but on neither side will any distinctive line of policy be enunciated, for the simple reason that on neither side has any distinctive line of policy been conceived or even thought of. Finally, it is not at all certain that the battle will be decided by the usual and regular methods of political warfare—that "the will of the majority" will be allowed to express itself or suffered to prevail—that fraudulent devices or actual violence may not ultimately determine the result.

The inquiry naturally suggests itself how this state of things has been brought about—above all, whether it is, as many intelligent persons seem to suspect, an unavoidable outgrowth of democratic institutions. This, indeed, is a question important not only to us, but to all the

civilized nations of the world, for there is nothing more certain in regard to the present tendencies of civilization than that they are setting rapidly and irresistibly toward the general adoption of democratic forms of government. The oldest and greatest of the European nations, after trying almost every conceivable system, has returned, not so much from a deliberate preference as from the breakdown of every other, to that which had twice before failed as an experiment, but which now gives fair promise of successful and permanent operation—a republic based on universal suffrage. In many other countries what is virtually the same system in a somewhat different form seems to be firmly established, and in these the ever-potent example of France may be expected at some more or less remote conjuncture to bring about the final change that shall make the form and the name coincide with the reality. England, which at one time led the van in this movement, has been outstripped by several of the continental nations, but its constant, though somewhat zigzag, advances in the same direction cannot be doubted, while community of race and former relations make the comparison between its condition and prospects and those of the United States more mutually interesting and instructive than any that could be instituted between either and another foreign country.

We are aided in making this comparison by a lecture delivered recently before the Law Academy of Philadelphia, and since published as a pamphlet, in which form we hope it may obtain the wide circulation and general attention which it well merits. In a rapid sketch of the development and present working of the English constitution the author, Judge Hare, shows how the government, which, in theory at least, was originally a personal one, has come to be parliamentary and in the strictest sense popular, that branch of the legislature which is elected by the people having raised itself from a subordinate position "to be the hinge on which all else depends, controlling the House of Lords, selecting the ministers and wielding through them the

power of the Crown." Hence a complete harmony, which whenever it is broken is instantly restored, between the executive and the legislature, the latter in turn being the organ of the public sentiment, which acts through unobstructed channels and can neither be defied nor evaded. In America, on the other hand, to say nothing of those organic provisions of the Constitution which render the executive and the two branches of the legislature mutually independent, and sometimes, consequently, out of harmony with each other, divergent in their action and liable to an absolute deadlock, the method by which it was directly intended to secure the result that has been fortuitously obtained in England—namely, the selection of an executive by a deliberative assembly chosen by the people—has been practically subverted and its purpose utterly frustrated. The Electoral Colleges do not elect, but merely report the result of an election. This, on the surface, is a change in the direction of a more complete democracy. What was devised as a check on the popular impulse of the moment has broken down, and the people have taken into their own hands the mission they were expected to entrust to a small representative body. But, while thus assuming an apparently absolute freedom of choice, they virtually, and we may say necessarily, surrendered to small, nominally representative, bodies the designation of the persons between whom the choice must be made. These bodies, unknown to the Constitution, not elected or convoked or regulated by any processes or forms of law, have taken upon themselves all the functions of the electors, except that it is left to the people to throw the casting vote. Now, whatever may be thought of the actual workings of this system, it seems to us to be in itself the result of a change as natural and legitimate as any that has taken place in the practice of the English constitution. The Electoral College was one of those devices which are theoretically simple and beautiful, but which have never worked beneficially since the world began; and we have perhaps some reason to be grateful that it was virtually

superseded before it had time to become the focus of intrigue and corruption which was otherwise its inevitable fate. Since the choice of a President could not be remitted to one or both Houses of Congress—which would have been the least objectionable plan—and has devolved upon the people, some previous process of sifting and nominating is indispensable in order that there may be a real and effective election; and we do not see that any method of accomplishing this object could have been devised more suitable in itself or more conformable to the general character of our political system than that which has been adopted. Conventions representing the great mass of the electors and various shades of opinion might be counted upon to select the most eligible candidates—eligible, that is to say, in the sense of having the best chance amongst the members of their respective parties of being elected. For a long period this system worked sufficiently well. If the ablest men were not put forward, this was understood to be because they were not also the most popular. If the mass of the voters were not represented in the conventions, this was attributed to their own indifference or negligence. If a split occurred, leading to the nomination of different candidates by the same party, this was the result of a division of sentiment on some great question, and might be considered a healthy indication—a proof that the interests, real or supposed, of the country or some section of the country were the objects of prime consideration.

We do not, therefore, agree with those who hold that our institutions have deteriorated, or with those who think that democracy has proved a failure. On the contrary, we believe that a simpler democratic system, with fewer checks and balances, would be an improvement on our present Constitution. The framers of that Constitution had two apprehensions constantly before their minds—one, that of a military usurper overthrowing popular freedom; the other, that of an insurrectionary populace overthrowing law and government. Experience has shown that neither of these dangers

VOL. XXVI.—8

could be realized in a country and with a population like ours: the elements of them do not exist, nor are the occasions in the least likely to arise. The two great evils to which we are exposed are a breakdown of national unity and a decay of political life. The former evil—resulting from the magnitude of the country, the conflict of interests in its different sections, the State organizations and semi-sovereignty, and the consequent lack of that strong centralization of administrative powers and functions which, however much of a bugbear to many people's imaginations, is indispensable to a complete nationality—has threatened us in the past and may be expected to threaten us in the future. The latter evil threatens us now.

If we turn to England, we see political life in its fullest vigor. The recent election called forth nearly the entire force of the voting population, and the contest was carried on with well-directed vigor and amid almost unparalleled excitement. Questions affecting both domestic and foreign policy, and felt to be vital by the whole community, were ardently, persistently and minutely discussed in public meetings and at the hustings; and the general nature of the issue indicated with sufficient clearness the maintenance of the old division throughout the bulk of the nation between a party anxious to preserve and a party eager to reform. Men of the highest character and distinction in every walk of life were among the most ardent participants in the struggle; but no crowds of office-holders and office-seekers opposed each other *en masse* or were prominent in the struggle, the former having as a class nothing to fear, and the latter as a class nothing to hope, from the result. So far was the leader of the opposition from being suspected of a mere selfish desire to grasp the position to which in case of victory his pre-eminent ability and activity entitled him that it was altogether doubtful whether he would be willing to accept it. He and all the other men who marshalled or exhorted the opposing lines stood forth as the acknowledged representatives of certain principles and public measures,

and in that capacity alone were they assailed or defended. The contest was decided by strictly legal methods; no suspicion existed as to the inviolability of the ballot-boxes or the correctness and validity of the returns; and the cases in which corrupt or undue influence was charged were reserved for the adjudication of impartial tribunals.

No one supposes that the impending struggle in the United States will be of this nature. There is no question before the country involving the policy of the government or the interests of the nation. There are no leaders who are the representatives of any principle or idea. The ardor of the contest will be confined to the men whose individual interests are directly or indirectly at stake: the management of the contest will be wholly in their hands, and no security will be felt as to the legality of the result. Whatever display of popular enthusiasm may be made will be chiefly of a factitious nature. Such excitement as may be felt will be to a large extent of the kind which is awakened by a "big show" or an athletic contest. The general mass of the voters will no doubt fall into line in response to signals and cries which, though they have lost their original meaning, still retain a certain efficacy, but a great falling off from the old fervor and discipline will, we venture to think, be almost everywhere apparent. More intelligent persons will either stand aloof with conscious powerlessness or strike feebly and wildly from a sense of embitterment. The energy put forth will indicate disease rather than health; the activity exhibited will be not so much that of a great organism as of the parasites that are preying on it.

It cannot be denied that there is in this country a natural tendency toward political stagnation. With the exception of slavery and the questions arising from it—which fill, it is true, a large space in our history, but which must be considered abnormal in their origin—there has never been any great and potent cause of dissension, such as rises periodically in almost every country in Europe, setting class against class, changing the form

or character of the government and shaking the foundations of society. In England a gradual revolution has been always going on, and there have been several struggles even in the present century where a popular insurrection loomed in the background and was averted only by concession. Our institutions, on the contrary, have undergone no change and been exposed to no danger in any fundamental point. They were accepted by the whole people, and their stability was a subject of national pride. There were two great parties, each of which scented in every measure projected by the other a design to unsettle the balance between the States and the general government, but both claimed to be the guardians of the Constitution, and their mutual rancor was founded mainly on jealousy. But for the existence of slavery, and the inevitable antagonism provoked by it, there must have been a constant decrease of interest in political questions as it became more apparent that these could not affect the freedom and security which, coupled with the natural advantages of the country, afforded the fullest scope and strongest stimulant to industrial activity. The extinction of slavery was the cutting away of an excrescence: the wound under a proper treatment was sure to heal, and even under unwise treatment Nature has been doing her work until only a scar remains. Painful, too, as was the operation, its success has given the clearest proof of the health and vigor of our system, thus increasing the tendency to political inactivity and an over-exertion of energy in other directions. This in itself seems not to be a matter for alarm: if the latent strength be undiminished we can dispense with displays of mere nervous excitement. And, in point of fact, the latent strength is, we believe, undiminished; only, there is no general consciousness that it needs to be put forth, still less any general agreement as to how it should be put forth.

What has happened is, that not only has the stream of political activity been growing languid, but its channel is becoming choked. The noisome atmosphere that exhales from it causes deli-

cate people to avert their nostrils, timid people to apprehend a universal malaria, and many people of the same and other classes to assert that the sluices are not merely defective, but constructed on a plan totally and fatally wrong. Some bold and sagacious spirits have, however, taken the proper course in such cases by examining the obstructions and determining their nature and origin. According to their report, the difficulty lies not in any general unsoundness of the works, but in the failure to detect and stop a side issue from certain foul subterranean regions, the discharge from which becomes copious and offensive in proportion as the regular flood is feeble and low. In plainer words, we are told that the mode in which places in the public service are filled and held has made the active pursuit of politics a mere trade, attracting the basest cupidities, conducted by the most shameless methods, and putting the control of public affairs, directly or indirectly, into impure and incompetent hands. This view has been so fully elaborated, and the facts that confirm it are so abundant and notorious, that further argument is unnecessary. It is equally clear that the state of things thus briefly described has no necessary connection with democratic institutions. The spread of democracy in Europe has been attended by a gradual purification in the political atmosphere. The system of "patronage" had its origin in oligarchy, and wherever it is found oligarchy must exist in reality if not in name. Instead of being an inherent part of our institutions, it is as much an excrescence, an abnormal feature, as slavery was; but, unlike that, it might be removed with perfect safety and by the simplest kind of operation.

Here, then, is a question worthy to come before the nation as an issue of the first magnitude. Here is a thing affecting the interests of the whole country which some men are anxious to preserve and which others are eager to reform. It remains only to consider how it can best be brought before the nation.

We shall perhaps be told that it is already before the nation; that the account

we have given of the nature of the approaching contest is incorrect or incomplete; that on the skirts of the two parties is a body of "Independents," carrying the banner of Reform and strong enough to decide the contest and give the victory to whichever party will adopt that standard as its own.

Now, we have to remark that the tactics thus proposed have been tried twice before. Eight years ago the Reformers allied themselves with the Democratic party, which accepted their leader—chosen, apparently, because he was neither a Reformer nor a Democrat—and the result was not only defeat, but disgrace, with disarray along the whole of the combined line. Four years ago they adhered to the Republican party, having secured, by a compromise, the nomination of Mr. Hayes. Apart from the fact that Mr. Hayes was not elected, but obtained the position which he holds through, we will say, "the accident of an accident," his possession of the Presidency has not advanced the cause of Reform by a hair's-breadth. We do not need to discuss his appointments or his views or his consistency: it is sufficient to say that he has had neither the power nor the opportunity to institute Reform, and that no President, while other things are unchanged, *can* have that power and opportunity. The truth is, that there is a great confusion, both as to the object they have to aim at and as to the means of accomplishing it, in the minds of the Reformers. They talk and act continually as if their sole and immediate object were to secure the appointment to office of men of decent character and ability, and as if the election of a particular candidate for the Presidency, or even the defeat of a particular candidate, would afford a sufficient guarantee on this point. They are "ready to vote for any Republican nominee but Grant," and, in case of his nomination, to vote, we suppose, for any Democratic nominee but Tilden—certainly for Mr. Bayard. It may be safely admitted that no possible candidate for the Presidency enjoys a higher reputation for probity and general fitness for the place than Mr. Bayard—one reason, un-

happily, why he is not likely to be called upon to fill it. But, supposing him to be raised to it, what is one of the first uses he may be expected to make of it if not to turn out the solid mass of Republican office-holders and fill their places with Democrats? If Mr. Hayes, with whom the Reformers have been at least partially satisfied, had succeeded to a Democratic administration, can it be doubted that he would have made a similar change in favor of the Republicans? Is not every President bound by fealty to his party, consequently by a regard for his honor and reputation, to perpetuate a system which the true aim of Reform is to abolish?

Even if we should concede, what it is impossible to believe, that a President personally irreproachable might be trusted to make no unfit appointments, this would not reach the source of the evils of which we have to complain, which lies in the *method* by which appointments are made and in the *tenure* by which they are held. So long as the system of "patronage" and "rotation in office" prevails, little real improvement even in the civil service can be looked for. But improvement of the civil service, important as it is in itself, is an insignificant object of aspiration compared with the general purification of political life, the elevation of the public sentiment, the creation of a school of statesmanship in that arena which is now only a mart for hucksters, bargaining and wrangling, drowning all discussions and impeding all transactions of a legitimate nature. The class who fill that arena and block every avenue to it cannot be dispossessed so long as the system which furnishes the capital and material for their traffic remains unchanged. It is a matter of demonstration that if the civil service were put on the same footing as in England and other European countries, the machinery by which parties are now governed, not led, public spirit stifled, not animated, legislation misdirected or reduced to impotence, and "politics" and "politician" made by-words of reproach and objects of contempt, must decay and perish. We are not setting up any ideal state of things as

the result, but only such as shall show a conformity between our political life and our social life, exhibiting equal defects but also equal merits in both, affording the same scope to honorable ambition, healthy activity and right purpose in the one as in the other. We are not calling for any change in the character of our institutions or one which they afford no means of effecting, but the removal by a method which they themselves provide of an incumbrance which impairs their nature and impedes their working. No partial measure will suffice—none that will depend for its efficacy on the disposition of those whose duty it will be to enforce it—none that will be exposed to the attacks of those whose interest it will be to reverse it. The end can be secured neither by the action of the President nor by that of Congress. Reform, in order that it may endure and bear fruit, must be engrafted on the organic law, its principles made the subject of an amendment to the Constitution, in which they should have been originally incorporated.

It may be urged in reply that the present action of those who desire Reform is of a preliminary character; that they are simply grasping the instruments with which the work is to be done; that the ultimate object can be achieved only in the distant future, when the nation has been aroused to a sense of its necessity. But the question arises, Is their present action consistent with their principles and suited to advance their purpose? When they stand between the opposite parties, dickering with each in turn, ready to accept any candidate but one that either may put forward, inciting people by the prospect of their support to violate their pledges, are they introducing purer methods or giving their sanction to those which are now in use? Will any nomination they may obtain by such means bring the question squarely before the nation? Would a President elected by their aid be recognized by the country as the champion of Reform? Are they more likely to "capture" the party with which they connect themselves or to be captured by it? If they give their aid to the Democrats, will they expect the Democrats in

return to give aid to the cause of Reform? If they support a Republican candidate satisfactory to themselves, will not the lukewarmness or disaffection of large sections of the party ensure his defeat? If the "best man" on each side be nominated, are the Reformers secure against a division and melting away of their own unorganized and easily-disheartened ranks? Will the victory, in any case, be other than a party victory, leaving the fruits to be reaped and further operations to be planned by those who have organized and conducted the campaign?

We know well that it is only in a distant future that Reform can hope for a complete and assured success. But it is in a distant future that the greatest need for it, and with that need its opportunity, will arise. Serious as are the present effects of the virus that has stolen into our system, its malignant character and fatal tendency are apparent only to those who have made it the subject of a careful diagnosis. This in part accounts for the apathy of the great mass of the people under a state of things which in almost any other country would lead to a profound and general agitation. Another cause lies in the consciousness of a power to remedy all such evils by peaceful and ordinary methods; and a third, in the present lack of any organization for applying those methods. This lack will be supplied, and the first step toward a remedy taken, when, instead of a body of "Independents" making no direct appeal to the people, treating alternately with each of the two existing organizations, and liable to be merged in one or the other, we have a Reform Party standing on its own ground, assuming a distinctive character, refusing any junction or compromise with other parties, and trusting to the only means consistent with its aim and capable of attaining it. Eight years ago there was a junction with the Democrats, four years ago a compromise with the Republicans, and one or other of these courses is the only choice presented now. This policy can lead only to defeat or to an empty and illusive victory, worse than defeat.

Had a different policy been pursued in the past, the situation at present would, we believe, be a very hopeful one. It is impossible not to see that the existing parties are undergoing a disintegration which was inevitable from several causes, and which on one side at least would be far more rapid if a third party stood ready to profit by it. One cause of this disintegration is the natural tendency to decay of organizations that have lost their *raison d'être*—that have ceased to embody any vital principle and consequently to appeal to any strong and general sentiment. Another is the disgust inspired by the base uses to which they have been turned—a feeling shared by a far larger number of voters than those who have already proclaimed their independence. A third lies in the feuds among the leaders and managers of each party, who, having no longer any principle to represent or any common cause to contend for, have thrown away all pretence of disinterestedness and generous emulation and engaged in a strife of which the nature is undisguised and the effect easy to foresee. Thus it is that outraged principles work out their revenge, making their violators mutually destructive, and clearing a way for those who are prepared to assert and maintain them. In the Democratic party the breach may possibly be skinned over, though it can hardly be healed: in the Republican party it must widen and deepen. The latter stands now in a position analogous to that of the Whig party when it made its last vain attempt to elect its candidate, and shortly after went to pieces, the mass of its adherents going over to that meagre band which in the same election had stood firm around the standard of Liberty. It is for the Reformers to say whether they will contend for the inheritance which is legitimately theirs. With a cause so clear they have no right to intrigue and no reason to despair. They have on their side the best intelligence of the country, and consequently at their command the agencies which have ever been the most potent in the long run. What they need is faith, concert and consistency.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

EDELWEISS.

EVERYBODY has heard of it, and those who have been in Switzerland have seen in the shop-windows, if nowhere else, or in the hat of the man who leads their horse over the Wengern Alp, the little irregular, star-shaped flower with thick petals that look as if they were cut out of white flannel. People may not be certain how its name is pronounced—may call it *eedelwise*, or even *idlewise*—but as to its habits every one is fully persuaded in his own mind; that is to say, if one person believes that it grows on rocks, another is equally sure that it blooms under the snow, while in either case there is apt to be an impression that it is found only in regions where the foot of the ordinary tourist may not venture. The writer has found it, however, in various places perfectly accessible to good walkers or where a horse could carry those not in that category. Edelweiss certainly likes to grow among rocks, on the brink of a precipice or down the face of it, and out of reach if possible; but it will also nestle in the grass at some distance from the brink, and may be found even where there is no precipice at all.

The village of Zweisimmen is a quiet summer resort in the Upper Simmenthal, in the canton of Berne. The valley is green and peaceful, with chalets dotted over all the mountain-sides: the rocks of the Spielgarten tower on the one hand, the snow of the Wildstrubel closes the view to the south, where the Rawyl Pass leads to Sion in the valley of the Rhone, and, looking northward, the mountains grow more and more blue and distant in the direction of Thun. From Zweisimmen, on four excursions, the writer and others have had the pleasure of picking edelweiss. First, at the Fromattgrat. Horses and saddles are forthcoming when required, and the four legs go as far as the scattered chalets of Fromatt, the wide mountain-pasture which

is reached after a steady ascent of two hours and a half. Across from the chalets rises the *grat* or ridge where we have to seek our edelweiss. As we mount higher the gray masses of the Spielgarten seem very near: a fresh vivifying wind, the breath of the Alps, makes one forget how warm it was toiling up the gorge. The clouds are drawing around in white veils and sweeping down into the valley, quite concealing our destination at times, hiding even the members of the party from each other if they separate themselves a little. Our fine day takes on a decidedly doubtful aspect: nevertheless, after the first cry, "Here's some!" nobody thinks of impending discomforts. Here and there in the grass the soft white petals have opened, but where the *grat* sinks straight down for hundreds of feet it grows more abundantly, on the edge, and, alas! chiefly over the edge; and here a steady head and common prudence come in play. Furnished with those requisites, we can collect a bunch of edelweiss, and go on our way rejoicing even though the rain-drops begin to fall, the wind grows wilder, and presently hail comes in cutting dashes anything but agreeable to one's features. We go back along the ridge and descend to the broad-roofed chalet that lies invitingly below. It goes by the name of the Stierenberger Wirthschaft, and is known to all the cowherds round; but we want no doubtful wine, only fresh milk and thick cream in a wooden bowl, and a brown fluid called coffee. Bread we brought with us, not caring to exercise our teeth on last month's bake. In any case, nothing more solid than bread and cheese is to be found here, tavern though it is. A fire blazes in the first room, which has no window, and might properly be styled the ante-chamber of the cow-house, into which there is a fine view through an open door. Sixty tails are peacefully whisking to and fro, for in the middle of the day the cattle are housed to protect them

from flies. All the implements of cheese-making—the immense copper kettle, the presses, pails, etc.—are kept in the ante-chamber. After trying to dry ourselves at the hearth, and discovering that much hail comes down the great square chimney and very little smoke goes up, we are shown into the "best room," the furniture of which consists of a bed, a pine table and benches. In the adjoining apartment are two beds, the gayly-painted chest in which our hostess brought home her bridal outfit, and another table; while in both rooms the knives and forks are stuck in the chinks of the beams over the benches—a convenient arrangement by which one has only to stretch up an arm and take down from the ceiling whatever implement is needed. In most of these chalets a tall man might be embarrassed what to do with his head: it is only necessary to go into their houses to perceive that the Swiss mountaineers are short of stature. When the hail and rain have ceased we start downward over the hilly pastures, through pine woods and beside a rushing stream, into the valley, and so back to Zweisimmen.

Another excursion was to go up to the same inn, and thence to a little lake at the foot of the Seeberg, where edelweiss is again to be found. At Iffigen Lake it may also be had in abundance; and the fourth and last occasion on which we picked it was on the Rawyl Pass. From Zweisimmen one drives to Lenk, whence the fine glaciers of the Wildstrubel are in full view, then through the village and up a steep ascent, but a good carriage-road still, to the beautiful Iffigen Fall. The water descends almost perpendicularly over picturesque rocks from a great height, falling in long arrows that seem to hesitate and linger in mid-air, and then take a fresh swoop down: a rainbow spans it at the foot, where the mist rises. Here the carriage is left, and those who intend to ride take to the saddle. The way goes up steeply to the broad Iffigen Alp, shut in on either hand by Nature's towering gray battlements. Having reached the chalets at the farther end of the pasture, we find ourselves facing the solid rock and wondering what

next. Over the brow of the lofty parapet falls a little stream, looking like a white ribbon as it foams on its dizzy way. "The path certainly cannot be there," we say; but, as it happens, it is just there. It zigzags up, cut with infinite labor in the face of the mountain, like the famous Gemmi road from Loècheles-Bains, only that it is not so smooth and more picturesque. The Rawyl, like the Gemmi, is sometimes given the reputation of a dangerous pass, but in our party a lady rode the whole way without feeling the least uneasiness. The path goes up and up until it crosses the waterfall, where one is showered with cooling spray: soon after we are over the top of the rock and on plainer ground, but still mounting. A hut is passed where the guide says travellers can spend the night should it overtake them. There is indeed nothing to prevent their spending the night there, but also nothing to aid them in so doing: the place is uninhabited and unfurnished, the only sign that it is a shelter for human beings and not for cattle being a tiny stove in one corner, with a pile of wood. Now a small green lake lies beside the way, and then the chalet on the summit is in sight, and a cross that marks the boundary between the cantons of Berne and Valais. There the highest point of our journey is reached in two and three-quarter hours from where the carriage was left, and we walk nearly another hour on the level. Snow lies in wide fields in several places across the path: the pass is never wholly free from it, for what is rain in the valley is apt to be snow at seven thousand nine hundred feet, the height of the Rawyl. During this part of the way the scene is most wild and impressive: the dark masses of the Mittaghorn, the Rohrbachstein and Rawylhorn, and the dazzling glacier of the Wildhorn rise majestically into blue space, while from the granite summits to the very path under our feet there is nothing but rock, rock, rock! It is as if we were passing where the foot of man had never trod before, so solemn is the stillness here in the midst of the "everlasting hills." To see one solitary bird fitting fitfully from point to point only makes the loneliness seem

greater, and it is absolutely touching to find in a place like this the lovely little *Ranunculus alpestris* and *Ranunculus glacialis* forcing a way between the shingly stones and opening their delicate white petals to light and air. The purple *Linaria alpina* keeps them company, but it is only farther on, and as we come to green again, that asters, pansies and gentians gem the grass. Where the way begins to descend to Sion there is an enchanting view into the valley of the Rhone, and for a background to the picture a superb line of glaciers and snow-peaks, among them the Matterhorn. The path to Sion can be traced for some distance down, but our party intended to go back by the way it came; and while we still lingered, wandering among the knolls and rocks, we discovered edelweiss, faded and gray, however, for in these regions the latter part of August is too late to find it in perfection.

As American ladies have the reputation of being poor pedestrians, it may be of interest to add that ladies walked on all these excursions. G. H. P.

SPOILED CHILDREN.

It will always remain a mystery to sensible people why, when they are held to a rigid consistency, compelled to face palpable and indisputable facts, and to acknowledge that under all circumstances two and two make four, and never five, there is another class who from childhood to old age thrive on their mistakes, are never forced to pay the piper, and are granted the privilege of counting the sum of two and two as four when convenient, and five when they like, or a hundred if so it should please them.

These are the spoiled children of the world, whose fate it is to get the best of everything without regard to their deserts. Others may be warm, may shiver with cold, may be weary, may be ill, but they must not complain. The burden of lamentation comes from those who were never too warm or too cold, never weary or ill, but who tremble lest in some cruel way they should be forced to suffer, and thus provide against it beforehand. To these spoiled children the system of things in

general has no other design than to give them comfort in particular. And by some subtle law of attraction the good things of the world are almost certain naturally to gravitate toward them. They sleep well; they dine well; they are petted by everybody; they have no despairs; they never suffer from other people's mishaps.

A woman who marries one of these spoiled children may be sure of an opportunity to practise all the feminine virtues. She is certain to have been very much in love with him, for he was handsome, could dance and flirt to perfection, and was the very ideal of a charming lover. The little dash of selfishness in his ante-nuptial imperiousness and tender tyranny pleased her, for it seemed to be the expression of a more ardent love than that of every-day men. It depends very much upon her generosity and largeness of heart whether she soon wakes up to the fact that she has married a being destitute of sympathy, wholly careless and ignorant of others' needs and requirements, full of caprices, allowing every impulse to carry him away, and thoroughly bent on having his own will and bending everybody about him to his own purposes. Self-renunciation and absolute devotion and self-sacrifice are natural to women of a certain quality of intellect and heart, and possess the most powerful charm to their imagination, provided they can have a dash of romance or a kindling of sentiment. Hence this form of martyrdom offers the female sex the pose in which it has sat for its portrait all the centuries since civilization began, and the picture stands out impressively against a background we all can recognize. As a school for heroism nothing can equal marriage with a spoiled child.

But, although probably quite as many instances may be found in one sex as in the other, the characteristics of a spoiled child are distinctly feminine, and in no measure belong to robust masculinity. Thus, for a study, let us take a girl who from her cradle has found everything subordinate to her princess-like whims, inclinations and caprices, and has had her way by smiles and cajol-

eries or sobs and tears, as the case may be. She finds out at an early age that it is pleasanter and more profitable to be petted and pampered than to be forced to shift for herself. She learns that an easy little pitiful curve of her coral lips and upward glance of her baby orbs is answered by certain manifestations of tenderness and concern: thus she "makes eyes," flirts, as it were, before she can talk, and studies the art of successful tyranny. The nursery—in fact, the entire house—rejoices when she rejoices and trembles when she weeps. She wants everything she sees, and sulks at any superiority of circumstances in another; but then she sulks bewitchingly. Wherever she goes she carries an imperious sway, and keeps her foot well on the necks of her admirers.

The spoiled child blossoms into perfection as a young lady. That is her destiny, and to the proper fulfilment of it her family and friends stand ready to devote themselves. It may be they are a trifle weary of her incalculable temper, that her fascinations have palled a little upon them, and that her mysterious inability to put up with the lot of everyday mortals and bear disagreeables contentedly has worn out their patience. They want her to marry, and, without wasting any empty wishing upon a result so certain to come, she wants to marry herself. She is not likely to have unattainable ideals: what she demands is a continuation of her petted existence—a lifelong adorer to minister to her vanity and desires, to find her always beautiful, always precious, and to smooth away the rough places of life for her.

Nothing can be more bewitching than she is on her entrance into society. Nothing could seem more desirable to an admirer than the possession of the beautiful creature, who, with her alternations of sweetness and imperiousness, tenderness, and cruelty, stimulates his ardor and appears more like a spirit of fire and dew than a real woman. It seems to him the most delightful thing in the world when she confesses that she never likes what she has, but always craves what she has not—that she hates everything useful and

prosaic and likes everything which people declare she ought to renounce. She is unreasonable, and he loves her unreason—it bewitches him: she is obstinate, and he loves to feel the strength of her tiny will, as if it were the manifestation of some phenomenal force in her nature. Her scorn for common things, her fastidiousness, her indifference to the little obligations which compel less dainty and spirited creatures,—all act as chains and rivet his attachment to her.

A few months later, when she has become his wife, and he is forced to look at her tempers and her caprices, at her fastidiousness and expensiveness, from an altered standpoint, her whole character seems to be illuminated with new light. He no longer finds her charming when she has an incurable restlessness and melancholy: her pretty negations of the facts life present to her begin to seem to him the product of a mind undisciplined by any actual knowledge that she is "a human creature, subject to the same laws as other human creatures." He has hitherto considered that her scorn for the common and usual indicated an appreciation of the rarest and loftiest, but she seems to have no appreciation for anything save enjoyment. She has no idea of the true purposes of life: she likes everything dwarfed to suit her own stature. It is not by compliance that her husband can give her more than temporary pleasure. If she wants to see Europe, Europe will not satisfy her. "Sense will support itself handsomely in most countries," says Carlyle, "on eighteen pence a day, but for fantasy planets and solar systems will not suffice." L. W.

PRAYER-MEETING ELOQUENCE.

WEEKLY prayer-meetings in New England villages offer a variety of singular experiences to the unaccustomed listener, and it seems almost incredible at times that they can furnish spiritual sustenance even to the devout. There are apt to be two or three among the regular attendants who being, according to their own estimate, "gifted in prayer," raise their voices loud and long with many a mel-

liffuous phrase and lofty-sounding polysyllable. Mr. Eli Lewis is one of the most eloquent among the church-members in the village of C—, and if left to his own way would engross the entire evening with his prayers and exhortations. Nothing is too large for his imagination to grasp nor too small for his observations to consider. "O Lord, Thou knowest!" he repeats endlessly, sometimes qualifying this statement by putting into the next phrase, "O Lord, Thou art probably aware!" He is fond of poetry too, and frequently interpolates into his petition and thanksgiving his favorite verses. His fellow-worshippers are fully conscious of his excellent intentions, but there is some jealousy of the surpassing length of his prayers. The other evening he was standing, as his custom is, with his long arms upraised with many a strange gesture. He had been on his feet half an hour already, and there began to be signs of restlessness among the bowed heads around him. Still, there was no sign of any let up. He was engaged in drawing a vivid picture of the condition of the universe in the abstract, the world in general and his country and native village in particular, and required ample time fully to elucidate his views regarding their needs, but proposed to illustrate it by quotations. "O Lord," said he, "Thou knowest what the poet Cowper says—" He paused and cleared his throat as if the better to articulate the inspired strains of poetry, and began again more emphatically: "O Lord, Thou art probably aware what the poet Cowper says—" but the second time broke off. He could not remember what it was the poet Cowper said, but with a view to taking the place his memory halted at, went back to the starting-place and recommenced: "O Lord, Thou recollectest what the poet Cowper says—" It was of no use: he could not think of it, and with a wild gesture put his hand to his head. "O Lord," he exclaimed in a tone of excessive pain, "I cannot remember what the poet Cowper says," and prepared to go on with other matter; but Deacon Smith had been watching his opportunity for

twenty minutes, and was already on his feet. "Let us pray," he said in a deep voice, which broke on Brother Lewis's ears with preternatural power, and he was obliged to sit down while the senior deacon held forth. No sooner, however, had Deacon Smith's amen sounded than Mr. Eli Lewis started up. "O Lord," he cried in a tone of heartfelt satisfaction, "I remember now what the poet Cowper says;" and, repeating it at length, he finished his remarks.

It was Deacon Smith who one Sunday asked his pastor to put a petition for rain into his afternoon prayer, as moisture was very much needed by the deacon's parched fields and meadows. Accordingly, Dr. Peters, who was something of a rhetorician, alluded in his prayer to the melancholy prospects of the harvest unless rain should soon be sent, and requested that the Almighty would consider their sufferings and dispense the floods which He held in His right hand. After service, as the reverend doctor left the church, he saw Mr. Smith standing rigid in the porch, perhaps looking for a rising cloud, and remarked to him, "Well, deacon, I hope our petition may be answered." He received only a snort of wrath and defiance in reply. Rather puzzled as to what had vexed his parishioner, Dr. Peters said blandly, "You heard my prayer for a shower, Deacon Smith?" The deacon turned grimly: "I heard you mention the matter of rain, Dr. Peters, but, good Heavens, sir! *you should have insisted upon it!*" A. T.

THE JARDIN D'ACCLIMATATION OF PARIS.

THIS beautiful garden, one of the most attractive places in the world, was established in the Bois de Boulogne in 1860. It was in the most flourishing condition at the time of the breaking out of the war with Germany. That war nearly ruined it. During the siege elephants and other valuable animals were sacrificed for food. The carrier-pigeons that did such noble service during the siege were mostly raised in this establishment, and those that survived the war are kept there and most tenderly preserved. "Many died

gloriously on the field of honor," as we read in the records of the society, which preserve a full account of their wonderful feats. Some of them again and again dared the Prussian lines, carrying those precious microscopic despatches photographed upon pellicles of collodion — so light that the whole one hundred and fifteen thousand received during the siege do not weigh over one gramme, a little over fifteen grains!

The great greenhouse of these gardens for plants that cannot endure a temperature lower than two degrees below zero centigrade (28.4° Fahr.) would enchant even the most indifferent observer. The building itself is one of the finest structures of its kind. It was once the property of the Lemichez Brothers, celebrated florists at Villiers, at which place it was known as the Palais des Flors. The Acclimatation Society purchased it in 1861, and every winter since then there has been a magnificent and unfailling display of flowers there. Masses of camellias, rhododendrons, azaleas, primroses, *bruyères*, pelargoniums constantly succeed each other. These are merely to delight the visitors, the great object of the hothouse being to nurse foreign plants and experiment with them. Among the rare ones are the paper-plant of the *Aralia* family; the *Chamærops*, or hemp-plant; the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax; and the *Eucalyptus* of Australia, that wonderful tree introduced lately into Algeria, where it grows six mètres a year, and yields more revenue than the cereals. This, at least, is what the official handbook of the garden says. It may be that the famous "fever-plant" has lost some of the faith accorded to it at first.

At the end of this great greenhouse there is a beautiful grotto where a little brook loses itself playing hide-and-seek among the fronds of the maiden-hair and other lovely ferns. At the right of this grotto is a reading-room where visitors may find all the current periodicals — on the left, the library of the society, rich in works upon agriculture, *zootechnie*, natural history, travels, industrial and domestic economy, etc., in several

languages. The remarkable thing about this great greenhouse is the ever-flourishing, ever-perfect condition of its vegetation. Of course this effect must be secured by succursal hothouses, not always open to visitors. No tree, no plant, ever appears there in a sickly condition, but this may be said also of the animals in the gardens. I shall not soon forget a great wire canary cage some sixteen or more feet square, enclosing considerable shrubbery and scores of birds. There I received my first notion of the natural brilliancy of the plumage of these birds: its golden sheen literally dazzled the eyes.

The garden does excellent work for the French people besides furnishing a popular school and an inimitable pleasure resort: it assures the preservation of approved varieties of fruits, grains, animals. Whoever questions the absolute purity of his stock, from a garden herb up to an Arabian steed, can place this beyond question by substituting those furnished by the Society of Acclimatation. Eggs of birds packed in its garden have safely crossed the Atlantic, seventy-five per cent. hatching on their arrival. So immensely has the business of the society increased that more ground has had to be secured for nursery and seed-raising purposes, and the whole vast Zoological Gardens of Marseilles have been secured and turned into a "tender," as it were, to the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris. This was a very important acquisition. Marseilles, the great Mediterranean seaport of France, is necessarily the spot where treasures from Africa, Asia and the South Sea Islands have to be landed, and they arrive often in a critical condition and need rest and careful nursing before continuing their journey.

One of the functions of the garden is to restock parks with game when the pheasants, hares, wild-boars, deer, etc. become too rare for good sport: another is to tame and break to the harness certain animals counted unmanageable. The zebra is one of these. The society has succeeded perfectly in breaking the zebra and making him work in the field quite like the horse. An ostrich also

allows itself to be harnessed to a small carriage and to draw two children in it over the garden. Still another work of the society is to breed new species. A very beautiful animal has been bred by crossing the wild-ass of Mongolia with the French variety.

Among the rare animals of the garden may be mentioned the apteryx, the only bird existing belonging to the same family as the *Dinornis giganteus* and the still larger *Epyornis maximus* of Madagascar—monstrous wingless birds now extinct. One of the eggs of the latter in a fossil condition is preserved in the museum of the Garden of Plants in Paris. Its longer axis is sixteen inches, I think. It is, for an egg, a most wonderful thing, and on account of its size the bird laying it has been supposed to be of very much greater size than even the *Dinornis giganteus*, a perfect skeleton of which exists; but this seems to be a too hasty conclusion, for the apteryx, a member of the same family, has laid an egg or two in captivity, and one of these on being weighed proved to be very nearly one-fourth the whole weight of the bird, the bird weighing sixty ounces and the egg fourteen and a half.

The *Tallegalla Lathamii*, or brush-turkey of Australia, is another rare bird. It does not sit upon its eggs, but constructs a sort of hot-bed for them, which it watches during the whole term as assiduously as a wise florist does his seeds planted under glass or as a baker does his ovens. As in the ostrich family, it is the male that has the entire care of the family from the moment the eggs are laid—a fairer division of labor than we see in most *ménages*. The interesting process of constructing the hot-bed has been observed several times in Europe. It is as follows: When the time arrives for the making of the nest the enclosure is supplied with sticks, leaves and detritus of various kinds. The male then, with his tail to the centre of the enclosure, commences with his powerful feet to throw up a mound of the materials furnished. To do this he walks around in a series of concentric circles. When the mound is about four feet high the female

adds a few artistic touches by way of smoothing down, evening the surface and making a depression in the centre, where the eggs in due time are laid in a circle, each with the point downward and no two in contact. The male tends this hot-bed most unweariedly. "A cylindrical opening is always maintained in the centre of the circle"—no doubt for ventilation—and the male will often cover and uncover the eggs two or three times a day, according to the change of temperature. The observer, noting how intelligently this bird watches the temperature, almost expects to see him thrust a thermometer into his mound! On the second day after it is hatched the young bird leaves the nest, but returns to it in the afternoon, and is very cozily tucked up by his devoted papa.

One thing in the garden that used to greatly attract visitors was the Gaveuse Martin, a machine for cramming fowls in order to fatten them rapidly. The society considered Martin's invention of so much importance to the world that it granted him a building in the garden and permission to charge a special admission. The machine has since been introduced into the artificial egg-hatching establishment of Mr. Baker at Catskill-on-the-Hudson; at least, he has a machine for "forced feeding" which must greatly resemble Martin's. Specimens fattened by the Gaveuse Martin, all ready for the *broche*, used to be sold on the premises. The interior of the building was occupied by six gigantic *épinettes*, each holding two hundred birds. A windlass mounted upon a railroad enabled the operator (*gaveur*, from *gaver*, to cram, an inellegant term) very easily to raise himself to any story of the *épinette*. The latter was a cylinder turning upon its axis, and thus passing every bird in review. "An india-rubber tube introduced into the throat, accompanied by the pressure of the foot upon a pedal, makes the bird absorb its copious and succulent repast in the wink of an eye." Four hundred an hour have been thus fed by one operator. Fowls thus fattened are said to possess a delicacy of flavor entirely their own. M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Christy Carew. By May Laffan, author of "The Honorable Miss Ferrard," etc. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The novels to which Miss Laffan gives a sponsor in affixing her signature to the latest, *Christy Carew*, present two strong and distinct claims to our notice in the vigor and realism with which they are written, and the thorough picture they give of Ireland, politically and socially, at the present day. They are no mere repetitions of hackneyed Irish stories, no sketches drawn from a narrow or partial phase of life, but the result of large and penetrating observation among all classes, made in a thoroughly systematized manner, so as to form a thoughtful and almost exhaustive study of a country which is more dogmatized over than understood. Ireland has never been depicted with so much interest and sympathy by any novelist since Miss Edgeworth wrote her *Moral Tales*, and both the country and the art of novel-writing have advanced since then, the latter possibly more than the former. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, has been singularly unfortunate. She drew from life, and her talent and observation were worthy of a more lasting shrine, while the artificiality of her books has caused them to decay even faster than those of some of her contemporaries. Her successors in Irish fiction, with no lack of talent, have been too often careless in using it, or have preferred story-telling to observation. Miss Laffan wields a genuine Irish pen, graphic, keen of satire, with plenty of sharp Hibernian humor, but she shows in its exercise a care and directness of aim which are not the common qualities of Irish writers. In beginning her career as a novelist she had the courage to refrain from the pursuit of those finer artistic beauties which lure to failure so many writers incapable of seizing them: she even put aside the question of plot, and strove to give a sound and truthful representation of life and manners.

That end was gained with masterly success. No one reading the anonymous novel *Hogan, M. P.*, would have been likely to set it down from internal evidence as a woman's book: it is one of the stoutest and most vig-

orous pieces of fiction which have appeared for years. We can find no trace of its having been reprinted in this country, and are at a loss to account for the omission: its distinctively Irish character ought to form an attraction. *Hogan, M. P.*, is a political novel as realistic as Anthony Trollope's, but more incisive in tone and wider in scope. Instead of confining her energies to the doings and conversations of one set of people, Miss Laffan looks at politics as they are mirrored in society, sketching not alone the wire-pulling and petty diplomacies, but phases of life resulting therefrom. In *Hogan, M. P.*, we have a vivid *coup d'œil* of Dublin society, with its sharp, irregular boundaries, its sects and sets, its manner of comporting and amusing itself. The field is a wide one, but Miss Laffan has the happy art of generalization—of portraying a whole society in a few well-marked types. There is no confusion of character, and though we seem to have shaken hands with all Dublin in her pages, from great dignitaries to school-boys, the picture is never overcrowded.

"A drop of ditch-water under a microscope" Hogan calls the society of his native city—"everybody pushing upward on the social ladder kicking down those behind." This zoological spectacle is not confined to Dublin, but there appears to be a combination of strictness and indefiniteness of precedence belonging peculiarly to that place. At the top of the ladder, though not so firmly fixed there as before the Disestablishment, is the Protestant set, regarding the Castle as its stronghold and looking down on the Roman Catholic set, who reciprocate the contempt. These grand divisions are separated by a strict line of demarcation, even the performance of the marriage ceremony between Protestants and Catholics being forbidden in Dublin. They contain an endless ramification of lesser groups, whose relations we may attempt to illustrate by quoting from the book before us an account of the mutual position of Mrs. O'Neil and Mrs. Carew, the former the wife of a tradesman shortly to become lord mayor, the latter a "'vert" from Protestantism and the spouse of a Crown solicitor in debt to his future mayorship. "The

lady mayoress elect, conscious of her prospective dignity in addition to the heavy bill due by the Carews, was the least possible shade—not patronizing, for that would have been impossible—but perhaps independent in manner. She did not turn her head toward her companion as she addressed her; she put more questions to her and in a broader accent than she usually did in conversation; and she barely gave her interlocutor time to finish the rather curt contributions she vouchsafed toward the conversation. On her side, Mrs. Carew, mindful of her position and of her superior accent, which implied even more, wanting to be condescending and patronizing, and half afraid to be openly impertinent, was calm and self-possessed. She grew more freezingly courteous as the other lady grew less formal."

We have said that Miss Laffan began with realism pure and simple. *Hogan, M. P.*, remains, so far, to our mind, her strongest book, but there are finer and sweeter qualities in her other writings. We should be inclined to rank *The Honorable Miss Ferrard* as an artistic rather than a realistic book, though it is based on the same soundness of observation as its predecessor. It is an episode, suggestive, rather analytic in treatment, with the freshness of a first impression—*le charme de l'inachevé*. The heroine is a singularly original, fresh and attractive conception. The book deals almost wholly with the outside aspects of things, with picturesque rather than moral traits, though a breath of feeling true and sweet is wafted across it and heightens its fine vague beauty.

A deeper humanity is shown in the short story *Flutters, Tatters and the Counsellor*, which made its first appearance in this magazine in January, 1879. This sketch gained a quicker popularity than her longer novels, and drew forth warm eulogies from critics so far apart in standard as Ruskin, Leslie Stephen and Bret Harte.

Christy Carew, in its picture of two middle-class Catholic families in Dublin, takes us back to the society described in *Hogan, M. P.*, but its range is narrower and its theme rather social than political. It is a softer and more attractive book than *Hogan, M. P.*, though, like that novel, it is devoted to a realistic picture of life. Miss Laffan's characters have the merit of being always real. They are often types, but they are never mere abstractions. Whatever their import-

ance or qualities, they stand firmly on their feet, are individual and alive. Her men are drawn with a vigor which ought to ensure them from the reproach of being ladies' men. They may display traits of weakness, but these are due to no faltering on the author's part. In *Christy Carew* the men are in a minority as far as minuteness of portraiture goes, and the most elaborate touches are bestowed on the two young girls who act as heroines, for the one is as prominent as the other. Christy and her friend Esther O'Neil present two types of girlhood. Esther, *dévoté* and gentle, is a very tender, lovable figure, but there is perhaps more skill shown in the more contradictory character of Christy, a pretty girl addicted to flirting, keenly intelligent and impatient of the restraints and inconsistencies of her religious teaching, yet with an earnestness which makes her feel the emptiness of her life and vaguely seek for something higher. When each of the friends is sought by a Protestant lover their different ways of regarding the calamity are in keeping with their characters, and though any reader will agree with Christy that Esther was the more deserving of happiness, no one will be sorry that her own love-story should find a pleasant dénouement. As an argument in favor of mixed marriages the book would have been stronger if Esther's lover had been separated from her only by prejudice, and not by unworthiness as well, but the pathos of the story is in no way marred by the neglect to clinch an argument. Like all Miss Laffan's novels, it is simple in plot. Construction is not her strong point, and though *Christy Carew* has more story to it than her former books, it is by no means technically perfect. There is a certain hurry about it: its good things are not driven home, and effects upon which more skilful artists would dwell at length are dropped in a concentration upon other objects. The book, in the American edition, is also marred by numerous typographical defects that betray a singular laxity in proof-reading.

Hogan, M. P., was published in 1876: Miss Laffan's career as a novelist is therefore only four years old. We will not attempt to cast its future: we have simply endeavored, as far as space would admit, to point out the soundness of its foundation and the method by which it has been laid. In all that she has written there is a reserved strength, a sincerity and conscientiousness,

which mark her work as unmistakably genuine. A large store of observation lies behind all her writing, and an intellectual power of a very high order is apparent throughout. What she lacks is a mellowness and breadth of art which would enable her to blend and concentrate her qualities—to bring the realism of *Hogan, M. P.*, into unison with the grace of *The Honorable Miss Ferrard* and the pathos and sympathy of *Christy Carew*—to give form and completeness to her work. Then Ireland would have a great novelist.

The Reminiscences of an Idler. By Henry Wikoff. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The reminiscences of idle men are apt to be more entertaining than those of busy men. The idler, passing his time in search of amusement, can hardly fail to communicate it when he yields up his store of experiences. Being disengaged, his mind is more observant and more retentive of the by-play of life, which is the only amusing part of it, than that of one of the chief actors can possibly be. Moreover, idlers are the natural confidants of the busy: they are consulted, made useful as go-betweens, entrusted with those little services which, being transient and disconnected, are precisely suited to their disposition and secure them a place in the economy of Nature. Mr. Wikoff has been a model idler, with large opportunities of this description. From boyhood he has, according to his own account, shirked all regular application and devoted himself to the pursuit of pleasure, including the gratification of an intelligent but superficial curiosity in regard to men and manners. He has come in close contact with a great variety of people, especially of a class whose private lives and public careers react in the production of a piquant interest. These associations kept his hands full of what only a very rigid censor would denominate mischief. His intimacy with Forrest gained him a suitable companion in a journey to the Crimea, and the tragedian a not less suitable negotiator in the arrangements for his marriage and his professional engagements in London. He aided Lady Bulwer in her fight with her husband's family and the recovery of her stolen lap-dog. His friendly offices to Fanny Ellsler were more important and fruitful. He had the chief share in bringing her to

America, smoothing away the difficulties, assuming the responsibilities, and escorting her in person, while taking charge at the same time of two other interesting and otherwise unprotected females. It was, indeed, we need hardly say, in feminine affairs that Mr. Wikoff was most at home. But his obliging disposition made him equally ready to execute commissions for members of the Bonaparte family, his relations with whom grew closer and more interesting at a period subsequent to that which is embraced in this volume. Many other notabilities, both American and European, have more or less prominence in its pages. Some letters from Mrs. Grote are especially deserving of notice. As long as it is confined to personal topics the narrative is never dull. Without being distinguished for vigor or wit, it has the graceful and sprightly garrulity characteristic of the well-preserved veteran. Unfortunately, it betrays also the tendency to tediousness which belongs to a revered epoch, much of it being devoted to persons and things seen only from a distance and without the powers of vision requisite for penetrating their true character. But, in spite of this defect, the book is exceedingly readable and enjoyable, and we trust to have a continuation of it which may show a restraining influence exercised with kindness and tact, such as were so often exerted by the author for the benefit of his friends.

The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg. By Anne Ayres. New York: Harper & Brothers.

There could not well be a stronger contrast than between the subject of this book and that of the one just noticed. We have called Mr. Wikoff a model idler, and with at least equal truth we may call Dr. Muhlenberg a model worker, not because he was unremitting and methodical in labor or because his work was his delight, but because it was consecrated by a devoted singleness of purpose and crowned by the noblest achievements. The life of the founder of St. Luke's Hospital and St. Johnland, as exhibited in this faithful record, has the simplicity and grandeur of an antique statue, and in the contemplation of it the marvel of its rare perfection grows, till we are half inclined to ask whether it, too, be not some relic of the remote past rather than a product of our own age. Saintly purity, unbounded beneficence,

intense earnestness and great-hearted liberality of sentiment were never more symmetrically blended than in the character of "the great presbyter," whose ministrations were neither inspired nor confined by any narrower dogma than "that love to man, flowing from love to God," which, as he himself, with no lack of humility, said, "had been their impulse." It has been justly observed that "he was eminently the common property of a common Christianity," and not less truly that "there is, and ever will be, more of Christian charity in the world because Dr. Muhlenberg has lived in it as he did." He was perhaps not a man of extraordinary intellect, but his singularly healthy mind, with its union of resoluteness and candor, sound sense and lively fancy, gave the needed counterpoise to his moral qualities, keeping his enterprises within the domain of the useful and the practical, and thus saving him from the disappointments that too often check the career of the philanthropist. This biography, written from long and intimate knowledge and admirable alike in spirit and execution, will find, we may trust, a multitude of readers among members of all sects and those who belong to none. Its interest is of a far more absorbing kind than any that can be excited by gossip or anecdote. It is that of a vivid portraiture, in which nothing characteristic is missing, in which the details are all harmonious, and which awakens not only our admiration, but our warmest sympathies.

Books Received.

- History of Political Economy in Europe. By Jérôme-Adolphe Blanqui. Translated from the fourth French edition by Emily J. Leonard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Pure Wine—Fermented Wine and Other Alcoholic Drinks in the Light of the New Dispensation. By John Ellis, M. D. New York: Published by the Author.
- Shakespeare's History of King Henry the Fourth. Parts 1 and 2. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- A History of New York. By Diedrich Knickerbocker. (New "Geoffrey-Crayon" Edition of Irving's Works.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Card Essays: Clay's Decisions and Card-table Talk. By "Cavendish." (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- William Ellery Channing: His Opinions, Genius and Character. By Henry W. Bellows. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Virginia Bohemians: A Novel. By John Esten Cooke. (Library of American Fiction.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Nana: Sequel to "L'Assommoir." By Émile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- The Hair, its Growth, Care, Diseases and Treatment. By C. Henri Leonard, M. A., M. D. Detroit: C. Henri Leonard.
- The Amazon. By Franz Dingelstedt. Translated from the German by J. M. Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Reminiscences of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By Elizabeth Palmer Peabody. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Around the World with General Grant. By John Russell Young. Parts 19 and 20. New York: American News Co.
- Proverbial Treasury. English and Select Foreign Proverbs. By Carl Seelbach. New York: Seelbach Brothers.
- The Princess Elizabeth: A Lyric Drama. By Francis H. Williams. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
- A Foreign Marriage; or, Buying a Title. (Harpers' Library of American Fiction.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
- William Ellery Channing: A Centennial Memory. By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Rev. Mr. Dashwell, the New Minister at Hampton. By E. P. B. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.
- History of the Administration of John De Witt. By James Geddes. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Masterpieces of English Literature. By William Swinton. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Theory of Thought: A Treatise on Deductive Logic. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Logic of Christian Evidences. By G. Frederick Wright. Andover: Warren F. Draper.
- Modern Communism. By Charles W. Hubner. Atlanta, Ga.: Jas. P. Harrison & Co.
- Free Land and Free Trade. By Samuel S. Cox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Only a Waif. By R. A. Braendle ("Pips"). New York: D. and J. Sadlier & Co.
- Life: Its True Genesis. By R. W. Wright. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Joan of Arc, "The Maid." By Janet Tuckey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Mrs. Beauchamp Brown. (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

AUGUST, 1880.

AMERICAN AËRONAUTS.



BALLOON ENTANGLED IN A TREE.

SCATTERED here and there in this matter-of-fact, utilitarian age of Business one finds instances of that love of

daring for its own sake, with an insatiable longing for new scenes and novel sensations, which in the days of chivalry moved the mass of men to put saddle to horse and ride off Somewhere seeking Something—just as occasional trilobites, lonely and misshapen, are found in ages subsequent to the Silurian. Of such stuff are our Arctic and African explorers made; the men who run the lightning-expresses have a touch of it; it crops out in steeple-climbers, cave-explorers, beast-tamers; it makes men assault cloud-piercing and ice-mantled mountain-peaks and launch their frail canoes for voyages down earth-riving cañons and across continent-sundering oceans. Sometimes action is denied, and then it strikes in and makes poets—perhaps the most daring adventurers of all. It must be difficult for the beaters of iron and the barterers in swine to understand why such useless timber is allowed to cumber the great workhouse; but then we don't know *exactly* what the trilobites were good for, and the utilitarians may find comfort in the reflection that at the present rate the obnoxious family is likely to entirely disappear with the Palæozoic.

Aëronauts have been free and accepted members of this order of modern knights-errant, from hot-headed, ill-fated Pilâtre de Rozier down to Gaston Tissandier.

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dier, the man who still edits *La Nature* in the lower strata of an ocean into the treacherous upper depths of which he has risen seven miles. Your true aëronaut is not an inventor of flying-machines, not much concerned about what is known as the "problem of aërial navigation." He is content to take the wings of the morning and be carried away to the uttermost parts of the earth. Problems he leaves to the scientists: he woos the wilderness he cannot subdue. He is an explorer of unknown regions, a beauty-worshipper at a shrine whose pearly, sun-kissed portals open to him alone. People travel thousands of miles horizontally to rest their eyes on scenes infinitely less novel, beautiful and grand than one perpendicular mile of vantage would open to them, little matter whence taken.

Having accepted the wind for his pilot, our argonaut seeks no improvement upon his aërial raft. Like the bow and arrow, it long ago reached perfection, and, though he may cherish some choice and secret recipe for varnish or be the inventor of an improved valve, he generally builds with a birdlike reliance on instinct and tradition. Gas-bag, netting, concentrating-ring, basket, valve, anchor, drag-rope and exploding cord,—what has the century of ballooning added to its essentials? how can coming centuries improve this perfection of simplicity? Aërial navigation is altogether another thing. A swallow does not rise by displacing a volume of air whose specific gravity is greater than its own, but by using the atmosphere as a fulcrum. Otherwise it must possess a bulk which its tiny wings would be powerless to impel against the opposing breeze. Mr. Grimley, the aëronaut, writing of some experiments he has recently been making at Montreal with an ingenious arrangement of revolving fans invented by two gentlemen of that city, says: "The Cowan and Paje propelling and steering apparatus worked as well as could be expected, but the air will never be navigated by balloons driven by machinery. It is opposed to common sense." Few fully appreciate the extreme mobility of the atmosphere or the intensity of the force which wind ex-

erts on surfaces opposed to its action. A child with a palm-leaf fan can drive a balloon in equilibrium about at will in an atmosphere entirely quiet, while the same balloon, under the impulse of a lively gale, will tear itself loose from the aggregated avoirdupois of all who can lay hands upon it, and wrench great branches from the forest giants over which it skims. Doubtless, to the disheartening influence of a practical knowledge of the real difficulties in the way of aërial navigation is due the fact that the great mass of those who have attempted it have been scientists without practice, or fools without either scientific training or experimental data.

However strongly, as devout utilitarians, we may feel it our duty to disapprove, officially, of a class so little necessary to the body politic, aëronauts are interesting talkers, being able, like Shakespeare's Moor, to speak of "most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of antres vast and deserts idle, rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven."

Among American aëronauts none possessed a larger fund of such thrilling incident or greater enthusiasm for his calling than he who recently paid that last penalty which ever hovers over its followers—the venerable John Wise. His autobiography, *Through the Air*, is a prose poem on the glories of Cloudland. The following extract from a private letter written by him in 1876, after an aëronautical career of forty years, comprising nearly five hundred ascensions, illustrates this enthusiasm and his views on the sanitary aspect of aëronautics: "I claim that the balloon is the best sanitarium within the grasp of enervated humanity. I can demonstrate its utility, by theory and by fact, for all chronic diseases and for the improvement of the mental and physical functions. Elevate a person ten or twelve thousand feet above the sea-level and his whole texture expands: a wrinkled, cadaverous person fills out as plump as a youth. Then the beauty and magnitude of the scenery within the scope of vision exalt the mental faculties, soul and body become exhilarated, the appetite is quick-

ened and all the symptoms of convalescence ensue. Why, my dear friend, I am bound to ascribe my health and vigor at the age of over sixty-eight to my profession, and only for that do I persist in it. When I make up my mind to rust and die I will give up balloon-ascensions."

Since Mr. Wise was not of a nature to be easily reconciled to "rust and die," can we doubt that the great transit could have come to him at no kinder season than when it should seem but a brief pausing on his upward flight? Though it will never be known just how or when he met the end, we may be certain that he had walked hand in hand with Death too long to greatly dread the final embrace. May we not think of him now as feasting his spirit on the splendid visions of that Promised Land which, Moses-like, it was permitted him to see prefigured in its earthly type? Throughout his adventures, too generally known to require more than passing allusion, one sees the same passionate devotion to the grand and sublime in sight and sensation, the same calm disregard of danger, whether exploding his balloon at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet and coolly noting the "fearful moaning noise caused by the air rushing through the network and the gas escaping above," preparing to test a lifelong theory of a steady easterly current by attempting to make it the medium of crossing the Atlantic, or participating with La Mountain and others in a voyage which, begun at St. Louis at 6.30 P. M., July 1, 1859, met daybreak at Fort Wayne, extended over the length of Lake Erie, included a view of Niagara from the altitude of a mile, and finally, after skirmishing within thirty feet of the storm-tossed waves of Lake Ontario for fifty miles and ploughing a tornado-track through a dense forest, terminated in a treetop near Sackett's Harbor, Jefferson county, New York, at 2.20 P. M.—twelve hundred miles in nineteen hours and forty minutes! Puck's promise kept! the seven-league boots outdone!

Upon his son, Charles E. Wise, and his grandson, John Wise, Jr., he bestowed his skill and engrafted his enthusiasm. The latter began his aëronautical career

with his teens, and though not yet out of them has made over forty ascensions. One of these excursions, made in the autumn of 1875 from Waynesburg, Greene county, Pennsylvania, sufficiently demonstrates, if any demonstration is needed, that a boy's luck and pluck are equal to anything. It had been raining the proverbial pitchforks all day, and the hydrogen oozed into the gas-bag with even more than its accustomed sluggishness. The curiosity of a country crowd was not easily damped, however, and the basket



JOHN WISE.

was finally attached and Master Johnny stepped on board. The aërostat sensibly refused to consider the proposition for an ascension, although urged by the successive relinquishment of barometer, lunch, water-bottle, coat, drag-rope and grapnel. As a last resort, the entire lower third of the gas-bag, which was uninflated, was cut away, the valve-cord by accident sharing the same fate, leaving an opening about seventeen feet in diameter. Then, "the crowd having given us room, father asked me whether I felt timid about going. I told him I was determined to go if the balloon would take me. He said, 'Good-bye, Johnny.' I said, 'Good-bye,' and found myself shooting up into space on a cold, rainy October day, coatless, without ropes, anchor or valve-cord, the rags of the balloon fluttering in the breeze created by the sudden ascent; the

multitude vociferously cheering me one moment and the next calling me to come back for God's sake! But I only replied by hurrahing and waving my hat, feeling perfectly *cool*, and rather enjoying the excitement of the vast crowd that was now fast disappearing below me. In seven minutes the earth vanished from my sight, and I passed from a driving rain below the clouds into a dense snowstorm above



WASHINGTON H. DONALDSON.

them. My feet and hands were almost numb with cold, and the prospect was about as cheerless as it well could be, when a thought passed through my brain that made me laugh outright. I had heard of people coming down in bursted balloons, but I was the first who had ever gone up in one. The idea appeared so ridiculous that it really made me feel warmer." Think of this aerial babe in the woods, with Nature's awful forces warring about him and the earth lost to view, laughing himself warm over a joke at the expense of his terrible situation! Truly, "he jests at scars that never felt a wound." Perhaps it was the balloon, but I believe it could only have been his good angel, that brought the boy safely down into a small cleared space in a forest thirty-eight minutes and forty miles from the point of departure.

Another of Master John's voyages curiously illustrates the different directions of coexistent currents. On July 4, 1878,

he made an ascension from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, landing ten miles south of the city, while J. M. Johnston, of the *Lancaster Intelligencer*, who ascended in another balloon at the same moment, came down at a point equally distant in an exactly opposite direction from the city.

With the name of John Wise that of another aëronaut equally well known is associated—not alone by their joint attempt to cross the Atlantic by balloon, but also on account of the probably identical manner and locality of the death of both—Washington H. Donaldson. While the interest in the mysterious fate of Donaldson and Grimwood was yet fresh in the public mind Mr. Wise published a pamphlet giving a fanciful account of their adventures, as if related by the aëronaut. In the light of the Wise-Burr tragedy its concluding paragraph has a singular significance: "In the end I ask the world to deal charitably with me. Should my body be found, give it decent burial and write for an epitaph: 'Here lies the body of a man whose reckless ambition and fear of being accused of want of nerve have sacrificed his own life and betrayed a fellow-mortal into the snares of death, with no higher object than to serve the interests of a scheme which, to say the best of it, is but a poor thing in the progress of art and refinement.'"

Donaldson was a man in many respects remarkable, in some admirable. With scant schooling, his father gave him a thorough training as a draughtsman and engraver. Allowed to choose for himself, he embarked in the amusement business, his active and versatile temperament leading him to become in turn a rope-walker, gymnast, actor, ventriloquist and, singularly enough, electro-physician. For most of these varied callings he had a certain adaptability by reason of his splendid physique, perfect health, entire abstinence from stimulants, ready wit, good-humor, fertility in expedients and promptitude and energy in execution, as well as by the daring and ambition naturally associated with such physical and mental qualifications.

A friend writes of him: "He was as ready to navigate a cockle-shell from the Battery to Long Branch as he was to run a velocipede along a hundred yards of slack wire." His drawings, particularly those illustrating aeronautical scenes and incidents, were spirited and faithful. He tried his hand at verse-making among the rest. The following brief outburst, written after all the old loves had given place to that which became the absorbing passion of his life, and printed on his letter-heads and admission-cards, sufficiently illustrates the manner and matter of his efforts in this direction:

There's pleasure in a lively trip when sailing through
the air.

The word is given, "Let her go!"—to land I know
not where.

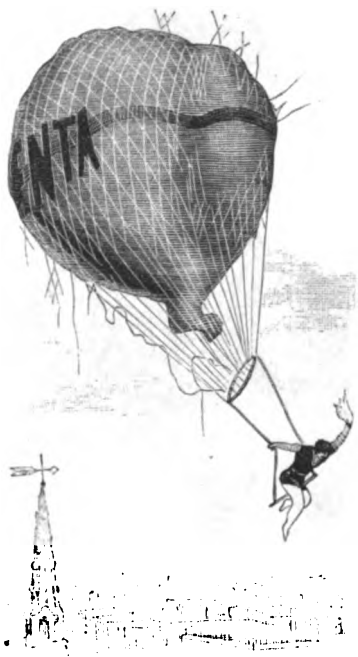
The view is grand: 'tis like a dream when many
miles from home:

My castle in the air I love, above the clouds to roam.

Not an ideal character certainly, but a complete one in its way, and readily recognizable as belonging to a born aeronaut. The unromantic but not unusual inability of a professional predecessor to pay his board-bill, obliging him to leave his balloon with mine host as surety, first placed in Donaldson's hands the means by which he became afterward best known. Fearless as he undoubtedly was, an ascension was undertaken with the misgivings which usually preface an initial stepping from terra firma to the inconstant air. Once aloft, however, with the widespread splendor and endless immensity of the earth's surface unrolling beneath him, and an exquisite physical exhilaration thrilling along his nerves, Donaldson became heart and soul an aeronaut. The novel and sensational expedients with which he embellished his subsequent ascensions are well known. Becomingly dressed in tights, he delighted to sail away skyward hanging by one hand from a trapeze-bar, generally terminating a variety of feats thereon by poisoning himself a moment on his back, then suddenly dropping backward, catching by his feet on the side-ropes—easy and safe enough, doubtless, with his preliminary acrobatic training, but blood-curdling to the breathless spectators beneath. He left drawings for a jointed bar which, at

the proper time, should apparently break in two and leave him dangling to one of the pieces. For a consideration which the citizens of Binghamton, New York, sensibly declined to give he offered to ascend to the height of a mile in a paper balloon, there set fire to it and descend in a parachute.

A little incident, not generally known, illustrates the gentler side of his nature. He had been giving one of his trapeze



DONALDSON'S DANGER.

exhibitions at Ithaca, New York, and was induced by some Cornell students to furnish them captive ascensions from the university campus. As if specially for the occasion, there came three days of delightful May weather with a propitiously quiet atmosphere. To the natural elevation of the location were added several hundred feet of rope, affording a bird's-eye view of Cayuga Lake, the town and far-famed adjacent scenery. Two or three hundred persons were "sent up," including several university professors. Donaldson was in his ele-

ment, and kept everybody laughing at his jokes and amusing experiments. He had a crowd of children constantly at his heels, and in the intervals of waiting for pay-passengers would tumble them into the basket to the number of six or eight, and send them skyward screaming with delight and pelting him with a shower of hats and caps. Did their mothers know? Probably not, or there might have been screaming of a less joyous



DONALDSON AND THE CHILDREN.

kind. One diminutive but intrepid youth of six won for himself the proud distinction of "our old experienced aëronaut," being generally used as ballast in making up a load.

Donaldson's fondness for proving his nerve in the face of a doubting crowd led him into many difficulties, as it finally caused his death. Once, when about to make an ascension at Pittsburg with a balloon that had not been used since the previous season, his assistant, Har-

ry Gilbert, noticed that the ropes attaching the netting to the concentrating-ring seemed rotten, and proposed to replace them with new. This Donaldson insisted would take too much time, but he was finally induced to allow eight of the sixteen to be renewed. While giving his customary trapeze performance high above the housetops the old cords began to snap, and before he could bring the balloon down every one of them had parted—

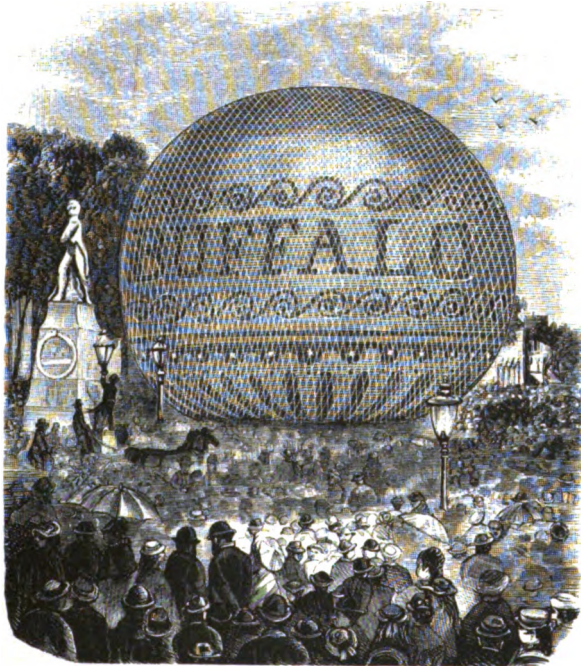
a startling intimation of how his rashness might have resulted.

Among the unkill-ed American aëronauts undoubtedly the best known for professional skill and experience is Samuel A. King. He seems to have been a predestined air-sailor, for he made his first ascension (Philadelphia, 1851) in his twenty-third year, and during more than two hundred subsequent voyages, many of them extending over hundreds of miles, and some adding darkness and proximity to large bodies of water to the ordinary dangers, he has shown an intuitive knowledge of the construction and management of the balloon and an appreciation of aërial forces which,

while they have not robbed his experiences of thrilling incidents, have kept them singularly free from disastrous consequences. One of the most memorable of these excursions was made from Plymouth, New Hampshire, September 26, 1872, on which occasion Mr. King was accompanied by his friend and frequent fellow-voyager, Luther L. Holden, of the *Boston Journal*. The balloon used only held twenty thousand cubic feet of gas, but was inflated with hydrogen. It

was liberated at 4.18 P. M., and immediately manifested a determination to accompany some dense black clouds which were hurrying in a north-easterly direction toward the heart of the mountain-region on the verge of which Plymouth lies. Over Mount Washington and across the Androscoggin Valley it flew at the rate of fifty miles an hour. At six o'clock Lake Umbagog was floating beneath our adventurers, and before they realized their danger—so deceptive are time and space when reckoned from balloons—night surprised them in the great Maine wilderness. The alternative was between a descent in a trackless forest a hundred miles from human habitation, with scant provisions and no firearms or fishing-tackle, and an all-night voyage, trusting to luck and their ballast for getting beyond the wilderness. They had taken chances together before, and they went on now. If they failed to get out of the woods, they could tear up the balloon, and, encasing the wicker-basket with the waterproof material, float down some favoring stream. On and on for hours in an unknown direction, over an unknown region, winged by the wind and ally of the storm, they went, until, in the dismal watches of the early morning, to darkness, uncertainty and the intensity of isolation a new horror was added. The murmur of plashing forest-streams, which had hitherto been the only sound greeting them from the nether gloom, now gave place to the measured roll of the surf, and this, in turn, to complete silence. They were drifting out to sea, and were already far beyond the shore! The valve was open-

ed at once, and as the balloon slowly settled into a dense, chilly fog the occupants of the basket momentarily expected a plunge-bath. The drag-rope, however, behaved with distinguished consideration, holding them a few feet above the waves, through which it whisked at a terrific rate. The weary and anxious watchers were thus kept in suspense for nearly half an hour, when suddenly there broke



THE BUFFALO IN MONUMENTAL PARK, CLEVELAND.

through the fog ahead the welcome outlines of a forest-shore, and in a moment more the drag-rope had lifted them above the treetops. By five o'clock it became light enough to note the time and that they were traveling in a south-westerly direction exactly contrary to their course of the evening before. At seven o'clock the balloon was moored to a limb, and its passengers, climbing down the drag-rope, made their way to a railroad-cutting which they had noticed while aloft. It proved to be on the line of the Intercolonial Railway in the county of Rimou-

ski, Lower Canada, three hundred miles below Quebec. They had been dancing along the southern border of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, had they not descended from the upper current into the water, were in a fair way to have next sighted land somewhere on the coast of Labrador.

Mr. King first brought large balloons into use in this country, and has thus been able to share the pleasures and perils of most of his sailings up and down with one or more companions, generally journalists. Few of the balloons in use twenty-five years ago would hold more than twenty thousand cubic feet of gas. Of the large balloons the Buffalo became widely known on account of its size and the number of notable voyages it made. Capacity, symmetry, lightness and staying quality considered, it was probably the best balloon ever built in America. When fully inflated it contained ninety-one thousand cubic feet of gas, and would carry up a dozen passengers. It was the Buffalo which on the memorable press-excursion from Cleveland, September 4, 1874, gave the reporters such a realizing sense of the pleasantness of dry land, the greater part of the day being spent in sailing to and fro over Lake Erie, the voyage being farther extended in the darkness of night across Essex county, Ontario, Lake St. Clair and into Michigan. The writer happened to be on the Cleveland steamer with the returning party, and had occasion to notice that the amateurs were too busily engaged in writing up their notes to thoroughly enjoy Mr. King's waggish allusions to "sea-sickness."

A night-trip made from the city of Buffalo in its namesake on July 4, 1874, was noteworthy for the magnificent success attending the use of the drag-rope. The balloon took a south-easterly course across the State of Pennsylvania, going over the Alleghany Mountains and other ridges in the southern section of the State, being kept close to the earth most of the way. The relief of weight caused by a portion of the drag-rope lying and trailing upon the treetops enabled the balloon to climb the side of the mountain at about the same relative eleva-

tion. Swinging clear from the crest of the ridge, the balloon would soon settle into the valley, to repeat the same manœuvre farther on. Sunrise met the party near the Maryland line, and after a delightful sail across a portion of that State, Delaware and Delaware Bay, a landing was made in Southern New Jersey, four hundred miles and thirteen hours from the starting-point. The Buffalo will also be remembered in connection with the ascension from the exposition-grounds during the Centennial Exhibition.

The failure of the costly experiments undertaken by Mr. King for the American Aëronautic Society, at Coney Island last season, simply affords another illustration of the aëronautical axiom that "Captives are uncertain." Under the most favorable circumstances, and at inland points least exposed, on perhaps not more than a dozen days in the year will the air be sufficiently quiet to make captive ascensions practicable and pleasant, and the difficulty is of course greatly enhanced at the seacoast. The society proposes to again thoroughly test the matter this season, studying the velocity of the wind near the ocean from various altitudes.

Charles H. Grimley, whose views on aërial navigation have been alluded to, is a young Englishman who, while an expert air-sailor, has gained his experience rather in the pursuit of pleasure than of money, dedicating to the latter a more terrestrial vocation. His introduction to the upper currents was in the capacity of assistant to Stephen A. Simmonds, a wealthy enthusiast of London who made ascensions for the British Aëronautical Society. Mr. Grimley has made between forty and fifty aërial excursions, on one of them covering a distance of one hundred and sixty miles in three and a half hours, and on another occasion attaining a height of nineteen thousand four hundred feet. A number of these voyages were made in Canada. Some of his descents have resulted in severe bruises. One of these unpleasantly sudden landings closed a brief trip made from Pittsburg in October, 1875, and took

place on the Monongahela River five miles above that city. Mr. Grimley was accompanied by Harry Byram of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. Two things regulate the force of impact in a balloon descent—the strength of the surface-current and the amount of ballast the aëronaut has with which to overbalance the weight in excess of equilibrium causing the descent.

Both were against our adventurers. Most of their ballast had been expended in getting into the air, and while they had found almost a calm at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet, the surface-current was terrific. The balloon approached the earth at an angle of about forty-five degrees with fearful velocity, flew across Beck's Run and tore into a clump of trees growing on a rocky ledge dividing the ravine from the river. The basket was dashed from one tree-trunk to another, and, the balloon finally impaling itself on the branches of a huge oak, both its occupants

were hurled halfway down the river-bank, the fall rendering them insensible. With returning consciousness came a sense of sundry bruises and cuts on their persons. A scalp-wound on Mr. Grimley's forehead had bled profusely upon both, imparting a sad and sanguinary cast to the countenances toward those who came to their assistance.

While preparing for an ascent from Bethel, Vermont, in September, 1877, a squall hurled the balloon over upon its side, causing a rent which extended from the mouth upward for eighteen feet, and then along a transverse seam some six feet. Mr. Grimley thus describes the result: "This gaping hole caused a loss of several thousand feet of gas, but as still enough remained to take me up, I de-

termined to ascend, hoping that when I was out of the disturbing influence of the wind the rent would not extend. In this, however, I was disappointed, for, reaching an altitude of twelve hundred feet, a counter-current struck the balloon, causing it to sway violently and jerking the torn portion to and fro until it ripped six feet farther around the seam. The bal-



INFLATING A BALLOON.

loon continued to rise until it had attained an elevation of thirty-five hundred feet, the gas meanwhile pouring in volumes from the hole. The weight of the torn portion hanging down caused the rent to enlarge every minute, until it extended nearly halfway round, the whole interior of the balloon being plainly visible. I kept as still as possible, as the slightest agitation of the car tended to hasten the ripping. The balloon had slowly descended nearly a thousand feet when suddenly, with a sharp crack, the rip extended upward about five feet more, until stopped by another seam. I now began to be alarmed, fearing the balloon would collapse entirely. I was over the roughest and most mountainous part of Vermont, with no place in sight

suitable for a landing. The balloon was falling rapidly. I threw out everything in the car, anchor and ropes included, to check the descent, but to no purpose. I struck the rocky summit of Mount Tunbridge with a crash, instantly collapsing the balloon and throwing me out of the basket, inflicting injuries from which I did not recover for many months."

The press-excursions, originated, as hinted above, by Mr. King, and brought into such prominence by Donaldson in connection with Barnum's Hippodrome, produced a new and interesting class of aëronauts, peculiar, I believe, to this country and decade. The reporter is the true author, after all. If he have the courage and enthusiasm to plunge into the most untried and dangerous of life's paths, and the skill to transcribe his impressions in the freshest and most vivid colors, he possesses one form of the only valid plea for a man's asking the world of readers to listen to him — unhackneyed experience.

One of Mr. Holden's adventures has been described above. After Tissandier, he is doubtless the veteran journalistic aëronaut of the world. Beginning in 1861, he has made in all twenty-six voyages, some of them perilously eventful, including several night-flights of hundreds of miles. Most of his experience has been gained with Mr. King, though he accompanied Donaldson on several occasions. At the request of Professor Abby of the Signal Service, Mr. Holden took frequent barometrical and hygrometrical observations in his later excursions. He has made no ascensions for some years, his surplus time and enthusiasm being diverted to European travel. The following bit of description admirably illustrates his style: "It is a strange scene that bursts upon the vision of the balloon-passenger as he rises above the housetops and trees. There is a moment when he beholds the thousands of upturned faces, the throngs of people in the street, at the windows and on the housetops, teams moving lazily hither and thither, and amid all a confused fluttering of leaves, frightened birds, waving flags and handkerchiefs, and a gen-

eral commotion quite indescribable. But in another moment the men become mere black spots on a field of green, the horses and carriages are reduced to toys and the houses to the dimensions of the blocks children use at play. While all detail is disappearing there is a seeming contraction of larger objects. Streets have drawn nearer to each other: it is but a few steps from one extremity of a town to the other, and remote places are brought within slight distances of the objects beneath his feet."

Mr. Frank H. Taylor, of *Harper's Weekly*, has an aëronautical record second only to that of Mr. Holden, having been basketed on several trips each with Wise, Donaldson and King. Mr. Alfred Ford, of *The Graphic*, who with Donaldson and Lunt started on the disastrous Transatlantic voyage in the *Graphic* balloon, and Rev. H. B. Jeffries, of the *Pittsburg Leader*, who officiated at the balloon-wedding over Cincinnati, are also entitled to rank as veterans. The European literature of ballooning, with its accurate and brilliant descriptions by Glaisher, Tissandier, De Fonvielle and Dupuis-Delcour, has nothing more graphic and absorbing than some of the accounts dashed off in the white heat of enthusiasm by these and other American journalists. The nervousness and chaffing before the start; the thrill and wonder of the upward rush; the strange exhilaration coming with reliving confidence; the unspeakable loveliness and grandeur of the prospect; the thousand varied incidents of the too-brief journey; the short, sharp excitement of the landing; the awe and curiosity of the impromptu crowd invariably on the ground before the balloon, and reluctantly leaving it only when the last whiff of gas is rolled out of it and the last rope thrown into the wagon; the moonlight ride to the station with the gas-bag for a pillow and the brain too busy with the strangeness of the day for much talk,—all this and more, in endless diversity of circumstance and treatment, these gentlemen have embalmed for the curious millions who cannot or will not go "up in a balloon."

WILL O. BATES.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE month of December was well advanced before Eve's letter had reached Reuben May. It came to him one morning when, notwithstanding the fog which reigned around, Reuben had arisen in more than usually good spirits, able to laugh at his neighbors for railing against weather which he declared was good weather and seasonable.

The moment the postman entered the shop his heart gave a great bound—for who but Eve would write to him?—and no sooner had his eyes fallen on the handwriting than his whole being rejoiced, for surely nothing but good news could be heralded by such glad feelings. With a resolute self-denial, of which on most occasions Reuben was somewhat proud, he refused himself the immediate gratification of his desires, and with a hasty glance laid the letter on one side while he entered into a needlessly long discussion with the postman, gossiped with a customer—for whose satisfaction he volunteered a minute inspection of a watch which might have very reasonably been put off until the morrow—and finally (there being nothing else by which the long-coveted pleasure could be further delayed) he took up the letter and carefully turned it first this side and then that before breaking the seal and unfolding the paper.

What would it say? That she was coming back—coming home? But when? how soon? In a month? in a week? now at once? In one flash of vision Reuben saw the furniture polished and comfortably arranged, the room smartened up and looking its best with a blazing fire and a singing kettle, and a cozy meal ready laid for two people; and then all they would have to say to one another—on his part much to hear and little to tell, for his life had jogged on at a very commonplace trot, his business neither better nor worse, but still, with the aid

of the little sum his more than rigid economy had enabled him to save, they might make a fair start, free from all debt and able to pay their way.

These thoughts only occupied the time which Reuben took to undo the complicated folds by which, before the days of envelopes, correspondents endeavored to baffle the curiosity of those who sought to know more than was intended for them. But what is this? for Reuben's eyes had been so greedy to suck up the words that he had not given his mind time to grasp their meaning: "Not coming back! never—any more!"—"I like the place, the people, and, above all, my relations, so very much that I should never be happy now away from them."

He repeated the words over again and again before he seemed to have the least comprehension of what they meant: then, in a stupor of dull despondency, he read on to the end, and learnt that all his hopes were over, that his life was a blank, and that the thing he had dreaded so much as to cheat himself into the belief that it could never happen had come to pass. And yet he was still Reuben May, and lived and breathed, and hadn't much concern beyond the thought of how he should best send the things she had left to Polperro—the place she never intended to leave, the place she now could never be happy away from.

Later on, a hundred wild schemes and mad desires wrestled and fought, trying to combat with his judgment and put to flight his sense of resolution; but now, as in the first moment of death, with the vain hope of realizing his loss, the mourner sits gazing at the inanimate form before him, so Reuben, holding the letter in his hands, returned again and again to the words which had dealt death to his hopes and told him that the love he lived for no longer lived for him. For Eve had been very emphatic in enforcing this resolve, and had so strongly worded

her decision that, try as he would, Reuben could find no chink by which a ray of hope might gain admittance: all was dark with the gloom of despair, and this notwithstanding that Adam had not been mentioned, and Reuben had no more certain knowledge of a rival to guide him than the jaundiced workings of a jealous heart. Many events had concurred to bring about this blamable reticence. In the first place, the letter which Eve had commenced as a mere fulfilment of her promise had grown through a host of changing moods; for as time went on many a sweet and bitter found its way to that stream whose course did never yet run smooth; and could the pages before him have presented one tittle of these varied emotions, Reuben's sober nature would have rejoiced in the certainty that such an excess of sensitiveness needed but time and opportunity to wear itself out.

It was nearly two months now since it had been known all through the place that Adam Pascal was keeping company with his cousin Eve, and the Polperro folk, one and all, agreed that no good could surely come of a courtship carried on after such a contrary fashion; for the two were never for twenty-four hours in the same mind, and the game of love seemed to resolve itself into a war of extremes wherein anger, devotion, suspicion and jealousy raged by turns and afforded equal occasions of scandal and surprise. To add to their original difficulties, the lovers had now to contend against the circumstances of time and place, for during the winter, from most of the men being on shore and without occupation, conviviality and merriment were rife among them, and from Bellingring Night, which ushered in Gunpowder Plot, until Valentine's Day was passed, revels, dances or amusements of any kind which brought people together were welcomed and well attended. With the not unnatural desire to get away from her own thoughts, and to avoid as much as was possible the opportunity of being a looker-on at happiness in which she had no personal

share, Joan greedily availed herself of every invitation which was given or could be got at, and, as was to be expected, Eve, young, fresh and a novice, became to a certain degree infected with the anxiety to participate in most of these amusements. Adam made no objection, and, though he did not join them with much spirit and alacrity, he neither by word nor deed threw any obstacle in their way to lessen their anticipation or spoil their pleasure, while Jerrem, head, chief and master of ceremonies, found in these occasions ample opportunity for trying Adam's jealousy and tickling Eve's vanity.

Nettled by the indifference which, from her open cordiality, Jerrem soon saw Eve felt toward him, he taxed every art of pleasing to its utmost, with the determination of not being baffled in his attempts to supplant Adam, who in Jerrem's eyes was a man upon whom Fortune had lavished her choicest favors. Born in Polperro, Zebedee's son, heir to the Lottery, captain of her now in all but name, what had Adam to desire? while he, Jerrem, belonged to no one, could claim no one, had no name and could not say where he came from. Down in the depths of a heart in which nothing that was good or bad ever lingered long Jerrem let this fester rankle, until often, when he seemed most gay and reckless, some thoughtless word or idle joke would set it smarting. The one compensation he looked upon as given to him above Adam was the power of attraction, by which he could supplant him with others and rob him of their affection; so that, though he was no more charmed by Eve's rare beauty than he was won by her coy modesty, no sooner did he see that Adam's affection was turned toward her than he coveted her love and desired to boast of it as being his own. With this object in view, he began by enlisting Eve's sympathies with his forlorn position, inferring a certain similarity in their orphaned condition which might well lead her to bestow upon him her especial interest and regard; and so well was this part played that before long Eve found herself learning unconsciously to regard

Adam as severe and unyielding toward Jerrem, whose misfortune it was to be too easily influenced. Seeing her strong in her own rectitude and no less convinced of the truth of Jerrem's well-intentioned resolutions, Adam felt it next to impossible to poison Eve's ears with tales and scandals of which her innocent life led her to have no suspicion: therefore, though the sight of their slightest intercourse rankled within him, he was forced to keep silent, knowing as he did that if he so much as pointed an arrow every head was wagged at him, and if he dared to let it fly home every tongue was ready to cry shame on his treachery.

So the winter wore away, and as each day lengthened Adam found it more difficult to master his suspicions, to contend with his surroundings and to control the love which had taken complete hold and mastery of all his senses. With untiring anxiety he continued to dodge every movement of Jerrem and Eve—all those about him noting it, laughing over it, and, while they thwarted and tricked him, making merry at his expense, until Jerrem, growing bolder under such auspicious countenance, no longer hesitated to throw a very decided air of love-making into his hitherto innocent and friendly intercourse.

Shocked and pained by Jerrem's altered tone, Eve sought refuge in Joan's broader experience by begging that she would counsel her as to the best way of putting a stop to this ungenerous conduct.

"Awh, my dear," cried Joan, "unless you'm wantin' to see murder in the house you mustn't braithe no word of it. 'Tw'ud be worse than death to Jerrem if 't should iver come to Adam's ears: why, he'd have his life if he swung gallows-high for takin' of it. So, like a good maid, keep it from un now, 'cos they'm all on the eve o' startin', and by the time they comes home agen Jerrem 'ull have forgot all about 'ee."

Eve hesitated: "I told him if ever he spoke like that to me again I'd tell Adam."

"Iss, but you won't do it, though," returned Joan, "'cos there ain't no manin'

in what he says, you know. 'Tis only what he's told up to scores and hundreds o' other maidens afore, the rapskallion-rogued raskil! And that Adam knows, and's had it in his mind from fust along what game he was after. Us two knows un for what he is, my dear—wan best loved where he's least trusted."

"It's so different to the men I've ever had to do with," said Eve.

"Iss, but you never knawed but wan afore you comed here, did 'ee'?"

"I only knew one man well," returned Eve.

"Awh, then, you must bide a bit 'fore you can fathom their deepness," replied Joan; "and while you'm waitin' I wouldn't advise 'ee to take it for granted that the world's made up o' Reuben Mays—nor Adam Pascals neither;" and she ran to the door to welcome a cousin for whose approach she had been waiting, while Eve, worried and perplexed, let her thoughts revert to the old friend who seemed to have quite forgotten her; for Reuben had sent no answer to Eve's letter, and thus had afforded no opportunity for the further announcement she had intended making. His silence, interpreted by her into indifference, had hurt her more than she liked owning, even to herself; and the confession of their mutual promise, which she had intended making to Adam, was still withheld, because her vanity forbade her to speak of a man whose affection she had undoubtedly overrated.

Already there had been some talk of the furniture being sent for, and with this in view the next time she saw Sammy Tucker she asked him if he had been to Fowey lately, and if he had seen anything of Captain Triggs.

Sammy, as was his wont, blushed up to the eyes before he stammered out something about having met "un just for a minit comin' down by Place, 'cos he'd bin up there to fetch sommit he was goin' to car'y to London for Squire Trefry; but that was a brave bit agone, so, p'r'aps," added Sammy, "he's back by now, 'cos they wos a-startin' away that ebenin'."

Eve made no other remark, and Sammy turned away, not sorry to escape fur-

ther interrogation, for it had so happened that the opportunity alluded to had been turned by Sammy to the best advantage, and he had contrived in the space of ten minutes to put Captain Triggs in possession of the whole facts of Adam and Eve's courtship, adding that "Folks said 'twas a burnin' shame o' he to marry she, and Joan Hocken fo'ced to stand by and look on; and her's" (indicating by his thumb it was his stepmother he meant) "ha' tooked on tar'ible bad, and bin as moody-hearted as could be ever since."

Captain Triggs nodded his head in sympathy, and then went on his way with the intuitive conviction that this bit of news, which he intended repeating to "thickee chap in London," would not be received with welcome. "However," he reflected, "'tis allays best to know the warst, so I shall tell un the fust time I meets un, which is safe to be afore long, 'cos o' the ole gentleman," meaning thereby an ancient silver watch through whose medium Captain Triggs and Reuben had struck up an intimacy. How Reuben blessed that watch and delighted in those ancient works which would not go, and so afforded him an opportunity for at least one visit!

Each time the Mary Jane came to London, Reuben was made acquainted with the fact, and the following evening found him in the little cabin poring over the intricacies of his antique friend, whose former capabilities, when in the possession of his father, Captain Triggs was never weary of recounting.

Standing behind Reuben, Triggs would nod and chuckle at each fresh difficulty that presented itself, delighting in the proud certainty that after all the London chap "'ud find the ole gentleman had proved wan too many for he;," and when Reuben, desirous of further information, would prepare his way for the next visit by declaring he must have another try at him, Triggs, radiant but magnanimous, would answer, "Iss, iss, lad, do 'ee come agen; for 'tis aisy to see with half a eye that 'tain't wan look, nor two neither, that 'ull circumnavigate the insides o' that ole chap if 'taint to his liken to be set agoin'."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was some weeks after the receipt of Eve's letter that Reuben, having paid several fruitless visits to Kay's Wharf, walked down one afternoon to find the Mary Jane in and Captain Triggs on board. The work of the short winter's day was all but over, and Reuben accepted an invitation to bide where he was and have a bit of a yarn.

"You've bin bad, haven't 'ee?" Captain Triggs said with friendly anxiety as, seated in the little cabin, their faces were brought on a level of near inspection.

"Me—bad?" replied Reuben. "No. Why, what made you think of that?"

"'Cos you'm lookin' so gashly about the gills."

"Oh, I was always a hatchet-faced fellow," said Reuben, wondering as he spoke whether his lack of personal appearance had in any way damaged his cause with Eve, for poor Reuben was in that state when thoughts, actions, words have but one centre round which they all seem unavoidably to revolve.

"But you'm wuss than ever now. I reckon," continued Captain Triggs, "'tis through addlin' your head over them clocks and watches too close, eh?"

"Well, perhaps so," said Reuben. "I often think that if I could I should like to be more in the open air."

"Come for a voyage with me, then," said Triggs heartily. "I'll take 'ee, and give 'ee a shake-down free, and yer mate and drink for the aitin'. Come, you can't have fairer than that said, now, can 'ee?"

A wild thought rushed into Reuben's mind. Should he go with him, see Eve once more, and try whether it was possible to move her to some other decision? "You're very kind, I'm sure," he began, "and I feel very much obliged for such an offer; but—"

"There! 'tis nothin' to be obliged for," interrupted Triggs, thinking it was Reuben's modesty made him hesitate. "We'm a hand short, so anywise there's a berth empty; and as for the vittals, they allays cooks a sight more than us can get the rids of. So I'm only offerin' 'ee what us can't ate ourselves."

"I think you mean what you're say-

ing," said Reuben—"at least," he added, smiling, "I hope you do, for 'pon my word I feel as if I should like very much to go."

"Iss, sure, Come along, then. Us sha'n't start afore next week, and you'll be to Bristol and back 'fore they've had time to miss 'ee here."

"Bristol?" ejaculated Reuben. "I thought you were going to Cornwall again?"

"Not to wance, I ain't, but wouldn't 'ee rather go to Bristol? 'Tis a brave place, you know. For my part, I'd so soon see Bristol as London: 'tis pretty much o' the same lookout here as there." But while Captain Triggs had been saying these words his thoughts had made a sudden leap toward the truth, and, finding Reuben not ready with a remark, he continued: "'Tain't on no account of the young female you comed aboard here with that's makin' 'ee think o' Cornwall, is it?"

"Yes, it is," said Reuben bluntly. "I want to see her. I've had a letter from her, and it needs a little talkin' over."

"Awh! then I 'spects there's no need for me to tell 'ee that her's took up with Adam Pascal. You knows it already?"

Reuben felt as if a pike had been driven into his heart, but his self-command stood him in good stead, and he said quite steadily, "Do you happen to know him or anything about him?"

"Awh, iss: I knows 'en fast enuf," said Triggs, who felt by intuition that Reuben's desire was to know no good of him, "and a precious stomachy chap he is. Lord! I pities the maid who'll be his missis: whether gentle or simple, her's got her work cut out afore her."

"In what way? How do ye mean?"

"Why, he's got the temper o' the old un to stand up agen, and wherever he shows his face he must be head and chief and must lay down the law, and you must hearken to act by it or else look out for squalls."

Reuben drew his breath more freely. "And what is he?" he asked.

"Wa-all, I reckon he's her cousin, you know," answered Triggs, misinterpreting the question, "'cos he's ole Zebedee's

awnly son, and the ole chap's got houses and lands and I dunno what all. But, there! I wouldn't change with 'em; for you know what they be, all alike—a drunkin', fightin', cussin' lot. Lor's! I cudn't stand it, I cudn't, to be drunk from mornin' to night and from night to mornin'."

"And is he one of this sort?" exclaimed Reuben in horror. "Why, are her relations like that?"

"They'm all tarred with the wan brush, I reckon," replied Triggs. "If not, they cudn't keep things goin' as they do: 'tis the drink car'ies 'em through with it. Why, I knows by the little I've a done that ways myself how 'tis. Git a good skinful o' grog in 'ee, and wan man feels he's five, and, so long as it lasts, he's got the sperrit and 'ull do the work o' five too: then when 'tis beginnin' to drop a bit, in with more liquor, and so go on till the job's over."

"And how long do they keep it up?" said Reuben.

"Wa-all, that's more than I can answer for. Let me see," said Triggs, reflectively. "There was ole Zeke Spry: he was up eighty-seben, and he used to say he'd never, that he knowed by and could help, bin to bed not to say *sober* since he'd comed to years o' discretion. But in that ways he was only wan o' many; and after he was dead 't happened just as 't ole chap had said it wud, for he used to say, 'When I'm tooked folks 'ull get up a talk that ole Zeke Spry killed hisself with drink; but don't you listen to it,' he says, 'cos 'tain't nothin' o' the sort: he died for want o' breath—that's what killed he;' and I reckon he was about right, else there wudn't be nobody left to die in Polperro."

"Polperro?" said Reuben: "that's where your ship goes to?"

"No, not exactly: I goes to Fowey, but they bain't over a step or so apart—a matter o' six miles, say."

There was a pause, which Captain Triggs broke by saying, "Iss, I thought whether it wudn't surprise 'ee to hear 'bout it bein' Adam Pascal. They'm none of 'em overmuch took with it, I reckon, for they allays counted on 'im

havin' Joan Hocken : her's another cousin, and another nice handful, by all that's told up."

Reuben's spirit groaned within him. "Oh, if I'd only known of this before!" he said. "I'd have kept her by force from going, or if she would have gone I'd have gone with her. She was brought up so differently!" he continued, addressing Triggs. "A more respectable woman never lived than her mother was."

"Awh! so the Pascals all be: there's none of 'em but what's respectable and well-to-do. What I've bin tellin' of 'ee is their ways, you know: 'tain't nothing agen 'em."

"It's quite decided me to go down and see her, though," said Reuben. "I feel it's what her mother would have me do: she in a way asked me to act a brother's part to her when she was dying, for she didn't dream about her having anything to do with these relations whom she's got among now."

"Wa-all, 'twas a thousand pities you let her go, then," said Triggs; "and, though I'm not wantin' to hinder 'ee—for you'm so welcome to a passage down to Fowey as you be round to Bristol—still, don't it strike 'ee that if her wudn't stay here for yer axin' then, her ain't likely to budge from there for your axin' now?"

"I can but try, though," said Reuben, "and if you let me go when you're going—"

"Say no more, and the thing's settled," replied Triggs decisively. "I shall come back to London with a return cargo, which 'ull have to be delivered: another wan 'ull be tooked in, and, that aboard, off us goes."

"Then the bargain's made," said Reuben, holding out his hand; "and whenever you're ready to start you'll find me ready to go."

Captain Triggs gave the hand a hearty shake in token of his willingness to perform his share of the compact; and the matter being so far settled, Reuben made his necessary preparations, and with all the patience he could summon to his aid endeavored to wait with calmness the date of departure.

While Reuben was waiting in London activity had begun to stir again in Polperro. The season of pleasure was over: the men had grown weary of idleness and merrymaking, and most of them now anxiously awaited the fresh trip on which they were about to start. The first run after March was always an important one, and the leaders of the various crews had been at some trouble to arrange this point to the general satisfaction.

Adam's temper had been sorely tried during these discussions, but never had he so well governed it nor kept his sharp speech under such good control; the reason being that at length he had found another outlet for his wounded sensibility.

With the knowledge that the heart he most cared for applauded and sympathized with his hopes and his failures Adam could be silent and be calm. To Jerrem alone the cause of this alteration was apparent, and with all the lynx-eyed sharpness of vexed and wounded vanity he tried to thwart and irritate Adam by sneering remarks and covert suggestions that all must now give way to him: it was nothing but "follow my leader" and do and say what he chose—words which were as pitch upon tow to natures so readily inflamed, so headstrong against government and impatient of everything which savored of control. And the further misfortune of this was that Adam, though detecting Jerrem's influence in all this opposition, was unable to speak of it to Eve. It was the single point relating to the whole matter on which the two kept silent, each regarding the very mention of Jerrem's name as a firebrand which might perchance destroy the wonderful harmony which for the last week or so had reigned between them, and which to both was so sweet that neither had the courage to endanger or destroy it.

At length the day of departure had come, and as each hour brought the inevitable separation closer Eve's heart began to discover itself more openly, and she no longer disguised or hid from those around that her love, her hopes, her fears were centred upon Adam.

In vain did Jerrem try, by the most

despairing looks and despondent sighs, to attract her attention and entice her to an interview. Away from Adam's side—or, Adam absent, from Joan's company—Eve would not stir, until Jerrem, driven into downright ill-humor, was forced to take refuge in sullen silence.

It had been decided that the Lottery was to start in the evening, and the day had been a busy one, but toward the end of the afternoon Adam managed to spare a little time, which was to be devoted to Eve and to saying the farewell which in reality was then to take place between them.

In order to ensure a certain amount of privacy, it had been arranged that Eve should go to an opening some half-way up Talland lane and there await Adam's approach, which he would make by scrambling up from under the cliff and so across to where she could see and come to meet him.

Accordingly, as soon as five o'clock had struck, Eve, who had been fidgeting about for some time, got up and said, "Joan, if Jerrem comes in you won't tell where I've gone, will you?"

"Well, seein' I don't know the whereabouts of it myself, I should be puzzled," said Joan.

"I'm goin' up Talland lane to meet Adam," faltered Eve; "and as it's to say good-bye, I—we—don't want anybody else, you see."

The tremulous tone of the last few words made Joan turn round, and, looking at Eve, she saw that the gathered tears were ready to fall from her eyes. Joan had felt a desire to be sharp in speech, but the sight of Eve's face melted her anger at once, and with a sudden change of manner she said, "Why, bless the maid! what's there to cry about? You'm a nice one, I just say, to be a sailor's wife! Lor's! don't let 'em see that you frets to see their backs, or they'll be gettin' it into their heads next that they'm somebody's and we can't live without 'em. They'll come back soon enough, and a sight too soon for a good many here, I can tell 'ee."

Eve shook her head. "But will they come back?" she said despairingly. "I

Vol. XXVI.—10

feel something different to what I ever felt before—a presentiment of evil, as if something would happen. What could happen to them, Joan?"

"Lord bless 'ee! don't ax un what could happen to 'em. Why, a hundred things: they could be wracked and drowned, or catthed and killed, or tooked and hung." Then, bursting into a laugh at Eve's face of horror, she exclaimed, "Pack o' stuff, nonsense! Don't 'ee take heed o' no fancies nor rubbish o' that sort. They'll come back safe enuf, as they've allays done afore. Nothin's ever happened to 'em yet: what should make it now? T' world ain't a-comin' to an end 'cos you'm come down fra' London town. There, get along with 'ee, do!" and she pushed her gently toward the door, adding, with a sigh, "'Twould be a poor tale if Adam was never to come back now, and it the first time he ever left behind un anything he cared to see agen."

Eve soon reached her point of observation, and under shelter of the hedge she stood looking with anxious eyes in the direction from which Adam was to come. It had been a clear bright day, and the air blew fresh and cool; the sky (except to windward, where a few white fleecy masses lay scattered about) was cloudless; the sea was of a deep-indigo blue, flecked with ridges of foam, which unfurled and spread along each wave, crested its tip and rode triumphant to the shore. Inside the Peak, over the harbor, the gulls were congregated, some fluttering over the water, some riding on its surface, some flying in circles over the heights, now green and soft with the thick fresh grass of spring. Down the spine of the cliff the tangle of brier-wood and brambles, though not leafless, still showed brown, and the long trails which were lifted and bowed down as the sudden gusts of wind swept over them, looked bare and wintry.

Eve gave an involuntary shiver, and her eyes, so quick to drink in each varied aspect of the sea, now seemed to try and shut out its beauty from before her.

What should she do if the wind blew and the waves rose as she had seen them

do of late, rejoicing in the sight, with Adam by her side? But with him away, she here alone—oh, her spirit sank within her; and to drive away the thoughts which came crowding into her mind she left her shelter, and, hurrying along the little path, crossed the cross-grown brook, and was soon halfway up the craggy ascent, when Adam, who had reached the top from the other side, called out, "Hallo! I didn't think to find you here. We'd best walk back a bit, or else we shall be just in the eye of the wind, and it's coming on rather fresh."

"You won't go if it blows, Adam?" and Eve's face betrayed her anxiety.

"Oh, my dear one," he said kindly, "you mustn't think of the wind's having anything to do with me. Besides, it's all in our favor, you know: it'll rock us to sleep all the sooner."

Eve tried to smile back as she looked up at him, but it was a very feeble attempt. "I don't want to feel frightened," she said, "but I can't help it."

"Can't help what?"

"Why, thinking that something may happen."

"Oh, nonsense!" he said: "there's nothing going to happen. It's because you care for me you think like that. Why, look at me: ain't I the same? Before this I never felt anything but glad to be off and get away; but this time"—and he drew a long sigh, as if to get rid of the oppression—"I seem to carry about a lump of lead inside me, and the nearer it comes to saying good-bye the heavier it grows."

This sympathy seemed to afford Eve some consolation, and when she spoke again it was to ask in a more cheerful tone how long their probable absence would be, where they were going, what time they would take in getting there; to all of which Adam answered with unnecessary exactness, for both of them felt they were talking, for talking's sake, of things about which they knew all they could know already. Yet how was it possible, in the light of open day, when at any moment they might be joined by a third person, to speak of that which lay deep down in their hearts, waiting

only for a word, a caress, a tender look, to give it voice?

Adam had had a dozen cautions, entreaties, injunctions to give to Eve: he had been counting through every minute of the day the time to this hour, and now it had come and he seemed to have nothing to say—could think of nothing except how long he could possibly give to remaining.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed after more than an hour had slipped away—time wasted in irrelevant questions and answers, with long pauses between, when neither could think of anything to say, and each wondered why the other did not speak—"By Jove, Eve! I must be off: I didn't think the time had gone so quick. We mustn't start at the furthest later than eight; and if I ain't there to look after them nobody 'll think it worth while to be ready."

They were back under shelter of the hedge again now, and Adam (who possessed the singular quality of not caring to do his lovemaking in public) ventured to put his arm round Eve's waist and draw her toward him. "You'll never let me go again," he said, "without bein' able to leave you my wife, Eve, will you? 'Tis that, I b'lieve, is pressing on me. I wish now more than ever that you hadn't persisted in saying no all this long winter."

"I won't say no next time," she said, while the hitherto restrained tears began to fall thick and fast.

Adam's delight was not spoken in words, and for the time he forgot all about the possibility of being overlooked: "Then, when I come back I sha'n't be kept waiting any longer?"

"No."

"And we shall be married at once?"

"Yes."

Adam strained her again to his heart. "Then, come what may," he said, "I sha'n't fear it. So long as I've got you, Eve, I don't care what happens. It's no good," he said, after another pause. "The time's up, and I must be off. Cheer up, my girl, cheer up! Look up at me, Eve, that's a sweetheart! Now, one kiss more, and after that we must go on to the gate, and then good-bye indeed."

But, the gate reached and the good-bye said, Eve still lingered. "Oh, Adam!" she cried, "stop—wait for one instant."

And Adam, well pleased to be detained, turned toward her once more.

"Good-bye, Adam: God watch over you!"

"Amen, my girl, amen! May He watch over both of us, for before Him we are one now, Eve: we've taken each other, as the book has it, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health."

"Till death do you part," said the sepulchral tones of a voice behind the hedge; and with a laugh at the start he had given them Jerrem passed by the gate and went on his way.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SEVERAL weeks had now passed by since the bustle of departure was over, and, though no direct intelligence had come from the absentees, a rumor had somehow spread abroad that the expected run of goods was to be one of the largest ever made in Polperro.

The probability of this fact had been known to the leaders of the expedition before they started, and had afforded Adam another opportunity for impressing upon them the great necessity for increased caution.

Grown suspicious at the supineness which generally pervaded the revenue department, the government had decided upon a complete revolution, and during the winter months the entire force of the coast had been everywhere superseded and in many places increased. Both at Looe and Fowey the cutters had new officers and crews, and the men, inflamed with the zeal of newcomers, were most ardent to make a capture and so prove themselves worthy of the post assigned to them.

While all his comrades had affected to laugh at these movements, Adam had viewed them with anxiety—had seen the graveness of their import and the disasters likely to arise from them; and at length his arguments had so far prevail-

ed that a little better regulation was made for the working of signals and ensuring that they should be given and attended to if required. In case of danger the rule was to burn a fire on different heights of the cliff, and small huts were even erected for that purpose; but the lighting of these fires was often delayed until the last moment: what had become everybody's business was nobody's business, and secure that, in any case, the cruisers were no more willing to fight than the smugglers were wanting to be fought, hazards were often incurred which with men whose silence could not be bought (for up to that time every crew had had its go-between) would most certainly have proved fatal.

Upon the present force no influence could as yet be got to bear, and, to prove the temper of their dispositions, no sooner was it known to them that three of the most daring of the Polperro vessels were absent than they set to watching the place with such untiring vigilance that it needed all the sharpness of those left behind to follow their movements and arrange the signals so that they might warn their friends without exciting undue suspicions among their enemies.

Night after night, in one place or another, the sheltered flicker of the flame shone forth as a warning that any attempt to land would prove dangerous, until, word being suddenly brought that the cruiser had gone off to Polruan, out went the fire, and, an answering light showing that at least one of the vessels was on the watch, when the morning dawned the Stamp and Go was in and her cargo safe under water. The Lottery, she said, had contrived to decoy the revenue-men away, hoping that by that means the two smaller vessels might stand a chance of running in, but from their having to part company and keep well away from each other, the Stamp and Go, though certain the Cleopatra was not far off, had lost sight of her.

The day passed away, the evening light had all but faded, when to the watchers the Cleopatra, with crowded sail and aided by a south-west wind, was seen trying to make the harbor, close fol-

lowed by the cruiser. The news flew over the place like lightning, and but a few minutes seemed to have passed before all Polperro swarmed the cliffs, each trying to secure a vantage-point by putting forth some strong claim of interest in those on board. With trembling hearts and anxious gaze the lookers-on watched each movement of the two vessels, a dead silence prevailing among them so long as they both followed in the same course, but the instant a clever tack was made by which the pursuers were baffled, up rose the shout of many voices, and cries were heard and prayers uttered that the darkness would come quickly on and afford their friends a safe entrance.

Except to such men as steered the Cleopatra, to enter Polperro harbor amid darkness and wind was a task beyond their skill; and, knowing this, and seeing by her adversary's tactics the near possibility of defeat, the cruiser had resort to her guns, trying to cut away the Cleopatra's gear, and by that means compel her to heave-to. But, though partly disabled, the stout little vessel bore onward, and night's friendly clouds coming to her aid, the discomfited cruiser had to withdraw within hearing of the triumphant shouts which welcomed her rival's safety.

With the exception of the Lottery all was now safe, but no fears were entertained on her account, because, from her superior size and her well-known fast-sailing qualities, the risks which had endangered the other two vessels would in no way affect her. She had merely to cruise outside and await, with all the patience her crew could command, a fitting opportunity for slipping in, escaping the revenue-men and turning on them a fresh downpour of taunts and ridicule.

In proof of this, several of the neighboring fishing-boats had from time to time seen and spoken to the Lottery; and with a view to render those at home perfectly at ease every now and again one of these trusty messengers would arrive with a few words which would be speedily circulated among those most interested. The fact of her absence, and the knowledge that at any time the at-

tempt to land might be made, naturally kept every one on the strain; and directly night set in both Joan and Eve trembled at each movement and started at every sound.

One night, as, in case of surprise, they were setting all things in order, a sudden shuffling made Joan fly to the door. "Why, Jonathan," she exclaimed, admitting the man whom Eve had never seen since the evening after her arrival, "what's up? What brings you here, eh?"

"I've comed with summat for you," he said, casting a suspicious look at Eve.

"Well, out with it, then," said Joan, quickly adding, as she jerked her head in that direction, "us don't have no secrets from she."

"Awh, doant 'ee?" returned Jonathan in a voice which sounded the reverse of complimentary. "Wa-all, then, there's what 'tis;" and he held toward her a piece of paper folded up like a letter.

"Who's it from? where did 'ee get un?" asked Joan, while Eve exclaimed, "Oh, Joan, see is it from them?"

"I can't stay no longer," said Jonathan, preparing to retreat.

"But you must stay till we've made out what this here is," said Joan.

Jonathan shook his head. "'Tain't nothin' to do with what I'm about," he answered, determined not to be detained, "and I've got to run all the faster 'cos I've comed round this way to bring it. But Jerrem gived it to me," he whispered, "and Adam ain't to be tould nothin' of it;" and he added a few more words which made Joan release her hold of him and seem as anxious to see him gone as he was to go.

The first part of the whisper had reached Eve's ears, and the hope which had leaped into her heart had been forced back by the disappointment that Jerrem, not Adam, had sent the letter. Still, it might contain some news of their return, and she turned to Joan with a look of impatient inquiry.

"I wonder whatever 'tis about?" said Joan, claiming the right of ownership so far as the unfolding the missive went.

"Some random talk or 'nother, I'll be bound," she added, with a keener knowledge of her correspondent than Eve possessed. "I'll warrant he's a nice handful aboard there 'mongst 'em all, with nothin' to do but drinkin' and dice-throwin' from mornin' to night. Awh, laws!" she said, with a sigh of discontent as the written page lay open before her, "what's the good o' sendin' a passel o' writin' like that to me? 'T might so well be double Dutch for aught I can make out o' any o' it. There! take and read it, do 'ee, Eve, and let's hear what he says—a good deal more 'bout you than me, I'll lay a wager to."

"Then I don't know why he should," said Eve.

"No, nor I neither," laughed Joan; "but, there! I ain't jealous o' he, for, as I'm Jerrem's cut-and-come-agen, his makin' up to other maidens only leaves un more relish for comin' back to the dish he can stick by."

Eve's eyes had by this time run over the carelessly-written, sprawling page of the letter, and her face flushed up crimson as she said, "I really do wish Jerrem would give over all this silly nonsense. He has no business to write in this way to me."

"To you?" exclaimed Joan, snatching back the letter to look at the outside. "Why, that ain't to you;" and she laid her finger on the direction. "Come now, 'tis true I bain't much of a scholar, but I'm blessed if I can't swear to my awn name when I sees un."

"That's only the outside," said Eve: "all the rest is to me—nothing but a parcel of silly questions, asking me how he has offended me, and why I don't treat him as I used to; as if he didn't know that he has nobody but himself to blame for the difference!"

"And ain't there nothin' else? Don't he send no word to me?" asked Joan ruefully.

Eve, who was only too glad that poor Joan's ignorance prevented her reading the exaggerated rhodomontade of penitence and despair with which the paper was filled, ignored the first question. "He says," she said, turning to read from the page, "As you won't give me the oppor-

tunity of speaking to you, promise me that when we meet, which will be to-morrow night—' Oh, Joan, can that be true? do you think he means really to-morrow?" then, running her eyes farther on, she continued: "Perhaps he does, for—listen, Joan—' You mustn't split on me to Adam, who's cock-a-hoop about giving you all a surprise, and there'd be the devil to pay if he found out I'd blown the gaff.'"

"Now, ain't that Jerrem all over?" exclaimed Joan angrily, anything but pleased at the neglect she had suffered—"just flyin' in the face o' everything Adam wants done. He knows how things has got abroad afore, nobody could tell how, and yet, 'cos he's axed, he can't keep a quiet tongue in his head."

"I tell you what we'll do," said Eve—"not take a bit of notice of the letter, Joan, and just act as if we'd never had it: shall we?"

"Well, I reckon 'twould be the best way, for I shouldn't wonder but they be comin'," she added, while Eve, anxious to be rid of the letter, hastily flung it into the fire and stood watching it blaze up and die out. "Jonathan gave a hint o' somethin'," continued Joan, "though he never named no time, which, if he was trusted with, he knaws better than to tell of."

"I wonder they do trust him, though," said Eve, "seeing he's rather silly?"

"Awh! most o' his *silly* is to serve his own turn. Why, to see un elsewheres you'd say he'd stored up his wits to Polperro, and left 'em here till he gets back agen; and that's how 'tis he ferrets out the things he does, 'cos nobody minds un nor pays no heed to un; and if he does by chance come creepin' up or stand anigh, 'Tis only poor foolish Jonathan, they says."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE sun which came streaming in through the windows next morning seemed the herald of coming joy. Eve was the first to be awakened, and she soon aroused Joan. "It won't make no dif-

ference to them because the day's fine," she asked: "will it, Joan?"

"Not a bit: they don't care a dump what the day is, so long as the night's only dark enough; and there'll be no show o' moon this week."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Eve, breaking out into a snatch of an old song which had caught her fancy.

"Awh, my dear, don't 'ee begin to sing, not till breakfast is over," exclaimed Joan. "'Sing afore you bite, cry afore night.'"

"Cry with joy perhaps," laughed Eve; still, she hushed her melody and hastened her speed to get quickly dressed and her breakfast over. That done with, the house had to be fresh put in order, while Joan applied herself to the making of various pies and pastries; "For, you see," she said, "if they won't all of 'em be just ready for a jollification this time, and no mistake!"

"And I'm sure they deserve to have one," said Eve, whose ideas of merry-making were on a much broader scale now than formerly. It was true she still always avoided the sight of a drunken man and ran away from a fight, but this was more because her feelings were outraged at these sights than because her sense of right and wrong was any longer shocked at the vices which led to them.

"I'll tell 'ee what I think I'll do," said Joan as, her culinary tasks over, she felt at liberty to indulge in some relaxation: "I'll just run in to Polly Taprail's and two or three places near, and see if the wind's blowed them any of this news."

"Yes, do," said Eve, "and I shall go along by the Warren a little way and look at the sea, and that—"

"Lord save the maid!" laughed Joan: "whatever you finds in the say to look at I can't tell. I knaw 'tis there, but I niver wants to turn my eyes that way, 'ceptin' 'tis to look at somethin' 'pon it."

"Wait till you've been in a town like I have for some time," said Eve.

"Wait? Iss, I 'spects 'twill be wait 'fore my turn comes to be in a town for long. Awh, but I should just like to go to London, though," she added: "wouldn't I just come back ginteel!" and she walked out of the door with

the imaginary strut such an importance would warrant her in assuming. Eve followed, and the two walked together down Lansallos street, at the corner of which they parted—Joan to go to Mrs. Taprail's, and Eve along by the Warren toward Talland, for, although she had not told her intention to Joan, she had made up her mind to walk on to where she could get sight of Talland Bay.

She was just in that state of hope and fear when inaction becomes positive pain, and relief is only felt while in pursuit of an object which entails some degree of bodily movement. Joan had so laughed at her fears for the Lottery that to a great extent her anxiety had subsided; and everybody else seemed so certain that with Adam's caution and foresight nothing could possibly happen to them that to doubt their safety seemed to doubt his wisdom.

During this last voyage Adam had had a considerable rise in the opinions of the Polperro folk: they would not admit it too openly, but in discussions between twos and threes it was acknowledged that "Adam had took the measure o' they new revenoo-chaps from the fust, and said they was a cunnin', desateful lot, and not to be dealt with no ways;" and Eve, knowing the opposition he had had to undergo, felt a just pride that they were forced into seeing that his fears had some ground and that his advice was worth following out.

Once past the houses, she determined no longer to linger, but walk on as briskly as possible; and this was the more advisable because the day was a true April one: sharp showers of mingled hail and rain had succeeded the sun, which now again was shining out with dazzling brightness.

The sea was green and rippled over with short dancing waves, across which ran long slanting shadows of a bright violet hue, reflected from the sun and sky; but by the time Eve reached a jutting stone which served as a landmark all this was vanishing, and, turning, she saw coming up a swift creeping shadow which drew behind it a misty veil that covered up both sea and sky and blotted them from view.

"Oh my! here's another hailstorm coming," she said; and, drawing the hood of her cloak close over her face, she made all haste down the steep bit of irregular rock toward where she knew that, a little way off the path, a huge boulder would afford her shelter.

Down came the rain, and with it such a gust of wind that, stumbling up the bit of cliff on which the stone stood, Eve was almost bent double. Hullo! Somebody was here already, and, shaking back her hood to see who her companion in distress might be, she uttered a sharp scream of horror, for the man who stood before her was no other than Reuben May.

"Then you're not glad to see me, Eve?" he said, for the movement Eve had involuntarily made was to put out her hands as if to push him away.

Eve tried to speak, but the sudden fright of his unexpected presence seemed to have dried up her throat and tongue and taken away all power of utterance.

"Your old chum, Capen Triggs, asked me how I should like to take a bit of a trip with him, and I thought, as I hadn't much to keep me, I'd take his offer; and, as he's stopped at Plymouth for a day or so, I made up my mind to come so far as here and see for myself if some of what I've been told is true."

"Why, what have you been told?" said Eve, catching at anything which might spare her some of the unpleasantness of a first communication.

"Well, for one thing, that you're going to be married to your cousin."

Eve's color rose, and Reuben, thinking it might be anger, said, "Don't make any mistake, Eve: I haven't come to speak about myself. All that's past and over, and God only knows why I ever got such folly into my head;" and Reuben thought himself perfectly sincere in making this statement, for he had talked himself into the belief that this journey was undertaken from the sole desire to carry out his trust. "What I've come to do is to speak to you like a friend, and ask you to tell me what sort of people these are that you're among, and how the man gets his living that you're thinking of being married to."

Eve hesitated: then she said, "There is no need for me to answer you, Reuben, because I can see that somebody already has been talking about them to you—haven't they?"

"Yes, they have, but how do I know that what they've said is true?"

"Oh, I dare say it's true enough," she said: "people ain't likely to tell you false about a thing nobody here feels ashamed to own to."

"Not ashamed of being drunkards, law-breakers, thieves?" said Reuben sternly.

"Reuben May," exclaimed Eve, flaming up with indignation and entirely forgetting that but a little time before she had held an exactly similar opinion, "do you forget that you're speaking of my own father's blood-relations—people who're called by the same name I am?"

"No, I don't forget it, Eve; and I don't forget, neither, that if I didn't think that down here you would soon become ruined, body and soul, I'd rather cut my tongue out than it should give utterance to a word that could cause you pain. You speak of your father, but think of your mother, Eve—think if she could rise up before you could you ask her blessing on what you're going to do?"

Eve's face quivered with emotion, and Reuben, seizing his advantage, continued: "Perhaps you think I'm saying this because I'm wanting you for myself, but, as God will judge us, 'tisn't that that's making me speak, Eve;" and he held out his hand toward her. "You've known me for many a long year now—my heart's been laid more bare to you than to any living creature: do you believe what I'm saying to you?"

"Yes, Reuben, I do," she answered firmly, though the tears, no longer restrained, came streaming from her eyes; "and you must also believe what I say to you—that my cousin is a man as honest and upright as yourself, that he wouldn't defraud any one of the value of a pin's point, nor take a thing that he didn't think himself he'd got a proper right to."

"Good God, Eve! is it possible that you can speak like this of one who gets his living by smuggling?" and a spasm

of positive agony passed over Reuben's face as he tried to realize the change of thought and feeling which could induce a calm defence of such iniquity. "What's the difference whether a man robs me or he robs the king? Isn't he stealing just the same?"

"No, certainly not," said Eve, quickly. "I can't explain it all to you, but I know this—that what they bring over they buy and pay for, and certainly, therefore, have some right to."

"Have a right to?" repeated Reuben. "Well, that's good! So men have a right to smuggle, have they? and smuggling isn't stealing? Come! I should just like this cousin of yours to give me half an hour of his company to argue out that matter in."

"My cousin isn't at home," said Eve, filled with a sudden horror of what might be expected from an argument between two such tempers as Reuben and Adam possessed. "And if you've only come here to argue, whether 'tis with me or with them, Reuben, 'tis a waste of time that'll do no good to you nor any of us."

Reuben did not speak. He stood and for a few moments looked fixedly at her: then he turned away and hid his face in his hands. The sudden change from anger to sorrow came upon Eve unexpectedly: anything like a display of emotion was so foreign to Reuben that she could not help being affected by it, and after a minute's struggle with herself she laid her hand on his arm, saying gently, "Reuben, don't let me think you've come all this long way only to quarrel and say bitter things to me: let me believe 'tis as you said—because you weren't satisfied, and felt, for mother's sake, you wanted to be a friend to me still. I feel now as if I ought to have told you when I wrote that I was going to marry my cousin Adam, but I didn't do it because I thought you'd write to me, and then 'twould be easier to speak; and when you didn't take no notice I thought you meant to let me go altogether, and I can't tell you how hurt I felt. I couldn't help saying to myself over and over again (though I was so angry with you I didn't know what to

do), 'I shall never have another such friend as Reuben—never.'"

Eve's words had their effect, and when Reuben turned his pale face to her again his whole mood was softened. "'Tis to be the same friend I always was that I've come, Eve," he said; "only you know me, and how I can never keep from blurting out all at once things that I ought to bring round bit by bit, so that they might do good and not give offence."

"You haven't offended me yet," she said—"at least," she added, smiling in her old way at him, "not beyond what I can look over; and so far as I can and it will ease your mind, Reuben, I'll try to tell you all you care to know about uncle and—the rest of them. I'm sure if you knew them you'd like them: you couldn't help it—more particularly Joan and Adam, if you once saw those two."

"And why can't I see them, Eve? It wouldn't seem so very strange, being your friend—for that's all I claim to be—going there to see you, would it?"

"No, I don't know that it would; only," and here she hesitated, "whatever you saw that you didn't like, Reuben, you'd only speak to me about. You wouldn't begin arguing with them, would you?"

Reuben shook his head. Then with a sudden impulse, he said, "And have you really given all your love to this man, Eve?"

"Yes," she said, not averting her eyes, although her face was covered with a quick blush.

"And whatever comes you mean to be his wife?"

"I don't mean to be anybody else's wife," she said.

"And he—he cares for you?"

"If he didn't be sure I should have never cared for him."

Reuben sighed. "Well," he said, "I'll go and see him. I'll have a talk with him, and try and find out what sort of stuff he's made of. If I could go away certain that things ain't as bad as I feared to find them, I should take back a lighter heart with me. You say he isn't home now. Is he at sea, then?"

"No, not at sea: he's close by."

"Then you expect him back soon?"

"Yes: we expect him back to-night."

"To-night? Then I think I'll change my plan. I meant to go back to Plymouth and see what Triggs is about to do, for I'm going round to London with him when he goes; but if you're expecting your cousin so soon, why shouldn't I stop here till I've seen him?"

"Oh, but he mightn't come," said Eve, who in any case had no wish that Reuben should appear until she had paved the way for his reception, and above all things desired his absence on this particular occasion.

"Well, I must take my chance of that—unless," he added, catching sight of her face, "there's any reason against my stopping?"

Eve colored. "Well," she said, "perhaps they mightn't care, as they don't know you, about your being here. You see," she added by way of excuse, "they have been away a long while now."

"Been to France, I s'pose?" said Reuben in a tone which conveyed his suspicions.

"No," replied Eve, determined not to seem ashamed of their occupation: "I think they've been to Guernsey."

"Oh, well, all the same, so far as what they went to fetch. Then they're going to *try* and land their cargo, I s'pose?"

"I don't know what they may be going to *try* and do"—and Eve endeavored to imitate the sneer with which Reuben had emphasized the word—"but I know that trying with them means doing. There's nobody about here," she added with a borrowed spice of Joan's manner, "would care to put themselves in the way of trying to hinder the Lottery."

"'Tis strange, then, that they shouldn't choose to come in open daylight, rather than be sneaking in under cover of a dark night," said Reuben aggravatingly.

"As it happens," retorted Eve, with an assumption of superior nautical knowledge, "the dark night suits them best, by reason that at high tide they can come in close to Down End. Oh, you needn't try to think you can hurt me by your sneers at them," she said, inwardly smart-

ing under the contempt she knew Reuben felt. "I feel hurt at your wanting to say such things, but not at all at what you say. *That* can't touch me."

"No, so I see," said Reuben hopelessly. Then, after a minute's pause, he burst out with a passionate, "Oh, Eve, I feel as if I could take and jump into the sea with you, so as I might feel you'd be safe from the life I'm certain you're goin' to be dragged down to. You may think fair now of this man, because he's only showed you his fair side; but they who know him know him for what he is—bloodthirsty, violent, a drunkard, never sober, with his neck in a noose and the gallows swinging over his head. What hold will you have over one who fears neither God nor devil? Yes, but I will speak. You shall listen to the truth from me," for she had tried to interrupt him. "It isn't too late, and 'tis but fit that you know what others say of him."

Eve's anger had risen until she seemed turned into a fury, and her voice, usually low and full, now sounded hard and sharp as she cried, "If they said a hundred times worse of him I would still marry him; and if he stood on the gallows, that you say swings over his head, I'd stand by his side and say I was his wife."

"God pity you!" groaned Reuben.

"I want no pity," she said, "and so you can tell those who would throw it away on me. Say to them that you sought me out to cast taunts at me, but it was of no use, for what you thought I should be ashamed of I gloried in, and could look you and all the world in the face"—and she seemed to grow taller as she spoke—"and say I felt proud to be a smuggler's wife;" and, turning, she made a movement as if to go.

But Reuben took a step so as to impede her. "Is this to be our parting?" he said. "Can you throw away the only friend you've got left?"

"I don't call you a friend," she said.

"You'll know me for being so one day, though, and bitterly rue you didn't pay more heed to my words."

"Never!" she said proudly. "I'd trust

Adam with my life: he's true as steel. Now," she added, stepping on one side, "I have no more time to stay: I must go back; so let me pass."

Mechanically Reuben moved. Stung by her words, irritated by a sense of failure, filled with the sharpest jealousy against his rival, he saw no other course open to him than to let her go her way and to go his. "Good-bye, then, Eve," he said, in a dry, cold voice.

"Good-bye," she answered.

"I don't think, after what's passed, you need expect to see me again," he ventured, with the secret hope that she would pause and say something that might lead to a fresh discussion.

"I had no notion that you'd still have a thought of coming. I should look upon a visit from you as very out of place."

"Oh, well, be sure I sha'n't force myself where I'm not wanted."

"Then you'll be wise to stay away, for you'll never be wanted where I am."

And without another glance in his direction she walked away, while Reuben stood and watched her out of sight. "That's ended," he said, setting his lips firmly together and hardening the expression of his naturally grave face. "That mad game's finished, and finished so that I think I've done with sweet-

hearting for as long as I live. Well, thank God! a man may get on very fairly though the woman that he made a fool of himself for flings back his love and turns him over for somebody else." Then, as if some unseen hand had dealt him a sudden thrust, he cried out, "Why did I ever see her? Why was I made to care for her? Haven't I known the folly of it all along, and fought and strove from the first to get the better of myself? and here she comes down and sees a fellow whose eye is tickled by her looks, and he gets in a week what I've been begging and praying for years for; and they tell you that God's ways are just and that He rewards the good and punishes the evil!" and Reuben's face worked with suppressed emotion, for in spirit he stood before his Creator and upbraided Him with "Lo! these many years have I served Thee, neither transgressed I at any time Thy commandments; and yet this drunkard, this evil-liver, this law-breaker, is given that for which in my soul I have thirsted!" and the devils of envy and revenge ran by his side rejoicing, while Fate flew before and lured him on to where Opportunity stood and welcomed his approach.

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POSSESSION.

SHE is thine own at last, O faithful soul!
 The love that changed not with the changing years
 Hath its reward: Desire's strong prayers and tears
 Fall useless since thy hand hath touched the goal.
 See how she yieldeth up to thy control
 Each mystery of her beauty: enter, thou,
 A vanquished victor. None can disavow
 Thy royal, love-bought right unto the whole
 Of love's rich feast. Oh outspread golden hair,
 White brow, red lips whereon thy lips are set
 With rapturous thrills undreamed of, past compare!
 Oh ecstasy of bliss! And yet—and yet—
 What doth it profit thee that every part
 Is thine except the little wayward heart?

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

AN OLD ENGLISH HOME: BRAMSHILL HOUSE.

A PECULIAR charm hangs about an Elizabethan country-house.

The castles belong to an utterly different state of things and people—to a rougher, coarser time. Their towers and walls, where the jackdaws build in the ivy; their moats, where the hoary carp bask and fatten; their drawbridges and heavy doors and loopholed windows,—these all tell of the unrest, the semi-warlike state of feudal days, when each great seigneur was a petty king in his own county, with his private as well as public feuds, and his little army of men-at-arms ready to do his bidding, to sally forth and fight for the king or to defend his own walls against some more powerful neighbor.

The great houses of the eighteenth century have a different character again, with their Italian façades and trim terraced gardens, where the wits and beauties of dull Queen Anne's time amused themselves after their somewhat rude fashion. They speak of a solid luxury in keeping with the heavy features and ponderous minds of the worthies of those days.

But the Elizabethan, or even early Jacobean, house tells us of England in her golden age. The walls of red brick, gray with lichens; the rows of wide stone-mullioned windows and hanging oriels; the delicate, fanciful chimneys rising in great clusters above the pointed gables; the broad stone steps leading up to the hospitable door; the smooth green terraces and bowling-lawns, walled in, it is true, but closed with gates of curiously-wrought ironwork meant more for ornament than for defence,—all these serve to recall the days when learning and wealth joined hands with the Maiden Queen to raise England from the depths into which she had sunk—the days of "the worthies whom Elizabeth, without distinction of rank or age, gathered round her in the ever-glorious wars of her great reign."

It was then that Burleigh and Walsingham talked statecraft; that Raleigh and Drake, Frobisher and Grenville, sailed the seas and beat the Spanish Armada; that the "sea-dogs" brought the treasures of the New World to the feet of the queen, and filled men's minds with dreams of El Dorados where gold and jewels were as common as the sand on the seashore. It was then that English literature, all but dead during the storm of the Reformation, began to revive. And then it was that a galaxy of poets arose such as the world had never seen before; that Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, Spenser his *Faerie Queene*; that Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher and merrie Ben Jonson founded the English drama; and that Shakespeare, poet of poets, overshadowed them all with that stupendous genius which has filled succeeding generations with wonder and love.

Then it was that men began to think of their home as a casket in which to enshrine the gentler tastes and luxuries which peace at home and continental influences from without were fostering in England. The casket must be fitted for its treasure; and so it came to pass that throughout the length and breadth of the land those fair Elizabethan mansions sprang up.

I see one such now in my mind's eye—one that I love well, for since my earliest childhood it has filled me with awe and admiration and delight. It was built by James I. as a hunting-box for his son, Prince Henry, but ere the house was finished the young prince was dead, and all the promise of his short life gone with him. Had he lived, our English history for the next hundred years might have been a different story. Bramshill then passed into other hands—first to Lord Zouch, then to the Copes, who still own it—but in the finely-carved stone balustrade above the great western door the

three plumes of the prince of Wales's feathers may still be seen, the sole memento of its royal origin. Only half the original house remains: the rest was destroyed by fire a couple of hundred years ago. Yet what still stands is verily a palace.

You enter through the heavily-nailed and barred doors, and find yourself in a vast hall panelled up to the ceiling with old oak. The immense fireplace with its brass dogs and andirons tells of the yule log that still at Christmas burns upon the hearth, and trophies of arms of all ages—from the Toledo blade that can be bent by the point into a semicircle, so perfect is the temper of its steel, to the Sikh sword that was brought home after the Indian mutiny—form fitting ornaments for the walls.

Then come many rooms, with deep-embursed windows looking out on the terrace, each beautiful or curious in its own way—a noble dining-room hung with old grisaille tapestry, from which you may learn the life of Decius Mus if you have patience to disentangle the strange medley of impossible figures in gardens with impossible flowers, where impossible beasts roam in herds and impossible birds sing among the branches.

But the glory of the house is its first floor. The wide oak staircase leads you up first to the chapel-room, with its oriel windows overhanging the western door, its Italian cabinets, its rare china, its chairs and couches covered with crewel-work more than two hundred years old, yet with colors as fresh as on the day that Lady Zouch and her maidens set in the stitches. Then there is the great drawing-room, with its precious Italian marble chimney-piece, more brass dogs, more tapestry, more recessed windows. Then the library, full of priceless books, to which the present learned owner is constantly adding new volumes. The mere ceilings are a study in themselves, for they are covered with mouldings and traceries and hanging bosses of marvelous workmanship of the time of Inigo Jones—designed, some say, by him, for he used to stay at Eversley, hard by, with a friend and fellow-pupil of Sir Christo-

pher Wren. Then comes the long gallery, running the whole width of the building, stored with curiosities, where we used to run races and play hide-and-seek with the children of the house in bygone days, and tremble when evening came on lest some bogie from his lurking-place should spring out upon us. The bedrooms are panelled with oak painted white, with splendid fireplaces and carved mantel-pieces that reach the ceiling.

And besides all these there are enchanting little rooms reached by unexpected staircases, by secret doors in the wall, by dark passages where one hears the rustle of ghostly brocade dresses. Those are the most lovable rooms, for, once safely in them, one is at home and warm, while in the state rooms one feels, as the dear old squire who died here thirty years ago said, "like a pea in a drum."

Down from the house slopes the park, with its green glades, its heather-covered knolls, its huge oaks, its delicate silver birches—above all, its matchless Scotch firs, which James I. planted here, as he did in many places in England, to remind himself of the land of his birth. The hardy northern trees took kindly to their new home, and they have seeded themselves and spread far and wide over vast tracts of country. But nowhere south of Tweed are finer specimens to be found than in this old Hampshire park. Three great avenues of them run round a triangle half a mile across, and outside the shade of their black branches the purple heather and waving bracken form a carpet fit for elves and fairies.

From the western front of the house a double avenue of gigantic elms leads down to the river that gleams in silver lines beneath the bridge, and ends where the moors begin on the opposite hill a mile away. Up this avenue in olden days the deer were driven toward the house, to be killed at the feet of the ladies, who stepped down in hoops and furbelows and dainty shoes to the iron gates between two pepper-box towers where gorgeous peacocks now strut and sun themselves.

Those were the days when, sorely

against his own wish, Archbishop Abbot, my worthy ancestor, went a-hunting in the park on Sunday at the command of the king his master, who with the archbishop was a guest of Lord Zouch. Well for him had it been if he had resisted the royal will, for, as it befell, the arrow from his crossbow, glancing from a tree, struck one of the keepers and killed him then and there. The poor archbishop, it is said, never smiled again, and his sad, tender face in Vandyke's noble picture looks down on me from the wall as I write and bears out the truth of the story. Often and often when we children were playing in the park did we wander about, trying to settle from which tree the arrow glanced, conjuring up before our eyes the whole scene—the king's anger and the archbishop's despair at the catastrophe—and feeling the while a proud personal interest in it all. Ah, what good days those were, roaming about knee-deep in heather, catching the rare moths, chasing the squirrels that whisked up the fir stems and mocked us from their high perch, searching the hollow trees for woodpeckers' nests, eating the beech-nuts or pricking our fingers as we tried to open the husks of the Spanish chestnuts that grew by the lake! From among the bulrushes the coots sailed out at our approach, and the tiny dabchick dived so deep that we thought, "This time she *must* be drowned," when, lo and behold! she would appear twenty yards off, a little black ball with a yellow bill, only to take breath and plunge again. Sometimes in a hard winter we would hear high in the sky the cry of a weird pack of hounds. Nearer and nearer drew that unearthly music, till we held our breath in a kind of delightful terror, and then above our heads appeared a flock of wild swans on the search for water; and down they dropped, like white cannon-balls, into the lake, sending a mass of spray into the air and shivering the smooth black surface of the water into a thousand ripples that circled away and lapped against the banks in mimic waves.

But I think my most exquisite moment of happiness was one spring day when I

saw close by me a little fox-cub—a furry darling, about as big as a four-months'-old kitten, with black stripes across his fat back. He had ventured out of the fox-earths on the other side of the park palings, and did not know how to get back to his anxious mother. I tried to catch him, but that was not to be, and young Reineke soon found a way home. Nevertheless, the joy was mine, never to be forgotten, of having seen a real wild beast so near.

Even on dark and stormy days the park has its own strange charm as one walks up the gloomy avenue on the soft fir-needles glistening with rain. A murmur fills the air as of sea-waves beating on the shore: it is the wet south-west wind souging overhead and lashing the writhing branches. One thinks of the German fairy-tales, and half expects to meet the old woman who led Hansel and Grethel captive, or to come suddenly upon her house with its gingerbread roof and barley-sugar windows.

I remember once taking a well-known musician through those fir woods one dark afternoon as the wind was making soft music above us. He was silent, and I was disappointed, for I had fancied that the new country would delight him and excite his imagination. But when we reached home he sat down to the piano in the dark, and played on and on as if he were pouring out his whole soul in the flood of sweet melody; and when, after an hour of marvellous improvisation, he stopped and said to us, "I couldn't help it: I had to reel off all that I have been seeing and hearing this afternoon," then I was content, for I knew nothing had been thrown away on our friend, and that if he could not talk about it all he could do even better.

But if you would see Bramshill in all its pride come on some November morning to the first meet of the season.

Well do I recollect the excitement of those happy days. How long the night seemed before morning broke and I was sure it was not pouring with rain! How pleasant to run down to breakfast all neat and trim in one's habit! And then when flask and sandwiches were safely bestow-

ed, white gloves buttoned and hat firmly secured, how eagerly I watched for half-past ten to walk out to the stables, where the horses were stamping and snorting impatiently, knowing full well by their marvellous instinct what enjoyment was before them! Then my little bay Sintram came dancing out, followed by Puff, the dear old brown mare. I was tossed into the saddle, and away we went at that peculiarly unpleasant and tiring pace, a "cover trot," which for some inscrutable reason is the right thing if you are going to a meet. Less than a trot, more than a walk, you can neither sit still nor rise in your stirrup, but must just jog along till you fairly ache. The horses pull and fight with their bits as we keep them in the soft sandy ditch up the lane to spare their precious feet. At the few cottages we pass women and children are all standing at their garden-gates to watch the "quality" go by. The ploughmen in the fields discover that the furrows nearest the road need a great deal of attention; the shepherds fold their sheep to-day close to the hedge, so as to secure front places for the show; and if we chance to run this way every man will leave his work and follow us as long as his breath lasts, and his master, who is riding, will not grumble, for if hounds are running every man, be he rich or poor, has a right to run too.

Up the sandy hill we go, and out on the wide moors, covered with soft brown heather, which stretch away with hardly a break twenty miles south and east to Aldershot Camp or Windsor Forest. On the brow of the hill grows a mighty bush of furze which always goes by the name of "Miss Bremer's furze-bush." When the dainty Swedish novelist once came to gladden Eversley Rectory with her presence she told how she longed to see the plant before which Linnæus had fallen on his knees; and she walked up this selfsame hill and with eyes full of tears gazed on the prickly shrub with its mist of golden-colored, apricot-scented flowers. The old Hampshire proverb says, "When furze is out of flower kissing is out of fashion;" and, sure enough, there is not a month in the year in which you

may not find a blossom or two among the green spines.

Now we cross a green road, the Welsh Ride, which in the autumn is covered with thousands of cattle making their way in great herds from the Welsh mountains and Devonshire pastures to the winter fairs round London. The drovers used to boast that they could bring their beasts all the way from Wales without once going off turf or through a turnpike. Now, alas! crowded cattle-trucks on the railway are fast superseding the old-fashioned, wholesome way of travelling, and we seldom have the autumnal air filled with the lowing of the herds, the barking of the attendant dogs and the shouts of the drovers on their sturdy Welsh ponies. But to-day the Welsh Ride looks gay enough, for it is dotted with little knots of horsemen in black or red coats using it as a short cut from Aldershot and Sandhurst. We turn off the moor into the shadow of the fir avenue that leads half a mile up to the park-gates. The ground, covered with a soft carpet of pine-needles and burrowed everywhere by the roots of the trees, gives off a hollow echo to the horses' clattering hoofs. The sombre avenue is alive in unwonted fashion to-day. Now we pass a group of pedestrians from the village; now a young farmer comes by on a half-broken colt which is to make its first acquaintance with the hounds; then a break with a big party from a country-house in Miss Mitford's village passes us with a gay greeting as it rattles on. A tiny nutshell of a pony-carriage full of babies comes trotting along, and its driver, poor Sheldon Williams, will make notes of the scene and put them into one of his clever hunting-pictures, little dreaming of the day when his early death will leave those babies penniless. Now a group of the redcoats we saw on the Welsh Ride overtakes us, and Sintram plunges and dances as a wild little thorough-bred comes up to our side. His master, who has already gained his Victoria Cross twice—first as a little lad in the trenches at Sevastopol, and again for desperate deeds of valor in the Indian mutiny—is to win yet further glory in 1879 at the

head of the "flying column" in Zulu-land—Evelyn Wood, the most gallant and humane of all that gallant band.

The white park-gate is held wide open by a poor ne'er-do-weel in a shabby old red coat—John Ellis by name. How he gets his living no one knows, but if there is a meet of fox-hounds anywhere within ten miles, there he is sure to be, holding people's horses or ready at a gate for stray pennies and sixpences. There is usually such a hanger-on to every pack of hounds in England—one who travels immense distances on foot to turn up in unexpected places and get a few hard-earned shillings as his reward. We jog along under the magnificent silver firs, only to be equalled by those in the duke of Wellington's park at Strathfieldsaye, hard by; then up the lime avenue which borders the cricket-ground, where thirty years ago the most famous matches in Hampshire were played; and as we reach the iron gates leading up to the house our little knot of riders has swelled into a veritable cavalcade.

Down the drive we trot, past the stables, where the watch-dogs strain angrily at their chains and a little green monkey jibbers with rage and excitement, and in another moment we turn under the shadow of the great house up to the western door. Here all is life and bustle. Twenty or thirty carriages are drawn up by the widespreading lawn: grooms are holding horses ready for their masters, who are refreshing the inner man with cherry brandy and cold breakfast indoors. A tinkle of bells is heard as the duchess of Wellington drives herself up with her three ponies abreast, Russian fashion. Then a perfectly-appointed brougham, with a pair of magnificent cobs, stops in a corner, and a soldier-like foreigner in a red coat helps out a quiet-looking English lady wrapped up in furs. She slips them off as her groom leads up a priceless horse for her to mount, and in a moment is in the saddle, and will ride as straight as any man in the field to-day. Her husband, Count Morella, better known as the famous Carlist general Cabrera, whose strange and terrible history many years ago fascinated the gen-

tle English heiress, now satisfies his war-like spirit by fox-hunting on the best horses that money can buy, and has settled down into a quiet English country gentleman.

The hounds have arrived before us. There they are—the beauties!—on the green grass, and we ride in among them to have a word with Tom Swetman the huntsman and good George Austin the whip, the latter of whom has given me a lead over many a fence. Gallant Tom! the bravest and gentlest of men, how little we thought that in a year or two we should never see your honest face again on earth! But you will be long remembered, though you are with us no more, and the story will be told for years to come of a day when the hounds ran into their fox on the South-western Railway. It was in a cutting fifty feet deep, with a tremendous fence at the top. Tom arrived just in time to see his hounds on the rails, with poor Reynard dead in their midst and the express train from Southampton speeding up the hill at fifty miles an hour. He crammed his horse over the great post and rails, down the almost perpendicular side of the cutting, whipped the hounds off, and, as the train rushed screaming by, rode out from under the very wheels of the engine and up the farther bank with his rescued pack.

But now our master, Mr. Garth, comes down the steps—a signal that we must no longer waste time talking with our neighbors, and like a good old friend he gives us a private programme of the way we shall draw. Stirrups are lengthened or shortened, girths tightened, restive horses led away to unobserved corners where their owners can try to mount without being seen by the assembled multitude. Sintram executes a waltz on his hind legs, to the delight of some schoolboys in a wagonette, the terror of their fair companions and the extreme disgust of his mistress at having to practice the *haute école* before so large an audience. Ah, my poor Sintram! He danced once too often, and one fine day came to a sad end by falling backward and breaking his neck.

Tom now comes up to the master: "Shall we go, sir?"

"Yes—now, I think."

A crack of the whips and away trots Tom, followed by his splendid pack and his two whippers-in. Then comes the master, and we all crowd after them pell-mell with horses plunging and kicking, and as soon as we are fairly out in the open a kind of stampede takes place among the unruly young ones, and we see many an involuntary steeple-chase over the smooth green cricket-ground. Through the dark avenues of fir trees we canter to the temple, a little summer-house on a promontory in the sea of wood that lies below, and we stand admiring the far blue distant view away to the Hogsback and the South Downs beyond Basingstoke as the hounds begin their work. There they are: you can see their twinkling tails as they draw the heather-covered slopes beneath us and disappear among the golden-brown bracken, while one of the whips plunges down after them and shakes a shower of amber leaves from the silver birches as he brushes past them.

Something streaks away down a green drive. A young hound gives tongue, but his note of triumph quickly changes to a yelp as the vigilant whip catches him with the tip of his long lash and roars, "War* hare!" Poor little man! He has tried to run what is called a "short-tailed fox," and returns to the pack a sadder and a wiser dog. But now the tails twinkle faster than ever. A low whimper from some of the old hounds, then a burst of joyous music from the pack.

"Gone away!" yells Tom, standing up in his stirrups and tooting his horn.

Then that unmistakable screech which is supposed to mean "Tally-ho!" from a group of beaters and keepers in the distance, and there, against the park-palings, a beautiful red thing scudding along the soft ride, flat to the ground, his bushy tail flying straight behind him. Reynard himself! Now let all look out for themselves. Adieu, carriages! adieu,

* In hunting dialect the warning "'ware" or "be-ware" is shortened to "war'," as in the old advice, "War' horse, war' hound, war' heel!"

poor pedestrians! We are off, and shall not see you again till dinner-time. Through the park-gate we stream away, down the fir avenue, along the Welsh Ride. We have got a splendid start, and our horses fly on beside Countess Morella, who looks the perfection of a hunting lady in her plain neat habit just down to her feet.

Reynard is making for Coombes's Wood, but the earths were all stopped this morning at four o'clock; so away he speeds again, leaving the rectory and its lovely meadows and the dear old church below us—away past the bogs where the cotton-grass and the flycatcher, the blue gentian and the yellow asphodel, grow among the treacherous tussocks—away to Eversley Wood. Here the same fate—a fagot or three or four sods in the mouth of each hole—awaits him; so, changing his tactics, he strikes boldly across Hartfordbridge Flats for Lord Calthorpe's woods at Elvetham.

And now woe to the unwary or to the newcomer who thinks our heather-covered moors are all plain sailing! For along them run long lines of ruts, the remains of the old pack-road of the Middle Ages, worn by the traffic of centuries and now covered deep in purple heath. The only way to get over them, unless you stop and walk, is to jump boldly into the middle like the man in the nursery rhyme, and then jump out again: horses that have been in the country for a while soon learn to do this. But some luckless ensign who has lately joined his regiment at Aldershot comes down bodily, and horse and man roll and struggle in the deep ruts which William the Conqueror's pack-horses helped to tread out as they came from London to Winchester.

Now the woods are drawing near, and we cross the old London road, the high-road between the metropolis and Southampton, along which ninety stage-coaches ran every day in the good old times. A mile off to our right, down Star Hill, lies the famous White Lion Inn, now a miserable pot-house, where George IV. used to stay, and where, on the day that the London and South-western Railway was opened, the old ostler cut his throat in sheer despair,

for Othello's occupation was gone. Ten miles up the road lies Bagshot Heath, the terror of travellers in those coaching days. There stood, and stands still, a little wayside inn called the Golden Farmer, where many of the coaches stopped to water the horses. The wearied travellers of the end of last century, touched by the tender solicitude of the charming landlord, confided to his sympathetic ear their fears of the highwaymen who were said to infest the heath. Cheered and encouraged with assurances from their host of the perfect safety of the particular road they intended taking, the travellers set out. But usually, when they had gone about a mile, the coach would stop with a sudden jerk, and a masked man on a magnificent horse would ride up, pistol in hand, and demand their money or their life. Sometimes serious encounters took place with this leader and his band, and then the wounded and terrified victims would drag themselves back to the Golden Farmer, where the host, full of commiseration for their misfortunes, would lavish care and kindness upon them. This went on for years, and it was not until hundreds of robberies had been committed that the discovery was made of the identity of the fascinating landlord and the desperate captain of the highwaymen.

Many are the tales the old people at Eversley used to tell of the "gentlemen of the road" in their fathers' and grandfathers' time. Even in quiet Eversley itself a curate lived some hundred years ago whose strange career ended on the gallows. He owned a splendid black horse which no one ever saw him mount. But it was whispered that if any one peeped into its stable in the morning the beautiful creature was seen covered with foam, bathed in perspiration, trembling as if it had just come in from a long gallop; and at last it was found out that Parson Darby belonged to the gang of highwaymen on Bagshot Heath. He was caught red-handed, and hanged close to the Golden Farmer in chains on a gibbet of which the posts were still standing forty years ago. But what became of his black horse no one ever could tell me. Now the Lon-

VOL. XXVI.—11

don road is as safe and quiet as any other well-kept highway, and the wildest passengers upon it are a few wandering gypsies, who travel up and down it from fair to race and from race to fair.

But Reynard is speeding away through the pleasant fir woods, and we are following him as fast as we can lay legs to ground—scrambling over the rotten banks, scurrying along the soft rides, lying low on our saddles to avoid the sweeping boughs, and watching with all our eyes for the slippery roots that crawl along the surface of the sandy soil. Down through the bogs, across the bridge by the home farm, past the park, into the fallow fields, with half a dozen tremendous fences which send my heart up into my throat till Sintram lands me safe over each, into the fir woods again, up to the foot of the Queen's Mounts; and there, where good Queen Bess sat and watched the deer being driven up to her feet, do we run into our gallant fox, and a "Whoohoop!" from Tom proclaims that Reynard is no more.

But our run has led us far from home, and while the hounds trot on to Dogmersfield Park to draw the coverts of the descendants of the old regicide Mildmay, let us wend our way once more to Bramshill and linger a while longer about the terraces and gardens of the dear old house.

Come back with me, gentle reader, through the iron gates under the crumbling archways of the pleasure, where the Virginia creeper twines its delicate wreaths and glorifies the old stones in autumn with a flush of flame. The trocground, with its green turf as smooth as a billiard-table, is just as it was in the days of King James. There in the centre is the iron ring through which the lords and dames drove the heavy wooden troc-balls; and if you go into the garden-hall through that arched corridor you will see the actual balls that they used, and the long poles, with a kind of iron cup at their ends, with which the players pushed them—forerunners of the modern croquet-box that lies beside them.

Under the sunny walls run straight

wide borders, where the bees make merrily among pinks and lilies, mignonette and gilliflowers, and the walls themselves are tangled with old-fashioned roses and honeysuckles. One double yellow rose tree of prodigious age is kept as the apple of the gardener's eye. Tradition tells that it was brought a hundred years ago from Damascus—a fact which I am quite willing to believe, for the knotted stem tells its own story, and certainly there never was a sweeter rose or one more worthy of coming from the far-famed gardens of the East. Many a thousand blossoms have I picked from its descendants, for it is the ancestor of a hardy race: every sucker of the family grows and thrives in the poorest soil, and covers itself each June with a thick mass of canary-colored blossoms. During the three weeks that the yellow briars were in flower every room in Eversley Rectory was decked out with flat bowls of them on a ground of green ferns, and purple-black pansies mingled with their golden blooms.

Round about the house masses of another yellow flower are planted with no sparing hand—the great St. John's wort. It is pleasant to look upon, but it has another value. Dare I tell it in the nineteenth century, this age of railroads and telegraphs and iron-clads, when space and time are in a fair way to be annihilated, and nothing is so sacred that it may not be questioned, no problem so hard that men may not try to solve it? In the days when Bramshill House was built our forefathers believed firmly in a whole unseen or rarely-seen world around them of fairies, ghosts, spirits and witches. In some out-of-the-way corners in England—even in these days of board schools

and competitive examinations, when we are told that King Arthur never existed and that William Tell is a "sun-myth"—some remnants of this belief still linger. In Devonshire folks speak shyly and with bated breath of the "good people;" and even in the year of grace 1879 a Warwickshire laborer was had up before the magistrates for having with a pitchfork half killed a poor old woman whom he declared to be a witch. But be that as it may, in the reign of James I. no one doubted the existence of the spirit-world about us, and on St. John's Eve all its denizens, good and bad, were supposed to wander freely where they would. One only thing they feared, and that was the great St. John's wort. Therefore, all who wished to guard house and home from the unwelcome visitors, who pinched the maids, turned the milk sour and plagued their victims with a thousand impish tricks, planted it freely about their gardens; and thus it is that you see its golden flowers amid their shining rich green leaves and crimson shoots round nearly all old English homes.

Do not laugh at these old fables, gentle reader. When we wander over the green turf and through the wide halls we seem to have opened a door that leads us back into the past out of the turmoil of the nineteenth century. And surely for a moment it can do us no harm to leave our striving, hurrying, anxious modern life, and picture to ourselves the days when our forefathers maybe were ignorant and superstitious, but when they knew how to build and how to fight and how to write—the days when England became "a nest of singing birds."

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

CANOEING ON THE HIGH MISSISSIPPI.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



THE Kleiner Fritz and Hattie of Louisville and the Betsy D. of Cincinnati made the canoe-fleet which the Northern Pacific Railway shunted out upon its station-platform at Detroit City, Minnesota, in the early gray of last July's first Thursday. We had bargained by post with Beaulieu, a shrewd, wiry, reckless French half-breed, for transportation of ourselves, canoes, equipment and provisions to Itasca Lake, or to a point upon the Mississippi five miles below the lake, as we might elect. His assurance was that four days and forty-one dollars would carry us to our first objective point. His helpers were a lively young half-breed, son-in-law of the murdered chief Hole-in-the-Day, another big mongrel, fat, plodding and reticent, and a young Indian who could speak a few English words, but was destitute of ideas in either English or Chipewewa. Their motive-power was grazing on the open prairie back of the ragged village. The

Reservation Indian, denied liquor at home, reckons upon a trip out of bounds as fair opportunity for a spree, so that catching and harnessing the ponies and cattle was a tedious task that covered the hours from breakfast well on toward noon; but at last the Hattie was firmly imbedded in prairie-grass and soft luggage upon one wagon, the Fritz and the Betsy were bound together upon a second, and the men of the fleet, with the stores, filled the third.

From Detroit City to Itasca Lake is about forty miles in a

straight line, but no practicable way thither approximates to a direct line, and he who would see the beautiful lake and the head of the great river must travel for seven or eight days and endure many hardships. Sixty miles were to be done on wheels. The first day's travel was to White Earth Agency, twenty-two miles across a rolling prairie which steadily rises toward its climax in the Hauteur des Terres. The soil is of rare fertility, and the unbounded fields were clothed in the greenest of green, flecked with wild flowers of every hue in luxuriant profusion. Clumps of trees gave variety to the broad and beautiful view, while scores of clear little lakes gemmed the prairie as with great drops of molten silver. The eye swept an horizon of twenty miles, and once twenty leagues were within our visual grasp. The plodding fat man went his way in a dignified walk, but the passenger vehicle and that which bore the other boats, travelling by order of Beaulieu, who had in him more Detroit whiskey than ordinary discretion, came more than half the way at a terrible gait, spite of our remonstrances and greatly to our trepidation. Examination showed

that the Betsy was racked and pounded beyond all excuse, while the poor Fritz revealed a hole in its graceful side like that made by a six-pound cannon-shot—a sad beginning for so long a cruise. Thence we went on slowly to the agency, where our first task was to find a clever Vermont Yankee reputed as the man to repair the unwelcome and inexcusable damage. The ingenious and genial fellow worked through the hot Fourth of July, while we mingled with the Indians and took part in their celebration, the first ever conducted entirely by themselves.

White Earth Agency is the seat of government of three reservations which embrace the homes of all the Chippewas. White Earth Reservation is thirty-six miles square, and is peopled by nearly seventeen hundred Indians and half-breeds. These were formerly gathered upon Crow Wing River, near Brainerd, where they existed in drunkenness, barbarism and destitution. In 1868 they were removed here, and the institutions of Christian civilization were introduced. They live in comfortable cabins and bark lodges. The agent, Major C. A. Ruffee, is a gentleman of capacity and integrity. Using his authority well and wisely, he is a king throughout his dominion of thirteen hundred square miles. His happy blending of civil and military government gives satisfaction to all who are well disposed. The Chippewas deal kindly among themselves, and have no quarrels with the whites. They have a well-arranged police system, with a chief, lieutenants and sergeants, embracing sixteen men in all, and directly responsible to the agent. No liquor is allowed on the reservation. They have no pilfering, and the few locks and bolts are rarely needed. In case of trespass or disagreement the parties come or are summoned before the agent, who examines the case on its merits, weighs the facts and the equities, decides; and there the quarrel ends.

The seat of the agency is an orderless village gathered about a green-shored little lake, and includes the office of the agent, the post-office, a warehouse for supplies, a meat-shop, two trading-stores and an untidy and comfortless hotel. Near by

is the neat cottage of the agent, a large and comely boarding-school, an industrial school, and the residences of the chief clerk and of the head-farmer, who teaches and aids the Indians in practical farming. Not far away to the south is the Roman Catholic church; a mile to the north is the hospital, a large and cheerful building; and near the hospital are the tasteful Protestant Episcopal chapel and the rectory of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, who for fourteen years has worthily occupied a parish coextensive with the Chippewa Nation. The true solution of the Indian question is being worked out at White Earth in results that augur well for the future. Each child may secure education, and the minds and morals of all ages are cared for. Their churches are well attended and their schools have outgrown present accommodations. Their religious services and schools are conducted in their own language. They have an educated Indian clergyman who can scarcely speak English, while Mr. Gilfillan speaks the Chippewa as fluently as his mother-tongue. They have few quarrels, no thieving, no drunkenness, no abject poverty. They are not more perfect than others of human kind, but according to their light and sphere they are as good as a similar average of whites anywhere. The wise purpose is to make them kind, moral, educated and industrious Indians, not make-believe white men, and the work is doing and promising well in sincere and capable hands.

The Indian Fourth-of-July celebration took place in an open, treeless prairie. The festivities centred in a series of races run in pairs by the small and wiry Indian ponies over a curved, mowed and rolled half-mile course. Nearly all the young men were betters, in stakes of from twenty-five cents to ten dollars. There were no pools, but hard running, straight betting and square paying. The chief of police was the president of the course. All were in good-humor. There was no liquor, neither was there a harsh word or a blow among the five hundred. After the races eatables, tea, coffee and ice-water were enjoyed with laughter and

chat. In the evening we cruisers gave a show of rockets and Roman candles, to the great delight of the Indians, and the day closed with a dance in the large dining-hall of the boarding-school.

Our damaged boats repaired and preparations completed for three weeks' absence from civilization, we set out near mid-day of Saturday for the march to Wild Rice River, eighteen miles. Our way lay among the cabins, lodges and farms of the Chippewas, over a billowy,

green immensity bordered on the east by the lines of the Hauteur des Terres, which shut us from the Mississippi Valley, and horizoned on the west by the slopes beyond the famed Red River of the North. Our day's journey terminated, in a driving rainstorm, on the banks of Wild Rice River, where are a trading-store, the cabin of the trader and a neat chapel of the Protestant Episcopal mission. Our habitation for the night was a dark, muddy, odorous storehouse, in



ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

whose nether apartment we munched a frugal supper, then climbed a ladder to beds upon the bare floor between stacks of snake-root, which had accumulated from barterings with the Indians. During the night the rainstorm grew to a gale which rocked our night's home like a ship at sea to the music of heaven's grand diapasons. Sunday morning, impelled by the expense of our large retinue and the cheerlessness of our refuge, we pushed on for the foot of Wild Rice Lake, twenty miles distant over prairies and through forests. Two miles out we were overtaken by another fierce storm, which drove us to the shelter of the last human habitation, save two others near by, that we should see for three weeks. The broad, sweeping bow of the black cloud, the peculiar detonations of thunder in that clear atmosphere, the rush

of wind, rain and hail, unhindered by the treeless and trackless moor, were lessons of God's majesty and power more impressive than cathedral mass or prayer and song and psalm of men. Out of the storm's first onset we rushed unasked into the hut of an Indian family, and surprised a pair of squaws and a six-months' papoose squatting on a dirty and rain-pooled floor in almost total darkness. In an hour the storm had gone its eastward way, the sun shone out, and we resumed our trail among spruces, pines, oaks and elms to the foot of the lake, where we were to dismiss our prairie-schooners. Monday, with the early sun, we left teams and drivers, to push on by lakes, up rivers and through the pathless wilderness beyond all roads and habitations. Our party was reduced to the barest needs for the severe work before us. Besides our

three selves we had a corps of five Indians as guides and packers, each of whom was a character, and all bore themselves through four days of severe work honestly, cheerfully and helpfully. They were Henry St. Clair, a half-breed, our interpreter, to whom we could only address measured monosyllables with any hope of imparting ideas, but always faithful, frank and wise; Kewashaw-konce, the guide, a man of push and a genuine wag; Kawaybawgo, a huge hunter, whose old long shot-gun has banged over almost every acre of these wilds; Metagooe, a sleepy, thick-headed fellow; and Waisonbekton, young and active, always ready for work or burden and constantly alert for new and interesting things in Nature.

At the foot of Wild Rice Lake we prepared our canoes for voyaging, and began our long paddle toward the source of the Mississippi, whence we were to descend to civilization. A brief description of our little ships and equipment will help to a better understanding of our cruise. Each voyager had a Rob Roy canoe, slightly improved as to model and built upon the incomparable plan of Mr. Rush-ton of Canton, New York. The canoes are fourteen feet long, ten and a half inches deep and twenty-seven inches wide, decked over except a man-hole sixteen by about thirty-six inches, and weighing, with the mast and lug sail, from fifty to fifty-six pounds. The paddle is eight feet long, bladed at each end, grasped in the middle, and drives the canoe by strokes alternating on each side. The traveller sits flat upon the boat's floor, facing the bow. The canoe is not only a vehicle, but furnishes a dry and secure bed for sleeping at night, and, with its rubber apron, is a refuge from rain and storm. Each boat was equipped with an air-pillow, rubber blanket, rubber poncho, woollen blankets, rubber navy-bag and haversack. The general outfit represented a fine double shot-gun, a small and effective rifle, a revolver, fishing-tackle for each man, compass, aneroid barometer, thermometer, folding stove, stew-pans in nests, frying-pan, broiler, table-ware, and provisions for

three weeks based upon the army ration, with dried fruits, condensed milk, brandy, medicines, etc., purchased at St. Paul.

Our stores and equipment suitably divided between the canoes, we paddled up through the outlet and into the lake, followed by Metagooe and Waisonbekton in a large birch-bark canoe bearing the provisions and camp-supplies of the Indians, while their companions walked across the country.

Wild Rice Lake is about one mile by five miles in extent. It is named from the wild rice which grows up from its shallow depths over almost its whole extent. Each autumn hundreds of Indians gather upon its shores in tents and lodges to secure the crop. Two squaws pass slowly through the thick rice in a birch canoe, one paddling at the stern and the other at the bow, drawing the ripe rice over the gunwale and with a club flailing the grain out of the straw into the boat. There and thus every family upon the reservation may secure an important part of the winter's provisions.

Through and over this green and productive sea we paddled about four miles to the mouth of Wild Rice River, which flows out of Upper Wild Rice Lake, then up the narrow, deep and crooked river. At our noon rendezvous Kawaybawgo and his foot-companions came in with a fine deer, the victim of his old but effective gun. In the early afternoon our progress became slow and excessively wearying from the shallowing of the river and its wonderful crookedness. The current ran like a mill-race around hundreds of short turns, and had its own exasperating way upon our keels. Finally, we were obliged to wade and drag the canoes after us in water varying between ankle- and waist-deep. A few hours of this wore us all out, and we called a halt and camp, utterly exhausted, with not more than twelve miles to the credit of the hard day's work. The Betsy D.'s skipper rolled over dead-beaten and sick; the Hattie's captain floundered up into the deep grass, incapable of further effort; while he of the Kleiner Fritz, scarcely better off, prescribed camphor and black coffee for the one and cherry

brandy for the other, discreetly mixing the prescription for himself. Medication, an hour's rest and juicy rashers of broiled venison from the Indians' generous store soon brought the expedition to its wonted cheer and vigor.

Supper over, we filled the pipes of the Indians with fine tobacco and asked for

a council. We all sat around a bright fire, and soon effected a bargain with the Indians to drag our canoes on up the little river, leaving us to walk across the country with the guide. Early the following morning we started, four of our party with the canoes, and we on foot with Kewashawkonce. The guide was



TAKING WATER, WILD RICE LAKE.

pantomimed by our fat man for a conservative pace becoming the hot morning and the difficult route. Ke, as we abbreviated him, strode into an unbroken forest, grown with dense underbrush, strewn with fallen trees at almost every step, diversified by swamps and thickets through which he beat his way by main strength, and now and then traversed by rivers—all streams are rivers there—into which he plunged with never an interrogation-mark, and so on briskly, up hill and down, till, with three miles of walking, wading, climbing and struggling, we were brought to bay, tired out. Half an hour's rest and some refreshing wild straw-

berries prepared us for such another stage. Then an hour more of this terrible strain made us drop again for rest. Another hour, and before noon, hot and jaded, we came out upon a low bluff overhanging the river, and stopped for lunch. The guide, apparently fresh and unwearied, cut a sheet of birch bark for tinder, lit a fire as defence against mosquitos, and in sixty seconds was snoring. We were not slow in following his example, and the sun was dropping over into the west when we awoke. The guide examined the river, and informed us that our wading section was yet below. Standing in mid-stream drinking from his hands,

he saw a fine pickerel's graceful movements a rod away, reached out for a half-sunken bit of a tree's branch, plunged it dexterously at the fish, struck it fairly in the back, and brought it up to us with a satisfied grunt. We lounged the afternoon away, and at six o'clock Metagoose came wearily to our camp with the Fritz at his heels. Half an hour later his comrades came with the other Rob Roys, their camp-traps loaded upon the decks

and upon the interpreter's back. Our inquiry as to what had become of their birch canoe brought from Henry, as he dropped his pack, the sententious answer, "Busted." Over the evening's pipes and camp-fire, less than eight miles of actual distance accomplished, we resolved to abandon the shallow river and to portage directly to Upper Wild Rice Lake. The skipper of the Betsy proposed for the three of us a joint bed: Cincinnati



MINNESOTA MOSQUITOS.

feet have a troublesome time under a Rob Roy's low deck. We assented, stretched our rubber blankets, spread our woollens, adjusted the Betsy's long mosquito-bar and crawled carefully under it in expectation of a glorious sleep under the stars and the pines; but the dreams of the Hattie's captain, the trombonings of the Betsy's nose, the tossings of the Fritz and the savage industry of the mosquitos drove anything but troubled sleep from

our eyelids, and we welcomed the early "Ho! ho! ho!" and improvised gong of the irrepressible Kawaybawgo.

Before we had done with our coffee, venison and slap-jacks the Indians had made yokes for carrying the canoes on their heads and shoulders, and had reduced the camp to packs. Soon we were off upon the first *posé* of a regular Indian portage. Each of three Indians had upon his shoulders one of the canoes,

his head within its hot and darkening sides, its bow pointing forward high in the air and its stern hanging low behind his heels. The other two squatted upon heel and toe, drew the broad strap of their carrying-thongs over their foreheads, and with a plunge and a grunt sprang to their feet, each with a great hump of six score pounds. Then we plunged, in Indian file, into a trackless forest, and jogtrotted our way for three miles, when in a clump of pines, without a word or a signal, down came the boats and the packs. Three of the splendid fellows loosed their pack-thongs and took their rest in tramping back unloaded to camp for what had been left. The others, with us, rested a few moments: then we pushed on till two miles brought us out upon the low, jungled shore of a beautiful lake about one mile by two in extent. The guide, without a word, laid down his load, but not his clothes, and with a swift rush sprang far out into the lake, swam up and down, splashing, shouting and laughing, came dripping to shore, lit his smudge-fire, lay down in a sunny place, snored an hour, awoke dry and vigorous, and with a whoop he and Wai-sonbekton dashed into the woods to go back for their share of the luggage left behind. While they were gone we enjoyed our lunch and gave a name to the lovely lake which had rippled so long, far away from the haunts of men, without identity. We christened it Rob Roy Lake, in honor of our fleet. It lies half a mile to the southwest of Upper Wild Rice Lake, into which its waters flow, and is set down on Colton's sectional map in the township range numbered thirty-seven. Our entire party reunited, we canoeists paddled across to

the lake's outlet, a narrow, miry stream which loses itself in a swamp, and that in turn merges into the Upper Wild Rice Lake. We paddled and poled down to the end of the little river, and came to a dead stand in the matted roots of the swamp-grass: then waded waist-deep in the mire and slime, each dragging his canoe with the aid of an Indian, until we came out upon the open water. Thence a paddle of two miles along the coast brought us to another little stream flow-



THE MISSISSIPPI AT LAST !

ing into the lake. As we came to its mouth Kawaybawgo was feasting upon a duck he had killed and broiled, of which he offered me a portion with a smile and interrogative grunt which seemed to compassionate my wet, weary and forlorn appearance. A splendid pike, two feet long, came gracefully out of the stream and hung motionless in the clear water. I pointed him out to the Indian and the Hattie's captain, both of whom were standing near him. At the instant their

eyes fell upon him he moved: then, as they started for him, he darted like a flash for deep water, pursued by the two men at the top of their speed through a sheet of water six inches deep for nearly a hundred feet out. It was a fair race, and the six-foot - three Indian made a splendid spurt, but the pike won.

The stream bore us upward to the floating bog out of which it flowed. We drew the canoes out upon a meadow which undulated in graceful billows at our every movement. A step would shake all the surface for a rod about us, while our combined tread sent waves of grassy earth in every direction. A sudden leap so shook the cup of cold coffee sitting by one of the Indians, six or seven yards away, that the liquid spilled over the cup's edge. The whole meadow, solid to the eye, is but one of those monster sponges that hold in abeyance waters which otherwise would sweep like a flood down the great rivers. Beyond this billowy field we came to the open water of another unnamed lake, about one mile long, fringed about with green pines, to which we gave the name of Longworth, in honor of Cincinnati's distinguished judge, and to a lovely little green island thickly grown with trees we gave the name of another canoeist left behind, Mr. Empson of Louisville. At the head of Longworth Lake, and in plain view of Empson Island, within a space cleared out of a dense jungle, we made our last camp before reaching the coveted Mississippi. Our stay here was marked in red by the most vindictive attack from mosquitos in all the cruise. No one unacquainted with the Northern Minnesota wilderness in midsummer, or with a region having a similar insect population, can at all imagine the number and fierceness of the ravenous aerial hosts that had beset us all the way from White Earth. In midday they keep one constantly alert, while at night they are beyond credible report. They are small, shrewd and persistent. As I lay awake their myriad voices about and above me made a great chorus, really grand and impressive, out of which for a few seconds at a time there came bursts of harmony which I could hardly separate

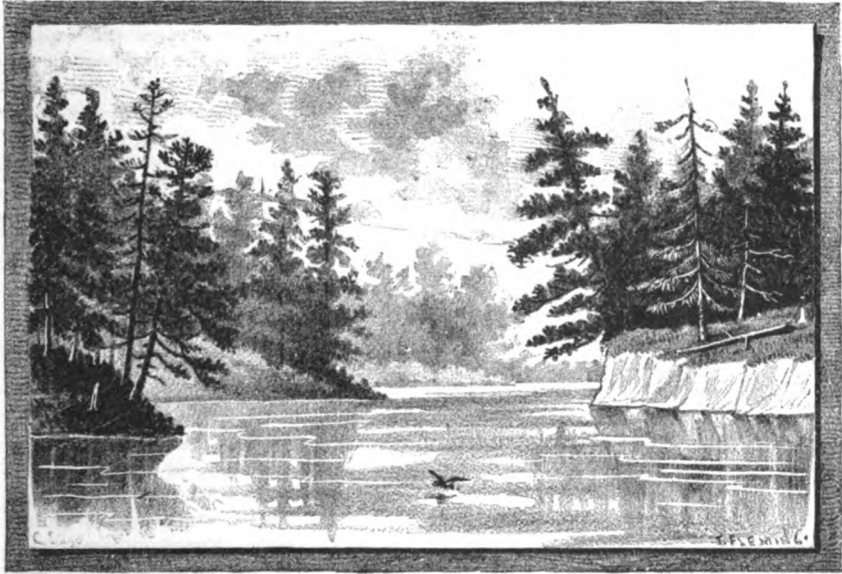
from the idea of a vast, distant chorus of human voices. Against their voracity no ordinary bar is a bar at all. We had gone to their haunts provided with netting which at home gave immunity, but through its meshes these mosquitos inserted their bills, then their heads, then struggled through bodily, and came down upon us like demons. We were dressed in woollens, our hands were in dogskin gloves and our heads and necks in thick calico hoods and capes, but all such protections were naught when those screaming villains had a mind for blood. At one onslaught they would go into the shrinking flesh through two thicknesses of wool and two of cotton, or through a heavy dogskin glove, or through the thick and hardened skin of the hand's palm or the foot's ball, or through a buckskin moccasin and cotton hose—through any protection at our command except a cotton canopy hung wide of our heads and bodies.

Sung and stung out of all endurance by the very centre of that army of the wilderness, we were astir in the grayest of our second Thursday's dawn, and were soon in readiness for our final portage over the crests of the Heights of Land to the river, which out of our long and severe march had become to us a veritable Mecca. Our way was up a gentle range of hills, whose tops, but a few yards wide, divide the waters which flow southward to the great Gulf from those which seek their far northward trend through the Red River of the North. The first division of our party reached the Mississippi before noon with a joy born out of a week's toil and hardship, and in a trice I was drinking of and laving in its swift, bright water. We could hardly realize that in this deep, rushing brook, not more than four or five paces wide, we saw the beginnings of that majestic current which drains half a continent. Soon our second division came up, we ate our last lunch in company, and the Indians, each shaking us by the hand with a grunt and a smile, then going off into the forest with a cheer, left us alone in that vast and uninhabited wilderness. Late in the afternoon we

launched our canoes into the little river, and loaded them for our journey to its head, camping about three miles above our point of embarkation.

The next morning we started with light hearts upon what we supposed would be but a short journey to the river's source, to meet an exasperating disappointment. We had made a bargain for transportation from the railway to Itasca Lake or

to a point five miles below, all fully diagrammed and understood by correspondence, but found ourselves set down by the employés of the rascally half-breed—who had been careful to leave us at Wild Rice Lake—in an unknown land, six days from civilization, at a point nearly or quite thirty miles below the lake, below a region of rapids and obstructions against which we had especially stipu-



HEAD OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

lated, and up which no craft had ever travelled. A mile's work brought us to the beginning of this second series of troubles. Lying across the river at all heights, depths and angles were the tough pine logs we had dreaded, and at every mile or two were tumbling rapids. All that long Friday we took our turns with the axe, lopping off branches that we might squeeze under or shunt over logs; climbing with our stores and boats over great log-drifts held by the grip of the rocky defiles; wading through shoals and dragging our canoes through mud and sand; plunging suddenly into holes that engulfed us to our armpits; paddling astride our decks over pools too deep for wading; chopping and wrench-

ing logs that forbade other means of passage; fighting inch by inch up plunging gorges, down which and over whose rugged boulders the narrowed waters foamed in almost resistless fury and milky foam—on and up, rod by rod, half a mile in the hour, till we came to a weary and desolate camp not two leagues from our breakfasts. There we cooked our suppers and ate in hoods and gloves, fighting mosquitos and black flies for every morsel, speculating as to the morrow's probabilities and discussing the question of victory or defeat. We rose from the night's sleep resolved upon seeing Itasca, and until mid-afternoon fought over again the battles of yesterday, and at last came out upon a smooth, placid

stream, up which we paddled with easy swing some nine miles. Then the river narrowed and shallowed, and we again took to our feet upon a beautiful gravelly bottom. At times the way was closed to sight by rushes and wild rice, and we could only beat our way through. At last the water, thickly grown with reeds, broadened and deepened, and a score of paddle-strokes carried us through the green curtain out upon Itasca's beautiful surface, over which we glided, under the shadows of the setting sun, up to Schoolcraft's Island for a Sunday's quiet.

Our heavy and restful sleep was not broken till long after the sun was glinting upon us through the trees. Our first work was given to building a lodge of underbrush and making preparations for two days' stay on the lonely island, completed by unfurling the signal of the New York Canoe Club from a high stump hard by the camp-fire. Barring the mosquitos, Sunday's rest was a pleasant and refreshing sequence to ten days of toil and struggle, and Monday found us in hearty readiness for a thorough exploration of Itasca Lake and its feeders. We took a lunch, our guns and scientific instruments, and paddled up the south-west arm of the lake to find and explore the leading tributary. We found the outlets of five small streams, two having well-defined mouths and three filtering into the lake through bogs. Selecting the larger of the two open streams, we paddled into its sluggish waters, ten feet wide and one foot deep where they enter the lake. Slow and sinuous progress of two hundred yards brought us to a blockade of logs and to shallow water. We landed, fastened the canoes, took our bearings by compass and started for a

tramp through thicket and forest to Elk Lake, which we reached after a rapid walk of thirty-five minutes. This lake is an oval of about one mile in its longest diameter. It lies about half a mile in a straight line south from Itasca. Its shores are marshy, bordered by hills densely timbered. Its sources are boggy streams having little or no clearly-defined course. To all appearance, these bogs and this small lake are the uttermost tributaries to Itasca Lake, and the latter, concentrating these minor streams and sending them out as one, is the true head of the Father of Waters.

Elk Lake was a place of misadventure to us. Our struggle through the thicket and dense forest was hot and exhausting. Our scientist left there a fine aneroid barometer, which a second hot walk failed to recover. Our photographer, arrived at the lake with a grievous burden of camera, plates, tripod, etc., found that he had forgotten his lens tubes, and was compelled to double his tracks back to the canoes, then wade out into the swampy borders of the lake, waist-deep in slime, to secure a view of this highest Mississippi water, only to have his plate light-struck and ruined by an accident on the homeward journey.

While the artist was gone for his forgotten lenses our Nimrod missed a fine eagle which swept over our heads at long range. So we returned to our island camp in no very good mood, but a successful troll for lake-trout, and a good supper off two fine fellows baked under the coals in birch jackets, sent us to bed in good spirits and with no regrets save for the lost barometer.

A. H. SIEGFRIED.

NATIONAL MUSIC AN INTERPRETER OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE popular music of any people is, in a great measure, the thermometer of its physical sensitiveness and its moral sentiments; and the reason of this is evident. The shepherd tending his flock, the fisherman mending his nets, the soldier on the march, the peasant at the plough, has no inducement to sing unless his heart's emotion incite him to it. A true national music is, then, what the Germans call *Volksmusik*, and, springing from the hearts of the people, it is psychologically one of their best interpreters. For this reason the composers of national melodies are seldom known to fame. A national song composes itself: the musician's lyre is the musician's heart, and from the sorrow, triumph and travail of life comes the child of song.

The assertion, then, that music is a universal language is only half true: it has a great variety of dialects; and it is this very sensitiveness to human influence which makes it so universally eloquent. Let us turn first to the East, for it still retains its primitive music, and at this very hour some muezzin is calling from his minaret or some Jew intoning his Talmud in the same musical cadence with which Syrian maidens sang the hymns to Cybele.

All Oriental music is distinguished by a pathetic, long-drawn, wailing monotony quite in keeping with the stationary and contemplative character of the people. We are struck at once with its frequent repetitions of one note and its short and cautious transitions, the intervals rarely being greater than a half, or at most a full, note. The conclusion of a measure is generally a descent, and the commencement of a new one seems to be a feeble effort to rise from the dreamy apathy in which Eastern imagination delights; but it is immediately followed by the fall of the rhythmus, re-establishing its languid repose. The frequent use of half notes induces a predominance of the minor key, and this, with the constant

recurrence of the rhythmical fall, imparts to Semitic and Hindoo music that melancholy, lethargic uniformity which expresses in a striking manner the benumbed energies and undeveloped spirit of the people among whom it is found. When a race has substituted habit and custom for national feeling, its music is necessarily monotonous and characterless, for the stronger the national feeling of any people, the more intense, vivid and pronounced will be its music.

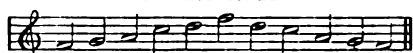
Hindoo music is almost untranslatable to Western ears, but Sir W. Jones, in an essay on the musical modes of the Hindoos—to be found in the third volume of the *Asiatic Researches*—makes an attempt to render one of their most popular songs. The original, of which he also gives a copy, looks like a mixture of Egyptian hieroglyphics and Chinese characters, and how far our notation represents it it is impossible to say; for, though Sir W. Jones was an erudite Oriental scholar, that of itself would not render him a good translator of Hindoo music. The air is a song of love and spring, and the measure is indicated, "rapid and gay:"



Kindred to Semitic and Hindoo music, though venturing on bolder intervals, is Chinese, Persian and Arabian. The almost untranslatable airs of India assume in China something like an artless mel-

ody. Their smallest intervals are semitones, which have been in use, like everything else in China, from time immemorial. Nevertheless, in the diatonic series of seven intervals the Chinese usually avoid the two semitones by omitting the fourth and the seventh, so that their scale consists really of only five intervals, and as they regard F as their principal key (just as we regard C as ours), the Chinese scale stands thus:

CHINESE SCALE.

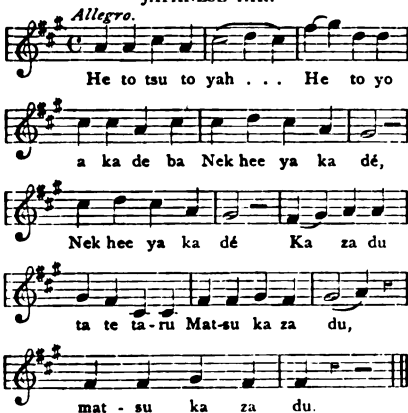


This scale is, however, by no means confined to China, but is met with in several Asiatic countries—Japan, Siam, Java, etc. In order to judge how it affects the character of music, I have copied the following Chinese air and Japanese song from Carl Engel's *Researches into Popular Songs and Customs*:

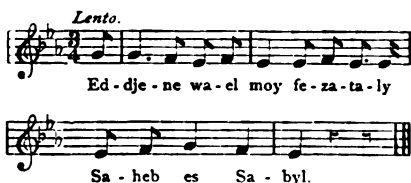
CHINESE AIR, "MOO-LEE-WHA."



JAPANESE AIR.



Arabic music, which is Asiatic in its foundation, shows decided traces of the wider civilization and greater independence of character to which this race attained. The delicate gradations of sounds are still adhered to in the form of multitudes of grace-notes, but the intervals are longer and the melodies more decided. The overloading of the melody by an excessive use of trills and grace-notes by Persians, Arabians, and even Spaniards, in their popular music, indicates some common sentiment; and it is remarkable that the European Jews preserve this same Oriental ornamentation in the vocal performances of their synagogues. Numerous examples of Arabic music may be found in Lane's *Modern Egypt*. This writer professes great admiration for it, and says he "never heard the song of the Mekka water-carriers without emotion," though it consists of only three notes:



The translation of the line is, "Paradise and forgiveness be the lot of him who gave you this water!" It is said that the Arabic music is a powerful exponent of the wild, fierce and yet romantic nature of that people, though it did not commend itself to Engel and other musicians at the Paris Exposition. But, however void of beauty and expression any national music is to us, it is certainly felt to possess these qualities by the people to whom it belongs; and it is very likely that our music would seem to them just as unintelligible and discordant. When the French missionary Amiot played some of Boildieu's and Rossini's melodies to a Chinese mandarin he said, with a polite shake of the head, "They are sadly devoid of meaning and expression, while the Chinese music penetrates the soul."

Both Venice and Spain show traces of Arabic influence in their national music. In Venetian airs it is only a dim memory, manifesting itself by the frequent repeti-

tion of single notes, whereas the Spanish melodies are often so Moorish in construction and sentiment that it is easy to fancy in them tones like the call of the muezzin. Thus, too, the following Spanish song, judged by its repetitions and short intervals, might easily be taken for an Arabic air:



It is to be noted that instruments of percussion are the natural exponents of such primitive music, and that, therefore, the East has its drum, gong and cymbals, Arabia its tambourine, Spain its castanets.

The Sclavs, being a pure race, have also a very decided national music. Its peculiarity is smooth, lisping, sibillating sounds, analogous to the rustling of leaves in a forest. Having no native accent in their own language, they easily imitate that of others; and this imparts to the Sclavonic races that admirable facility for speaking foreign languages which distinguishes them. This characteristic of their speech is faithfully reproduced in their music, especially in that of the southern Sclavs. It is indicated by continuous notes of the same value, and by a compass scarcely ever exceeding a fifth. Its negative peculiarities harmonize exactly with the history of the Russians. The sad, doleful monotony of their existence in the past is pathetical-

ly interpreted by their narrow, sombre, subdued melodies. They are the voice of a people whose ideas revolved in a narrow circle—of people who dwelt on vast gray plains dotted with sad brown huts, and who heard no sounds but the sighing of the wind through the dark pine forests. The "Vesper Hymn," known to every ordinary player, is a very good example of the general character of Russian melodies. The songs of the peasants are further distinguished by their frequent modulation from the major to the minor key, as if not long could they be joyful, and also by the peculiar way in which they are rendered. The tonic and the dominant are the prevalent intervals, and the intermediate notes are slurred or slightly sounded. Rochlitz found it impossible to convey this peculiarity by notation, but gives the following melody as a favorite accompaniment to the serf-songs of Northern Russia:



The Poles, members of this family, have had a great national existence, and their national music echoes its history and its character. The heartstirring strains of their mazurkas make many a bosom beat and ache as they remind the listeners of past times. Polish music is the voice of a light-minded, brave-hearted people who lived in a gay turmoil and drained with eager lips and reckless spirits the cup of glory and of joy. The Polish polkas and mazurkas, with their changing and fugitive rhythmus and their lively, uneven time, admirably

embody the light and graceful spirit of this people.

In striking contrast to the character and music of the Slavic peoples are the character and music of the Hungarians. Living on the confines of the East and West, this people belong to the former by descent and to the latter by civilization. Between two elements, they have been exposed to the attacks of both, and their history records only a continual struggle for existence as a nation. This prolonged warfare has made *nationality* the uppermost thought in the life of the Hungarian: it is the influence controlling all his ideas, his feelings, his poetry and his art. His music embalms a thousand years of struggle for it, and every note of its wild, melancholy strains breathes tales of war and sorrow, of hope and triumph. The music interpreting such an intense nationality ought to be a peculiar one; and it is. A foreigner, having once heard it, can never mistake its sounds for those of any other national music.

But to understand the Magyar music you must apprehend the Magyar's character. He is a singular mixture of East and West, habitually passive and melancholy, yet easily roused to the wildest excitement. His step is slow, his face pensive, his manners imposing and dignified; yet when once roused he rushes forward with a furious impetuosity which his enemies have learned to estimate and dread. His eloquence is wonderful, and after success he throws aside his solemnity and gives himself up with wild abandon to the feast, the dance and the song. All this various character he has imparted to his national music: it is full of pathos and earnestness, yet often impetuous and even hilarious. The "Rákótyz" is so perfectly national that it thrills like a shout from the Hungarian heart, and it is no wonder that the Austrian government found it necessary to forbid it to be played on public occasions, and even to confiscate all printed copies of it. "When I hear the 'Rákótyz,'" said a famous Hungarian, "I feel as if I must arise and conquer the world." As my readers can easily procure a copy of it, it would be

a kind of sacrilege to give so grand a march shorn of any of its noble proportions; and I can with far more justice give an example which embraces two of the most predominant traits of Hungarian songs—the Scotch *catch* introduced in the middle or end of the bar, instead of at the beginning as in Scotch music, and the beautiful modulations from the major to the minor key of the minor third—a change very unusual in any national music but the Hungarian:

HUNGARIAN AIR.



We cannot leave Hungarian music without noticing the fact that it has been greatly influenced by the gypsies of that country, by whom it is mainly cultivated as an art. In Hungary, indeed, there is no stately festival, no public rejoicing, no private merrymaking, without some gypsy band; and it would be impossible to find more sympathetic interpreters of its intense and passionate spirit. But if professional musicians, they are nomadic ones: they wander through all the towns and villages of Transylvania and Wallachia, and are everywhere welcome. In dance-music the life and impetuosity of their musical movements, their varying rhythms and the strange thrill of their wild dissonances are absolutely entralling. Charles Boner, in his work on Transylvania, says that even the aged find it impossible to resist the dance when a gypsy band invites them to it. Their prelude is slow and sonorous, the music:

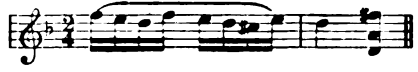
quickens, there is a rush of tones, the fantastic melody hastens on at a headlong pace—every one, old and young, is under its spell.

Many of the Hungarian gypsies are composers as well as performers. Pouggrätz and Patikárus are names beloved wherever the "Czardas" is listened to; and where, in Hungary, is not the "Czardas" listened to? No one can play a "Czardas" like a gypsy, and he is often rewarded for it in the most exaggerated manner; for he soon has his audience so excited that they call for it again and again, and heap recompense on recompense, until, in their passionate delight, the last ducat, the last watch, ring, and even horse, has been bestowed. The gypsies of Hungary conclude all pieces

ending in the minor key by substituting the major chord for the minor chord; for instance, a passage written thus,



they finish thus :



following instinctively a rule which we find frequently observed in the most classical compositions. The following is a martial dance of the gypsies, but the most elaborate notation would only be the skeleton of any example: the best parts of all their performances are those they improvise while playing :

Andante.

It may be said that the gypsy has no nationality, and can therefore have no national music. This is hardly true. The gypsy has no country, but his sentiment of nationality is strong and persistent, and his music is as peculiar as his language and customs. It is true that he steals the music of the country in which he sojourns just as readily as

he steals the poultry from the roost or the linen from the line, but he always imparts to it some echo of his far Eastern home and some flavor of the tent and the hedgerow. Twice in my life this fact has struck me in a remarkable manner. Once, on the skirts of a pine forest in the wilds of Argyleshire, I came suddenly on a gypsy-camp celebrating a

wedding. The women were dancing the "Romalis" to a violin and tambourine. The music, the dance, the conical tents, the flashing swarthy faces, the careless piquant dresses, were all so Oriental in character that in spite of the mountains, the moors and the heather I found it hard to realize that I was in the heart of Scotland. Even when the most distinctive Scotch pibrochs were played I was quite conscious of an Eastern clash in them which no Scot could or would have given. Again: eighteen months ago I found a camp of English gypsies in the Rocky Mountains a little beyond Golden. One man was leaning against a tree fiddling negro melodies to the birds, but negro melodies with the flavor of the tent instead of the cabin. At my request he played "Yankee Doodle," and imparted to it a revolutionary dash, a piquant mocking defiance, which convinced me that he knew its history and was interpreting it from his own heart—a fact which a subsequent conversation confirmed. I often wonder that no musical speculator has ever organized a band of Russian, Hungarian and English gypsies. Certainly, it would give us a far more characteristic entertainment than bands of blackened "minstrels."

The Swiss love their national music as they love their mountains and their freedom; and at first sight it seems singular that a people so blended with the progress of liberty should possess a music singularly simple and pastoral. But in this fact we perceive how truly music explains character, for as early as the fourteenth century their political faith, like their mode of life, was simple and averse to display. In a few ordinary words the deputies of Appenzell said all that has since been said with infinite bombast: "We are convinced that mankind are born for order, but not for servitude—that they must have magistrates whom they themselves elect, but not masters to grovel under." The essentials of true freedom having thus early become an every-day enjoyment, a people so plain and simple sang naturally melodies suggestive of the calm pastoral life so dear to them.

SWISS SONG.



We must notice that the favorite instrument of the Swiss, the Alp-horn, has caused a predilection for a certain progression of intervals. The Alp-horn is a long tube of fir-wood having the same compass as the trumpet. But on both these instruments the upper F is not an exact F, neither is it an exact F sharp, and thus in most Alpine tunes there are passages like the following, where the notes marked × ought to be F natural, but are nearly F sharp. However, this irregular tone charms the Swiss, and is one of the peculiarities of their "Ranz des Vaches:"



But it is in the national music of the Celtic race that we find the most familiar examples of melody symbolizing character. The purest form of it is undoubtedly the Irish; and who will not bear witness that in its half-laughing and half-sobbing notes we hear the voice of the race? Its musical distinction is the emphatic and striking introduction of the sixth major, but this peculiarity is also prominent in Scotch and Welsh airs, and is a favorite termination in all mountainous countries. To a fine sensibility there is, I think, a much more peculiar trait in Irish music, whether gay or sad—a strain of *longing* which imparts a charm like songs of memory—a strain so subtle that my explanation can only be intelligible to those who have already apprehended it.

Kindred to the Irish is the Welsh and

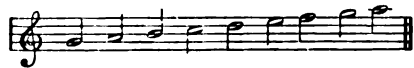
the Scotch music. The Welsh has a more hopeless sob, the Scotch a wilder mirth. We feel in the old Welsh tunes that terrible struggle they had, first with the Romans, and then with the Anglo-Normans; and whoever has heard the "March of the Men of Haerlech" will understand why King Edward slew the Welsh Bards.

The most striking examples of Scotch music are the pibrochs and strathspeys. These compositions generally ring with a wild laughter that is almost harassing, especially when it is enhanced by the abrupt close with the fifth instead of the keynote. The ear, which has been long-teased and deluded with the rollicking strain. As exponents of the cautious, cannie Scot we should think them a satire did we not know what a wild vein of Celtic wit runs through the granite foundation of his character. If it be true that national musics embalm peculiar humanities, of no country is this so true as of Scotland, for no people and no history is so highly picturesque and so full of the broadest lights and shadows. In their earliest history we find this antithesis. They lived rudely as peasants: they fought as if possessed by the very spirit of chivalry. When they abolished the magnificence of the papacy they inaugurated the barest of churches. They were the first to betray Charles Stuart, and the last to lay down arms for the rights of his descendants. They are worldly-wise to a proverb, and yet wildly susceptible to poetry and romance.

The songs of such a people have necessarily a great variety: the color and the perfume of life are in them. Listen to the mocking, railing drollery of "There cam' a young man," the sly humor of the "Laird o' Cockpen," or "Hey, Johnnie Cope!" and you may understand one side of Scottish character. The Border ballads, that go lilting along to the galloping of horses and jingling of spurs, are the interpretation of another side. The same *active* influence accompanies the Jacobite songs—"Up wi' the bonnets for bonnie Dundee!" filled many a legion for Prince Charles—and the blood kin-

dles yet to their fife-like and drum-like movements. Again, the stately rhythm and march of some of the oldest airs make them peculiarly suitable for patriotic songs; and Burns took advantage of this when he adapted "Scots wha hae" to the air of "Hey, Tuttie Taittie!" for to this spirit-stirring strain Bruce and his heroes marched to the field of Bannockburn.

Scotch music is a good example of the fact that the favorite musical instruments of the different nations have undoubtedly caused some favorite group of notes, constituting *motives* of a peculiar rhythm, which are employed with evident preference. Thus, the use of the minor seventh instead of the major seventh (as in "Wha'll be King but Charlie?"), and the sudden modulation from the minor key to the major key, a whole tone below, are in exact accord with the bagpipe, and are more certain in the strathspeys, reels and dances which are universally played on that instrument; the intervals of which are



with the bass of the drone emitting A, so that A minor must be regarded as the principal key of this instrument. Indeed, Macdonald, in his *Complete Tutor for the Great Highland Bagpipe*, gives the odd rule that the "piper is to pay no attention to the flats and sharps marked on the clef, as they are not used in pipe-music."

In Scotch music are also continually found motives of a rhythm in which the first note has only one-fourth the duration of the second. This is known as the Scotch catch or snap, and evidently originated in the strathspeys, though it is now a distinction of many fine songs, notably so of "Roy's Wife of Aldavalloch."

That these old melodies are the voice of ancient Scotland is proved by the fact that no modern musician has been able to imitate them. Haydn tried to rearrange some of them, and failed, and Geminiani blotted quires of paper in attempting to write a second part to the "Broom o' the Cowdenknowes." No:

ere we can add anything to the national music of Scotland we must restore the precise national conditions of which it was the articulate idea.

English music, until the days of the Tudors, was really French: England sang, as all Europe did, the songs of the Troubadours. But the "Chanson de Roland" and the "Complaint of the Châtelain de Courcy" were not English strains, for a national song is a winged fact. France was the legitimate successor of the Troubadours, and many of their oldest songs would serve to-day as *airs de vaudeville*. The French national music has mostly grown out of civil dissensions and party conflicts. What scenes do the "Carillon," the atrocious "Carmagnole" and the "Marseillaise" bring up! The "Carillon" had been Marie Antoinette's favorite tune: it pursued her from her palace to her prison, startled her on her way to her trial, and was probably the last sound she heard as she lay bound under the guillotine.

When not breathing blood and anarchy French popular music has a wonderful range: it is gallant, mocking, elegant, or full of absolute nonsense and frivolity. In fact, French music has always been so intensely national that it would have been impossible for England to have long borrowed it; and in the days of the Tudors we find English character beginning to explain itself in those admirable tunes and ballads which form a regular and successive declaration of English principles, with their sound piety, broad fun, perfect liberty of speech and capital eating and drinking. They have neither the wailing grief nor the boisterous merriment of Celtic music, and they lack entirely the monotonous tenderness of the Troubadours; but they are full of buoyant, daring independence, and have a certain *homeliness* which strikes in a very powerful manner some chord in the Anglo-Saxon heart.

The cosmopolitan nature of the German speaks to all the world in his music. Of all national musics it is the grandest and the most developed: we see this in the position it gives to rhythms. National musics with undeveloped rhythms

are the speech of people just awakening, while music that has them strongly marked and regularly introduced belongs to people of fully-matured energies. Only in the *Fodlers* and *Landlers* of the Tyrol, Austrian and Swiss mountains is the original Teutonic iambic preserved in its purity. In all other German music every kind of rhythm is met with, no kind being predominant. For the musical language of Germany embraces not only the few octaves of passion, but the whole keyboard of existence. It has preludes, symphonies and sonatas for every phase of life. Nothing smaller than this range would suffice to express the multiform ideas of a people so thoughtful and cosmopolitan. And though by this universal sympathy German music may have lost a purely national life, it is a most sufficing compensation to have gained the power of expressing the ideas of a whole epoch.

Musical taste in America is in progress of formation. We have no national music: we have not even a decided preference for any style. We like Beethoven and Chopin, but we also like Rossini and Donizetti and delight in Lecocq and Sullivan. In no respect is the national pride so utterly forgotten as in music. We give to all schools a fair hearing. The great German masters are household words: the national music of every land is welcome. We have been learning to like Italian opera at an insane cost; we have kindly winked at the follies of operabouffe; probably nowhere in the world are the intellectual depths of a German symphony and the passionate declamation of an Italian recitative more thoroughly appreciated. This is the natural musical exposition of our complex and various life. This wondrous variety, which indicates possibilities not yet revealed, pleases us without being always clear to our feelings and intellect. Still, we shall not ask, with the Frenchman, "Sonate, que veux-tu?" We are satisfied with what the present affords, and what new masters shall appear or what new instruments be invented we know not. Always the epochs will have their own interpreter. One hundred years ago

who had imagined a Weber or Steinway piano, that piece of furniture with a soul in it?

It has been suggested to me while writing this paper that national melodies are in a great measure influenced by the physical features of the country in which they rise. I think very little so. It is true that the music of all mountainous countries has many points of resemblance, but it is because the people of such countries have strong mental and moral similitudes. Savages are not inspired by the most lovely scenery, and a collection of national airs from different parts of the world would not reveal to us whether they were written in valleys or on mountains or by the sounding seashore.

There are distinct ensigns by which national music may be as promptly detected as a ship by its colors. Spanish airs have in them the rapid twinkling, so to speak, of the guitar; the mountain-melodies of Switzerland recall the open notes of the Alp-horn; the Irish and Scotch musics have their marks as plainly impressed upon them as the physiognomy of the peoples is distinct, and it is

nothing to the purpose to say that they have been cleverly imitated: the mark still remains a fact, and is the mysterious specialty that thrills the rich, the poor, the soldier and the churchman, the peasant and the exile. Whatever analogy exists between a country and its music is mainly with the inward character of the people themselves, and is generally too profound to be theorized upon. We only know that at every step we advance in the science of music we are deciphering what is written within us, not transcribing anything from without.

Nor as Americans are we insensible to the value of a national music. The few airs which have any claim to represent us in this capacity have done service that no money can estimate. During the late war wherever the rebel flag was raised it was necessary to silence "Yankee Doodle." Like the "Marseillaise," it was an institution before which its enemies trembled; and when we have produced or annexed something infinitely grander we shall not forget the saucy, free-and-easy, mind-your-own-business melody that carried the nation cheerfully through two great crises. AMELIA E. BARR.

MALLSTON'S YOUNGEST.

THE railroad-village of Fairfield woke up one spring morning and found a clumsy blue car, with a skylight in its roof, standing on the common near the blacksmith-shop. Horses and tongue were already removed, the former being turned into the tavern pasture and the latter stowed in the tavern barn. A small sky-colored ladder led up to the door of this artistic heaven, which remained closed long after a crowd of loungers had gathered around it.

The Fairfield loungers were famously lazy savages, though to the last degree good-natured and obliging. They wore butternut overalls and colored shirts, a

few adding the picturesque touch of bright handkerchiefs and broad straw hats: there were a few coats in various stages of rags and grease, and one or two pairs of boots, but the wearers of these put on no airs over the long ankles and sprawling toes which blossomed around them. The whole smoking, stoop-shouldered, ill-scented throng were descendants of that Tennessee and Carolina element which more enterprising Hoosiers deplore, because in every generation it repeats the ignorance and unthrift branded so many years ago into the "poor white" of the South.

Those who could read traced the legend

"Photographic Car" on the sides of the vehicle, and with many a rude joke each bantered the other to have his picter took for such purposes as skeerin' stock off the railroad-track or knockin' the crows stiff. Their scuffling and haw-haws waked the occupant of the car, who rose in his bunk and drew the curtain from a window. The boys saw his face and hushed. Raising the window, he scattered a bunch of handbills among them, which set them all to scrambling, and, when they had caught the bills, to struggling with large and small type which announced that an unrivalled photographer would be in that vicinity in a very few days with his beautiful travelling-car, giving everybody an opportunity of securing such tin-types and photographs as only the large cities turned out, and at the lowest possible prices.

Presently the photographer appeared at his own door and looked abroad. The tender spring morning, though it glorified surrounding woods and rich farming-lands, could do little for this dilapidated village, which consisted of one lane of rickety dwellings crossed at right angles by the Peru Railroad, a stern brick building, a wooden elevator and a mill. It was a squalid sight, though the festive season of the year and that glamorous air peculiar to Indiana brooded it. The photographer surveyed his new field with an amused sneer, and descended the steps to go to his breakfast at the tavern, a peak-roofed white frame set among locust trees—the best house on the street. Before it stood that lozenge-shaped sign on a fat post which stands before all country taverns, making a vague, lonesome appeal to the traveller.

The loungers moved in groups on the station-platform, their hands in their pockets and their necks stretched forward, eying the stranger.

Out of the blue distance on the railroad two plumes of steam rose suddenly: then a black object stood up on the track and gave two calls at a crossing. Double-shuffles were danced on the platform, as if the approaching train charged these vagabonds with some of its own strength. It screamed, and bore down upon this

dilapidated station to stop for one brief minute, change mail-sacks and gaze pityingly out of its one eye at the howling crew which never failed to greet it there. People in the cars also looked out as if glad they were not stopping, and a few with long checks in their hats, who appeared to be travelling to the earth's ends, were envied by a girl approaching the post-office in the brick block.

She waited near the photographic car until the train passed, her lip curling at this blue van and the pretensions of its owner.

Later she came out of the post-office by a back hall, and, darting a fierce look at Jim Croddy, who ran against her in his performance of the double-shuffle, took her way across the common, crushing her letters in her hand. This time she scarcely looked at the photographic van, but with dilated eyes and set teeth pursued her path into the springing weeds. The photographer, who had returned, looked at her, however, and found her individuality so attractive that he watched her swift step until it took her out of sight within the doorway of a brick residence detached from the village by a meadow and long lawn.

The young man opened his car and prepared for business. His landlady was going to bring her grandchild to be photographed. A locker received his primitive couch, and he further cleared the deck for action by stowing in the back apartment where he prepared his chemicals all remaining litter. Jim Croddy and kindred spirits ventured to look in.

"See here, boys," inquired the photographer, "couldn't one of you get me a bucket of water from somewhere?"

They would all do it. The heartiest and most obliging set of idlers in the world, they almost fought for the pail, and two, taking it between them, cantered to the pump in front of the post-office. The rest were fain to enter, treading each other's bare heels as they tumbled up the steps.

"Don't you want your pictures taken?" inquired the artist, quizzically surveying his shaggy crowd.

"We ain't got no money," replied

Bill Stillman, the smallest but readiest-tongued.

"You got money, Bill," retorted Leonard Price, a parchment-colored wisp of nineteen who had recently become a widower.

"I got to git clo'es with it if I hev'. There's Mallston: git him to set for *his* picter."

Mallston was hooted for as he came across the dewy grass on feet of brawn, shaming puny rustics by his huge physique. The photographer mentally limned him: a bushy, low-browed head and dark, reddish, full-lipped face, bearded; muscle massed upon his arms and tattered legs; a deep, prominent chest; hands large, black, powerful; the whole man advancing with a lightness which in some barbaric conqueror would have been called dignified grace.

Mallston had nothing to answer for himself. He stood folding his arms and looking in. It was said he had African blood in his veins—barely enough to stain the red of his skin, pinch up his children's hair and give them those mournful, passionate black eyes through which the tragedy of the race always looks. But so vague, so mere a hearsay, was this negro stain, if it existed at all, that he had married a white wife, and moved in society unchallenged by these very fastidious descendants of Carolina and Tennessee.

Mallston's wife had lately added a son to his family. He had two sons before, also two daughters. From any standpoint it seemed an unnecessary addition when the economist considers that he had no means of support except his big-fingered paws, and these, though very willing, depended on chance jobs and days' works given him by other men. In face of these facts the youngest was there as well as the oldest—scarcely seven; the second, scarcely five; and the third and fourth, aged three and a half and two—in his rented house of one room, containing beds in opposite corners, a table and a cooking-stove in front of the fireplace. A generous family and scant provision for it being the mode in Fairfield, however, Mallston may not have seen his desper-

ate position, especially with summer and harvest wages coming. Just now he was out of a job, having finished a ditching contract, and his black, speculative eyes looked anxiously at the photographer.

"Come, clear now!" exclaimed that young man with some authority to his loafers: "I am going to have some sitters."

The landlady and her grandchild were already coming to take advantage of morning sunlight and the domestic lull before dinner. With them came a curious neighbor in ill-made, trailing calico and dejected sun-bonnet, who walked with her hands on her hips and puckered her upper lip, with consciousness of the loss of two front teeth, when she laughed. As they proceeded at a pace regulated by the toddling child, they encountered an old woman with no teeth at all, whose nose and chin leaned very much toward each other: her grizzled hair curled under a still more dejected sun-bonnet, and, setting down a basket of clothes, she stood panting from exertion and wiping her wan face on the bonnet cape.

"I'm a-garn to hick'ry that Bill," she exclaimed weakly. "I tole him to carry me wash-water, and here he is stannin' round thish yer car! George and John's just out, too, and so's Foster. Soon's they git the'r vittles they up and leave me to do the best I kin. Laws! who's garn to pay out money fer fortygraphs? If folks all had to work as hard as I do, they wouldn't have no money fer no such things, so they wouldn't. It 'ud stan' 'em in hand to be savin'."

"Why don't you drive off some yer good-fer-nothin' boys and make 'em do somethin', Mis' Stillman?" bantered the neighbor.

"Well, they've all been a-workin'," relented the mother. "Bill, he's as good a feller to work as ever was if he don't git with a lot of orn'ry boys. Hit hurts Fawt to work stiddy, so it does.—Bill, come here and tote these clo'es home fer me."

Bill came, ruddy and laughing from a scuffle, and walked off with the basket.

"And git the wash-water and make a fire under the kittle," called his mother.

"I'll be apt to," responded Bill.

"Come along into the daguerrean car, Mis' Stillman," invited the landlady. "You never see the inside o' one, did you?"

"Laws! is that wher' you're garn to? I can't stop but a minute. Hit looks mighty fine. The boys said this feller was drivin' into town last night when meetin' broke. Who's garn to have their picter took?—You, Jane?"

"Me?" replied the neighbor. "Laws! no: I ain't rich."

"Oh, you'll change your minds," drawled the landlady patronizingly, as became a lady of means: "he takes 'em reel cheap."

The photographer met this group at his door and assisted them into the car, from which all his earlier visitors had dispersed except Mallston.

Mallston stood at the steps and watched the landlady's grandchild prepared for a sitting. The rabble had begun their morning business of pitching horseshoes, but his interest was held by that little child—its fresh clothes, rings of black hair and pomegranate coloring. The artist, having placed his camera, was in the farther room preparing his plate. When he came out and was in the act of closing the door he noticed Mallston, and asked, "Do you want a job?"

The barbarian did decidedly.

"Come into the back room, then, and help me."

Mallston went striding through the car, and placed himself in an obedient attitude behind the partition.

"Laws!" exclaimed Mrs. Stillman, standing between the camera, where the artist was burying his head under a black cloth, and the object to be photographed, "when we lived in Bartholomew county—'twas the year after we moved f'm Johnson county—Foster and John they was little fellers then, and I did want the'r picters that bad, so I did. But the'r pap he 'lowed it was a waste o' money. Pore man! he was a mighty hard worker: he'd go a mile'd to make a cent, and then he'd lose it all with bad management, so he would. But I had easy times them days, with everything to my han': I spun

and wove all the jeans the men-folks wore, and we milked a dozen cows—"

"Will you please move aside?"

"Git out o' the way, Mis' Stillman: the man can't see through ye."

"Oh!" exclaimed the old woman, jerking herself from the photographer's line of vision, "I didn't go fer to git in the way. But this ain't doin' my washin'," she added, moving toward the entrance. Here, on a little shelf, she found some tiles and brushes, which she took up to examine and hold before the other women, who were seated awaiting the picture-taking. "What's these here things?"

"Artists' materials," replied the photographer, removing his head from under the black cloth, and that from the camera.—"Now, my little man, look straight at the hole in the box, and don't move.—That large brick house—keep perfectly quiet—across the field seems a good point to sketch from. Who lives there?"

"Harbisons," replied the landlady.

"Harbisons, eh? I suppose it was Miss Harbison I saw go past this morning?—Don't move, my little man."

"I do' know," demurred the washerwoman, whose sole recreation in life was the faculty of speech. "I ain't seen Mis' Harbison to town to-day. They's him and her and the boys. Both the boys is away f'm home now. What-fer lookin' woman?"

"It was a young lady in a wide hat."

"Oh, that's Miss Gill: she's some kin to 'em. She's a school-teacher to Bunker Hill or Peru. Laws! I hate to see anybody so proud."

"That's a good boy!" said the photographer. He removed his plate and carried it to the rear room, where he required the assistance of Mallston, who had watched the process with silent interest. Presently reappearing with the dripping negative, which he held for the women to see, he repeated incidentally, "Proud, is she, this Miss Gill?"

"Yes, she is, kind o'," testified the neighbor who was called Jane.—"It's a reel good one, ain't it?"

"If ye take as good as this all the time," cried the pleased landlady, holding off the negative and giving that excited drawl

to the terminal word which may distinguish Kentuckians, for she claimed to be one, "every girl in town 'll be comin' after the'r picter-uh!"

"Except the proud Miss Gill."

The landlady, who had a moustache, bristled it over her square mouth: "I never ast much about her. She's kind o' yaller-complected, but some says she's smart. Bill Harbison was smart too, but he's all broke up now. They don't own nothin' but the house and grounds they're livin' in."

"Laws!" poured in the steady washer-woman, "I used to work fer Mis' Harbison when she was well off—I done knit socks and pieced quilts—and she was always liber'l, so she was. When we just come here he was gittin' down with his last sickness, and we left a good place in Bartholomew county, fer *his* folks they kep' a-writin', 'Here's the place, Billy: this is wher' you'll find the flitter tree and the honey pond.' And it wasn't never my will, but come we must; and you orto seen Fairfield then. Why, ther' wasn't nothin' but mud, so ther' wasn't. —My soul! if thern don't go Bill, and I know he ain't carried me no wash-water."

The artist helped her down the steps and asked her to come again, which courtesy she distrusted. She 'lowed he was p'tendin'. He threwed his head up like he was big-feelin'. It ruffled her that anybody should be big-feelin' over a pore widder-woman that took in days' washin's, and had a pack o' triflin' boys that et her out o' house and home.

Still, this old woman enjoyed the fruit trees' budding promise as she patted along the railroad, and perhaps some old thrill shot again as a meadow-lark uttered his short, rich madrigal from the weather-darkened fence.

"Ho, Mis' Stillman," called Mallston's wife, standing in her door with the youngest on her arm, "le's go over and see that ther' picter car."

"I done done it," responded the old woman.

By the end of two weeks this photographic car had done good execution on the community. The artist himself appeared friendly, which greatly assisted

his trade, openness to familiarity being a prime virtue in all rustic neighborhoods. Every youngster who came to the store after groceries, with a bag slung over the horse's neck in which to carry them, gave pap no peace until means were furnished for a rosy-cheeked tin-type of himself in a pink, green or purple case. The Appledore girls, handsome daughters of a rich farmer, and therefore able to sit for pictures in Kokomo, or even Indianapolis, yet put on all their chains, rings and bracelets and went to the car to test this young photographer's skill. Mrs. Stillman received money from her daughter in Ellwood, together with the written command: "You go and git your fortygraph took fer me, mother: we don't none of us never know what's agarn to happen." So she removed her black alpaca from its peg on the wall for her adornment, and came also, explaining to the neighbors that Kit sent the money, so she did, and was makin' a pore mouth about not havin' no picter of mother. And having got the picture, she used all her past trials and present misfortunes to save half the price, which she succeeded in doing.

Every day the artist had a few sitters. It was surprising how many of the bilious, bare-legged children who collected to gaze at his framed specimens were brought to be photographed, for most of the villagers were squalidly poor and the farmers were entering their busy season. During this time he had opened the Harbison domicile to himself, being son of a friend who had sat in the State legislature with Mr. Harbison. All Fairfield knew that he went there nearly every day, and that it was not to shoot with the long-bow on the lawn. They had no idea how he loved to lounge from one empty room to another of this picturesque, half-furnished house, and how he was gratified by the fitness of the inhabitants to their abode. He liked to see Miss Gill tuck a bunch of peach-blossoms in her coil of hair, and to feel the quickening influences of spring supplemented by her electricity.

Mrs. Harbison took her earth-loving hands from garden-making and went to show the young people the ferns in the

woods. She pulled her sun-bonnet over her eyes and trod out with the solid steps of a woman bred to love the soil under her feet. The photographer sketched along the way, but he finally sat down by Little Wildcat where the water boiled over boulders, and Mrs. Harbison went farther to dig ginseng. There was a joyful hurry of birds all around. That leopard of the Indiana woods, the sycamore, repeated itself in vistas.

"Sycamores always look like dazzling marble shafts blackened with patches of moss," said the young man.

"And their leaves," said the girl sitting on the log not far from him, "smell like poetry. I spread them on my face late in summer after a shower and suck up their breath. But I never can put the sensation into words."

"How's that for a sycamore?" he asked, showing a scrap.

She examined it with great satisfaction: "Why do you go about with a photographic car? Why don't you set out to be an artist?"

He laughed: "Because there is so much of the vagabond in me, I suppose. Then I never had any education in art. Folks as poor as Job's turkey."

"But a man can do so much or so little."

"Well, when I'm going about with the car I see a great many odd people, and can pick up little striking things for studies. I get a living, too, such as it is, which I shouldn't do if I set up as an artist. Look here!" He turned over his book and showed an etching of Mallston stepping across the common carrying his youngest, with the four older children at his heels. One had sprawled, and was evidently lifting a howl to the paternal ear. They both laughed at it.

"He's a good fellow," remarked the photographer, "but there's no end to the ignorance and misery such creatures bring upon the world. He couldn't take decent care of himself, and he has a wife and five children hanging on him."

"It is just so with nearly all these people," exclaimed Miss Gill in high scorn. "They have no idea of what life should be—no ambition, and scarcely a soul

to divide around among them all. It smothers me!" She threw her arms out impetuously. "I want such different things—the society of the cultivated, the stimulus of great natures. Maybe I could write something that would get before the public then."

"Have you ever sent anything East?" he inquired with a Hoosier's vast respect for older civilization.

"Yes," she answered with a falling inflection of voice and head. "But it's no use: I never shall amount to anything with my surroundings."

The water gurgled over its boulders and the green landscape sent up an exquisite loamy breath. The young people, both representing the afflatus of the State, met in one tragic look which ended in a smile.

Next morning Mallston took his usual post in the car, shifting from one bare foot to the other, while the photographer lounged on his locker waiting for custom. The native frequently parted his shaggy jaws, but considered how he should offer his information. He watched his employer with real attachment, and his dark red face deepened its hue around the eyes as he broke out, "We've got a little feller t' r house."

"What! not another one?"

"He's two month ole," explained Mallston.

"Oh, your youngest. Why, yes, I've seen him." Mallston was evidently surprised that so humble a creature as his youngest had attracted the great photographer's notice. "He's a fine youngster," added the latter.

Mallston was then emboldened to blurt out, "We've named him."

"You have? Well, what do you call him?"

"We called him after you."

"Why, here's an honor! How did you come to name him for me?"

"I done it."

"Let me see: what can I do for him? Suppose you bring him over now while we aren't very busy and I'll take his picture."

Mallston grinned with pleasure: "My woman wanted his picter. My woman

"lowed mebbly you wouldn't charge for it if you knowed he was a namesake."

"Certainly I won't. So bring him right along and we'll do our best for him."

It was some time before he reappeared, carrying his youngest in his arms, its cheeks polished and its wet hair turning over in rings, decked in its chief finery, a blue quilted cloak. The mother came along to hold her cherub in her lap. She was a long, raw-boned woman, immature in face under all her crust of care and tan, evidently distressed in her free waist by the tightness of her calico dress and in her unfenced feet by shoes.

"What are you going to do with the baby?" inquired Miss Gill kindly as she encountered this group at right angles on her return from the post-office.

"Garn with him to the man to git his picter. Come in and see him took," invited Mrs. Mallston timidly.

The young woman, ready to seize on any distraction, went in, scarcely understanding that her bruised ambition reached for healing to such homely, lowly natures as these.

The artist was glad to see her, and she sat on the locker while preparations went on. She exchanged amused glances with him when the other Mallstons flocked to the steps, bellowing in various keys for their mother, and on their being swung in by one arm and placed in a row on the opposite locker, she gazed at them in turn, wondering what the future held out to such lumps of dirt and sombre black eyes.

Mallston set his youngest on the mother's lap and looked at it with sneaking fondness. The whole tribe seemed equally dear to him, but this youngest appealed to his strength. Mrs. Mallston was not celebrated as a tender mother. She went after pails of water and left her children playing beside the railroad-track; their tattered and ludicrous appearance bespoke her unskilfulness with the needle; she was said to have scalded the eldest boy with a skilletful of hot water in which she had soaked bacon, pouring it out of the window on his head. But she probably did as well as she knew how, and Mallston did much better. The photog-

rapher watched him go back a dozen times to straighten the baby's sturdy legs, tap it under the chin with his colossal fore finger, cluck in the laughing red cavern of his mouth and change the folds of its quilted cloak with quite a professional air. What were poverty, the world's neglect, hard labor and circumscribed life to this man? That muscle which gathered and distributed the streams of his body may have been to him a heaven in which these five youngsters ministered as angels.

The young man felt moved with an emotion he resisted: "My God! can it be that this savage is right in his instincts, and I am wrong? Can some peculiar blessing of Heaven rest on the man who dares Fate for family love? Or is the poor wretch's fondness a recompense for his overburdened lot?"

The baby took a fine picture. Mallston stood by a window and gazed at the large tin-type. His full lips dropped apart and his head leaned sidewise. He turned to his wife and said with a foolish expression, "If the little feller 'ud happen to drop off now we got sumpin' to remember him by."

"My children's kind o' sickly," remarked his wife, marshalling forth her quartette, "fer all they look so hearty."

The photographic car remained day after day, although sitters seldom came now, for even the loafers were helping to put in crops. The horses which should have dragged it out almost any dewy morning were not exactly eating their heads off, being turned upon pasture, but the landlord was famous for getting his entertainment's worth. As long as weekly board-bills were paid he said it was none of his business if the man stayed all summer.

On Monday the photographer resolved, "I will start on Wednesday;" on Wednesday he decided, "I will wait till Saturday;" and on Saturday, "It's too late in the week now, but I *must* go next Monday."

Mrs. Harbison, when interviewed about the generous portion of time he spent on her lawn with her summer visitor, an-

swered with downrightness, "Well, what if he does like to come to our place? We know all about his folks. And if them two wants to sit and talk, they're fit company for each other, and I reckon it won't hurt 'em. So what you going to do about it?"

The village was going to talk about it. The female population gathered at the storekeeper's house, their favorite rallying-place because the storekeeper's wife had no opinions of her own, but made a good echo to whatever was said, and there they judged that Gill girl for taking up with strangers like she done, so stuck up, and hoped it would turn out he was a married man, and wouldn't that bring her down?

Meanwhile, the photographer stretched himself on his oilcloth-cushioned locker and stared at the now fully-unfurled woods, without one mental glance at the vivid moss in its shades, its four varieties of ferns or the ruined cabin with one side thrown down, showing flickers of sunlight through the gaps of its fireplace. He called himself ill names for remaining where he was, and made a crazy picture of a photographic car seesawing along the country roads, with a figure he well knew sitting on the platform beside him as he drove. It was so absurd, but he quoted Mrs. Dalles's song of "Brave Love" while he etched:

We could not want for long,
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one:
Our homeless wanderings down the lanes,
They long ago were done.

Then, across some chasm of indefinite time, he saw a studio and himself happy at an easel, with this devoted dark face resting against his side, reciting her work to him and quivering with joy at some sign of success. But the whole panorama dissolved at a breath.

"Now, aren't you a nice fellow," he addressed himself, "a brilliant rascal, a wise genius, to be thinking of such a thing?"

Miss Gill was returning from the woods with a full basket before the morning heat

came on. A few women at the storekeeper's fence looked sidewise at each other as she paused to chat under the photographer's window.

The morning was so clear that every object stood in startling relief. A plume of steam far up the leafy railroad vista heralded the Peru express's lightning passage through the town. Scarcely a lounge was left on the platform. Mallston had a job of cleaning the cellar for the storekeeper, and at intervals appeared from its gaping doors with a basket of decayed potatoes on his shoulders. The landscape rung with bird-songs, and the girl, who had skimmed the cream off such a morning, looked up and laughed at her dejected friend. She had purple violets tucked into her coil of hair, her belt and under her collar.

"What are you doing here? Why aren't you out trying to catch the effect of day-twilight in the thick woods?"

"I've been trying," he replied without smiling, "to catch the effect of a rash action—and a woman's face."

"How solemn! Let me see it. Is it Mrs. Stillman's?"

"No, it isn't: it's my wife's."

Her half-lifted hand dropped. While her eyes met his without blenching she turned ghastly white, her face seeming to wither into sudden age.

The express-train whistled. Only a moment before its steam-plume had been her symbol of rushing success in life, and now, for some scarcely apprehended reason, she felt that the train and Fate were running her down. With intuitive resistance and a defiant sweep of her body she turned toward it and screamed aloud.

The photographer could not credit this rapid change to himself when he saw upon the track a small rough cart drawn by Mallston's oldest girl and containing his youngest stretched upon a dirty pillow. The express was coming down-grade at full speed, but at its whistle the oldest child turned off the track and tried to drag her burden across the rail. The cart upset, and the baby sprawled, crying, between the rails, while his sister fled crying toward home.

This whole occurrence was a flash: it seemed to the spectators they had barely started forward with their blood curdling, the engine had but screamed, and Mallston was merely seen dropping a basket of potatoes and leaping with upright hair and starting eyes, before the whole thing was over. The train stopped with such a recoil that many passengers were thrown from their seats: the engineer dropped from his cab, and there was a crowd.

Mallston was jammed into a heap against a tall board fence which surrounded the store-lot. The baby sprawled near him, where he had thrown it when the engine struck him.

"Are you hurt?" asked the photographer, turning him over.

He sat up, looking dazed and ludicrous: "Wher's the little feller?"

"I got him," panted the breathless mother, shaking the child from side to side as she showed it to him.

"He's all right," cried the engineer, "but I hit you. Where are you hurt?"

"I ain't hurt no place," said Mallston, crawling up on all fours, "'cept wher' my back and head hit the fence." He stood up grinning at the excited crowd, and put his sneaking, protecting fingertips under the baby's chin. The youngest had ceased to yell during the fright, but this touched him off again.

"You skeered the poor little feller," said Mallston severely, but the engineer was already mounting his cab, laughing with relief. The train passed on, people crowding the platforms.

Women felt the baby's limbs: there were no hurts except a bruise on one fat leg and a little more than the usual amount of dirt on its face.

"Are you sure you aren't injured?" urged the photographer, shaking his man.

But Mallston looked into his eyes with a preoccupied mind, and said, as to the only person present who would appreciate the depth of the remark, "I couldn't a-stood that, by jeeminy!" Tears stood in his big bovine eyes.

The group dispersed, many glad to have enjoyed such a genuine sensation, Mrs. Stillman declaring to the neighbor and the landlady she hadn't had such a skeer since the time *he* was took in the dead o' night with bleedin' at the lungs, and not a doctor in ten mile, and every minute like to be his last, so it was.

The artist followed Miss Gill from the spot. She picked up her basket beside the photographic car, her face so sublimated it seemed never to have known any other look.

"I didn't understand human nature," she confessed to the photographer, who had entered his car and again appeared at the window above her. "That fellow has the poetry in him that I can't write out. I'm afraid I'm going to cry."

The artist held down his sketch-book to her. Dabbing back her tears with one hand, she took it with the other and exclaimed at once, "Why, you've sketched *me!*"

"When a man like that dares so much for home happiness in this world, I think I can dare a little, poor, struggling dog as I am. I called that a while ago the picture of my wife; and it shall be—my *woman*," infusing the idiom of his native State with its primitive, tender meaning.

She handed back the book, and he took it, with her hand.

"Do you dare?" trembled the girl with a laugh, mindful that all Fairfield was out.

"I think I do," he replied, smiling also as he followed her eyes toward a group proceeding down the railroad—"even in spite of that."

Mrs. Mallston was walking beside her husband, making a display of ankle-bone under her scant calico wrapper, her sun-bonnet flapping to her nose, the four juveniles able to walk dangling from her fingers or drapery. Mallston, straight as a hickory tree, carried his youngest on his bosom, patting its cheek with his horny, potato-scented palm.

M. H. CATHERWOOD.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MORMONISM.

FOR many years both before and after the Revolution the western part of New York was claimed by Massachusetts. The dispute was finally settled in 1786 by the latter State retaining the title to the soil westward of a meridian line extending from Pennsylvania to Lake Ontario. The line was afterward ascertained to be the meridian of Washington. It passed near Elmira, through the county of Seneca, and pierced the town of Lyons in the county of Wayne. The area of the Massachusetts claim was more than seven million acres, or about fifteen counties as they are now arranged. The entire tract was sold in 1787 to Oliver Phelps and Daniel Gorman for one million dollars. Phelps and Gorman immediately proceeded to Canandaigua and obtained the Indian title to one-third of the tract. A land-office was opened in that village, the first of its kind in America. But the sales, although rapid, prevented the ruin neither of the purchasers nor of Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, who came forward to help them. The Holland Land Company profited by these misfortunes. The rich valleys of the Genesee and its tributaries more than made good its promises to actual settlers, as is readily proved by the waving fields of grain which greet the traveller through that section to-day.

In the year 1815 there came to the town of Palmyra, in Wayne county, a family by the name of Smith. Their former home was Sharon, Vermont. The father's name was Joseph, the mother's maiden name was Lucy Mack, and they were both of Scotch descent. Their son Joseph, afterward "the Prophet," was born on December 23, 1805. Hyrum, another son, helped his father at the trade of a cooper. Joseph, Jr., grew up with the reputation of being an idle and ignorant youth, given to chicken-thieving, and, like his father, extremely superstitious. Both father and sons believed in witchcraft, and they frequently "di-

vined" the presence of water by a forked stick or hazel rod. Orlando Sanders of Palmyra, a well-preserved gentleman of over eighty, tells us that the Smith family worked for his father and for himself. He gives them the credit of being good workers, but declares that they could save no money. He also states that Joseph, Jr., was "a greeny," both large and strong. By nature he was peaceably disposed, but when he had taken too much liquor he was inclined to fight, with or without provocation.

The profession of a water-witch did not bring enough ducats to the Smith family; so the attempt was made to find hidden treasures. Failing in this, the unfolding flower of Mormonism would have been nipped in the bud had not Joe's father and brother been engaged in digging a well upon the premises of Clark Chase in September, 1819. Joseph, Jr., stood idly by with some of the Chase children when a stone resembling a child's foot was thrown from the well. The Chase children claimed the curiosity, as it was considered, but Joe seized and retained it. Afterward, for a series of years, he claimed that by the use of it he was enabled to discover stolen property and to locate the place where treasure was buried.

After living in Palmyra for about ten years, the Smith family moved southward a few miles and settled in Manchester, the northern town of Ontario county. Their residence was a primitive one, even for those days. William Van Camp, the aged editor of the *Democratic Press* at Lyons, recalls the fact that it was a log house from the following circumstance. Martin Harris, a farmer near Palmyra, visited the Smiths while he was yet in doubt concerning the doctrines of Mormonism. One night, while he was in his room, curtained off from the single large room of the interior, there appeared to him no less a personage than Jesus Christ. Harris was informed that Mormonism was the true faith, and Van

Camp knows that it was a log house, although no vestige now remains, because Harris told him that his celestial visitor was lying on the beam overhead!

One mile from the Smith residence was the farm of Alonzo Sanders, now owned by William T. Sampson, commander in the United States Navy. This farm is four miles south of Palmyra, on the road toward Canandaigua. It includes a barren hill which rises abruptly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. The ridge runs almost due north and south, and from the summit there are beautiful views of the hills surrounding Canandaigua and Seneca Lakes. It is known to the present generation as "Gold Bible Hill:" to Joe Smith it was known as "the Hill Cumorah," where the angel Moroni announced to him the presence of the "golden plates" giving an account of the fate which attended the early inhabitants of America. With these plates would be found the only means by which they could be read, the wonderful spectacles known as the "Urim and Thummim." Joe was not averse to such a revelation, for his hazel rod and his "peek-stone" had already failed him. There had been various religious awakenings in the neighborhood, and when the various sects began to quarrel over the converts Joe arose and announced that his mission was to restore the true priesthood. He appointed a number of meetings, but no one seemed inclined to follow him as the leader of a new religion. In September, 1823, an angel appeared to him, forgave his many lapses from grace and announced the golden plates.

These plates, however, were not found for several years. In the mean time the scene of Smith's operations shifted along the banks of Seneca Lake and down the tributaries of the Susquehanna to the point where that river sweeps southward into Pennsylvania past a borough of its own name, and then northward into New York, before it finally crosses Pennsylvania on its way to the Chesapeake. The borough of Susquehanna forms an important station on the Erie Railway, one hundred and ninety miles north-west of New York City. All about the localities houses are built in little groups upon

the steep hillsides: even the railroad-shops could not be erected before the ground was levelled for them. When the river first cut a channel through the Appalachian Mountains it was very saving of its strength. Should anything besides the river attempt to enter this valley it must either hang against the sides or swim.

Joe Smith had paid several visits to this region when the first settlers were struggling with the wilderness. It was a much wilder country than that about Palmyra, and the inhabitants were much more credulous. Upon these people Smith practised with his peek-stone. A number of aged persons now living in that vicinity give this description of the prophet: He was six feet or a trifle over in height; of stout build, but wiry; his hair and complexion were light; his eyes were blue and mild; and "he did not look as if he knew enough to fool people so," as one old lady expresses it. When "peeking" he kneeled and buried his face in his white stovepipe hat, within which was the peek-stone. He declared it to be so much like looking into the water that the "deflection of flight" sometimes took him out of his course. On a wilderness-hill—now a part of Jacob J. Skinner's farm—his peek-stone discovered a ton of silver bars which had been buried by weary Spaniards as they trudged up the Susquehanna. An expedition for their recovery was undertaken as soon as Smith could muster enough followers to do the work. Unlike St. Paul, Joe did not work with his own hands, and he did not hesitate to be chargeable to any one. Several round excavations were made on the crown of a hill, the largest of which was about thirty-five feet in diameter and of about the same depth. The water was drained toward the south, and a shanty covered the hole from the eyes of the scoffers and the profane. The diggers had proceeded with great labor, and were just ready to grasp the silver, when the charm moved it three hundred feet to the north-east. Joe tracked it with his peek-stone to its hiding-place. It was not so far under the surface this time—only about twenty feet—and the faithful again worked with a will. The dilatory move-

ments of the silver caused anxiety to Mr. Isaac Hale, with whom the diggers had been "boarding round." Hale was a stiff old Methodist whose business judgment told him that he was taking too much stock in this "big bonanza." For all his anxiety, the silver again flitted away, and alighted fifty feet beyond the big hole. They determined to capture it if they ran the hill through a sieve. The third hole had been sunk fifteen out of the necessary twenty feet when the treasure once more jumped to the other side of the big hole. Then the prophet had a vision: the blood of a black sheep must be shed and sprinkled around the diggings. Black sheep were scarce, and while they waited for one the faithful obtained their needed rest. At length, no sheep appearing, Joe said that a black dog might answer. A dog, therefore, was killed, and the blood was sprinkled on the ground. After that the silver never went far away. Still, it waltzed about the big hole in such a lively manner that frequent tunnelling to effect its capture availed nothing. At last the prophet decided that it was of no use to dig unless one of their number was made a sacrifice. None of the faithful responded to his call, and thus the magnificent scheme was abandoned. Oliver Harper, one of the diggers who furnished the money, was soon afterward murdered. The prophet thought this might answer for a sacrifice: he again rallied the diggers, but the charm remained stubborn and would not reveal the silver.*

There was, however, another object for which Smith said the Lord had sent him to Susquehanna; and that was — a wife.

* On a scorching day in July I visited Susquehanna to obtain an authentic narrative from several parties who were eye-witnesses of the events which they related. At the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Squires I found both herself and Mrs. Sally McKune, the widow of Joseph McKune. Mrs. Squires is considerably over seventy, and Mrs. McKune is about eighty, years of age. Both these ladies lived in the neighborhood at the time of the Smith manifestations. The statement given above with regard to the digging for treasure is that of Mrs. McKune, supplemented by Mrs. Squires. Jacob J. Skinner, the present owner of the farm, was about sixteen years old at the time of the search. For a number of years he has been engaged in filling the holes with stone to protect his cattle, but the boys still use the north-east hole as a swimming-pond in the summer.

Until he obtained one there was no use in trying to get certain buried treasures at Palmyra. A headless Spaniard guarded it with great vigilance, but would, it appeared, be driven away if Smith should shake millinery and dry-goods bills at him. Joseph stopped at the house of Isaac Hale, already noticed as having furnished board to the diggers. Mr. Hale owned a farm on the north side of the river, a mile and a half below the present borough of Susquehanna. He had three daughters, two of them already married. The second daughter, Emma, was easily persuaded to join her fortunes with those of the adventurer. The father, however, made so much opposition that they crossed over into the State of New York, and were married at Windsor, a neighboring town. This was probably early in 1826. Mr. Hale threatened to shoot his son-in-law — the "Pecker," as he called him — if he ever returned.

About these days, every other means of gaining a living without honest work having been exhausted, the prophet thought it was time to find the golden plates. Returning to the vicinity of Palmyra, Smith and his followers began to dig for the plates on the eastern side of the hill. It was announced that each one of the diggers must be pure in deed, and that no evil thought must cross his mind as he worked. One night a spade struck an iron box at the same moment that an evil thought seized one of the diggers. The box sank to lower depths amid thunder and lightning, while Smith announced that nothing could be done that night but to go home and pray. They were more fortunate, however, in leaving their evil thoughts at home on the night of September 22, 1826, for then, according to the faithful, the golden plates were taken from "the Hill Cumorah with a mighty display of celestial machinery." It is recorded that after the prize had been delivered to the prophet by angels his eyes were opened and he saw legions of devils struggling with a celestial host to keep the plates concealed. On his return to Susquehanna with a bandaged head, Smith gave out that he had had

an encounter with the chief devil, and been severely wounded by a blow "struck from the shoulder."

With the golden plates were also found the Urim and Thummim, the magic spectacles or religious peek-stones, "transparent and clear as crystal," which should translate the hieroglyphics on the plates. There were three witnesses who swore by all that was sacred that the angel of the Lord laid these plates before them, and that "they were translated by the gift and power of God." The three witnesses were Oliver Cowdery, who was finally expelled from the brotherhood in Missouri; David Whitner, who abandoned the Mormons and settled in Richmond, Missouri, where he still lives; and Martin Harris, who quarrelled with Smith in the same State and returned to New York to live.

Such a precious treasure as was now in the hands of Smith was not to be "borne in earthly vessels frail." He applied to Willard Chase, a son of that Clark Chase on whose premises the original peek-stone was discovered, to make him a wooden box for the plates. The compensation was to be a share in the prospective profits from the "Gold Book." Chase's lack of faith in both the man and the book caused him to decline the work. Smith thereupon thrust his gold plates and the rings which connected them into a bag of beans and started for Susquehanna. Twenty miles above that borough lies the village of Harpersville. Here lived Benjamin Wasson, who married one of Mrs. Smith's sisters. Wasson was a cabinetmaker, and, although not a Mormon, he made a strong box for the plates. Smith announced that no one could look into the box and live, but when his father-in-law, Hale, wished to try it Smith hid the box in the woods. Hale, in his statement of 1834, declared that Smith translated the plates in his own house, "with the stone in his hat and his hat over his face," while the plates were still hid in the woods.

Fortunately for Smith, he did not have to depend upon Hale for a place in which to carry on his operations. His wife had a six-acre place in a corner of her father's

VOL. XXVI.—13

farm, adjoining the farm of Joseph McKune. Upon this little strip of land Smith moved a partly-finished house, twenty-six feet broad, eighteen feet deep and fourteen feet in the posts. It is evident, from the stovepipe through the roof, that the edifice was never finished. After Smith left this region Martin Harris came from Palmyra and sold the house to McKune, whose widow lived in it for about forty years. It is now the farm-residence of her son, Benjamin McKune, high sheriff of Susquehanna county, and lies close to the track of the Erie Railway, a mile and a half west of Susquehanna Dépôt. The elder McKune strongly suspected that Smith and his gang were counterfeiters.

The prophet's original plan was that the plates should be translated by an infant son, who should perform other miracles and become his successor. But his expectations were doomed to disappointment, for in a little fern-grown cemetery near at hand is a tottering slab of black sandstone with the simple inscription, "In memory of an infant son of Joseph and Emma Smith, June 15, 1828." Hence the magic spectacles were very opportunely found with the plates. The little low chamber in Smith's house was used as a translating-room. The prophet and his plates were screened even from the sight of his scribes, Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery and Reuben Hale, by blankets secured with nails. While the translation was going on the neighbors frequently called to discuss the forthcoming book, which, it was alleged, would make the Hale family very rich. Occasionally a visitor was allowed to feel the thickness of the Golden Book as it reposed within a pillow-case, but no one was permitted to see it.*

The "celestial machinery" for the

* Among the callers was Samuel Brush, now a vigorous man of seventy-five, who carries on a large farm and a lumber-mill three miles south-west of Susquehanna. At the time of the translation he often called Reuben Hale away from his work, and the pair went for a walk. Reuben also explained the phenomenon of the peek-stone on the theory of "deflected light." Mr. Brush declares that Martin Harris was a believer in "second sight," and that "Smith was a good and kind neighbor"—testimony which is also given by Mrs. McKune, Mrs. Squires and Mr. Skinner.

translating process was very simple. A copy of the hieroglyphics was taken, and then Smith either wrote his translation on a slate or dictated for others to write on paper. Martin Harris having taken a scroll containing some of the hieroglyphics to Professor Anthon, the characters were pronounced to be partly Greek, partly Hebrew and partly Roman inverted, with a rude copy of Humboldt's Mexican calendar at the end. That the prophet was not well advanced either in Greek or English appears from a story related by the Rev. Henry Caswall, who visited Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1842. He had with him a copy of the Psalter in Greek, which he handed to the prophet and asked him to explain its contents. Smith looked at it a few moments, and then replied, "No, it ain't Greek at all, except perhaps a few words. What ain't Greek is Egyptian, and what ain't Egyptian is Greek. This book is very valuable: *it is a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics.*" Pointing to the capital letters at the beginning of each verse, he said, "Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics, and them which follows is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates." Upon this the Mormons began to congratulate Mr. Caswall on the information he was receiving. "There!" they said, "we told you so: we told you that our prophet would give you satisfaction. None but our prophet can explain these mysteries." The prophet then attempted to buy the book, on the ground that it could be of no use to Caswall, because he did not understand it! Refusing to sell, Caswall inquired the meaning of certain of the hieroglyphics on the papyrus of the prophet. When cornered the prophet slipped out of the room, and Caswall saw him no more.

Mrs. McKune relates the particulars of an incident which took place early in 1828. Martin Harris had advanced so much money to Smith that his wife came from Palmyra in great alarm to arrest the destruction of property and to reclaim her husband if possible. Harris showed her the sacred writings, already nearly com-

pleted, as an inducement for her to hold her peace. She found where the manuscript was concealed, and at once secured it. When asked to return it she replied, "Joe Smith may peek for it." This he attempted to do, but accused her of unfairly removing the manuscript whenever the attendants had almost reached it. After waiting a little time, she produced a portion of the roll and declared Smith to be a fraud. The remainder of the manuscript she retained, and finally burned it, with the remark, "If it cannot be found there will be an end to the partnership between Joe Smith and my husband." Joe never undertook to use his wonderful spectacles for a second translation of the matter in the missing manuscript: he feared that Mrs. Harris might produce a totally different Bible consisting of his first translation.

Mrs. Squires and Mrs. McKune agree in saying that no converts were made by Smith and Harris in the vicinity of Susquehanna. The scene of the Mormon endeavors was suddenly moved along the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna to a point north of the Appalachian Mountains and just within the borders of New York. In the locality of Harpersville and Nineveh a broad plain had been settled by a colony of emigrants called "the Vermont Sufferers," from their having formerly occupied land which was claimed by both Massachusetts and New York. Three miles above Nineveh lies Afton, just on the edge of Chenango county, and a short distance above are Sidney, in Delaware county, and Otego, in Otsego county. Smith and his followers operated with the peek-stone in this part of the valley, where he was a comparative stranger. George Collington, one of the most substantial farmers in Broome county, was then a lad of sixteen. One evening, at twilight, he discovered Smith, Joseph Knight, William Hale (uncle of Smith's wife) and two men named Culver and Blowers in the act of dodging through the woods with shovels and picks upon their shoulders, their object being to discover a salt-spring by the agency of the peek-stone. He followed them, under cover of the brush, to a point where they

stopped for consultation and finally decided to dig the next day. Noticing that Bostwick Badger, who then owned the farm now occupied by Collington, had felled an oak near the place, and that he had drawn out the timber, Collington obtained permission to cut the top for wood. Collington's axe and the prophet's diggers began operations about the same time on the following morning. Out from the treetop came Collington and asked what they were doing. They told him to mind his business, which he did by thoroughly publishing them about the neighborhood — a proceeding that brought them a number of unwelcome visitors in the place of one. Frederick Davenport furnished young Collington with a half bushel of salt to be deposited in the hole at night. By morning the water had dissolved the salt and retained its briny flavor. Bottles were filled for exhibition, and the stock of the converts in the peek-stone ran high until the trick was discovered. It was claimed that the peek-stone also pointed out an extensive silver-mine on the farm of Abram Cornell at Bettsburg, nearly opposite Nineveh. No silver was found except that furnished by Josiah Stowell, a not over-bright man whose little all went into the pocket of Smith.

However much he might fail in discovering material treasures, Smith's hold upon the religious infatuation of his followers grew more and more strong. John Morse, an aged convert to Mormonism, had recently died, and Smith was sent for to restore him to life. After looking at him Smith declined, because it would be a pity to have him suffer rheumatism and die again so soon! This was something like Brigham Young's refusal to restore a lost leg to one of his Mormons, on the ground that if he did it the man would be obliged to walk on three legs all through eternity!

Mrs. Marsh says that Joseph Knight and his sons were on one occasion in her husband's hay-field, and boldly declared that Smith could perform miracles. On being challenged for an example, Joseph Knight said, "The prophet cast the Devil out of me. He looked like a black cat;

and he ran into a pile of brush." The prophet prayed for a deceased shoemaker in Greene, Chenango county. This man had joined their Church, and the Mormons needed his property to help them in leaving the country. The widow refused to sign the property over until the prayers had been offered for the return of her husband. The prayers having availed nothing, the executor sought to recover the property. Thomas A. Johnson, then a law-student and a brother of Mrs. Marsh, was sent to Harpersville to get possession. Smith's followers were encamped in the barn of Joseph Knight, and they threatened to shoot. By the advice of friends Johnson compromised the matter by taking a valuable horse.

All accounts agree that Smith drank freely, both in the Susquehanna and in the Harpersville neighborhoods. Mrs. McKune relates that one night Smith volunteered to pray the frost away from the corn-field of his brother-in-law, Michael Morse. The field was not saved, probably because it had an exposure toward the north and the west. A number of witnesses in the vicinity of Nineveh remember that the prophet set a day for that village to sink, but that he afterward repented and withdrew his curse. He did, however, announce that on a certain evening, about twilight, he would walk on the water. The place of his selection was watched by Gentile boys until one of Smith's followers was seen to construct a bridge of planks just under the surface. Watching their opportunity, the boys removed the outer planks. Before the prophet made the attempt to walk he exhorted his followers to have strong faith. When his bridge suddenly gave way he swam ashore and said, "Woe unto you of little faith! Your faith would not hold me up."

There were other boys in the neighborhood who thought it rare sport to annoy the Mormons. The same Joseph Knight who has already figured in this narrative owned a small farm on which he had built a combined grist- and carding-mill. The power was obtained by means of a small stream, the outlet of Perch Pond to the Susquehanna River,

opposite Harpersville. This stream was dammed, so that the Mormon converts might be baptized by immersion. The day for the ceremony was fixed, but the boys so persistently destroyed the dam that the Mormons did not attempt to rebuild it till the night before, and then they were obliged to stand guard until the hour for the baptism had arrived. Knight's barn was a rude structure of about forty by thirty feet, but it served the purpose of a tabernacle in the wilderness for a number of months. The prophet himself was not a very successful preacher, but the versatile Sidney Rigdon more than made up for his defects. Smith Baker gives Rigdon the credit of being "a decent speaker, as preachers averaged in those days."

A semblance of persecution having strengthened the Church, the Gentile inhabitants of the Susquehanna Valley were glad when a "revelation" caused the sixty Mormons to pack their traps and move westward. Some of the followers were moved by a spirit of adventure, while others placed their property in the common lot and determined to accompany the prophet to his earthly as well as to his heavenly kingdom. Smith Baker was one of the teamsters, and reports that the train consisted of three baggage- and eleven passenger-wagons. The exodus was along the old State road, north of Binghamton, to Ithaca, and thence, across Cayuga Lake, to Palmyra.

The Saints in the region about the Gold Bible Hill had not been idle while these things were occurring in Susquehanna. William Van Camp relates that he and all the other boys believed Hen Pack Hill, a mile east of Palmyra, would open to allow a giant to step forth and place his foot upon Palmyra to crush it. This would be the end of all disbelievers in Mormonism, and the Saints would at once be gathered together in that vicinity. "I did not know then," says Mr. Van Camp, "how easy it is for men to lie."

Mr. Van Camp is about seventy years old, and Major John H. Gilbert, who still resides in Palmyra, is about seventy-six. Both of these gentlemen were working

in the office of the *Wayne Sentinel*, E. B. Grandin proprietor, during the months from September, 1829, to March, 1830, the time during which the Book of Mormon was in process of printing. The office was in the third story of a building now known as "Exchange Row," in the principal street of Palmyra. The foreman was Mr. Pomeroy Tucker, who afterward published a work on Mormonism. Major Gilbert was a compositor and also a dancing-master. His duties in the latter calling took him away from his "case" so frequently that Van Camp "distributed" in order to give him a chance to work the next day. The "copy" was on ruled paper—an expensive thing in those days—and the letters were so closely crowded together that words like *and* or *the* were divided at the end of the line. The copy was in Cowdery's handwriting, but it was produced from a tightly-buttoned coat every morning by Hyrum Smith. One day's supply only was given at a time, and even this was carefully taken away at night, there being but one occasion when permission was given to Major Gilbert to take it away from the office. Major Gilbert and others say that David Whitner of Richmond, Missouri, has this manuscript copy; and it has been stated recently that he has been called upon by officials from Salt Lake City to produce it, and refused.*

There were no marks of punctuation in the copy—a sore trial to both Tucker and Gilbert in "reading proof." At such times Cowdery occasionally "held the copy." In the absence of Cowdery the proof-readers often resorted to the orthodox Bible to verify some foggy passage. The "matter" was "paged" so that thirty-two pages could be printed at a time on one of Hoe's "Smith" six-column hand-presses. After the sheets had been run through once and properly dried, they were reversed and printed on the other side. The bookbinder then folded them by hand, and severed them with an ivory paper-cutter. The result was that the

* A note of inquiry has elicited from this sole survivor of the original "three witnesses" the information that he has this manuscript. Perhaps he may yet startle the Mormon world by publishing a *facsimile* edition of the original "translation."

twenty-five hundred large sheets made five thousand small sheets, with sixteen pages printed upon each side. Major Gilbert has an unbound copy of the book, which he saved, sheet by sheet, as it came from the press.

Martin Harris furnished the funds for printing the book by a mortgage of three thousand dollars on his farm. He celebrated the completion of the work by inviting all the printers to his house. Mrs. Harris (the same who secreted the manuscript at Susquehanna) had not signed the mortgage. Harris brought his guests within the door—as Van Camp relates it—and introduced them to his wife, who bowed coldly and took no pains to welcome them. At length Harris asked for the cider-pitcher, and went to the spot indicated by his wife. Returning with it in his hand, he showed a large hole in the bottom. "Well," said Mrs. Harris, "it has as much bottom as your old Bible has." There was enough bottom to the Bible, however, to give a comfortable sum of money to "Joseph Smith, Jr., Author and Proprietor." Orlando Sanders, son of Alonzo Sanders before mentioned, says that the Smiths made too much money to walk any longer: he sold them a horse, and he now has a Bible which he took in payment for a bridle.

The most reasonable theory of the origin of the Book of Mormon connects the work directly with Solomon Spalding, a soldier of the Revolution from Connecticut and a graduate from Dartmouth in the class of 1785. Failing health induced Spalding to leave the ministry and to join his brother in a mercantile life at Cherry Valley and Richfield, New York. In 1809 he removed thence to Conneaut, in Ashtabula county, the extreme north-eastern corner of Ohio. Next west of Ashtabula is Lake county, wherein is located Kirtland—a place of great historic interest to the Mormons, as will appear before our narrative closes. While Spalding was in Conneaut he wrote a few novels of so unmeritorious a nature that no one would publish them. At length the opening of an Indian mound gave him a basis of facts upon which he built a story relating

to the Indian population of America and its descent from the Lost Tribes of Israel. He announced that the title of his novel would be *The Manuscript Found*, and that he proposed to publish a sensational story of its discovery in a cave in Ohio. Spalding frequently read extracts to his friends, and one of them furnished him with money, so that he could proceed to Pittsburg and have the novel printed. The manuscript remained in the office of Patterson & Lambdin in that city for some time, but it was never published. It is probable that it was taken away by Spalding, who died shortly after (in 1816) at Amity, Washington county, near Pittsburg. While it was in the office it is believed that Sidney Rigdon, a young printer, was so pleased with the novel that he took a copy for future use. Rigdon was born in Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, February 19, 1793. He received a fair English education, and in 1817 became an orthodox Christian preacher. He soon gave forth strange doctrines, which were founded on the manuscript in his possession, and then he abandoned preaching for a number of years "to study the Bible," as he expressed it. Moving into Lake county, Ohio, he prepared the minds of his followers for some new *ism*. It cannot be accurately stated just when, where and how he met Joseph Smith and added his religious enthusiasm to the humbuggery of the Peeker. But that such a union was formed appears from the talk of Smith regarding the gold plates, and from the actual finding of them in the manner proposed by Spalding fourteen years before. The union is still more evident when we listen to witnesses who had heard Spalding's readings, and who afterward recognized them in the Book of Mormon, with additions of a religious nature. These witnesses noted certain inconsistencies in the Book of Mormon which they had formerly discovered in Spalding's novel. History records that the widow of Spalding sent the manuscript to Conneaut, where it was publicly compared with the printed book and the fraud exposed. Soon afterward the manuscript was spirited away from Mrs. Spalding, probably to avoid the certainty of a still more con-

vincing disclosure. Major Gilbert testified that Rigdon dogged Smith's footsteps about Palmyra for nearly two years before the Bible was printed. He is of opinion that Rigdon was among those who listened to Spalding in Conneaut, and took notes on those occasions. The Bible itself is full of the religious questions which stirred the people of Western New York in those days—a most strange thing in a celestial work of such great antiquity.

Immediately after the publication of the Book the Church was duly organized at Manchester. On April 6, 1830, six members were ordained elders—Joseph Smith, Sr., Joseph Smith, Jr., Hyrum Smith, Samuel Smith, Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Knight. The first conference was held at Fayette, Seneca county, in June. A special "revelation" at this time made Smith's wife "the Elect Lady and Daughter of God," with the high-sounding title of "Electa Cyria." In later years this lady became disgusted with her husband's religion, and refused after his death to leave Illinois for Utah. She remained in Nauvoo, and married a Gentile named Bidamon. For a long time she kept the Mansion House in that place, where she died April 30, 1879.

Another revelation was to the effect that Palmyra was not the gathering-place of the Saints, after all, but that they should proceed to Kirtland in Ohio. Consequently, the early part of 1831 saw them colonized in that place, the move being known as "The First Hegira." Still another revelation (on the 6th of June) stated that some point in Missouri was the reliable spot. Smith immediately selected a tract in Jackson county, near Independence. By 1833 the few Mormons who had moved thither were so persecuted that they went into Clay county, and thence, in 1838, into Caldwell county, naming their settlement "Far West." The main body of the Mormons, however, remained in Kirtland from 1831 till they were forced to join their Western brethren in 1838. Brigham Young, another native of Vermont, joined at Kirtland in 1832, and was ordained an elder. The conference of elders on May 3, 1833,

repudiated the name of "Mormons" and adopted that of "Latter-Day Saints." The first presidency consisted of Smith, Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams. In May, 1835, the Twelve Apostles—among them Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Orson Hyde—left on a mission for proselytes. During the same year Rigdon's *Book of Doctrine and Covenants* and his *Lectures on Faith* were adopted. A professor of Hebrew also joined them, and all the male adults entered upon the study of that language with a will.

Rigdon was by far the ablest man in the band. His earlier religious affiliations were with the Campbellites, now called Disciples. At the time of the Mormon advent he lived in Mentor, the next town to Kirtland, but he had no farm or any other property to offer them, as has been frequently stated. Those of his followers whom he found in Kirtland frequently remarked that they "had a good time before Joe Smith came." A very clear idea of his religious power may be gained by the following statement of Judge John Barr, ex-sheriff of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, and a most excellent authority on the history of the Western Reserve. The statement has never been made public hitherto: "In 1830 I was deputy sheriff, and, being at Willoughby (now in Lake county) on official business, determined to go to Mayfield, which is seven or eight miles up the Chagrin River, and hear Cowdery and Rigdon on the revelations of Mormonism. Varnem J. Card, the lawyer, and myself started early Sunday morning on horseback. We found the roads crowded with people going in the same direction. Services in the church were opened by Cowdery with prayer and singing, in which he thanked God fervently for the new revelation. He related the manner of finding the golden plates of Nephi. He was followed by Rigdon, a famous Baptist preacher, well known throughout the eastern part of the Western Reserve and also in Western Pennsylvania. His voice and manner were always imposing. He was regarded as an eloquent man at all times, and now he seemed fully aroused. He said he had not been satisfied in his religious

yearnings until now. At night he had often been unable to sleep, walking and praying for more light and comfort in his religion. While in the midst of this agony he heard of the revelation of Joe Smith, which Brother Cowdery had explained: under this his soul suddenly found peace. It filled all his aspirations. At the close of a long harangue in this earnest manner, during which every one present was silent, though very much affected, he inquired whether any one desired to come forward and be immersed. Only one man arose. This was an aged 'dead-beat' by the name of Cahoon, who occasionally joined the Shakers, and lived on the country generally. The place selected for immersion was a clear pool in the river above the bridge, around which was a beautiful rise of ground on the west side for the audience. On the east bank was a sharp bluff and some stumps, where Mr. Card and myself stationed ourselves. The time of baptism was fixed at 2 P. M. Long before this hour the spot was surrounded by as many people as could have a clear view. Rigdon went into the pool—which at the deepest was about four feet—and after a suitable address, with prayer, Cahoon came forward and was immersed. Standing in the water, Rigdon gave one of his most powerful exhortations. The assembly became greatly affected. As he proceeded he called for the converts to step forward. They came through the crowd in rapid succession to the number of thirty, and were immersed, with no intermission of the discourse on the part of Rigdon. Mr. Card was apparently the most stoical of men—of a clear, unexcitable temperament, with unorthodox and vague religious ideas. He afterward became prosecuting attorney for Cuyahoga county. While the exciting scene was transpiring below us in the valley and in the pool, the faces of the crowd expressing the most intense emotion, Mr. Card suddenly seized my arm and said, 'Take me away!' Taking his arm, I saw that his face was so pale that he seemed to be about to faint. His frame trembled as we walked away and mounted our horses. We rode a mile toward Willoughby before a word was

said. Rising the hill out of the valley, he seemed to recover, and said, 'Mr. Barr, if you had not been there I certainly should have gone into the water.' He said the impulse was irresistible."

Kirtland is on the Kirtland branch of the Chagrin River, so named from the disappointment of a party of early surveyors, who thought they were in the valley of the Cuyahoga, the first river to the westward. The village is nine miles west of Painesville, three from Willoughby and twenty-two from Cleveland. Mentor is the nearest station on the Lake Shore Railway. Besides the Temple, the Mormons erected a number of substantial buildings, which show that they expected to remain in Kirtland. The residences of Smith and Rigdon are almost under the eaves of the Temple, and the theological seminary is now occupied by the Methodists for a church. A square mile was laid out in half-acre lots, and a number of farms were bought—the "Church farm" being half a mile down one of the most beautiful valleys which it is possible to conceive in a range of country so uniformly level.

Many an interesting story is told regarding the Mormon methods of carrying on business with the merchants of Cleveland. A bank was started, like other "wild-cat" banks of that period, without a charter from the State of Ohio. The institution was called "The Kirtland Safety Society Bank." A number of its bills of issue may be seen at the rooms of the Western Reserve Historical Society in Cleveland. An examination of these bills shows that early in 1837 Smith was cashier and Rigdon was president. Two or three months later either Rigdon or Williams was secretary, and Smith was treasurer. Thus the process of inflation must have been both easy and rapid. Richard Hilliard, a leading merchant of Cleveland, received their bills for a few days, and then took possession of all their available assets. They were also in debt for their farms and for goods bought in New York. The bubble burst, and many in the vicinity of Kirtland were among the sufferers. Smith and Rigdon fled to Far West, after having been tar-

red and feathered for their peculiar theories of finance.

The Mormons were driven from Missouri by Governor Boggs's "Extraordinary Order," which caused them to gain sympathy as having been persecuted in a slave State. They moved to Hancock county, Illinois, in 1840, and built up Nauvoo by a charter with most unusual privileges. Smith here announced a new revelation, sustaining polygamy, which was supplemented by Young in 1852. His rebellious followers started a paper, which he promptly demolished. He was under arrest by the State authorities when a mob shot him on the 27th of June, 1844. On his death Brigham Young tricked the expectant Rigdon out of the successorship. Rigdon then refused to recognize Young's authority, and for this contumacy he was excommunicated and delivered to the Devil "to be buffeted in the flesh for a thousand years." Returning to Pittsburg, Rigdon led a life of utter obscurity, and finally died in Friendship, Allegany county, New York, July 14, 1876. Cowdery, Whitner and Harris either deserted or were cut off. The Legislature of Illinois repealed the charter of Nauvoo in 1845. Most of the Mormons gathered at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in June, 1846. Those who were left in Nauvoo were driven out at the point of the bayonet. Early in 1847 pioneers crossed the Plains to Salt Lake Valley, whither Young followed them in July. A crop was raised that year. In 1848 the main body of the Mormons were safely lodged within the confines of Utah.

By far the most important and enduring monument left by the Mormons in Kirtland is their Temple. The advent of several hundred strangers into the midst of the insignificant hamlet was an event of considerable importance, but when they selected a most commanding site, of easy access to the public highway, and commenced the building of a church, all Northern Ohio looked on in wonder. A structure of such pretensions would be a tax upon a goodly-sized town of this generation, but the several hundred Mormons who built it gave cheerfully each one his tenth in labor, materials or money

for the four years from 1832 to 1836, the entire cost being estimated at forty thousand dollars. The visitor, come from whatever direction he may, has the Temple constantly in view as a reminder of the quaint style of "meeting-houses" in New England. Its architectural superiority over the meeting-houses is probably due to the fact that Smith had a "revelation" which gave him the exact measurements and proportions. The size upon the ground is eighty feet by sixty, and the eastern gable runs up into a square tower, surmounted by a domed belfry, to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. Two lofty stories above a low basement are covered by a shingled roof pierced with dormer windows. Large Gothic windows of the Henry VIII. shape are filled with seven-by-nine glass, and afford relief to the solid walls of stone and stucco that have so well survived the ravages of nearly half a century, though the iron rust streaking the exterior, the moss-grown shingles, the wasps' nests under the eaves, and the two immense chimneys already tottering to their fall, give evidence of approaching ruin.

As much as this even the careless passer-by cannot well avoid seeing. The more patient and accurate visitor may readily repeat my own experience as I went in search of the key on a bleak day in December. "The people ought to fix it up," said one informant: "it is a good thing for Kirtland;" the force of which remark I did not realize till I called upon an old Mormon woman who was said to have the keys. Inquiry at her little cabin resulted in my being directed to "go to Electy Stratton's." The latter personage, my cicerone, stated that her parents were Mormons—that her father had spent several hundred dollars in the cause; and so "it was thought best that their family should have the keys for a while now." The small fee for visiting the Temple was the "good thing for Kirtland," and the custody of the keys was not to remain long in one family. Opening a rickety gate, we entered the churchyard. High aloft, just under the pediment, I could read this inscription in golden letters upon a white tablet: "House of the Lord, built

by the Church of Christ, 1834." Instead of the words "of Christ" the original inscription read "of the Latter-Day Saints." The Temple faces the east. Solid green doors, with oval panels, open into a vestibule extending across the entire front, and terminating on either hand in a semicircular stairway. The ceiling is cut away from the front wall to allow a flood of light to enter from a huge square window above, and the open space is railed off like a steamer's cabin. At the right, under the stairway, is the "Temple Register Room," containing a record of visitors. On the left is the "Library," with a curious collection of whale-oil chandeliers. On the left of the wall, parallel with the front, is the "Gentlemen's Entrance:" on the right is the "Ladies' Entrance." Between these doors are the inscriptions: "Laus Deo," "Crux mihi anchora," "Magna veritas, et prevalebit." The auditorium occupies all the rest of the first story, but one could wish that the wall which divided it from the vestibule need not have spoiled one of the beautiful windows at either end, thus leaving an ungainly half window in the auditorium. A row of wooden pillars on either side gives the effect of galleries as the room is entered, but a closer view shows that the space between the rows is arched toward the centre of the ceiling. One of the pillars contains a windlass, which in former times controlled the heavy canvas curtains from above. The larger curtain fell into grooves between the high-back pews in such a manner as to separate the men from the women: the smaller curtains, at right angles to the other, divided both the men and the women into separate classrooms. Thus the audience was quartered or halved at pleasure, and the whole audience was enabled to face either westward or eastward by simply changing the movable benches from one side of the pews to the other. Clusters of richly-carved pulpits, rising by threes, in three tiers, fill up either end of the room. The eastern cluster is devoted to the Aaronic Priesthood, which also includes the Levitical Priesthood, and administered the temporal affairs of the Church. Each of the three pulpits in the upper tier has upon

the front the letters "B. P. A.," meaning Bishop Presiding over Aaronic Priesthood; the middle tier has the letters "P. A. P.," Presiding Aaronic Priest; the lower tier has the letters "P. A. T.," Presiding Aaronic Teacher; a smaller pulpit below is labelled "P. A. D.," Presiding Aaronic Doorkeeper. The pulpits against the western end are built up against an outer window, with alternate panes of red and white glass in the arched transom. These pulpits were occupied by the spiritual leaders, or the Melchisedec Priesthood, Joe Smith's seat being in the highest tier. This tier of pulpits is marked "M. P. C.," Melchisedec President of Counsellors; the middle tier is marked "P. M. H.," Melchisedec Presiding High Priest; the lower tier is "M. H. P.," Melchisedec High Priest. Curtains from above were arranged to come down between the different tiers of the priesthood, but so arranged that while those of one degree might shut themselves away from the audience "for consultation," they could not hide themselves from their superiors in ecclesiastical rank. Strings and nails in the ceiling are the only remnants of these remarkable partitions. A simple desk below the Melchisedec pulpit bears the title "M. P. E.," Melchisedec Presiding Elder. The letters are in red curtain-cord, and the desk itself, like all the pulpits above, is covered with green calico. In the days of the Temple's glory rich velvet upholstery set off all the carved work of the pulpits, and golden letters shone from spots which are now simply marked by black paint. The gilt mouldings which formerly set off the plain white finish of the woodwork were first despoiled by the vandals, and then entirely removed by the faithful to prevent further destruction. These mottoes still remain upon the walls: "No cross, no crown;" "The Lord reigneth, let His people rejoice;" and "Great is our Lord, and of great power." Over the arched window behind the ten Melchisedec pulpits, and just beneath the vertical modillion which forms the keystone of the ornamental wooden arch, is the text, "Holiness unto the Lord."

Such is the auditorium to-day—a room

which will comfortably hold six hundred people, but which was often packed so full that relays of worshippers came and went during a single service. The high pews in the corners were for the best singers in Israel; and in one of these pews, the natives assert, an insane woman was in the habit of rising and tooting on a horn whenever the sentiments of the officiating minister did not meet with her approval. Smith was in the habit of announcing from his lofty pulpit, "The truth is good enough without dressing up, but Brother Rigdon will now proceed to dress it up."

Over the auditorium is a similar room with lower ceilings and plainer pulpits, each marked with initials which it would be tiresome to explain. This hall was used as a school of the prophets where Latin and Hebrew were taught. Marks of the desks remain, but the desks themselves have long since been carried away, and the hall has been used for an Odd Fellows' lodge and for various social purposes. On one of the pillars is this remarkable announcement: "THE SALT LAKE MORMONS.—When Joseph Smith was killed on June 27, 1844, Brigham Young assumed the leadership of the Church, telling the people in the winter of 1846 that all the God they wanted was him, and all the Bible they wanted was in his heart. He led or drove about two thousand people to Utah in 1847, starting for Upper California and landing at Salt Lake, where, in 1852, Brigham Young presented the *Polygamic Revelation* (?) to the people. The *True Church* remained disorganized till 1860, when Joseph Smith took the leadership or Presidency of the Church at Amboy, Illinois. We (thirty thousand) have no affiliation with the *Mormons* whatever. They are to us an *apostate* people, working all manner of *abomination* before God and man. We are no part or parcel of them in any sense whatever. Let this be distinctly understood: we are not *Mormons*. Truth is truth, wherever it is found."

In the vestibule of the Temple there is a photograph of Joseph Smith, Jr., and over it is the inscription, "Joseph Smith, Jr., M. P. C. President of the Re-organized

Church of J. C. of L. D. S. He resides at Plano, Kendall county, Illinois." Mr. Smith, who is a son of the prophet, was born in Kirtland November 6, 1832. He removed with his parents to Missouri and Illinois, and was in his twelfth year when his father was killed at Nauvoo. He was a farmer, a school-director and justice of the peace. Removing to Canton, Illinois, he studied law, and has held various city offices. In 1860 he began to preach Mormonism according to the notice nailed on the pillar of the Temple. In 1866 he removed to Plano to take charge of *The Latter-Day Saints' Herald*, a position which he still retains, in connection with the presidency of the Church. Under date of December 23, 1879, Mr. Smith writes: "I am now pretty widely recognized as the leader of that wing of the Mormon Church declaring primitive Mormonism, but denying and opposing polygamy and Utah Mormonism. . . . We hope they [the Utah Mormons] are waning in power. We are maintaining an active ministry in Utah, striving to show the people their errors. . . . It is not my province to state whether the Church will return to Kirtland or not."

From Mr. Smith's further statements it seems that the various sects—such as Rigdonites, Strangites, etc.—into which the Mormons were broken after leaving Kirtland are very few in numbers and very widely scattered. His reformed Church believes in the Trinity, future punishment, the laying on of hands, an organization like the primitive Church, continued revelations, single marriages, and the creed of most orthodox churches relating to the atonement and the ordinances of the gospel. The title to the Church property at Kirtland is now in Mr. Smith and a Mr. Forscutt, who derived their title through a Mr. Huntley, the purchaser under a mortgage sale against the prophet. Proceedings to remove the cloud from the title are now in the Ohio courts. "It is believed," writes Mr. Smith, "that the real title is in the Church, and not in Joseph Smith as an individual nor in his legal heirs or assignees."

The space under the roof is utilized by a series of school-rooms, each with falling plastering and "ratty" floors. Here the young Mormons were taught to ascend the Hill of Science by trudging up some scores of steps several times a day. Strange and dark cubbyholes stare at the visitor from all sides. In one of these was kept the body of Joseph, the son of Jacob, known by a roll of papyrus which was found in his hand. Joe Smith translated the characters on the roll, being favored with a "special revelation" whenever any of the characters were missing by reason of the mutilation of the roll.

Still up the stairway within a small square tower, now without a bell, I thrust my way until a little trap-door allowed an egress. But the railing had gone, and I clung to the belfry-blinds while I surveyed the cold waters of Lake Erie on the north, the rise of Little Mountain on the south, and, between them the broad tract of rolling country divided by the Chagrin River. I descended through labyrinthine passages, and came again to the ground and to the outer air with a sense of relief after my two hours' sojourn within the Mormon Temple.

FREDERIC G. MATHER.

A VENGEANCE.

FROM savage pass and rugged shore
 The noise of angry hosts had fled,
 The bitter battle raged no more
 Where fiery bolts had wrought their scars,
 And where the dying and the dead
 In many a woeful heap were flung,
 While night above the Ægean hung
 Its melancholy maze of stars.

One boyish Greek, of princely line,
 Lay splashed with blood and wounded sore:
 His wan face in its anguish bore
 The delicate symmetry divine
 Carved by the old sculptors of his land;
 A broken blade was in his hand,
 Half slipping from the forceless hold
 That once had swayed it long and well;
 And round his form in tatters fell
 The velvet raiment flowered with gold.

But while the calm night later grew
 He heard the stealthy, rustling sound
 Of one who trailed on laggard knees
 A shattered shape along the ground;
 And soon with sharp surprise he knew
 That in the encircling gloom profound
 A fierce Turk crawled by slow degrees
 To where in helpless pain he lay.
 Then, too, he witnessed with dismay

That from the prone Turk's rancorous eye
 Flashed the barbaric lurid trace
 Of hate's indomitable hell—
 Such hate as death alone could quell,
 As death alone could satisfy.

Closer the loitering figure drew,
 With naked bosom red from fight,
 With ruthless fingers clutching tight
 A dagger stained by murderous hue,
 Till now, in one great lurch, he threw
 His whole frame forward, aiming quick
 A deadly, inexorable blow,
 That, weakly faltering, missed its mark,
 And left the assassin breathing thick,
 Levelled by nerveless overthrow,
 There near the Greek chief, in the dark.

Then he that saw the baffled crime,
 Half careless of his life's release,
 Since death must win him soon as prey,
 Turned on his foe a smile sublime
 With pity, and the stars of Greece
 Beheld him smile, and only they.

All night the two lay side by side,
 Each near to death, yet living each:
 All night the grim Turk moaned and cried,
 Beset with pangs of horrid thirst,
 Save when his dagger crept to reach,
 By wandering, ineffectual way,
 The prostrate Greek he yearned to slay,
 And failure stung him till he cursed.

But when soft prophecies of morn
 Had wrapped the sea in wistful white,
 A band of men, with faces worn,
 Clomb inland past a beetling height
 To find the young chief they adored,
 Sought eagerly since fall of sun,
 And now in ghastly change restored. . . .
 One raised a torch of ruddy shine,
 And, kneeling by their leader, one
 Set to his mouth a gourd of wine.

Then the young Greek, with wave of hand,
 Showed the swart pagan at his side;
 So, motioning to the gathered band,
 That none could choose but understand,
 "Let this man drink," he said, and died.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

STUDIES IN THE SLUMS.

IV.—JACK.

"I'VE never told the whole straight ahead, ma'am. The Lord knows it all, an' there've been times I couldn't ha' done it, an' wouldn't ha' done it if I could ha' helped it. For, you see, in spite of the deviltry I never quite got rid of the sense that God sat lookin' at me, an' that, I do suppose, came from what stuck to me, whether or no, in the school. An' you'd wonder that anything stuck or could.

"I'll begin at the beginnin'. Drink? No, it wasn't *my* drinkin'. You'd think that must ha' been it, but it wasn't, for all I came up in the Fourth Ward—the only sober bartender the ward ever see, or ever will see, I reckon.

"The very first thing that ever I remember is my mother dead drunk on the floor. I thought it was dead without the drunk, an' stood screamin'; an' my father come up an' some of the neighbors. We was all respectable then, an' one of them says, 'The Lord help you, Mr. Brown! She's begun ag'in.' He didn't speak, but just lifted her up an' put her on the bed, and then he sat down and covered up his face with his hands, an' was so still I thought he was dead too. I crawled up to him whimperin', an' he lifted me up.

"'Jack,' he says, 'my heart's broke. It's no use: she's bound to go to the bad, an' maybe you'll take after her.'

"I screamed ag'in, though I didn't know what that meant, but he hushed me. 'Jack,' he said, 'you're a little fellow, an' your troubles ain't begun yet. I'd give my life this minute to take you with me.' He held me up to him tight an' took my breath, so 't I couldn't ask him where; an' then he cried.

"That was the beginnin' of me, if gettin' a gleam of sense means beginnin' for folks; for, though I didn't know what it all meant, I did know he wanted comfort bad as I did, an' we hugged up to one

another. But I know now all the ins and the outs, for I was told by one that knew them both.

"She was a pretty girl in a mill in Fall River—fast, like some of them, but with an innocent face an' big blue eyes, like a child's, to the very last. Many's the time I've seen 'em with no more sense, nor as much, as a baby's in 'em. He was a young shoemaker, that fell in love with the pretty face, an' married her out of hand then an' there, an' took her to New York, where he'd got a good place—foreman in a factory. His folks lived in Fall River, and hers off somewheres. I haven't never seen any of 'em, an' good reason not to want to.

"She liked fine clothes, an' thought she was goin' to be a lady an' do nothin'; an' when the first baby come it was a bother to her, for she wasn't strong, an' one of the neighbors told her to drink beer. There's no use spinnin' it out. It began with beer, but it ended with whiskey, an' the first my father ever knew was the dead baby that she'd killed rollin' over on it in a drunken sleep.

"That cured her for a year. She was afraid of my father, for at first, in his fury, he swore he'd give her up to the officers; an' then she cried so, an' went on day after day, till he couldn't but be sorry for her ag'in. An' then I come along—many's the time I've cursed the day—an' till I was four all was well enough. Then it came. She'd been takin' a little slyly a good while, but nobody knew till it got to be too much for her ag'in. It was partly trouble, I will say, for my father was weakly an' goin' with consumption, an' she was fond of him. But this time there was no stoppin' her. She'd pawn everything: she's taken the jacket off me in a winter's day an' sent me with it to the pawnbroker's, an' I not darin' not to go. To the last minute my father did what he could. I was six when he died, an' he'd dress me

himself an' try to keep me decent. She was drunk the very night he died, an' not a soul near. I sat on the bed an' looked at him. 'Jack,' he said, 'hate whiskey long as you live: it's killed me, an' it'll kill your mother. It's a devil.'

"There was a saloon under us then. We had got lower and lower, for, fix up as father might, there was never any surety he wouldn't find things smashed or sold out; an' at last there wasn't anything to sell. An' when he was gone I can't remember as I ever see her sober. I got to hate the smell of it so it sickened me. It does now, though it was my trade to sell the stuff, an' I never minded that.

"I lost track of her. I was a newsboy an' lookin' out for myself when I was eight, an' sometimes I'd hunt her up, an' she'd hug me an' go on over me if she wasn't too drunk; but mostly I didn't. I might ha' been respectable enough, for I liked my work, but I got in with a set of boys that had learned to pick pockets. It was good fun. I had quick ways, an' the first time I ever hauled out a handkerchief I thought it about the smartest game anybody could play. It's more for the excitement of it, half the time, than from real native cussedness, that boys begin; an' I didn't think one way or another. But the time come when I did think. I was caught with fellows that had been up half a dozen times, an' because I was little they sent me to the house of refuge.

"Now, I ain't goin' to say more'n I can help about that, for there was one man I sha'n't ever forget. He's dead now, but he meant work with them boys, an' he did it. I believe he loved 'em every one just because they had souls. But what I do say is, that, far's I know, eight boys out o'ten come out worse'n when they went in. Why not? They're mostly the worst sort, an' it's a kind of rivalry amongst them which 'll tell the most deviltry. There ain't a trick nor turn you can't be put up to, an' I learned 'em every one. I learned some other things too. We had to study some, an' I was quick, an' I learned Bible-verses so well they thought I was a crack scholar; an' we all laughed, thinkin' how easy you

can humbug a teacher. But the last year I was wild to get away an' try my hand at some of the new kinks I'd learned. I was fourteen and full grown, so't I was always taken for twenty; an' I thought I was a man, sure. I run away twice, an' was brought back, an' it went hard with me, for they flogged me each time so't I couldn't stir for a week.

"At last time was up. I'd made up my mind what to do: I'd settled it by that time that everybody was ready to humbug, an' the pious-talkin' ones worst of all, for I'd seen some that I'd spotted in lies many a time. The first thing I did was to chuck away the Bible they'd given me an' make straight for Micky Hagan's. You don't know what that means? I'll tell you. Micky Hagan's was one of the receivin'-places for river-thievin'. He had boats to let, an' bought out an' out or advanced on the swag, just as you pleased; an' mostly you're in his debt, because you get into the way of swappin', an' he sets his own price on the thing you fancy.

"Now, I've thought it all out, ma'am, many a time. If there'd been anybody to take hold of us in the right way I don't believe we should have come out as we did. I wasn't bad all through then: I mean, I was ready to do a good turn if I could, an' bound for a lark anyhow. But we'd smuggled in novels and story-papers till our heads was full of what fine things we'd do. They didn't give us better things. There was books—yes, plenty of 'em—but mostly long-winded stuff about fellers that died young, bein' too good for this world. There wasn't anybody to tell us we'd a right to some fun, and the Lord meant us to enjoy life, nor to get us busy in some way that would take our minds off real wickedness. These preachers hadn't ever been boys: they'd been born in their white chokers, I believe, an' knew no more of real human nature than they did of common sense. If I had a boy growin' up I'd keep him hard at something, an' try an' have him like it, too. A boy don't mind work if there's anything he can see to be got by it. Why, see how I did. At fifteen out all night long, up an' down the river,

schemin' all ways to circumvent the watchmen, for they're that 'cute it needs all your brains an' more to get ahead of 'em. You see, a ship 'll come in an' unload partly, an' there's two or three days they're on the keen lookout till they're nigh empty; an' then's the best time for light plunder—ropes an' such. But I went in for reg'lar doin's—bags of coffee or spice, or anything goin'. We had a dodge for a good while they couldn't make out—goin' along soft, oars muffled, hardly drawin' a long breath, till we'd got under the dock, where I'd seen the coffee-bags lie, an' a man on 'em with pistol cocked. Then, slow an' easy, bore with a big auger up through them beams and straight into the bag, an' the coffee'd pour down into the bag we held under. Went off with seven bags that very way one night, an' I was that full of laugh! I walked back down the dock when we'd landed 'em, an' saw the watchman jest dancin' an' swearin', he was so mad.

"'What's up?' I says, innocent as could be, goin' up to him.

"'It's them d— river-thieves,' he says, 'with a new kink, — 'em! I'll be even with 'em yet. Here's seven holes right up through, an' the Lord only knows how they could do it an' I not hear 'em. They're that thick I believe there's one to every bag of coffee on ship or off; but I'll get 'em yet.' He looked at me sharp as a rat, but I kept my face straight till I'd walked off, an' then I believe I laughed a day without stoppin'.

"That went on three years. I'd got to think no man alive could take me, for I'd been grabbed a dozen times, an' always slipped out somehow. I'd been shot at, an' hit twice; been knocked overboard, an' swum under the dock—'most froze an' stiff with ice before I could get out. An' then to think that it was only a coil of rope took me at last! I thought 'twas spices, but the captain 'd been too quick for us, an' every bag was in the government storehouse. I crawled up the side like a cat an' felt round, mad enough to find only that rope; an' I'd just dropped it over the side when there was a light, an' three men on me. I dropped, but they had me. I fought like

mad, but the handcuffs were on, an' I was marched off quicker'n I can tell it. An' one was the very man that had sworn to be even with us, an' he knew me on the spot. That trial didn't take long. 'In consideration of my youth,' the judge said, I was to have 'only ten years.' Only ten years! He didn't know how it looked to me, that loved my own life an' freedom so't I couldn't bear a house over me even a day, but must be out in the air. I swore I'd kill whoever took me, an' I fought with the keeper till they chained me like a wild beast; an' that's the way I went to Sing-Sing, an' all warned they'd got the devil's own to deal with.

"There was six months I fought: there wasn't a week I wasn't up for punishment. Do you know what that means? It's better now, they say. Then it meant the shower-bath till you fainted dead, an' when you came to, put back to have it ag'in. It meant the leather collar an' jacket, an' your head wellnigh cut off when, half dead, you had to let it drop a bit. It meant kicks an' cuffs an' floggin's an' half rations. I was down to skin an' bone. 'You're goin', sure, Jack,' I said; an' then I said, 'What's the use? Behave yourself an' maybe you'll get pardoned out, or, better yet, maybe you'll get away.'

"It was tough work. I hated that keeper so't I could have brained him joyfully any minute. I'd set my teeth when he came near, for the murder 'd run down my arms till my hands twitched an' tingled to get at him. I swore I'd kill him if I ever got a chance to do it quietly, for he'd treated us worse than dogs. But I mended my ways. It took a year of hard work before I could hold on to myself. I'd get a sight at the sky when we crossed the yard, an' my heart was up in my throat every time. Oh, to be out! If only I could be on the river ag'in an' smell the salt an' feel the wind! I've lain on my floor in the cell many a night an' cried like a baby for only ten minutes' freedom. I'm that way yet: there's wild blood in me from somewhere, an' I'd make a better Indian than white man any day."

Jack's restless motions were the best proof of his theory. As his story began he had sat quietly in the little mission-parlor, but now he was walking hastily up and down, stopping a moment at some special point, then starting again—a tall, lean figure, with characteristic New England face, very thin now, and with a hectic flush on the sunken cheeks, but shrewd and kindly—the narrow chin and high cheek-bones, prominent nose and soft thin hair, seeming to belong wholly to the type of New England villager, and by no possibility to the rough and desperate native of the Fourth Ward. Born in his own place on some quiet inland farm, he would have turned peddler, or, nearer the sea, have chosen that for his vocation; but it was impossible to look upon him as an ex-convict or to do away with the impression of respectability which seems part of the New England birthright.

"At last," he went on, "things changed. A new chaplain came, for one thing, an' I'd got so quiet they changed my cell an' put me on the other side the buildin'. I went on in a kind of dream. I worked like two, an' they begun to take notice of me. The chaplain 'd come an' talk to me, an' he worked over me well; but he might as well have talked to the dead. But my very keepin' still made him think he'd half got me, an' he'd fetch books an' papers; an' things got easier that way. I read an' studied: I was bound now to know something, an' I worked at that hard as I did at everything else; an' there come a time when I was recommended for pardon, an' five years an' a day after I went in he brought it to me. I couldn't speak: I could have gone on my knees to him, an' he had sense to know how I felt.

"'Jack,' he said, 'you're very young yet, an' now is your chance. Try to be an honest man an' pray for help. I wish I knew if you will pray.'

"'You'd make me if any one could,' I says, 'but I ain't sure of the use of it yet: I wish I was.'

"He just looked at me sorrowful, for I hadn't said even that much before, an' I went off.

"An' I did mean to keep straight. I'd had enough of prison; but when I went round askin' for work, not a soul would have me. A jail-bird!—well, they thought not. I grew mad ag'in, an' yet I wouldn't take to the river, for, somehow, I'd lost my courage. Then I met an old pal, an' he took me round to Micky's saloon. The barkeeper 'd just been stuck in a fight. I'd been a profitable one for Micky, an' maybe he thought, beginnin' there, I'd go back to the river once more. An' there I was three years, an' fights nigh every night of the year. I could stop 'em when no one else could, for I was always sober.

"'Why don't you drink?' they'd say, an' I'd tell 'em I wanted what brains I had unfuddled. But I hated it worse an' worse. I'd have stopped any minute if there'd been one alive to take me by the hand an' say, 'Here's honest work.' I looked at folks when I went out, to see if there was one that could be spoken to. An' at last I made up my mind for another try. I'd saved some money an' could live a while, an' one Saturday night I just left when Micky paid me. 'Get another man,' I said: 'I'm done;' an' I walked out, with him shoutin' after me.

"Then I waited three months. I answered advertisements, an' I put 'em in. I went here an' I went there, an' always it was the same story, for I answered every one square. An' at last I was sick of it all: I had nothing to live for. 'I'm tired of living with rascals,' I said, 'an' good folks are too good to have anything to do with me. I've had all I want. If work don't come in a week I'll get out of this the easiest way.'

"It didn't come. My money was gone: I'd gone hungry two days. I'd been on half rations before that, till my strength was all gone: I'd pawned my clothes till I wasn't decent. Then I hadn't a cent even for a place on the floor in a lodgin'-house, an' I sat in the City Hall Park long as they would let me. Then, when I was tired of bein' rapped over the head, I got up an' walked down Beekman street to the river—slow, for I was too far gone to move fast. But as I got nearer something seemed to pull me on: I began to

run. 'It's the end of all trouble,' I said; an' I went across like a shot an' down the docks. It was bright moonlight, an' I had sense to jump for a dark place where the light was cut off; an' that's all I remember. I must have hit my head ag'inst a boat, for when they took me out it was for dead. Two of my old pals hauled me out, an' worked there on the dock to bring me to, till the ambulance come an' took me to Bellevue.

"I wouldn't have lived, but I didn't know enough not to, bein' in a fever a month. Then I come out of it dazed an' stupid, an' it wasn't till I'd been there six weeks that I got my senses fairly an' knew I was alive after all.

"'I'll do it better next time,' I said, bein' bound to get out of it still; but that night a man in the bed next me began to talk an' ask about it. I told him the whole. When I got through he says, 'I don't know but one man in New York that'll know just what to do, an' that's McAuley of Water street. You go there soon's you can stir an' tell him.'

"I laughed. 'I'm done tellin',' I said.

"'Try him,' he says; an' he was that urgent that I promised. I'd ha' given a hand if I hadn't, though.

"I went out, tremblin' an' sick, an' without a spot to lay my head; an' right there I stood by the river an' thought it would come easier this time. But I'd never go back on my word, an' so I started down, crawlin' along, an' didn't get there till meetin' had begun. I didn't know what sort of a place it was.

"It was new then, in an old rookery of a house, but the room clean an' decent, an' just a little sign out, 'HELPING HAND FOR MEN.' I sat an' listened an' wondered till it was over, an' then tried to go, but first I knew I tumbled in a dead faint an' was bein' taken up stairs. They made me a bed next their own room. 'You'd better not,' I said: 'I'm a jail-bird an' a rascal, an' nobody alive wants to have anything to do with me.'

"'You be quiet,' says Jerry. 'I'm a jail-bird myself, but the Lord Jesus has

forgiven me an' made me happy; an' He'll do the same by you.'

"They kept me there a week, an' you'd think I was their own, the way they treated me. But I stuck it out: 'When I see a man that's always been respectable come to me an' give me work, an' say he's not afraid or ashamed to, then maybe I'll believe in your Lord Jesus Christ you talk about; but how am I goin' to without?'

"An' that very night it came. You know him well—the gentleman that looks as if the wind had never blown rough on him, an' yet with an eye that can't be fooled.

"'You don't need to tell me a word,' he says: 'I believe you are honest, an' you can begin to-morrow if you're strong enough. It's light work, an' it shall be made easier at first.'

"I looked at him, an' it seemed to me something that had frozen me all up inside melted that minute. I burst out cryin', an' couldn't stop. An' then, first thing I knew, he was down on his knees prayin' for me. 'Dear Lord,' he said, 'he is Thy child, he has always been Thy child. Make him know it to-night: make him know that Thy love has followed him and will hold him up, so that his feet will never slip again.'

"These words stayed by me. I couldn't speak, an' he went away. He knew what he'd done.

"That's all. Some of the men shake their heads: they say it wasn't regular conversion. All I know is, the sense of God come into me then, an' it's never left me. It keeps me on the watch for every soul in trouble. I'm down on the docks o' nights. I know the signs, an' now an' then I can help one that's far gone. I'm goin' myself, you see. There ain't much left of me but a cough an' some bones, but I shall be up to the last. God is that good to me that I'll go quick when I do go; but, quick or slow, I bless Him every hour of the day for the old mission an' my chance."

HELEN CAMPBELL.

WESTBROOK.

RUTH looked very warm and tired as she came up the path in the strong sunlight; and in striking contrast to her sat Miss Custer in the sheltered veranda, with her cool gray draperies flowing about her in the most graceful folds that could be imagined, as though a sculptor's hand had arranged them. Her dress was cut so as to disclose her white throat rising, swan-like, above a ruffling of soft yellow lace; and her sleeves, flaring a little and short enough to reveal a good deal of the exquisitely-moulded arms, were edged with the same costly trimming, throwing a creamy shadow on the white skin and giving it a tinge like ivory.

Miss Custer liked being considered a brunette, and directed all the arts of her toilette to the bringing out of that idea. She had not much to commence with, however. Her eyes were brown, it is true, but they were a sort of amber-brown, large and serene, with dusky, long-fringed lids drooping over them; and her hair, which was dark in the shadow of the veranda, all hemmed in with trees in thick foliage, was bright gold in certain lights.

She was an amply-framed, finely-proportioned person, and rejoiced in her physique, having a masculine pride in her breadth of shoulders and depth of chest. But in all other respects she was exquisitely feminine: she never displayed either strength or agility. Westbrook was a country place, and in the young folks' rambles about town and out over the hills she was more often fatigued than anybody else, and obliged to accept support from some one of the gentlemen, all of whom were eager enough to offer their services.

She had been in Westbrook only two weeks—she had come to rest herself from the burdens of fashionable life—but she was already very much at home with the place and the people. She was one of those persons who immediately interest the whole neighborhood, and of whom

people say, "Have you met her? Have you been introduced to her?"

She was not an entire stranger: there were a good many people in Westbrook who had known her parents years before, and who took her at once upon the credit of her family.

Ruth looked tired and warm, I say, as she came up the path. It was after four o'clock, and school was just out. She was the teacher of the grammar department in the ugly red-brick school-house down at the other end of the town, and she had had a tiresome walk through the heat.

Miss Custer dropped her work, some delicate embroidery, in her lap and folded her white hands upon it, and smiled down at her. She liked Ruth, and was glad to see her coming: the afternoon had been rather dull because she was alone, and she was not constituted for solitude.

Doctor Ebling had said at the dinner-table that, with Ruth's permission—which Ruth blushed and said something rather saucy, for her—he would read *The Spanish Gypsy* to Miss Custer out in the shade.

"It is so confoundedly healthy at this particular season," he said, "especially up among these Connecticut hills, that a physician's occupation's gone."

First, however, he went down town—going part of the way with Ruth—to make sure that no orders were awaiting him at his office, intending to come back immediately.

Miss Custer stepped across the hall from the dining-room into the sitting-room, made cool by having the blinds closed, and struck a few chords on the piano. Herbert Bruce, a young attorney of some wealth and some renown, and bosom friend of Doctor Ebling, followed her, and stood, hat in hand, with his shoulder against the door-jamb. "So you have never read *The Gypsy*?" he remarked.

Miss Custer turned quickly and came a step toward him. "Oh yes, I have read it," she returned. "Or, rather, a good many people have read it to me. But one can stand hearing a poem a good many times, you know."

"By Jove! that's a cooler!" thought Bruce. "No doubt she has been bored to death by that wretched *Gypsy*, and now Ebling is going to martyrize her again, and make a fool of himself into the bargain."

"Won't you be seated?" Miss Custer asked, "and let me play you something?"

In the shaded room, with her languid eyes intensified, she was a decided brunette, and a very brilliant and beautiful one. Mr. Bruce, pleading business, although he knew there was not a soul stirring down street, and nothing more to be done in his office than in that of Mortimer Lightwood, Esq., declined rather ungraciously and stalked off.

"A born coquette!" he muttered with his hat pulled over his eyes. "Ebling's a fool: Ruth Stanley is worth a dozen of her."

Miss Custer went up stairs and made her afternoon toilette, then got out her embroidery and came down to her accustomed rustic arm-chair, smilingly conscious of the perfection of all that pertained to herself, from the soft ringlets on her broad forehead, so different from the stiff, frowsy crimps of the country-girls, to the small Newport ties with their cardinal-red bows, the only bright color about her. She was just beginning to wonder what kept the doctor so long, when, raising her eyes from a reverie which had been almost a nap, she saw him driving by at a fast trot, with a farm-boy galloping on horseback beside him. He waved his hand to her.

Just then Hugh, son and heir of Aunt Ruby, mistress of this Westbrook boarding-establishment, who had been sent down town after dinner to do some marketing, came in at the gate with a basket on his arm, eating an apple. He paused when he came up, and rested himself by putting one foot on the lower step and settling his weight upon the other. "There's a man out east bin awfully cut

up in a mowin'-machine," said he, glancing up at Miss Custer sideways from under his broad-brimmed straw hat, sure that she would appreciate the news, he being the first to tell it; for he had a boyish conceit that Miss Custer had a very high opinion of him, and even indulged the fancy that if he were a man—say twenty-one—instead of a youth of seventeen, he could cut out all them downtown fellers that hung round her.

"Oh! poor man!" said Miss Custer with a sweetness of sympathy that must have comforted the wounded person immensely had he heard it.

"Burnses' boy came in for Doc Ebling," continued Hugh. "They don't know whether they can patch him up again or not."

"I suppose the doctor will find out," said Miss Custer complacently; and Hugh flung away his apple-core and walked on around the house.

Miss Custer hardly knew what to do with herself. She went back to her room, and was tempted to lie down, but then it would rumple her dress and spoil her hair. She thought of the invalid lady, Mrs. Tascher, whose room was at the other end of the hall, but she had an uncomfortable intuition that Mrs. Tascher disliked her. For herself, she disliked nobody: there were people who were not congenial to her, but she never took the trouble to get up a feeling against them. But it seemed to her Mrs. Tascher had not only clearly-defined but conscientious likes and dislikes. She had tried to overcome the opposing current so far as it concerned herself, because it was unpleasant; and, although not wholly unaccountable—for she was conscious of some weaknesses, as most mortals are—so far as Mrs. Tascher was affected by her shortcomings the prejudice seemed unfounded. She had never injured her—never, except in that large sense in which all good souls are injured by wrong-doing; which large sense Miss Custer, perhaps, had but a dim consciousness of even when stung—for she was very susceptible—by the criticism, open or implied, of certain high, discriminating natures.

After a while she went down to the back regions, and glided in upon the white kitchen-floor with her sweeping skirts.

Aunt Ruby looked up with an exclamation of surprise. She was picking over raspberries for tea: "Oh, you oughtn't to come in here, Miss Custer: you'll spoil your clothes."

"Impossible," said Miss Custer, glancing around at the cleanness of everything with flattering significance, and seated herself in a low splint-bottomed chair.

"To be sure, Peggy scrubbed this morning," said Aunt Ruby with a feeling of satisfaction, "but one can't ever be very sure about a kitchen-floor."

"I could always be sure enough of yours to scatter my best things upon it," said Miss Custer, who, wishing to be entertained, was exceedingly good-natured; though, for that matter, she was seldom otherwise.

Aunt Ruby, who was greatly taken with the fine-lady boarder who made herself so common, entertained her better than she thought, for Miss Custer took a curious interest in most of the people she met, and liked to study them.

Of course Aunt Ruby could not spend time for her own or anybody else's amusement merely: when she got through with the raspberries she went at something else, her loose slippers clattering over the floor back and forth wherever her duty called her. But still, she talked, and Miss Custer sat looking out into the clean-swept back yard with its boxed-up flower-beds blooming with the gayest annuals, and its cooped-up hens with their broods of puffy chickens scratching and picking and chirping outside.

"Have Doctor Ebling and Miss Stanley been long engaged?" Miss Custer asked, the conversation having somehow led up to that query.

"Oh, la! yes," Aunt Ruby answered—"for more'n a year. The way of it was: Ruth's guardian, Mr. Murray, who was a minister, went off to some forrin country several years ago to be a missionary, and left Ruth here to finish her education. He was to send for her to come an' teach

in a mission-school if she wanted to go—an' she al'ays said she did—after she'd graduated in the normal. But she came up here to stay a spell after graduatin', an' met Doctor Ebling; an' they took a notice to each other right away, an' were engaged. She wrote to Mr. Murray about it, an' he gave his consent to the marriage. But it couldn't take place just yet, for the doctor had only just begun his practice an' wasn't ready to settle down."

"That is, I suppose, he had not sufficient means to set up housekeeping?" said Miss Custer, smiling.

"Well, perhaps not in the way he'd like," Aunt Ruby returned evasively, not being a gossip in the mischievous sense.

"And your other gentleman-boarder, Mr. Bruce—" began Miss Custer, and then stopped.

"Oh, he's got enough money to set up housekeeping like a king," said Aunt Ruby, feeling that this was safe ground. "If he had anybody to set up with him," she added, and laughed at her own wit.

"But did Miss Stanley really think of going to teach in a foreign mission-school?" Miss Custer asked.

"To be sure she did," said Aunt Ruby. "She's a Christian girl, if ever there was one. You might look the world over, Miss Custer, an' you'd hardly find another girl like Ruth Stanley. She's the same as a missionary right here at home, because she looks out for every poor an' sick body in the town, an' spends half her wages to help them."

"Just the sort of person, then, for a doctor's wife," laughed Miss Custer, and gathered up her embroidery to go back to the veranda.

Instead of going through the dining-room, the way she had entered, she crossed over to the door of the back sitting-room, which was ajar, and pushed it open. She started and her cheeks crimsoned, at the recollection of her conversation with Aunt Ruby, on finding the sitting-room occupied.

Mrs. Tascher sat in Aunt Ruby's great arm-chair, with its calico cushions, looking over some fashion-plates in the care-

lessly-indolent way that very warm weather induces. She had some pieces of muslin and a pair of scissors beside her on the table, as though she had been cutting out. She looked up with a smile that was intended simply as an expression of politeness, and not such a smile as she would give a friend, and nodded: "Good-afternoon, Miss Custer."

Miss Custer, feeling herself compromised by having been caught gossiping—and by Mrs. Tascher, of all people!—fortified herself by a little accession of pride in her usually suave demeanor. "Good-afternoon," she returned, passing on through the room. "How stiflingly warm it is here!"

"Yes. I have been thinking of going into the parlor," said Mrs. Tascher: "it is always cool there, because the blinds are kept closed."

"Does she say that to prevent my taking refuge in the parlor?" thought Miss Custer, and moved on and went outside.

By and by some soft piano-strains came through the window, the sash of which was raised, at her back. When they ceased she became conscious, without turning her head to look through the shutters, that Mrs. Tascher had seated herself in an easy-chair and taken up a book from the centre-table, which held the usual stock of gilt-edged poems—Whittier's, Tennyson's, etc.

Nearly an hour passed in sultry silence, broken only by the buzzing of flies and, now and then, a subdued sound of wheels on the sandy road below. At last the gate-latch clicked, and Ruth came in, walking slowly up the path.

Doctor Ebling had driven by a few moments before, and gone up the alley to the stable, and just as Ruth reached the steps, shutting her parasol and smiling up rather wearily at Miss Custer, he came around the corner of the house, lifting his hat and wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Why, where have you been?" Ruth asked in surprise.

"In the country," said he.

"And just think, Miss Stanley," exclaimed Miss Custer, speaking to Ruth, but looking a smiling reproach at the

doctor, and for a moment forgetting the parlor occupant at her back, "here I have been sitting this whole blessed afternoon! I could have borne the infliction of my own solitary company better, of course, if I had not been promised an entertainment."

"You must charge your disappointment to a poor fellow who got himself cut to pieces by a grass-mower," said the doctor.

"Who was it?" asked Ruth quickly, with a sympathetic play of facial muscles.

"A man by the name of Burgess, out east of town."

"And is he in a bad way?"

"Rather."

Ruth stood for a moment with her eyes upon the ground, absorbed in the thought of a fellow-being in distress, and the doctor, glancing from her up to Miss Custer, was conscious of the strong contrast between them.

Miss Custer was ten years Ruth's senior, but just now it looked as if it might be the other way: teaching gave Ruth a jaded look that seemed like age. But she was only eighteen. She wore a plain brown dress and linen cuffs and collar, all of which bore the stamp of the school-room. Her shoes were dusty, and her hair, untouched since early morning, had settled into a mass at the back of her neck, more artistic than stylish.

By and by she excused herself and went into the house. It was her habit to take a bath and dress herself before tea. The doctor came up and seated himself on the top step, and remarked that he didn't know whether it would be worth while to go up town before supper or not. Miss Custer was about to persuade him that it would not be worth while, when a movement on the part of Mrs. Tascher recalled her to the consciousness of that lady's proximity and put her under a sort of constraint, "Do you suppose your office to be strewn with orders for your immediate attendance upon wounded individuals?" she asked carelessly.

"If I thought it was," said he, "I'd make for the woods over yonder and hide myself."

"Unnatural physician! I always sup-

posed medical men to be the most devoted to their profession, and the fondest of exercising it, of all beings."

"As to devotion," said the doctor, "I agree with you—we *are* a devoted class. But as to exercise of any description, that is contrary to all human inclination in such a temperature as this."

"And yet Miss Stanley endures it," said Miss Custer, and could have bitten her tongue the next moment.

A grave expression settled upon the doctor's face. "Yes," said he, "her brave spirit surmounts everything. She is of a different make-up from all the other people I know. And, by the way, it always seems to me irrelevant to bring her into comparison with ordinary mortals," he added; and, getting up and settling his hat upon his head, he strode off.

Miss Custer felt a pang of keen regret. "I have offended him," she thought.

But at the supper-table, an hour or two later, there was no evidence of offence in his attitude toward her, though it must be allowed that he paid rather more attention to Ruth than usual when she came down stairs freshened up in a light-colored lawn dress and her dark hair handsomely coiled and ornamented with a half-blown rose. She sat just opposite Doctor Ebling and beside Miss Custer, and stood the contrast with that amber-eyed beauty very well. Doctor Ebling thought so, and it had a tendency to elevate his spirits. The three carried on an animated dialogue. Mr. Bruce, at the end of the table, was abstracted, and ate his supper with great diligence, except when Mrs. Tascher, being his nearest neighbor, addressed a remark to him: then he turned to her with the utmost deference and replied as elaborately as friendly politeness demanded.

"Any of you folks in for a boat-ride this evening?" called up Hugh from the lower end of the table. "My Sally Lunn is anchored down by the big oak if you want her, and here's the key," holding it up.

"Why, yes," said Doctor Ebling, taking it upon himself to answer. Hugh's questions and remarks were usually addressed to the company collectively, and the doc-

tor generally was tacitly elected spokesman.—"Don't you want to go, ladies?" he asked, "and you, Bruce?"

The ladies, Ruth and Miss Custer, assented with bright looks.

Mr. Bruce replied deliberately that he was not sure he could leave the office.

"Oh, come now, Bruce, that's put on," said the doctor. "No man, whatever his profession, unless he be a farmer, can convince me of a pressure of business at this season. Banish the delusive idea and make yourself agreeable for once."

Mr. Bruce raised his head, showing at the same time a flash of his white teeth and his black eyes. "For once?" he repeated. "Making myself agreeable, or making a grotesque caricature of myself in my struggles to be agreeable, has been the business of my life."

"Oh, Mr. Bruce!" laughed Ruth. "Everybody knows you are delightful, but the idea of your making an effort in that direction is too absurd."

"If I had made that speech," thought Miss Custer, "Mrs. Tascher would have looked a severe criticism."

Mrs. Tascher, as it was, looked across at Ruth and said laughingly, "That hits him hard, my dear, but he ought not to wince."

Mr. Bruce *had* colored slightly and broken up the gravity of his face.

Later, when they all rose from the table, Mrs. Tascher, under some pretext or other, detained him a moment. "Do go!" she said: "you see how it is—Ruth never has the doctor to herself a moment any more. They used to take delightful little moonlight strolls together, and were as happy as a pair of young lovers ought to be. Now there is always a third party."

"Oh! So you think I ought to sacrifice myself to the happiness of the precious lovers? And what if I get enthralled myself? Who will come to my rescue?"

"I am willing to trust you," laughed Mrs. Tascher. "You have thirty years upon your head, and a vast amount of hard practicality in it: Dr. Ebling lacks something of both."

The girls had got their hats and were already out upon the veranda.

"Come, Bruce: have you decided whether there is an important case pending or not?" called the doctor.

Mrs. Tascher gave him a little push, and he sauntered out. She stood in the doorway and saw him, with a feeling of satisfaction, pair off with Miss Custer after they had got outside the gate. "I believe she likes him twenty times better than she does the doctor," she soliloquized. "And yet with what persistency she clings to Ruth and her lover! Poor Ruth! She takes her down in good faith."

The stream upon which Westbrook was built was about half a mile distant, and the sun was going down when they reached the big oak where the boat was anchored. Doctor Ebling clambered down the steep bank and unlocked it, and got in and rowed up a little way to where there was a better descent.

"Now, then, shall we all go at once," said he, "or take turns?"

"It is such a diminutive vessel," said Bruce, eying it doubtfully, "that perhaps Miss Custer and myself had better 'pause upon the brink' here, and wait until you two have made a short voyage."

"Oh, we shall not make a very short voyage," said Ruth, running down the bank and grasping the doctor's hand as he held it out to steady her in stepping into the boat. "I want to go up as far as the bridge and make a sketch to-night: the sunset and the moon-rise are lovely."

"Better come on—don't think we'll upset," said the doctor, beginning, nevertheless, to push off.

Bruce looked about and found a log to sit on. "Just spread your shawl on it," said he; and Miss Custer was obliged to unfold her beautiful white burnous.

"What an idea!" she thought, "and how ungallant he is!"

And yet he had a remarkable power of fascination, though, as Ruth said, he made no effort to please.

He took a seat beside her, and for some time his eyes followed the boat. After a while he said, "And did you manage to get through with *The Spanish Gypsy* again?"

"Oh no," said Miss Custer. "Didn't

you know? The doctor was called into the country."

"Ah! he was?"

"Yes."

"Then you lost your afternoon's entertainment? That must have been a great deprivation."

He turned his head and looked at her with a lingering, exploring gaze that was difficult for her to fathom. How should she answer? He was certainly the only being of his sex who baffled or embarrassed her.

"It was indeed," she returned demurely, and yet with a hope that he might discover that she was but half in earnest. Her eyelids drooped and her lips were curved with a smile. She was pleasantly conscious of his prolonged gaze, and hoped something from it, knowing from much previous experience the power of her beauty.

The silence was very eloquent. He broke it—or intensified it indeed—by repeating from *The Gypsy*, in a low and remarkably well-modulated voice,

"Do you know
Sometimes when we sit silent, and the air
Breathes gently on us from the orange trees,
It seems that with the whisper of a word
Our souls must shrink, yet poorer, more apart.
Is it not so?"

Do you know the answer?" he asked, never once taking away his eyes.

She raised hers and gave it with equal effect:

"Yes, dearest, it is true.
Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken: even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer."

There was nothing audacious in her manner of repeating it—no coquettish reference, in voice or glance, to him. She threw into her eyes an expression of complete absorption in the spirit and story of the poem, and appeared to be far away with Don Silva and Fedalina.

Her seriousness and evident intensity of feeling were a surprise to him. He had simply been trying her with a careless stroke, but he seemed to strike true flint. "I could have sworn," he thought to himself, "that she was making fun of Ebling's proposition to read to her to-day when she said one could stand hear-

ing a poem a good many times." And he actually went on repeating passage after passage, while she sat with her hands folded and her eyes fixed dreamily, drinking it in like distant music sounding all the way from the Spanish shores.

They were both so absorbed—not in the poem, but in thoughts that floated under the poem and circled right around themselves—that they did not hear the dipping of the oars as the doctor rowed back to shore in the white moonlight—not softened now, as it had been a while ago, by the mellow tints in the west. "Hallo!" he called. "Come down now and embark."

"Shall we?" asked Bruce in a voice so low that it seemed almost tender.

She answered by getting up, and he took the burnous off the log and folded it about her shoulders. It gave her a conscious thrill.

They sauntered down, and Bruce gave her his hand to make the descent of the bank. Ruth sprang up like a gazelle while the doctor held the boat to shore, and then pushed it off when the occupants were seated.

"I'm the poorest rower in Christendom," said Bruce, taking up the oars and making a few awkward strokes.

"Never mind about rowing," said Miss Custer. "When we get out into the current let us drift: I like it just as well."

Bruce did so, resting the handles of the oars upon his knees.

Perfect silence reigned. The moon was strangely bright, making the very air silvery. Miss Custer, with the rarest tact, let the stillness alone, knowing there was power in it.

By and by Bruce murmured,

"With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

What a strange effect moonlight and water have upon us, Miss Custer! They seem almost to disembody us. I can hardly ever recall a single line of poetry in the daytime when the sun is shining. But moonlight brings out all the delicate images of the mind's palimpsest."

"Pray, then, go on and repeat something more," said Miss Custer in a low

voice: "I like to hear you. Repeat the rest of 'Drifting.'"

Bruce complied, and then struck upon Byron, and was surprised and delighted to find that Miss Custer followed him even there. The truth was, Miss Custer had rehearsed all these things many times before with different actors. The whole plot lay before her, ending and all. Bruce was certainly hooked, and all she had to do was to draw the line carefully in. To be sure, he was an odd specimen, a sort of man she was not much acquainted with; but that made him all the more interesting, and she was conscious of her power to manage him.

At last Bruce put the boat about without consulting her, and rowed back to the landing in silence and with considerable dexterity, considering his self-depreciation as a rower. Ruth and the doctor, who had no doubt been affected by the moonlight too, stood on the bank waiting for them. They all went home together, a rather merry party, and immediately dispersed for the night.

The next morning, when Miss Custer came down to breakfast radiant and joyous, with a consciousness of being in perfect keeping with the unpoetic sunshine, she was stricken with consternation at finding Mr. Bruce as distant and nonchalant as ever. No lingering, exploring glance this morning—nothing but the usual flash of his dark eyes as he bowed to her. Was it possible that all the fine effects of last night had passed out of his consciousness?

Some time during the day Bruce found an opportunity to say to Mrs. Tascher, "Don't ask me to do it again: I came near making a fool of myself last night. Got to quoting poetry and all that."

"Did you, indeed?" said she, laughing. "If the siren had that effect on you, a hardened bachelor, consider how it would go with Ebling."

"Ebling's heart is supposed to be preoccupied," said Bruce: "mine is an 'aching void.'"

That evening Hugh challenged Miss Custer to a game of croquet, and she, with secret reluctance, but a very good

grace—being one of those sweetly-amiable people who never speak ill of any one, and never manifest the least boredom, no matter who undertakes the office of entertainer to them—accepted. However, she would make the most she could out of it. She invited the rest of the company to come down and look on and see that she had fair play. Bruce, at whom she glanced appealingly, paid no heed, but put on his hat and went down town with the air of a man greatly preoccupied and oppressed with business cares. Mrs. Tascher never went out when the dew was falling, and so there was nobody but Ruth and the doctor. They complied at once, and took seats on a rustic bench under the trees.

Miss Custer was conscious of showing to advantage in this picturesque game, and paid far more attention to her attitudes than her strokes: as a consequence, she was beaten, and immediately threw down her mallet.

"I'll give you another chance," said Hugh wistfully.

"Oh, I could never redeem myself with you if we should play till doomsday," she answered.

"You *have* beaten me," persisted Hugh.

"But I have a presentiment that I can't do it to-night," she returned.

"Well, then, Hugh," said the doctor, getting up and helping himself to a mallet, "if she is so disheartened, suppose we give her a chance to come off second best by taking a game with me?"

Hugh, smiling, but a little put out, stepped back, and the contest began, with far more animation on the part of Miss Custer. Presently Hugh's mother called him, and he went away. After a time Ruth called to the players, who were both at the other end of the ground, "Say, folks, if you'll excuse *me* I'll go in."

Miss Custer turned round and answered, "Oh, poor child! I presume you do find it dull."

Ruth ran up to Mrs. Tascher's room. Her acquaintance with that lady she counted among the best things of her life. The world had seemed larger and brighter and better since she had known her.

Mrs. Tascher was a widow: she had considerable wealth, but being an invalid she was deprived of the enjoyment of it to a great extent. She welcomed Ruth's friendly little visits always with a smile that seemed to make her soul stand out upon her face. She was what one might call a woman of the world. That is, she had travelled much, read much, studied people much, and mingled all her previous life in intelligent and refined society.

"Why, where is the rest of your party, my dear?" she asked as Ruth tapped on the door and came in.

"Hugh's mother wanted him," Ruth answered, "and I left Frank and Miss Custer playing a game."

Mrs. Tascher's smile faded. She felt tempted to speak a word of warning, but it seemed too bad to destroy the innocent faith of this high-minded, unsuspecting girl. She gave Ruth a chair, and Ruth begged her to read something: Mrs. Tascher's reading was sweeter than music to her. She complied readily, because it gave her pleasure to do anything Ruth asked. "Here is a poem by Whittier, just out," she said, taking up a magazine, the leaves of which she had cut only that afternoon. She began it, and Ruth leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes the better to see the images that passed in her mind. Mrs. Tascher read on until the light grew so dim that she could not see the lines, and then she got up and went to the window to finish. She glanced out as she did so, and stood silent. At last she said, "Come here, Ruth."

Ruth got up and went and looked out.

Away down at the farther end of the lawn stood Miss Custer and the doctor with their elbows resting upon the fence, evidently very deeply absorbed in each other. The spot was very lonely and still, hemmed in by trees, and would not have been visible from below—perhaps from hardly any other point but this window.

"Doesn't it strike you, Ruth, that a couple of young people must be rather sentimental to stray away like that?" asked Mrs. Tascher.

Ruth laughed, but not very joyously, and immediately turned away from the window, as though the sight hurt her.

Mrs. Tascher did so too, and struck a match to light her lamp. "If I were you, Ruth," she said as she settled the shade over it, "I would go down to the croquet-ground, from where you can see those people, and call to them."

"Oh no," said Ruth with a shiver.

"Why, you see," continued Mrs. Tascher, "it doesn't look well. Miss Custer ought to know better, but she is so vain of her influence over gentlemen that she exercises it upon every occasion that offers. It doesn't appear to make any difference who the gentleman is: it would be all the same to her now if it were Hugh instead of the doctor. I believe she does care something for Bruce, and he is her lawful prey; but she knows the doctor is not in the market."

Ruth threw back her head proudly. "He *can* be in the market," she said hoarsely.

"No, no, my dear," said Mrs. Tascher, shaking her head. "I don't want you to get reckless: I want to see you play this game with Miss Custer with a cool hand and come out ahead. You can do it, and you will be stronger and safer in the end."

Ruth pretty soon went out. She entered her room with her hand upon her heart, and sat down by the window without striking a light. In the course of half an hour the doctor and Miss Custer appeared in sight, walking slowly toward the house. They passed directly under her window, but their voices were so low that she could distinguish no word. By and by she heard the piano going. A moment after Mrs. Tascher tapped on her door, and, turning the knob, put her head in and called, "Ruth!"

Ruth got up and came forward.

"Come," said her visitor, "let us go down to the parlor."

"I cannot," said Ruth: "please don't ask me."

"Foolish child!" said Mrs. Tascher. "I am a thousand times sorry that I brought this thing to your notice."

"It was brought to my notice long ago,"

said Ruth brokenly; and Mrs. Tascher turned and went down stairs.

The doctor was leaning back in an easy-chair, completely absorbed in watching the exquisite figure at the piano and listening to the strains she evoked.

"One *would* think she had feeling," commented Mrs. Tascher mentally as she entered the room and swept across to the vacant seat beside the doctor, dispelling somehow, with her strong presence, the spirit of sentimentalism that pervaded the atmosphere. "Why, Doctor Ebling, are you here?" she asked: "I supposed you had gone to town. Where is Miss Stanley?"

"I—I don't know," said the doctor—honestly enough, to be sure.

"I thought you all went down to the croquet-ground?"

"Yes, we did. But she came back, and left Miss Custer and myself to finish our game."

"Oh, then I presume she is in her room.—Have you finished playing, Miss Custer?" with a smile of placid indifference as Miss Custer turned round on the piano-stool.

"Yes," said Miss Custer, getting up and taking a chair. "Doctor Ebling wished to hear the 'Last Hope.'"

"You haven't come to that in your experience yet, have you, doctor?" laughed Mrs. Tascher, though she was not in the habit of playing upon words.

"No," said the doctor. "It seems to me the 'last hope' is that we feel when we draw our last breath."

The three spent the evening together, and Mrs. Tascher brought into exercise the old charms and graces of manner and conversation that years ago had made her one of the most brilliant and fascinating women society could boast of. She was not old—not more than thirty-five—and when animated she was still beautiful: her face became illuminated and stars shone in her eyes. She so far outdid Miss Custer in the matter of pleasing and entertaining that when the doctor went away he hardly thought of the latter. He said to himself as he went down town, "What a remarkably brilliant woman Mrs. Tascher must have been in her

day! And is yet, for that matter. Husband been dead six years: wonder why she never married again?"

Then he wondered with a slight feeling of uneasiness where Ruth had kept herself all the evening. "How affectionately and admiringly Mrs. Tascher always speaks of Ruth!" he said, and added, "Well, she is a noble girl."

There was an indefinable hardness in Ruth's manner the next morning. Her voice was hollow and her smile seemed ironical, though she was unusually gay. Mrs. Tascher, who observed her closely and with some uneasiness, thought her mockingly attentive to Miss Custer. Something was said at the dinner-table again about the doctor's promise to read to Miss Custer, and Ruth exclaimed, "By all means!—Miss Custer, make him stay at home and read you that poem."

The doctor of course fell readily in with the idea, and said he would not go down town this time to see if there were any orders: if anybody wanted him it was generally known that if he was not in his office he was at his boarding-place.

"Why *did* you do it?" said Mrs. Tascher, putting her handkerchief on her head and going down to the gate with Ruth.

"Because," said Ruth with drawn lips and heaving bosom, "I do not want to get him unfairly. If there is some one else who interests him more than I, he is still at liberty to choose."

"Ruth," said Mrs. Tascher, and her eyes flashed, "do you think she is getting him fairly? You have no conception of the scheming of that woman."

"Oh yes, indeed I believe I know it all," said Ruth, and hurried away.

In a few days school closed, and Ruth packed her trunk and went up to Merton, a little village about twenty miles distant, to visit her aunt. Almost as soon as she was gone Miss Custer was taken sick. Aunt Ruby insisted upon her occupying the spare bedroom, a cool, spacious apartment opening off the back sitting-room. The professional services of Doctor Ebling were of course engaged at once, and he proved himself very attentive at least.

To save appearances and for Ruth's sake, although she had little hope, Mrs.

Tascher took up her position in the sick-room and compelled the doctor to give all his directions to her. He pronounced the malady a low fever brought on by the extreme heat of the season. Mrs. Tascher thought it was the result of exposure to night-dews, carelessness in regard to diet and lack of proper exercise.

Her presence, it must be allowed, put but little constraint upon the extraordinary intimacy of the pair. The doctor was all devotion, and Miss Custer all languor and dependence. She made a beautiful invalid, with her rare complexion and her white, lissome hands lying so restfully and helplessly on the counterpane. One day, after being freshly dressed in an embroidered gown of the finest texture, and instructing Mrs. Tascher how to wind her hair, which was long and abundant, around the top of her head in a coronet that was very becoming to her, she requested to have Mr. Bruce sent in when he came to his dinner. She had some affairs that must be looked into immediately by a legal eye.

"Had you not better just send him a message?" asked Mrs. Tascher.

"No: I prefer to attend to it myself," she returned coldly.

Bruce was therefore sent in, and Mrs. Tascher stepped out into the sitting-room. Miss Custer, who was certainly very white, raised her dusky eyelids, smiled faintly and held out her jewelled hand. Bruce, standing awkwardly enough by the bedside, took it, but without apparent appreciation of its loveliness.

The invalid had chosen an inopportune moment: despite the subdued light of the chamber, it was high noon and the sun shone burningly outside, and Bruce, who had just eaten a hearty dinner, was utterly devoid of sentiment and indifferent to nice effects. There was a tumbler of dewy roses on a little table beside the bed, and he picked out one, and, sitting down, began eating the leaves one by one. "I hope," said he, thinking it a good plan to rally the sick a little, "you haven't got so discouraged by this indisposition—which the doctor tells me is not at all serious—that you wish to make your will?"

"No," she returned, hardly able to conceal her disgust at the unfeeling wretch: "I merely wish to send to my attorney for some money."

"Oh, is that it?" said Bruce, laughing. "Then the doctor was right. So long as a person takes a controlling interest in his affairs he is safe."

"A *person!*" thought Miss Custer, and really curled her lip. She gave him her lawyer's address, stated the sum she wanted and told him he might say that she was ill.

"And unable to write," added Bruce. "All right! I shall be as prompt in the execution of your commission as the exigences of the case appear to demand."

He took up his hat and went out cheerily, and Miss Custer turned her face to the wall and cried. For a day or two she was worse: then she grew better, and was finally able to sit up. At the expiration of two weeks Ruth came back. She was very pale and her face had a rigid look. Miss Custer met her sweetly, being still under the subduing influence of invalidism, and Ruth tried to feel kindly to her; which was a great vexation to Mrs. Tascher.

"Let me alone," said Ruth passionately one day. "Don't you see how I hate her? I could almost kill her! I am trying to fight down the demon in me."

The doctor, who had himself grown thin and haggard-looking, welcomed Ruth back with an air of constraint.

One day the young folks of the village got up a picnic and invited Aunt Ruby's boarders. The doctor at first hesitated about giving his permission for Miss Custer to go, but she coaxed, and he finally consented. The evening before the picnic Ruth requested an interview with the doctor, and they walked out into the grove. She told him she wished to release him from his engagement, and it was a painful satisfaction to her to see the agony that was in his face. He accused himself bitterly—said he had broken up her happiness and ruined her life, that he could never forgive himself, and ended by refusing to accept his release, and declaring that he should never avail himself of any of the advantages it offered.

The next morning he went to Bruce with white face and strained eyes, and begged him, for the love he bore him, to take Miss Custer to the picnic and to stay by her.

"So, my boy," said Bruce, not a little affected, "you have got into the ditch and want me to help you out? Well, I will do what I can.—Thank the Lord, his eyes are opened at last!" he muttered as Ebling went away.

The picnic-ground was a wooded hillside that sloped down into a grassy meadow a mile from town. The company all got together at the appointed hour—two in the afternoon—in the street below Aunt Ruby's, and waited for her boarders to come out. Ruth had persuaded Mrs. Tascher to go, and the doctor, with a painful attempt to appear natural, kept beside her and was scrupulously attentive to her comfort. Ruth playfully claimed Hugh as her escort. Bruce, true to agreement, monopolized Miss Custer in a masterly way, much to her surprise. She tried to snub him at first, but he ignored all her efforts in that direction with consummate stupidity, and in the end she submitted with a charming grace that was torture to the doctor.

Everybody seemed in fine spirits, but on the part of two or three members of the company we have reason to suppose that it was *only* seeming. And perhaps a little general knowledge of the affairs of mankind might justify us in the suspicion that there were others not so happy as their bright looks seemed to warrant. But, however that might be, every one threw in his or her contribution to the pleasure and amusement of the day. The doctor helped to lay out a croquet-ground and fixed the target for archery-practice; Hugh was active in putting up swings; some of the older and more dignified gentlemen, including Bruce, took upon themselves the lighter duty of entertaining the ladies; when lunch-time came some of the young fellows kindled a fire, and Ruth boiled the coffee. After that there was a good deal of pairing off and walking about, or sitting cozily upon old mossy, fallen trunks of trees.

Miss Custer, who had not yet risen from the grass-plot where she had sat to eat her dinner, looked away down across the green meadows with sleepy, half-shut eyes, and asked, "What is that pile of stones in the corner yonder?"

A youthful jeweller whom she remembered among her distant admirers answered, "It's an old well. This place here used to be a stock-farm, but it hasn't been used for that for a good many years; so the framework and buckets have been taken away."

Miss Custer, seized with a sudden impulse, sprang up and exclaimed, "I have a great mind to go down and take a look into it. Old wells have a peculiar fascination for me, and that one looks so lovely and romantic!"

She had a thought that Bruce might volunteer to accompany her, but that indolent barrister, sprawling upon the grass at her feet, hardly felt called upon by the nature of his agreement with Ebling to undergo quite so much as that. He reflected that it was his business to keep the charmer out of mischief for the day. "And if she meanders away to that fascinating well," he thought, "in her own solitary company, nobody will be damaged, so far as I can see."

But Miss Custer, seeing no other way and feeling the position a little awkward, appealed to Ruth, who got up and started with her. When they had clambered down the rather steep hill to the meadow's edge Miss Custer affectionately took her arm. "Don't you think picnics are stupid things?" she asked confidingly.

"Why," said Ruth, "we didn't think so this morning."

"Oh no, not when we were anticipating, but

*One of the pleasures of having a rout
Is the pleasure of having it over.*

I shall be glad when we get back home, though I suppose we shall not start till near sundown."

When they reached the well Miss Custer stepped upon the flat white stones with which it was walled up to the surface of the ground and gazed down into its dark depths. "What a queer feeling that is which one is almost sure to have

standing upon the edge of danger!—a sort of reckless impulse to throw one's self forward. Did you ever feel it?" Ruth, standing just behind her as she leaned over, saw her hands involuntarily clutch her dress, as though the strange temptation were so great that she must hold herself forcibly back from it. "I have—a thousand times," she added; "and I feel it now."

"Take care!" cried Ruth, catching at her.

Miss Custer, in turning away her charmed gaze, lost her balance from sheer dizziness and plunged forward. Ruth, with a look and cry of horror, bent over and saw the fearful descent, so quick and so noiseless until the dull splash was heard and the black water opened and closed again. Then she threw up her hands and started to run toward the hill, calling loudly. But already they had seen and were coming. One—Doctor Ebling—was far ahead of the rest. Ruth met him and turned back with him.

"Ruth, you did it: I saw you push her," he found breath to say. But Ruth's sensibilities were too shocked to feel the accusation.

The doctor was halfway down the well before any one else reached the spot. Bruce had had the forethought to cut down a swing and bring the rope. In a very few minutes Miss Custer—or what was believed to be her lifeless body—was lying wet upon the grass and the doctor, also dripping, was making a hasty examination of her condition. "I think she will live," was his verdict, "but we must get her home with all speed."

A light wagon coming up the road was signalled to, and they got her into it and drove furiously to town. By the time the rest of the party reached home she was partially recovered, though very weak and terribly shaken.

As soon as it was said that she was out of danger and would probably suffer no serious consequences Ruth recalled the doctor's frightful words: "You did it: I saw you push her."

She rushed in search of him. He was in the parlor, walking back and forth with a troubled air. She went up to

him: "Frank, you accused me of doing that dreadful thing. I have just remembered what you said—that you saw me push her. I did not: I put out my hand to save her."

"I hope to God you did!" said he, but his look was doubting and reproachful.

"Why, Frank," she said, with scarcely enough breath to speak the words, "if you do not believe me it will kill me!"

Just then some one came to the door and beckoned to him, and he went out. Ruth turned, with a breaking heart, to go up stairs. The youthful jeweller was talking to Mrs. Tascher in the hall. "Yes," he was saying, "I saw it all. She was standing leaning over the well, and was just turning to step back when she gave a sort of lurch as if she had got dizzy, and Miss Stanley reached out her hand and caught her by the shoulder. But she had got the start of her, and over she went in a twinkling. The whole thing was done in an instant."

"Oh, Mr. Omes, I wish you would explain all that to Doctor Ebling," said Ruth, coming up.

"Oh, he knows all about it: he saw it the same as I did," said the young man.

A suspicion crossed Ruth's mind that the doctor *knew*, but she could not believe him so base.

Miss Custer was doomed to have a serious time of it, after all. The great excitement brought on fever again, and for some days her recovery was thought doubtful. Everybody in the house did all that was in her or his power to do, and the doctor was more devoted than ever. It became a fixed idea that he would marry Miss Custer as soon as she was able to sit up. He and Ruth scarcely spoke to each other.

One day Mrs. Tascher told Ruth she must go away.

"Yes, I know," answered Ruth: "I am going."

She packed her trunk again—this time taking all her things—and went back to her aunt's. In less than a week Mrs. Tascher had a letter from her stating that she had started, under the escort of a friend of her guardian's, for Beirut.

It was so great a shock to Mrs. Tasch-

er that she scarcely left her room for ten days after it, and indeed did not wholly recover until another letter came, dated from far-off Syria, with a curious commingling of the strange and the familiar in the well-known handwriting and the foreign post-mark, assuring her that her young friend was safely sheltered under the protection of her guardian and his estimable wife. Ruth dwelt entirely upon her new experience, and never mentioned the old. She had not so much to say about her journey, though it was interesting and delightful, as about her arrival and the meeting with her dear friends, whose loved faces were so sweetly familiar in that strange, strange land that she fell upon their necks and wept. She drew vivid pictures of the magnificent scenery that lay around her in her new home—the gardens, the orange-groves, the figs and olives, the terraced slope of Mount Lebanon, the glorious Mediterranean.

Mrs. Tascher was comforted, though the void made by Ruth's absence was almost like death, the wide space seemed so unspannable. She wrote back at once in all the fulness of her heart, and Ruth was not so absorbed in grief for the loss of her lover but that she appreciated and was deeply grateful for the tender, unflinching affection of her friend. Mrs. Tascher, who felt that the sharpest knife was the best to be used in a case of urgent surgical necessity, wrote briefly that the doctor and Miss Custer were married—that Miss Custer had begged for at least three months' preparation, but the doctor was impatient; and so, as soon as she was able to stand the journey to Boston, where her friends and property were, they had joined hands and started.

"The marriage took place in the parlor," Mrs. Tascher wrote, "and the household were invited to be present. I, however, had a bad headache and could not get down stairs; Bruce pleaded 'business;' and poor Hugh, whose boyish affections have been cruelly tampered with, had a fishing engagement. So there was nobody but Aunt Ruby and her 'help' to witness the touching ceremony except the minister and his wife. It *was* touching, I suppose: Miss Custer

wept bitterly at being so 'neglected,' and Ebling is mortally offended with Bruce."

Three years went by; which space of time Mrs. Tascher spent chiefly in Florida and New York, going back and forth as the seasons changed in obedience to medical authority. At last she concluded to try a few weeks in Westbrook again. Aunt Ruby, who still kept boarders—all strangers, however—gave her the old rooms up stairs with their pleasant windows. Here she sat and wrote to Ruth a few days after her arrival.

Ruth had become quite contented, and even happy, under the warm Syrian sun, watching with earnest, loving eyes the development of barbarism and heathenism into civilization and Christianity, though it seemed very much to her sometimes as if she had lost her place and personality in the world. She was swallowed up in the great pagan East, and was nothing to the land that owned her—to the people that were her people. She was dead to the life and world to which she had been born.

The family of her guardian, together with some of their pupils, had removed to a little village up the side of the mount to spend a few of the hottest weeks, as was their custom. The mail was regularly brought up by a young Arab riding a mule. One evening, when Ruth had gone to sit alone on one of the grassy terraces overlooking the sea and the luxuriant foliage and vegetation below—a thing she liked, though it usually made her pensive and a little sad—a young Syrian girl ran down and gave her a letter. It was Mrs. Tascher's, and I will take the liberty to transcribe a part of it here:

"Aunt Ruby has furnished me with a good many surprising items in regard to the fortunes and actions of our old associates. Bruce (he was a splendid fellow—wasn't he?—solid, practical and all that), who, you remember, had a good deal of means, has built himself a house, something quite elegant. It stands on that little knoll on the other side of the town, overlooking the river. I mean to go over and take a look at it some day: it is said to be beautifully furnished, and is kept by an old maiden aunt of our

friend. Bruce, by the way, is in Europe, though what took him there I cannot conjecture, unless he means to bring home a European exportation in the shape of a wife. I wish, my dear, *you* had taken a fancy to him: I always thought he admired you. You don't mind my probing an old wound—do you?—because I want to speak of some of the others. Miss Custer's fortune, as it turned out, was extremely limited. She had, I believe, enough to furnish a small rented house here, and she and the doctor immediately went to housekeeping. But time, which settles all things and places them in their true light and relations, has brought to the notice of this precious pair that they are very ill adapted to each other: it is even said that they quarrel. The coarser gossips affirm that Mrs. Ebling is lazy and shiftless, and that the doctor is disheartened and neglects his business. I have seen him once, and can judge something of his state by his bearing and looks. He is certainly not the sort of man I once thought he would make. Whether there is better stuff in him than what we see developed, or whether he owes what he is entirely to circumstances, is an unsolvable question. I am inclined to think that every person has the making of two individuals in him—one bad, the other good. What a pity that a man usually has only one chance! If he makes a mistake he is lost. My dear Ruth, in the whole course of my life I have kept my eyes upon the infallible law of cause and effect; and I know this, that wrong-doing inevitably brings its own retribution."

When Ruth took her eyes from this letter and fixed them upon the distant blue water-depths they were brimful of tears. "Yes, wrong-doing is followed by retribution," she thought, "but where is the reward for right-doing?"

Oh, she felt so lonely in that far-off heathen land, with the shadow of others' wrong-doing lying always across her path! Why must she suffer and be alone?

A step from behind startled her, and she sprang up and turned round. A pair of black eyes were smiling at her from a handsome, familiar face. "Oh, Mr.

Bruce!" she cried, and flew up the steps, holding out both her hands.

"I have come such a long way to see you," said Bruce, "that my motive must be pretty conspicuous: I don't mean to try to conceal it. Perhaps you have never thought of me as a man you would be at all likely to marry. Still, I have made it my business to come and ask you, and I thought I might better let you know my errand at once, instead of leaving you to guess it from any clownish efforts of mine to do the agreeable to you."

He certainly broke it to her very well, smiling and holding her hands—so well that she laughed heartily and was at home with him in a moment.

One day it was rumored in Westbrook that Bruce had come home with a wife. The news had but just reached Aunt Ruby's premises when Bruce himself came rapidly up the path and asked for Mrs. Tascher. She came down at once. "I have come for you to go and call upon my wife," said he.

"Why, Mr. Bruce—" she began.

But he stopped her, and in spite of her demurring carried her off.

"You certainly *have* a lovely place, Mr. Bruce," she said, looking admiringly round as they mounted the front steps of his residence. The door flew open, and there, waiting to welcome her, stood the bride—Ruth. ALICE ILGENFRITZ.

WHERE LIGHTNING STRIKES.

THE air has been growing hotter for many days, with "occasional counteracting influences" (as "Probabilities" says), until the sunshine-loving doves hide under shadowing gables and the robins and sparrows sit on the lower branches of the trees with little wings lifted from their palpitating sides. The multitudinous shrilling of the grasshoppers adds emphasis to the white heats of the air. Even the housefly seeks the shade and hums drowsily in complicated orbits about the upper part of the room, or, with too keen proboscis, destroys my last crumb of comfort, the post-prandial nap.

My eyes open upon a world that dreams. The trees stand motionless. Among their tops the bull-bat darts erratically. The pale star of thistledown mounts on some mysterious current, like an infant soul departing heavenward. The hum of the near city is hushed. The sound of the church-bells is muffled. The trumpeting of the steamer comes from the bay, as though some lone sea-monster called aloud for companionship. There is a

sudden rattle and roar as a train rushes by, and then the smoke drifts away over the glowing landscape.

But there is an increasing opaque dimness in the western horizon that steadily deepens in color. Fleecy-like clouds rapidly increase in height and density, and a sheet of pale flame flashes from the midst and is gone. A glowing, crinkly line marks the edge of the cloud, and disappears.

Now swallows soar far up in the sky, the doves make wild, uncertain flights above the steeples, and the hoarse trumpet of the steamer again calls for recognition. At the west another bright line falls, zigzag, to a distant hill, revealed an instant, then lost in the shadow of the cloud. Soon there is a low, momentary rumble, and you are assured that the swift, delightful, dangerous shower, that cools the earth without interrupting our pleasures for dreary days, is approaching. No one whose dwelling is not better protected than most of those which bear the vain and flimsy decorations called "lightning-rods" can know whether his own

house may not in a few moments receive a ruinous stroke, or that it may not be his lot to enter eternity with the first flash from that dark, towering mass of sulphurous hue that already casts its ominous shadow upon his face.

Timid persons should experience gladness rather than alarm at the sound of the thunder and the flash of the lightning, both being signals that personal danger is past for the time. Persons who have been struck and rendered insensible, but who have afterward recovered, had not seen or heard what hurt them. Unless we are acquainted with the locality, and know the points likely to receive the fiery bolt, if a disruptive discharge occurs near us there is no telling the spot of danger or of safety in open ground. A discharge from the front of the cloud may take a downward angle of forty-five degrees, and, passing over hill and forest, strike an insignificant knoll or a moist meadow half a mile in advance of the cloud. For myself, if overtaken in the country by a thunderstorm, I would seek the nearest and most convenient shelter from the rain and take my chance with the lightning.

Teams and the persons accompanying them appear to be peculiarly in danger during a thunderstorm. Caves, and even deep mines, afford no absolute safety, for the thunderbolt has been known to enter even these. Tall trees are more dangerous than low ones, but none of them appear capable of affording protection against this mysterious element. The people of different countries have regarded various kinds of trees as exempt from the electric stroke, but inquiry has always shown that every species has suffered in one locality or another. The beech, from some cause, has probably escaped more generally than any other tree of considerable size in northern latitudes. But it is the neighborhood of a good conductor, not a sheltering non-conductor, that affords safety. Some scientific men have advised a station of fifteen to forty feet from a tree, or such a position between several trees, but it has sometimes happened that such open spaces have received the bolt. In cities and villages,

VOL. XXVI.—15

likewise, open spaces are not found to be places of safety.*

The question whether the small metallic articles usually carried about the person increase the danger is a matter of some concern. Many persons on the approach of a thunderstorm customarily relieve themselves of these things. Hairpins, clasps and the metallic springs often used in the dresses of ladies are not, however, so easily got rid of. From the record of the effects of lightning upon the human body we reach the conclusion that metal is dangerous about the person only according to its position. Constantine mentions that during a thunderstorm a lady raised her arm to close a window, when a flash of lightning entered: her golden bracelet was entirely dissipated, but without the slightest injury to the wearer. A similar case is reported in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* for 1844. During a violent thunderstorm a fishing-boat belonging to Midyell, in the Shetland Islands, was struck by lightning. The discharge came down the mast (which it tore into shivers) and melted a watch in the pocket of a man who was sitting close by, without at all injuring him. He was not even aware of what had happened until, on taking out his watch, he found it fused into one mass. Instances might be cited where a portion of the shoe was carried away without serious injury to the wearer, and where knitting-needles, scissors and other household implements have been struck, sometimes conducting the current to the person with fatal effect.

During a thunderstorm in France in July, 1858, a peasant-woman, on her way home from the fields, was struck down by lightning. No wound was detected upon her person, but her hair was singed and a part of a silver comb melted. Here metal seems to have conducted the electricity to the body. On the other hand, the traveller Brydone

* Among other beliefs in regard to lightning is that of the upward stroke. It has even found expression in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. On careful consideration of the cases offered in support, both printed and unprinted, I find that every one is susceptible of a reasonable explanation without this theory.

relates a circumstance which happened to a lady who was regarding a thunder-storm from her window. At a flash of lightning her bonnet was reduced to ashes, nothing else about her being affected. Brydone supposes the electric current to have been attracted by the metallic wire which maintained the shape of her bonnet. Hence he proposes that either these wires be abandoned or in times of danger a metallic chain be attached to the bonnet, by which the charge might pass to the earth. Accordingly, we find that it became fashionable in France at that period to wear on the top of the bonnet an ornament of bright metal connecting with a small silver chain dropping down to the ground. At about the same time umbrellas were carried fitted with wires and chain for a similar purpose.

In July, 1819, lightning fell upon the prison of Biberach in Suabia, and there struck, in a common apartment, among twenty prisoners, one only—a condemned captain of brigands, who was chained about the waist. A similar arrangement of metal proved fatal in another case. On the 9th of October, 1836, on the coast of Italy, a young man was struck by lightning and killed. It was found that he wore a girdle containing gold coins. Undoubtedly, danger or safety depends on properly placing the conducting object. It may convey the current to the vital organs or it may ward off the stroke. Probably any line of metal parallel with the length of the body when upright would be in some degree a protection. The noted Dr. King once saw a military company receive a discharge of electricity from the clouds upon their bayonets, whence their muskets conducted it to the ground without harm or any painful shock. On the other hand, a battalion of French infantry, while marching between Mouzon and Stenay, June 2, 1849, was struck by lightning, and two men killed, while about two hundred were struck to the ground. Blood flowed from their mouths, ears and noses. This effect appears to have been the result of the concussion. Similar results sometimes follow from heavy discharges of artillery.

Uniform testimony goes to show that men in metallic armor have never been fatally injured by lightning. A complete suit of metallic armor embodies the principle of the well-known electrical cage of Faraday. This is simply a basket of wire network with its open side to the ground. If the wire is of proper size and the capacity sufficient, this cage is the most effectual protection possible, unless the walls be of solid iron.

If one places beside him a better direct conductor to the earth than his own body, he will not be fatally injured by the electric current, though, if it pass very near, he may be blinded by the glare or deafened by the noise—effects which are usually temporary. Equal safety for buildings may be similarly secured.

Glass being so well known as an excellent non-conductor, some have been led to suppose it effectual in warding off the disruptive stroke. Hence chambers or cases of glass have actually been made for the use of individuals who were apt to be overcome with terror during the prevalence of a thunderstorm. In this belief, also, the vane of Christ Church in Doncaster, England, was furnished with a glass ball; but the spire was afterward struck, causing great damage. Many also think they may sit beside a closed window in safety, but records of holes being melted in the glass and whole windows crumbled to powder by lightning are too numerous to admit of any reliance upon such a precaution.

In the case of silken garments the evidence met with does not warrant a statement either for or against them; yet there appears to be no reason why this non-conductor should be more of a safeguard than any other. No doubt an abundance of gold and silver lace, or cloth having threads of these metals, might prove a protection. Feather beds, too, have been regarded as places of safety, but persons have been killed by lightning while in bed. Dr. Franklin advised especially that the vicinity of chimneys be avoided, because lightning often enters a room by them. All metallic bodies, mirrors and gilded ornaments, he held, should likewise be shunned. Contact with the walls

or the floor or proximity to a chandelier, a projecting gas-pipe, a position between two considerable pieces or surfaces of metals, unless distant, are all hazardous. Draughts of air are also to be avoided. Bell-wires may generally be considered as protective, though too small to be effectual. Perhaps a hammock, in addition to the preceding precautions, will afford as much security as can be derived from insulation. But in a building having continuous iron walls, posts or pillars from top to bottom, or in one which is properly supplied with conductors in other forms, all the foregoing precautions may be neglected without apprehension. Yet, as was suggested early in this article, the great number of buildings damaged by lightning while furnished with rods has caused much distrust of this system of protection.

From the large number of trees receiving the electric current it has come to be thought by many that these may be the best protectors of buildings if properly placed. In a case coming under my observation a tree received (or at least deflected) the current and communicated it to the house. In many instances, however, the building is struck while tall trees near by are untouched.

There is no doubt that lightning generally strikes elevated rather than low objects, and therefore it has been thought that a building surrounded by steeples had nothing to fear. As previously stated, however, the bolt sometimes selects a low object when high ones are at hand. For example, lightning fell upon a house occupied by Lord Tilney in Naples, although it was surrounded on all sides, at the distance of four or five hundred paces, by the towers and domes of a great number of churches, all wet with a heavy rain.

In considering the matter of protection from lightning we must bear in mind that trees, buildings, masts and other elevated points exert no attractive power on the thundercloud except in connection with the great plane where they are situated. The primary cause of the discharge is not in the metals of the building, the exact point or line in which the insulation

by the air breaks down being determined by a variety of causes. The elevated points of a building or ship may form a channel for the passage of the current, but it is not the only one nor the cause of the discharge, which would take place sooner or later though the ship or building were absent altogether.

There has been a difference of opinion in regard to the area protected by lightning-conductors, early notions on this point having been much exaggerated. Leroy's, in 1788, is the earliest positive statement which I have met. It is, that a conductor protects a horizontal space around it equal to somewhat more than three times the height of the metal rod above the building to which it is attached. The physical section of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on being consulted by the Minister of War in 1823, expressed the opinion that a lightning-conductor protects a circular space of which the radius is equal to the height of the rod. Here, apparently, is a wide difference, but possibly the estimates refer to different elevations. Leroy clearly intended an area at a level with the top of the building: thus, supposing the rod to be attached to a chimney six feet in height and to rise a foot and a half above the chimney, then it would protect a radius of about ten feet on the roof. The estimate of the Academy of Sciences speaks of the total height of the rod, and refers to a horizontal area at the base of the measurement, whether this began at the ground or at the top of the structure to which the rod is attached. In this view the estimates do not differ so much as might appear, the latter being about one-third less than that of Leroy. Other French writers estimate the area protected as having a radius of double the height of the rod above the highest point of the connected structure, being twice the radius allowed by the Academy. Later physicists have been cautious in giving figures, for experience has shown that estimates of protection are not accurately observed by the descending bolt. For instance, when Her Majesty's corvette *Dido*, furnished with the best system of conductors, was struck by lightning, the

discharge fell in a double or forked current upon the main royal mast, one of the branches striking the extreme point of the royal yard arm and passing along to the conductor on the mast, while the other fork fell on the vane, spindle and truck; which last was split open. As soon as the discharge reached the conductor all damage ceased.

The practice of the best electricians has now long been to protect all angles and projections, the latter by a branch of the rod, and the former by running a line of rod over them, having at every few feet sharp points of an inch or two in length attached to and standing out at right angles with the rod. Indeed, some go even beyond this, forming points along the whole length of the conductors by notching the corners of a square rod with a chisel. Sometimes a rod is twisted for ornament, but with a loss for practical uses, for in a twisted rod the electrical current is retarded, and a portion of the charge is more liable to leave the conductor.

In England, during our Revolutionary war, an active scientific discussion was carried on as to whether the upper end of a lightning-conductor should be sharp or blunt. "The scientific aspect of the question soon became lost in political acrimony, those who, with Dr. Franklin, advocated sharp conductors, being classed with him and the Revolutionary party, while those who advocated blunt conductors were held to be loyal subjects and good citizens." There is a difference in the action of a sharp conductor and one with a blunt end or terminating in a ball. In the first the point silently receives the current, while in the other the opposite electricities of the rod and cloud may meet with explosion; but the building will not necessarily be injured from this cause. M. Michel proposed to combine the advantages of the two systems by having the rod terminate in a spherical enlargement from which should project points in various directions. This, he thought, would lessen the danger of fusion and control the current at distances where it might escape other forms of terminal. Some American electricians now

use a modification of this form, surmounting the rod with a branching tip, while others prefer the single point. The latter is the form used in the American and British navies. The vane, with its appurtenances, is sometimes made the terminal of the conductor, and should at least always be connected.

The practice is also a good one of combining balustrades, finials and other metal-work at the tops of buildings with the system, by which protection is rendered more complete. Especially is it important to connect with a metallic roof at its lower edge, and with the gutters, unless the rain-conductors connect with the earth to its moist mass.

In regard to the material for conductors, copper is undoubtedly the best, but more expensive than iron. The latter is more liable to rust, and on account of its lower conductive power is more easily melted. An electrical explosion which only melts a copper wire would utterly destroy an iron wire of twice the diameter of the former. In being heated a rod contracts in length, and is then liable to fracture by the shrinkage, but if of sufficient size these results are not likely to occur. An iron rod, by successively receiving an electrical discharge, is sometimes reduced in size.

The conducting power of metals likely to be found in buildings is as follows: taking the power of lead as *one*, that of tin will be *two*—that is, tin conducts electricity twice as well as lead; iron, nearly two and a half times as well; zinc, four times; and copper, twelve times. From this comparison of conducting power the important fact will appear that when any two of these metals are used in the same line of conduction, the one of low power should be proportionately larger. Sir W. S. Harris—perhaps the best authority on lightning-rods in general—advises that the size of the rod, if of iron, should be three-fourths of an inch in diameter, although he admits that probably never in the experience of man has a rod half an inch in diameter been melted by an electrical discharge. He regarded the extent of surface rather than quantity of metal in the conductor as the measure of

its power, while many other electricians hold the contrary opinion.

It is important that the conductor should form an unbroken line throughout its extent, otherwise there is danger that a portion of the charge may be diverted from it. For instance: a large barn struck not long since had a conductor at each of three corners. In order to maintain the uniformity of the four angles of the square hip roof, a rod was run from the main conductor down the fourth angle to the hip, where it terminated in an erect point. A heavy discharge struck the main rod at the cupola, and, descending, divided among the four branches. That on the short branch jumped from its end to the metal sheathing along the angle of the roof, which it followed to the gutter, passing along this to one of the conductors, doing some damage on the way. Had not the charge found a line of metal on which to continue its course from the end of the rod, it would have done greater damage, and most likely have set the building on fire.

Another point of importance is, that the connection of the joints of the rod be perfect, as explosions and fusion occur wherever the surface in contact is less than the size of the rod, unless the latter is much larger than necessary. The hook and the lap joints, if not very carefully made, are liable to this objection. The best connection, no doubt, is that of the screw coupling.

The insulation of the rod from the building is an expense not only without the least advantage, but the contrary. Harris (*Thunderstorms*, pp. 129, 131) says: "This practice is not only useless, but disadvantageous, and is manifestly inconsistent with the principles on which conductors are applied." Dr. Franklin says: "The rod may be fastened to the wall, chimney, etc. with staples of iron. The lightning will not leave the rod to pass into the wall through these staples. It would rather, if any were in the wall, pass out of it into the rod, to get more readily by that conductor to the earth." The practice may have gained vogue from an observance of the use of glass

knobs as insulators of telegraph-wires. Many intelligent people have failed to apprehend the vast difference between the low tension of voltaic electricity and frictional electricity, lightning being in the nature of the latter. The fact that when lightning strikes the telegraph-wire it jumps from the wire to the posts, often tearing in pieces half a dozen in a row, ought to be conclusive in regard to insulating lightning-rods.

The same considerations will also effectually dissipate the fallacy by which the horizontal lightning-rod has duped so many people in certain portions of the West; for if the wire be cut off from the ground-connections (in which condition it accords with the conductor in question) the posts (which answer to the building thus "protected") must suffer still greater damage. So far from being insulated, the rod should be connected with all considerable masses of metal in the building, these having also a good connection with the earth. Frequently during a thunder-shower—sometimes even on the approach of one—all metallic objects will be electrified, and those of considerable size will often yield a spark; and this without the building containing these objects being struck. When struck, the larger masses of metal might occasion a dangerous explosion from induction, though at some distance from the rod: for this reason, as before stated, they should be connected with the ground. Being then liable to receive a part of the current from the conductor in case this be too small, they should be connected with it, as otherwise the current would cause damage in its passage. In a word, therefore, all metal bodies in a building should, as far as possible, be made a part of the system of conduction. This matter is not well understood generally. A dwelling in Boston having been struck by lightning a few years since, a neighbor remarked that "it was fortunate the lightning did not reach the gas-pipe, for it would then have gone all over the house." The fact was, that the bolt did not go more than five feet inside the house before it struck the pipe, and there all damage ended. The idea may

be novel to most people, but if the gas- or water-pipes were carried above the roof to the usual height of lightning-rods, they would form a very efficient system of conductors so long as they were connected with the main pipes in the street. Knowing the destructive character of lightning when it passes through air, wood, brick, stone or other non-conductor, people are naturally fearful of allowing the current to run through their houses. But the lion and the lamb are not more different than are the disruptive discharge while passing through a non-conductor and the same current passing through a good conductor.

The system of lightning-conductors in use in the British navy goes through the woodwork of the vessel, the conductors sunk in the side of the masts connecting with the sea through the metal bolts in the hull. After the terrible charge of electricity had fallen on the Chichester, Captain Stewart wrote: "I examined the planks about the bolts, and found all quite fair and water-tight." (These "bolts" formed the lower part of the system of conduction, passing through the bottom of the vessel and connecting with the water.) After twenty-five years' use there had not, as we learn from the *British Nautical Magazine* for March, 1853, been a solitary instance of serious damage by lightning on ships fitted with these conductors, though many had been struck by heavy discharges. In our own navy the conductors pass from the upper part of the mast over the side of the vessel.

It is not, however, to advocate making the gas- and water-pipes the main lines of conduction that I have made these citations, but to remove in some degree the dread of "having the lightning come into the house." A better conductor would be the metal covering of the roof when such material is used. When a good metallic connection is made between a metal roof and metal rain-conductors, which, in their turn, are well connected with the earth, nothing further is needed for complete protection than a rod soldered to the roof for each chimney or other projection. But as the lightning is liable to melt the plate

at the point where it enters, especially if the metal be tin or zinc, it is well to solder points at the angles. Some, "to make assurance doubly sure," carry the rods over the whole distance quite to the ground in addition. All authorities consider such a system as this to be as complete a defence against lightning as possible.

"If," says Harris, "a building or a ship were perfectly metallic in all its parts, no damage could possibly arise to it when struck by lightning, since the explosive action would vanish the instant the electrical agency entered the metal. In applying lightning-conductors, therefore, as a means of guarding against the destructive effects of lightning, our object should be to carry out this principle in all its generality, and bring the building or ship as nearly as possible into that state of passive electrical resistance it would have supposing the whole mass were iron throughout."

After the most careful and extended inquiry possible to him, it is the writer's conclusion that in nearly every case of serious damage by lightning to a building having conductors of any well-known system (except the horizontal, which is not a conductor at all in the usual sense of the word), the failure to protect has been on account of a *defective ground-connection*. The fact is the more surprising as this connection is so much within control and is the least costly part of the system. This fault has arisen from the failure of lightning-rod men, as well as owners of buildings, to apprehend what constitutes a ground-connection for electricity. If the eye sees the end of the conductor pass a short distance beneath the surface, all the connection necessary is thought to be effected, because "the ground is always wet enough in a shower." In the cities it is customary to connect the rod with the water- or gas-pipes in the street, which makes the conduction perfect. In the absence of these it is best to carry the rod to a well; and it is always desirable to enlarge the lower end of the conductor, which may be done by soldering it there to a sheet of copper. If the termination of the line cannot be car-

ried to a well, it should be deeply buried in a bed of coke or charcoal that has been subjected to a red heat.

A season or two ago a large barn in the vicinity of Boston was struck by lightning, and though there were rods at three of the four corners, three kine were killed by the discharge. The barn stood upon the side of a hill, having a cellar and sub-cellar, the bottom of the last being very moist. An ox stood in one corner, a cow in another and a heifer at a third, and each received a fatal stroke. On examination it was found that the rods entered the ground to the depth of only about one foot, and the soil, being dry, perfectly insulated them. Consequently, on the way to damp earth the currents jumped to the nearest conductors, which happened to be these unfortunate animals. In placing conductors it must not be forgotten that dry earth in general is not a conductor. Neither will any small quantity of surface water serve to check the rage of the electric stroke, unless there is a connection of moisture with the mass of moisture below the soil.

The depth to which lightning may penetrate before it is so dissipated as to lose its dangerous character is shown by the fulgurites, or "lightning-tubes," sometimes found in sandy soils. Their formation has been conclusively traced to disruptive electrical discharges from the clouds, which have melted the sand by the intense heat generated in passing through to a moist earth. These tubes generally divide into prongs, like a parsnip, as they descend. The inner surface is smooth and very bright. It scratches glass and strikes fire as a flint. They are sometimes found three inches in external diameter, and extending to a depth of thirty feet. In one instance five of these tubes were found in a single hill.

This tendency of certain localities to receive the electrical discharge is further illustrated by the number of times certain buildings in every considerable town have been struck. As before stated, the elevation of the structure does not seem to be the determining influence in directing the stroke, for the unfortunate edifice often stands much lower than some oth-

ers in the vicinity which have always escaped. Numerous illustrations of this fact are found in the records of European countries. Hollis Street Church in Boston has been struck several times, though the ground on which it stands is but little above the level of the sea, while the State-House, on the very apex of Beacon Hill, with great quantities of metal in surface and mass, is not known ever to have received a disruptive discharge. It has been supposed that the copper covering of the roof, including the gilded dome, its rain-pipes and four excellent lightning-rods, have had the effect of neutralizing the air about it by constant conduction of mild currents. Yet the rod on the spire of Somerset Street Church, near by and eastward of the State-House, but lower, has been seen to receive a disruptive discharge. Bunker Hill Monument, about a mile north-west and some twenty feet higher, has several times received powerful discharges, which a good conductor has always carried harmlessly away.

There has also been observed a tendency of the current not only to strike certain buildings, but to enter the earth at a certain point whenever such buildings are struck. Some of our oldest and most successful applicers of rods believe that at certain points there are natural electric currents, or at least readier conduction for them than at others. Yet these points can become known only by repeated disasters. Lightning-rod men who are adepts in their business now take care to overcome adverse currents by enlarging the lower part of the conductors and by carrying them to greater depth.

Soon after the powder-magazine of the Boston Navy Yard was completed the neighboring residents grew fearful, and petitioned the authorities that it should be better protected from lightning. It had already four excellent rods, one at each corner of the building; but to these peaceful and unwarlike citizens every thunderstorm was a great battle in which their homes were in danger of destruction and their own lives in jeopardy. The result of their action was, that a trench four feet deep was dug entirely around the magazine, and in its bottom was laid a

continuous line of sheet copper four inches in width: to this the plate of each rod was soldered, and then the soil was replaced.* No one could doubt now that the stealthy upward stroke would be caught and the mysterious earth-currents overcome. It is supposed that thenceforth the tremors of the good citizens ceased. The massive magazine with its fiery contents yet stands, though terrible peals of thunder have shaken it and fearful bolts have fallen near. GEORGE J. VARNEY.

THE SEA'S SECRET.

JUST as it is, it hath been, love, I know—
 So long ago
 That time and place have faded: I forget
 What rivers ran, what hills closed round us; yet
 Thus much my soul remembers: thou and I
 Saw the sun's rise and set, felt life slip by.

And then it was that first the deep-voiced sea
 Sang low to thee and me
 Its ancient secrets by the lonely shore;
 And we two watched the strange birds dip and soar
 Between the fading sea-line, far and dim,
 And the white dazzle of the sands' long rim.

All that thou saidst—all that we heard and told
 In some lost language old—
 Has perished like the speech; yet *this* remains:
 From the vast desert of the ocean-plains
 A great moon climbing, with a dull red glare
 Like smouldering fire, far up the purple air.

And then—I cannot grasp it—yet I *know*
 That something, long ago,
 Held fast thy soul to mine with cords of pain
 And marvellous joy, and love's sweet loss and gain.
 All save that love the years have swept away—
 A thousand years, a single yesterday!

But when my soul dreams, by the lonely sea,
 Back to eternity,
 I hear an echo, through its hollow moan,
 From those lost lives drowned in the centuries gone:
 I catch the haunting memory, and I know
 The secret that you told me long ago.

G. A. DAVIS.

* It is not usual that the body of moisture can be reached so near the surface, but this magazine is situated on low ground.

DUNGENESS, GENERAL GREENE'S SEA-ISLAND PLANTATION.

SOUTHERNMOST of those famed "Sea Islands" of Georgia, lying right in sight of Florida's northern shore, on the northern verge of the tropic border-land, Cumberland Island presents its beach-front to the ocean. It unites with itself all those attractions which have made Florida famous—all but river and lake: it has the balmiest climate in the South; the vegetation of its forests is semi-tropical; it has game in abundance. It has all these, and yet its territory is now a waste.

In November I visited it, and again in April, and later in August. To reach it one must go first to St. Mary's, the town farthest south on the Georgia coast, or to Fernandina, the northernmost city in Florida. In either case he will have to hire a boat and a boatman, and in either case he must carry with him his provisions.

St. Mary's in April is St. Mary's in August—a drowsy, quaint old town, warm in the daytime and cool at night; hot in the sunlight, but with cool sea-breezes. The streets of St. Mary's are her glory: they are one hundred feet wide, carpeted with a green sward smooth as a shaven lawn, lined with live-oaks and china trees. In April the latter are in full bloom, their lilac blossoms hanging in dense panicles, the green leaves flecking them just enough to afford contrast, and the sombre Spanish moss depending gracefully from every branch and limb. Great gaudy butterflies are continually hovering over them and fluttering uneasily from flower to flower, and gleaming humming-birds, our own Northern summer visitors (the *Trochilus colubris*), are flashing from tree to tree, now poised a moment in air, now sipping honey from the tiny cups.

From the lighthouse dome at Fernandina one can look over half the island, trace the white sand-beach miles to the south—follow it north till it curves inland where Amelia Sound, the mouth of the St. Mary's River, forms the harbor.

Away north runs up Cumberland Beach, and among the trees and over a broad stretch of marsh gleam white the ruins of "Dungeness." West, again, one sees the gloomy pines of the main land, behind which the sun goes down, lighting gloriously the marsh and silver threads of the river.

Unlike the seasons of the North, there is here no perceptible line of demarcation between them. We cannot positively assert that spring has opened or summer or winter begun. As for autumn and harvest-time, the crops are being continually gathered in. So since the year came in I have seen various plants and shrubs in bloom that ought to open with spring. Up the Ocklawaha in January I saw the blackberry or dewberry in blossom; and ever since, along the St. John's in that month and February, on the banks of the St. Mary's in February and March, and even here, in Fernandina and St. Mary's, it is blossoming and bearing fruit. It is this week—the first week in April—that we obtained the first fruit for the table, buying it for ten cents a quart. It puzzles one to think of planting. When must he begin? Last Christmas one of our truck-farmers had a large crop of peas ready to harvest: a chance frost gobbled them up, however: now (April) peas and potatoes are in their prime.

By the middle of April the china trees have dropped their blossoms, and the streets beneath are strewn with withered flowers. The fragrance that filled the air has departed with the humming-birds and butterflies. The pomegranate still continues in bloom: its vividly-scarlet flowers have delighted us ever since the middle of March. The figs commenced leafing with the month: now they are green with broad leaves, and in the axil of each appears the rudiment of a fruit. They are grotesquely gnarled and twisted, taking most unthought-of shapes and positions. The mocking-birds have mated and begun the construction of their nests.

Their music is delightful: nearly all the day long they sing, and sometimes in the night. It seems almost wicked—to mercenary man—to think that birds worth twenty-five dollars apiece are freely fluttering about unharmed. When the breeding season has opened, however, it will not close without some family of mocking-birds being made desolate, for the young Ethiopian hath an ear for music, and most eagerly seeketh the young bird in its downy nest, trusting to the unsuspecting Yankee for remuneration therefor.

The month went out in glorious style: every morning of its thirty days had opened with unclouded sky, and each night's sun went down with a blaze of glory that flooded the marshes with golden light and left painted on the sky clouds of royal purple and crimson. Two or three showers sprang upon us in the afternoon, ending after a stay of an hour or two, cooling the air and refreshing weary man most wonderfully. Plums and peaches are nearly grown and turning color. They afford another illustration of the dilatory motions of vegetation here. In January I left some plum trees in full bloom: returning a month later, I found the same trees still white with flowers. The peaches were pink with bloom in February and March, and even in April some blushing flowers appear.

This was Fernandina and St. Mary's in April: in August the latter town had changed but little. The streets were as green as in early spring: the flowers were fewer, but the air was heavy with the fragrance of crape-myrtle and orange. It was hot in the morning, but an early breeze from the ocean soon came in, blowing with refreshing coolness all day long. It was even pleasanter than in spring and winter, the air clearer and more bracing, and annoying insects had disappeared.

St. Mary's is intimately connected with Cumberland Island in history. In the war of 1812 the island was taken, and the slaves were offered their freedom by Admiral Cockburn; but such was their attachment to the place and their masters that but one availed himself of this opportunity to escape. At Point Peter,

where the main land of Georgia terminates in the marshes of St. Mary's, a fight occurred, and there are yet the remains of an earthwork thrown up by the Americans to repulse the British fleet in its advance on St. Mary's.

The oldest inhabitant of St. Mary's, who is said to have scored a century, old "Daddy Paddy"—a negro who bears in his face the tattooing of his native Africa—participated in that fight. He lives in a little cabin on a street by the wharf, and devotes his time to fishing, at which he is very expert. Upon being questioned regarding the fight, he seemed rather hazy as to dates, but was positive as to the time he first saw America: "De wah ob de rebenue was jes' clar' peace when I land at Charleston from Afriky. Was young man den, jes' growd. No, sah, nebah saw Gin'l Wash'tun, but heah ob him, sah: he fout wid de British, sah, an' gain de vic'try at New Orleans, sah."

"That was General Jackson, uncle."

"No, sah! Gin'l Jackson mout ha' ben thar, but Gin'l Wash'tun, he hab a han' in it. Yes, sah, I'se de fust settlah, sah: was in St. Mary's afo' a street was laid out [in 1787], an' 'twas all bay-gall an' hammock."

The Indian name of Cumberland Island was Missoe ("beautiful land"), and this was changed when Oglethorpe visited the island, at the request of an Indian chief who had received some kindness from the duke of Cumberland. It is related in an old English record, of which I have seen a copy, that the duke was so well pleased at this evidence of good-will that he caused a hunting-lodge to be erected there, and named it Dungeness, after his country-seat, Castle Dungeness, on the cape of Dungeness in the county of Kent. From that time until the breaking out of the Revolution it was "owned successively by peers of the British realm."

The island is eighteen miles in length and from half a mile to three miles in breadth. The soil is sandy, adapted to the culture of cotton, corn, potatoes, etc.: pomegranates, olives, dates, figs, limes, lemons, oranges and melons yield abundant crops. The great frost of 1835, which

extended over the entire peninsula of Florida, destroyed the fine groves of orange trees: at one time this fruit was shipped in schooner-loads, and from one tree three thousand oranges have been gathered. The forest trees are live-oak, cedar and a few pines. A most interesting fact in the history of the island is found in its chronicles, for here were obtained the timbers for the Constitution (Old Ironsides), that noble frigate so well known to every American. Some of the stumps of the indestructible live-oak from which the timber was cut for her ribs may yet be seen. Deer, raccoons, bear and 'possum are abundant in the thick forest. The climate is temperate and healthy: many of the former slaves live to a great age. The island has never been afflicted by fever: while the town of Brunswick, to the north, and Fernandina, just across the channel to the south, have been scourged by Yellow Jack, Cumberland has ever remained untouched. St. Mary's, across the marshes on the main land, also boasts this immunity.

The creeks of the marshes swarm with fish of every sort, and there are oyster-beds containing large and toothsome bivalves. With 'possums and 'coons, fish and oysters, is it strange that Cuffie clung to his old home long after his master had left it? is it a matter of wonder that there yet remains a remnant of the old slave population, houseless and poverty-stricken, clinging to the island that once gave them so delightful a home? At the close of the war, it is related, Mr. Stafford, proprietor of the central portion of the island, burned his negro houses to the ground, telling his people to go, as he had no more use for them nor they for him. Cumberland to-day is nearly depopulated, the fertile cotton- and corn-fields run to waste, and wild hogs and half-wild horses roam over the pasture and scrub that cover once-cultivated fields.

The history of this island commences with that of Georgia. We read that in 1742 the Spaniards invaded Georgia and landed on the island. With a fleet of thirty-six sail and with more than three thousand troops from Havana and St. Augustine, they entered the harbor of

St. Simons, north of Cumberland, and erected a battery of twenty guns. General Oglethorpe, with eight hundred men, exclusive of Indians, was then on the island. He withdrew to his fort at Frederica, and anxiously awaited reinforcements from Carolina. By turning to account the desertion of a French soldier he precipitated the attack of the Spaniards, and on their march to Frederica they fell into an ambushade. Great slaughter ensued, and they retreated precipitately. The place of conflict is to this day known as "Bloody Marsh." The Spaniards retreated south along the coast in their vessels, and on their way attacked Fort William, at the southern extremity of Cumberland Island, but were repulsed with loss. This fort, which was constructed, I think, by Oglethorpe, is placed on the extreme southern end of Cumberland in a map of the island made in 1802. Even then the fort was half submerged at high water, and at the present day its site is far out in the channel. The water of the river-mouth is constantly encroaching upon the land, and the ruins of a house once standing upon the southern point may be seen, it is said, beneath the water at low tide. Old Fort William has been seen within the memory of residents of St. Mary's, but likewise beneath the waves.

About 1770 that rare naturalist and botanist, William Bartram, landed here and traversed the island, being set across to Amelia Island (Fernandina) by a hunter whom he found living here. He was then at the commencement of his romantic journeyings among the Seminole Indians up the St. John's River, then running through a wilderness. Another fortification, Fort St. Andrew, situated on the north-west point of the island, may still be traced by the ruins of its walls. A well is known there into which, it is said, the English threw ten thousand pounds in silver upon the approach of the Spaniards. In this way, by vestiges of foundation-walls, are indicated the various settlements of the island—mansions and cabins that have passed away, leaving no other sign but these sad memorials of the past.

At the conclusion of peace, and immediately after the close of the Revolution, the southern portion of Cumberland Island came into the possession of General Nathaniel Greene. It is said by some to have been presented to him by the State of Georgia in connection with the beautiful estate of Mulberry Grove, where he removed with his family and took up his residence. His lamentably premature death prevented the consummation of his design to build here a retreat in which to spend the hot summer months. He had resided but a year upon his estate of Mulberry Grove, and had hardly commenced to beautify and adorn this chosen residence of his maturer years, when a sunstroke cut him down in the prime of his life.

The general had selected the site of the mansion to be built at Dungeness, and had planned the grounds, laid out a garden—which subsequently became famous for its tropical products and roses—and had lined through the forests of live-oak those avenues which have since grown to such magnificent proportions. As has been related, he did not live to see the completion of his work, but died almost at its very inception. In 1786 the year of his death, the foundation-walls were laid of the mansion—home of Dungeness, but the building was not finished till 1803. Even after it had been occupied for years, and during the sixty years and more it was used as a residence by the descendants of General Greene, there remained a few unfinished rooms. A tradition in the family to the effect that some great misfortune would befall it if the building were finished prevented, it is said, its completion. In the early part of the present century it was the most elegant residence on the coast.

A mound of shells, the accumulation of centuries and the result of countless Indian feasts, rose high above the southern marsh of Cumberland. A forest of live-oaks surrounded it on three sides, and at its feet ran the broad creek which wound through the marsh for miles, seeking the Sound at a point opposite the Florida shore. Here, for ages of time, the Indians of the South had resorted to feast

upon the oysters with which the creek was filled. The Creek Indians—the most honorable with whom the United States ever had dealings, from whom sprang the Seminoles, and who occupied the entire territory of Georgia and Carolina at the period of the white man's advent—were the last who aided in the erection of this monument to a race now passed away. The summit of this shell-mound was levelled for the site of the house, and a terraced area of an acre or more constructed with the shells. Upon this base, raised above the general level of the island, its foundations were laid. It was four stories in height above the basement, and from cellar-stone to eaves was forty-five feet. There were four chimneys and sixteen fireplaces, and twenty rooms above the first floor. The walls at the base were six feet in thickness, and above the ground four feet. They were composed of the material known as "tabby," a mixture of shells, lime and broken stone or gravel with water; which mass, being pressed in a mould of boards, becomes when dry as hard and durable as rock. The walls are now as solid as stone itself. The second story above the terrace contained the principal rooms: the room in the south-east corner was the drawing-room in the time of the Shaws and the Nightingales. The room immediately back of the drawing-room, in the north-east corner, was the dining-room: a wide hall ran through the centre, upon the opposite side of which were two rooms, used respectively as school- and sewing-room. Above these apartments, in the third story, were the chambers. That directly above the drawing-room is the most interesting of all, for it was occupied by General Harry Lee, who was confined there by sickness, and there died. The interior of the house corresponded with its exterior in beauty of finish and magnificence of decoration and appointments.

Enclosed by a high wall of masonry (the "tabby" just described) was a tract of twelve acres devoted to the cultivation of flowers and tropical fruits. This wall, now broken down in places and overgrown with ivy- and trumpet-vines, yet divides the garden from the larger fields

once devoted to cotton and cane. The gardener's house was next the mansion, and joined to it by this high wall. The garden lay to the south, reaching the marsh in successive terraces. On and about the semicircular terrace immediately around the house were planted crape-myrtle, clove trees and sago-palms: some yet remain to indicate what an Eden-like retreat was this garden of spices and bloom half a century ago. The first broad terrace, which ran the entire length of the garden-wall east and west, was divided by an avenue of olives, which separated in front of the house, leaving a space in which were two noble magnolias. A broad walk ran from the house to the lower garden, which was divided from the other by a thick-set hedge of mock-orange: in this garden was another walk bordered by olives. This space was entirely devoted to flowers: on each side was a grove of orange trees, and in the lower garden were the fig, India-rubber and date-palm, the golden date of Africa. Of trees there were the camphor tree, coffee, Portuguese laurel, "tree of Paradise," crape-myrtle, guava, lime, orange, citron, pomegranate, sago-palm and many others whose home is in the tropics. The delicious climate of this island, several degrees warmer than that of the main land in the same latitude, enabled the proprietors of this insular Paradise to grow nearly all the fruits of the torrid zone.

A little tongue of land runs from the garden into the marsh, an elevation of the original shell-mound, covered with oaks hung with long gray moss. This was called "The Park," and here the inhabitants of this favored estate would resort for recreation in the afternoon and evening. Near this strip of land, beneath the shade of an immense live-oak, luxuriates a clump of West India bamboo, said to have originated from a single stalk brought here by General Lee. The feathery lances clash and rattle with all the wild abandon characteristic of them in their native isles. I have not seen a more perfect group outside the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

From the walls of the second story—

if you wish to view the wide-extended prospect to the south you must clamber there—you can look across three thousand acres of salt marsh to Fernandina and St. Mary's, along the river and beach, across miles of ocean. Ivy climbs the corner wall of the ruins and covers garden-wall and trees. Ruin everywhere stares you in the face: on every side are deserted fields and gardens—fields that employed the labor of four hundred negroes; fields that were fertile and yielded large crops of the famous "Sea-Island cotton." Bales from this estate were never "sampled." The Sea-Island cotton that took the prize at the World's Fair in London was raised on this island.

East of the garden, stretching toward the ocean-beach, is the olive-grove. Seventy years ago the first olive trees were imported from Italy and the south of France. They grew and flourished, and years ago this grove yielded a profit to its owners. In 1755, Mr. Henry Laurens of South Carolina imported and planted olives, capers, limes, ginger, etc., and in 1785 the olive was successfully grown in South Carolina; but probably there is not at the present day a grove equal in extent to this. It was estimated that a large tree would average a gallon of oil per year: there were eight hundred planted and brought to a flourishing and profitable stage of growth. There are several hundred now, scattered through a waste of briars and scrub and overgrown with moss.

But the avenues? In the hottest day there are shade and coolness beneath the intertwined branches of the live-oaks that arch above them. The eye is refreshed in gazing down these vistas over the leaf-strewn floors of sand. The sunshine sifts through the arch above, flecking the roadway with a mosaic of leaves and boughs in light and shade. From the limbs hang graceful pennons of Spanish moss, festooned at the sides, waved by every wind, changing in every light. Grapevines with stems six inches in diameter climb into the huge oaks and swing from tree to tree, linking limb with limb: the tree-tops are purple with great fruit-clusters. To the whole scene the

dwarf palmetto gives a semi-tropic aspect. There are no signs of life, save a lizard darting over the leaves, stopping midway to look at you with bright eyes. In the evening the squirrels come out in countless numbers, and their crashing leaps may be heard in all directions; bright cardinal-birds, Florida jays and gay nonpareils enliven the gloom; the jays chatter in the branches and mocking-birds carol from the topmost limbs. It is one of the joys of earth to walk through the Grand Avenue of Dungeness at sunset.

There were, when the estate was in prosperous condition, eleven miles of avenues, seven miles of beach, eight miles of walks and nine miles of open roads. Grand Avenue, running midway the length of the island, was cleared eighteen miles, to High Point. There are now but three miles cleared, but you can look straight down beneath the arch of live-oaks for more than a mile of its length. From the Sound to the beach, crossing Central Avenue, ran River Avenue for a distance of about a mile.

This live-oak forest, which covers several thousand acres, is densely filled with scrub palmetto, impenetrable almost, and so difficult to pierce that the deer with which the forest swarms choose the old paths and roadways in their walks from sleeping- to feeding-grounds. The hunters take advantage of this, and after starting their dogs in the scrub post themselves on the main avenues where the paths intersect, and shoot the deer as they jump out. The deer of the island are estimated by thousands, and a State law which prohibits the hunting of deer with dogs, except with the owner's permission, has aided in their increase. Halfway up the island are numerous ponds, to which ducks resort in the winter in vast numbers. Bear are plentiful in the deep woods, and their tracks, with those of the deer in greater abundance, are often found crossing the abandoned fields.

Three hundred feet in width, hard as stone, shell-strewn, between wind-hollowed sand-dunes and foaming surf, this beach of Cumberland stretches for twenty miles. The sands that border it are

covered with a network of beautiful convolvulus, tufts of sea-oats with nodding plumes, and picturesque clumps of Spanish bayonet (*Yucca gloriosa*) with pyramids of snowy flowers. This and the prickly pear suggest the climate of the tropics. I find them on the sandhills bordering the ocean-beach, the wind-swept dunes between the "beach-hammock" and the hard sand of the wave-washed beach. They are called barren by many, these sandhills of the Atlantic coast, but I never find them so. To me they are always attractive, whether I am traversing the sand-slopes of Cape Cod or the similar ones of Florida. Even the grasses possess a character of their own—gracefully erect, tiny circles traced about them where the last wind has caused them to brush the sand. Here too are grasses rare and beautiful—the feathery fox-tail, the tall, loose-branched sea-oats, and many others with names unknown, which you may see ornamenting the famous palmetto hats.

So fascinating are these sand-dunes that one wanders among them for hours, following in the paths worn by the feet of cattle which roam these hills and the neighboring marsh in a half-wild state. Sometimes the banks will shelve abruptly, hollowed out by the wind, and one can look down into a hole ten or twenty feet deep, arched over by thorn-bushes, grapevines and a species of bay. These sand-caverns are of frequent occurrence. There are clumps of scrubby oak completely covered with scarlet honeysuckle and trumpet-flower. While seeking to investigate one of these I startled a hen-quail, which, after whirring rapidly out of sight, returned and manifested much anxiety by plaintive calls. This is a queer place for quail: in the neighborhood of old fields, where they can easily run out and glean a hasty meal from weeds and broken ground, is their chosen place for a nest.

Along the surface of the sea long lines of pelicans pursue a lumbering flight; graceful terns (sea-swallows) skim the waves; a great blue heron stalks across the hard sand, majestic, solitary and shy of man's approach; and dainty lit-

tle beach-birds, piping plover in snowy white and drab, glide rapidly past the surf-line. A mile below Beach Avenue is a high sandhill shelving abruptly toward the beach, half-buried trees projecting from its western slope: it is now known as "Eagle Cliff," so called by the proprietor of Dungeness from the fact of my shooting an eagle there one day in November.

In the beach-hammock are the same wind-hollowed hills, rooted into permanence by twisted oaks and magnolias. Upon their limbs in April the Spanish moss and air-plants were just blossoming, the former into little star-like, hardly-discernible flowers, the latter throwing up a green stem with a pink terminal bud, which in August had burst into a spike of crimson flowers. Curious lichens cover the rough trunks of these oaks—some gray, some ashy-white, some pink, some scarlet like blotches of blood. The *Mitchella*, the little partridge-berry, is here in bloom, and has been since the year came in.

The marsh that borders the beach-hammock and spreads a sea of silvery green before the mansion is not barren of attractions. Inquisitive and faint-hearted fiddler-crabs are darting in and out of their holes in the mud: an alligator now and then shows a hint of a head above the water of the creek, along whose banks walk daintily and proudly egrets and herons robed in white, and from the reeds of which myriads of water-hens send up a deafening chatter.

Midway between the mansion and the beach, in the southern corner of the orchard of olive trees, which overhang and surround it, is the graveyard of the family. It is the last object to which in this narrative I call attention, but to the visitor it is the most interesting, the fullest of memories of the past. By a winding and secluded path from the deserted garden, along the banks of the solitary marsh, beneath great water-oaks hung with funereal moss, one reaches this little cemetery, a few rods of ground wall-ed in from the adjoining copsewood—

A lonesome acre, thinly grown
With grass and wandering vines.

Three tombs and three headstones indicate at least six of the graves with which this little lot is filled. In one of these graves rest the bones of her who shared the fortunes of the gallant general, the "Washington of the South," when he rested after the last decisive battle and retired to his Georgia plantation. In another lies buried his daughter, and in another the gallant "Light-Horse Harry," who so ably assisted him at Eutaw Springs—the brave and eloquent Lee. Upon the first marble slab is engraven, "In memory of Catherine Miller (widow of the late Major-General Nathaniel Greene, Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolutionary Army in the Southern Department in 1783), who died Sept. 2d, 1814, aged 59 years. † She possessed great talents and exalted virtues." Phineas Miller, Esq., a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Yale College, who had been engaged by General Greene as law-tutor to his son, managed the widow's estates after the general's death, and later married her. His grave is here, though unmarked by any stone.

And this name revives the memory of one of the greatest inventions of the eighteenth century. Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, was born in Westborough, Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. In 1792 he obtained a position as tutor to the children of a Georgia planter, but owing to the imperfect postal regulations his letter of acceptance was not received, and on arriving in Savannah he found his place occupied by another. Without means or friends, he was in great want, when his circumstances became known to Mrs. Greene (then residing at Mulberry Grove), who, being a lady of benevolent heart, invited him to make her house his home until he should find remunerative employment.

One day, while this lady was engaged in working a sort of embroidery called "tambour-work," she complained to young Whitney that the frame she was using was too rough and tore the delicate threads. Anxious to gratify his benefactress, Whitney quickly constructed a frame so superior in every respect that she thought it a great invention. It

chanced shortly after that a party of gentlemen, many of them old friends and officers who had served under General Greene, met at her house, and were discussing the merits and profits of cotton, which had been lately introduced into the State. One of them remarked that unless some machine could be devised for removing the seed it would never be a profitable crop (the cleaning of one pound of cotton being then a day's work). Mrs. Greene, who heard the remark, replied that a young man, a Mr. Whitney, then in her house, could probably help them. She then sent for Whitney, introduced him, extolled his genius and commended him to their friendship. He set to work under great disadvantages, having to make his tools, and even his wires, which at that time could not be had in Savannah. By Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller he was furnished with abundant means wherewith to complete his machine. It was first exhibited privately to a select company, but it could not long remain a secret, and its fame, which spread rapidly throughout the South, was the cause of great excitement. The shop containing the model was broken open and the machine was stolen: by this means the public became possessed of the secret, and before another could be made a number of machines were in successful operation.

A partnership was entered into between Miller and Whitney, and in 1793 a large area was planted with cotton in expectation that the new gin would enable them to market it at little expense. In 1795 their shops, which had been removed to New Haven, were destroyed by fire, thus reducing the firm to the verge of bankruptcy. The faith and energy of Mr. Miller are well shown in the following letter, written from Dungeness to Whitney in New Haven: "I think we ought to meet such events with equanimity. We are pursuing a valuable object by honorable means, and I believe our measures are such as are justified by virtue and morality. It has pleased Providence to postpone the attainment of this object. In the midst of all the reflections called up by our misfortunes, while feeling keenly sensitive to the loss, injury and wrong

we have sustained, I feel an exultant joy that you possess a mind similar to my own, that you are not disheartened, that you will persevere and endeavor at all hazards to attain the main object. I will devote all my time, all my thoughts, all my exertions, all the fortune I possess and all the money I can borrow, to compass and complete the business we have undertaken; and if fortune should by any future disaster deprive us of our reward, we will at least have deserved it."

While thus embarrassed information came from England that the cotton cleaned by their gins was ruined. Whitney nearly gave way under the strain, and wrote to Mr. Miller at Dungeness: "Our extreme embarrassments are now so great that it seems impossible to struggle longer against them. It has required my utmost exertions to exist, without making any progress in our business. I have labored hard to stem the strong current of disappointment which threatens to carry us over the cataract, but have labored with a shattered oar, and in vain unless some speedy help come. Life is short at best, and six or seven of its best years are an immense sacrifice to him who makes it."

Returning South, he constructed a new model (it is said at Dungeness), with the object in view so to improve upon the old one as to remove the seed without injury to the staple. It was first tried in the presence of Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller, but found lacking in an important particular. Mrs. Greene exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Whitney, you want a brush," and with a stroke of her handkerchief removed the lint. Comprehending her idea at once, he replied, "Mrs. Greene, you have completed the cotton-gin."

With the further fortunes of the brave inventor we have no more to do, as that part of his history intimately connected with Dungeness ends here. His subsequent trials, disappointments, triumphs, all the world knows. His friend and partner, who so nobly sustained him, lies buried here, so tradition says, having died in 1806 of lockjaw caused by running an orange-thorn through his hand while removing trees from Florida to Dungeness.

Near the tomb of Mrs. Miller is another: "Sacred to pure affection. This simple stone covers the remains of James Shaw. His virtues are not to be learned from perishable marble; but when the records of Heaven shall be unfolded it is believed they will be found written there in characters as durable as the volumes of eternity. Died January 6th, 1820, aged 35 years." And by the side of this latter another marble slab, with this inscription, which explains itself: "Louisa C. Shaw, relict of James Shaw, Esq., and youngest daughter of Major-General Nathaniel Greene of the Army of the Revolution. Died at Dungeness, Georgia, April 24th, 1831, aged 45 years."

This ends the record of the residence of the family of General Greene at Dungeness. That they made it their home for many years is evident—that they removed here soon after the death of the general is probable. In the division of General Greene's possessions Dungeness became the property of Mrs. Shaw, his youngest daughter: she, dying childless, left it to her nephew, Phineas Miller Nightingale. Mrs. Nightingale, wife of the grandson of General Greene, to whom this property was given, was daughter of Rufus King, governor of New York, and granddaughter of Rufus King, minister to Great Britain during the elder Adams's administration. The Nightingales, descendants of General Greene, remained in undisturbed possession until the late war, dispensing unbounded hospitality at their princely mansion. During the war the house was occupied by Northern troops until its close, when, through the negligence of some negro refugees, it was burned. Its ruins alone testify to the wealth of former years which now is departed, and the broad acreage of untilled fields and the ruined negro cabins cry out loudly for those who will never return to bless them.

Let us turn once more to that cemetery in the olive-grove. Another stone claims our attention, a tablet to the memory of him who pronounced those glowing words, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen:" "Sacred to the memory of Gen. Henry Lee of Virginia. Obiit 25 March, 1818, ætat. 63." In 1814, General Lee was injured by a mob in Baltimore, and never recovered. Early in 1818 he arrived at Dungeness from Cuba, whither he had gone to regain his health. He landed from a schooner at the river landing, a weak, decrepit old man, in whom it would have been difficult to recognize the dashing Light-Horse Harry of the Revolution. A grandson of General Greene's, Phineas Miller Nightingale, was loitering near the landing. Calling him, General Lee learned who he was, and despatched him to his aunt, Mrs. Shaw, with the intelligence of his arrival. "Tell her," said he, "that the old friend and companion of General Greene has come to die in the arms of his daughter."

A carriage was sent for him, and he was installed in the southern chamber above the drawing-room, and everything done to alleviate his pain that the kindest forethought could suggest. He lingered here some two months, and then passed away, and was buried in the family burying-ground. His only baggage at the time of his arrival was an old hair-covered trunk nailed round with brass-headed nails.

An anecdote is preserved in the family relating to the general's residence there. One of the servants, Sara by name—commonly called "the Duchess" from her stately demeanor—incurred his ill-will. General Lee once threatened to throw his boot at her, and the Duchess turned upon him and replied, "If you do I'll throw it back at you." This answer so pleased the old general that he would afterward permit no other servant to wait upon him.

Some years after his death a stone was placed above his grave by his son, General Robert E. Lee, who a few months prior to his death visited his father's grave in company with his daughter.

These are some of the associations that cluster about the ruins of Dungeness, giving to those ivy-grown walls, to forest and shore, an interest which mere attractions of scenery and climate could not awaken.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"WESTERN MEMORABILIA."

ONE of the pioneers of the old-book trade in New York was William J. Gowans, whose career as a dealer in old and rare books covered a period of nearly fifty years, and brought him into a contact more or less intimate with all the literary and many of the other notables of his day. Gowans had some literary aspirations, and in his old age projected a book which he proposed to call *Western Memorabilia*, and which was to consist of sketches and reminiscences of the famous men he had met in his career. This book was never published—somewhat to the loss of American literature, I am inclined to think after perusing some of its scattered fragments which have recently come into my possession. These are full of detail, and, as throwing light on the characters of some persons of whom far too little is known, are certainly worthy of preservation.

On Poe I find the following notes: "The characters drawn of Poe by his various biographers and critics may with safety be pronounced an excess of exaggeration, but this is not to be much wondered at when it is considered that these men were his rivals, either as poets or prose-writers, and it is well known that such are generally as jealous of each other as are the ladies who are handsome of those who desire to be considered so. It is an old truism, and as true as it is old, that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. I therefore will show you my opinion of this gifted but unfortunate genius: it may be estimated as worth little, but it has this merit: it comes from an eye- and ear-witness, and this, it must be remembered, is the very highest of legal evidence. For eight months or more, 'one house contained us, us one table fed.' During that time I saw much of him, and had an opportunity of conversing with him often; and I must say I never saw him the least affected with liquor, nor ever descend to

any known vice, while he was one of the most courteous, gentlemanly and intelligent companions I have ever met. Besides, he had an extra inducement to be a good man, for he had a wife of matchless beauty and loveliness: her eye could match that of any houri, and her face defy the genius of a Canova to imitate; her temper and disposition were of surpassing sweetness; in addition, she seemed as much devoted to him and his every interest as a young mother is to her first-born. During this time he wrote his longest prose romance, entitled the *Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym*. Poe had a remarkably pleasing and prepossessing countenance—what the ladies would call decidedly handsome. He died after a brief and fitful career at Baltimore, October, 1849, where his remains lie interred in an obscure burying-ground."

Of Simms he writes, under date of Oct. 15, 1868: "To-day I had the pleasure of a call from William Gilmore Simms, the novelist. He is quite affable in conversation, and apparently well stocked with general information, which he can impart with fluency. He appears somewhat downcast, or rather, I should say, has a melancholy cast of countenance: he is advanced in years, with a profusion of hair around his face, chin and throat—is apparently between sixty and seventy years of age. I requested him to enroll his name in my autograph-book, which he did with readiness. He remarked that he was often requested to do so, especially by the ladies. I replied that this was a debt which every man incurred when he became public property either by his words, actions or writings. He acquiesced in the justice of the remark. Mr. Simms was in search of a copy of Johnson's *History of the Seminoles*, to aid him in making a new book. He was accompanied by Mr. Duykinck."

Halleck is thus introduced: "On a certain occasion I was passing a Roman

Catholic church in New York : seeing the doors open and throngs of people pressing in, I stepped inside to see what I could see. I had not well got inside when I beheld Fitzgreene Halleck standing uncovered, with reverential attitude, among the crowd of unshorn and unwashed worshippers. I remained till I saw him leave. In doing so he made a courteous bow, as is the polite custom of the humblest of these people on taking their departure.

"On the subject of compliments paid him for poetical talents, Mr. Halleck once said to me, 'They are generally made by those who are ignorant or who have a desire to please or flatter, or perhaps a combination of all. As a general thing, they are devoid of sincerity, and rather offensive than pleasing. There is no general rule without its exception, however, and in my bagful of compliments I cherish one which comes under that rule, and reflecting upon it affords me real pleasure as it did then. On a warm day in summer a young man came into the office with a countenance glowing with ardor, innocence and honesty, and his eyes beaming with enthusiasm. Said he, "Is Mr. Halleck to be found here?" I answered in the affirmative. Continued he, with evidently increased emotion, "Could I see him?"—"You see him now," I replied. He grasped me by the hand with a hearty vigorosity that added to my conviction of his sincerity. Said he, "I am happy, most happy, in having had the pleasure at last of seeing one whose poems have afforded me no ordinary gratification and delight. I have longed to see you, and I have dreamt that I have seen you, but now I behold you with mine own eyes. God bless you for ever and ever! I have come eleven hundred miles, from the banks of the Miami in Ohio, mainly for that purpose, and I have been compensated for my pains."'

"Mr. Halleck told me that he had been solicited to write a life of his early and beloved friend Drake. 'But,' said he, 'I did not well see how I could grant such a request : I had no lever for my fulcrum. What could I say about one who had studied pharmacy, dissection, written a

few poems, and then left the scene of action? I had no material, and a mere meaningless eulogy would have been out of the question.'

"In personal appearance Halleck was rather below the medium height and well built : in walking he had a rather slow and shuffling gait, as if something afflicted his feet ; a florid, bland and pleasant countenance ; a bright gray eye ; was remarkably pleasant and courteous in conversation, and, as a natural consequence, much beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. But to that brilliancy in conversation which some of his admirers have been pleased to attribute to him in my opinion he could lay no claim. His library was sold at auction in New York on the evening of October 12, 1868. If the collection disposed of on that occasion was really his library in full, it must be confessed it was a sorry affair and meagre in the extreme. In surveying the collection a judge of the value of such property would perhaps pronounce it worth from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. The books brought fabulous prices—at least ten times their value. The company was large, good-humored and just in the frame of mind to be a little more than liberal, doubtless stimulated to be so from a desire to possess a relic of the departed poet who had added fame to the literature of his country. The following are the names of a few of the books and the prices they brought : *Nicholas Nickleby*, with the author's autograph, \$18 ; Bryant's little volume of poems entitled *Thirty Poems*, with the author's autograph, \$11 ; Campbell's *Poems*, with Halleck's autograph, \$8.50 ; *Catalogue of the Strawberry Hill Collection*, \$16 ; *Barnaby Rudge*, presentation copy by the author to Halleck, \$15 ; Cole-ridge's *Poems*, with a few notes by Halleck, \$10 ; *Fanny*, a poem by Mr. Halleck, \$10. The sum-total realized for his library was twelve hundred and fifty dollars."

Aaron Burr is the subject of some interesting reminiscences : "Shortly after I came to New York, Aaron Burr was pointed out to me as he was slowly wending his way up Broadway, between Cham-

bers street and the old theatre, on the City Hall side. I frequently afterward met him in this and other streets. He was always an object of interest, inasmuch as he had become an historical character, somewhat notoriously so. I will attempt to describe his appearance, or rather how he appeared to me: He was small, thin and attenuated in form, perhaps a little over five feet in height, weight not much over a hundred pounds. He walked with a slow, measured and feeble step, stooping considerably, occasionally with both hands behind his back. He had a keen face and deep-set, dark eye, his hat set deep on his head, the back part sunk down to the collar of the coat and the back brim somewhat turned upward. He was dressed in threadbare black cloth, having the appearance of what is known as shabby genteel. His countenance wore a melancholy aspect, and his whole appearance betokened one dejected, forsaken, forgotten or cast aside, and conscious of his position. He was invariably alone when I saw him, except on a single occasion: that was on the sidewalk in Broadway fronting what is now the Astor House, where he was standing talking very familiarly with a young woman whom he held by one hand. His countenance on that occasion was cheerful, lighted up and bland—altogether different from what it appeared to me when I saw him alone and in conversation with himself. Burr must have been a very exact man in his business-affairs. His receipt-book came into my possession. I found there receipts for a load of wood, a carpenter's work for one day, a pair of boots, milk for a certain number of weeks, suit of clothes, besides numerous other small transactions that but few would think of taking a receipt for. The book was but a sorry, cheap affair, and could not have cost when new more than fifty cents."

Edwin Forrest is thus mentioned: "At the time when Forrest was earning his reputation on the boards of the Bowery Theatre I was connected with that institution, and of course had an opportunity of seeing him every night he performed. Mr. Forrest appeared to be possessed of

the perfection of physical form, more especially conspicuous when arrayed in some peculiar costumes which tended to display it to the best advantage. He had a stentorian voice, and must have had lungs not less invulnerable than one of Homer's heroes. He had a fine masculine face and prepossessing countenance, much resembling many of the notable Greeks and Romans whose portraits have come down to our time, and a keen intellectual eye. His countenance at times assumed an air of hauteur which doubtless had become a habit, either from personating characters of this stamp or from a consciousness of his merited popularity. He left the impression on the beholder of one intoxicated with success and the repletion of human applause. He kept aloof from all around him, and condescended to no social intercourse with any one on the stage, and appeared to entertain a contempt for his audience. . . . He has now lost that mercurial, youthful appearance which was then so conspicuous, and which doubtless aided in laying the foundation of his widespread reputation. He was then straight as an arrow and elastic as a circus-rider, the very beau-ideal of physical perfection: now he bears the marks of decay, or rather, as is said of grain just before harvest, he has a ripe appearance. If he would consult his renown he would retire from the stage, and never set foot upon it again."

The fragments also contain notes on Bryant, Parton, Mrs. Siddons and several eminent divines and journalists. Of the latter class the fullest relate to James Gordon Bennett, founder of the *Herald*, and his coadjutor, William H. Attree. The following are extracts: "I remember entering the subterranean office of Mr. Bennett early in the career of the *Herald* and purchasing a single copy of the paper, for which I paid the sum of one cent only. On this occasion the proprietor, editor and vender was seated at his desk busily engaged in writing, and appeared to pay little or no attention to me as I entered. On making known my object in coming in, he requested me to put my money down on the counter and help myself to a pa-

per: all this time he continued his writing operations. The office was a single oblong, underground room. Its furniture consisted of a counter, which also served as a desk, constructed from two flour-barrels, perhaps empty, standing apart from each other about four feet, with a single plank covering both; a chair, placed in the centre, upon which sat the editor busy at his vocation, with an inkstand by his right hand; on the end nearest the door were placed the papers for sale. I attribute the success of the *Herald* to a combination of circumstances—to the peculiar fitness of its editor for his position, to its cheapness, and its advertising patronage, which was considerable. In the fourth place, it early secured the assistance of William H. Attree, a man of uncommon abilities as a reporter and a concocter of pithy as well as ludicrous chapters greatly calculated to captivate many readers. In fact, this clever and talented assistant in some respects never had his match. He did not, as other reporters do, take down in short-hand what the speaker or reader said, but sat and heard the passing discourse like any other casual spectator: when over he would go home to his room, write out in full all that had been said on the occasion, and that entirely from memory. On a certain occasion I hinted to him my incredulity about his ability to report as he had frequently informed me. To put the matter beyond doubt, he requested me to accompany him to Clinton Hall to hear some literary magnate let off his intellectual steam. I accordingly accompanied him as per arrangement. We were seated together in the same pew. He placed his hands in his pockets and continued in that position during the delivery of the discourse, and when it was finished he remarked to me that I would not only find the substance of this harangue in the *Herald* the next day, but that I would find it word for word. On the following morning I procured the paper, and read the report of what I had heard the previous evening; and I must say I was struck with astonishment at its perfect accuracy. Before Mr. Attree's time reporting for the press in New York was a mere outline or sketch

of what had been said or done, but he infused life and soul into this department of journalism. His reports were full, accurate, graphic; and, what is more, he frequently flattered the vanity of the speaker by making a much better speech for him than he possibly could for himself. Poor Attree died in 1849, and is entombed at Greenwood."

It is probable that other fragments of this work are in existence, and if so it is hoped that the publication of these will tend to their discovery. C. B. T.

CONCERNING NIGHT-NOISES.

MANY a time these summer nights am I startled out of my midnight sleep by a conversation like the following as two friends pause on the corner beneath my suburban window:

"Well, good-night."

"Good-night."

"Hold on a moment. I want to—"

"Oh yes. Rely on me. Do you think he will—"

"He promised."

"Oh, then he'll do it. Well, then, good—"

"Good-night, good-night."

"Wait an instant. But how shall I—"

". . . Now you understand?"

"Oh yes. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

After these exclamations, uttered with piercing distinctness, have been exchanged, the belated revellers from some club or whist-party or an evening at the theatre in town terminate their sweet sorrow at parting by going their several ways to their different homes, where, no doubt, on retiring to rest they sink at once into blameless slumber, ignorant of the fact that for me they have murdered sleep.

I had gone to bed betimes, wornout with hard mental labor: I had hoped for a night's repose to recruit my energies for the morrow. This sleep I craved was no luxurious indulgence of pampered inclination, but my stock in trade—my bone, my sinew, my heart's courage, my mental inspiration, the immediate jewel of my soul.

Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing:

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my NIGHT'S SLEEP
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

But let me now repose again: tenderly entreated, softly courted, sleep may return. There are many specifics for bringing slumber to mutinous eyelids. Let me remember what they are.

First. To think of the wind blowing on a field of grain. Watch with your mind's eye the long wavy undulations, the golden sheen which takes the light. What a dreamy, exquisite rhythm! (Still, I don't sleep.)

Second. Repeat the multiplication-table backward, from twelve times down to twice. (Hopeless, the only result being to render my mathematical powers acutely, preternaturally awake, so that I begin to estimate the magnitude of my summer expenses.)

Third. Try to decide where to spend the August vacation. I am thinking of Lake George, the Saguenay, Sea Girt, the White Mountains, when all at once I begin to yield drowsily to the influence of long conversations about nothing which take possession of my mind—mere gibberish, strings of words without sense. Thank Heaven, I am off! I am actually going to sleep. *Not yet!*

Down the street comes a man with an accordion. He is playing "Annie Laurie." Every now and then he strikes a wrong note. Excruciating agony! Did he render it correctly it might blend with a romantic dream, but when he insists on flating persistently, as for bonnie Annie Laurie he offers to lay him down and die, who is to bear it? And why does he not consummate the proffered sacrifice by dying at once? I would cheerfully bury him. He passes slowly, lingeringly, seeming to pause outside of my window, as if my casement enshrined that form like the snowdrift and that throat like the swan's. But, although he vanishes finally, the street has become alive. Two men pass in deeply-interesting conversation, one of them assuring the other that he has not done "a stroke's work" in two years. He is maudlin, of course. "A stroke's

work"? And as if any man could expect to find work and to do it after keeping such hours as these!

And now comes "the whistler." I had been expecting him. He is to-night whistling airs from *Pinafore*. The *Pirates*, thank Heaven! furnishes him no airs. He whistles—let me confess, reluctant although I am to do it—he whistles to perfection. There is nothing experimental, nothing tentative, in his notes, which come clear, sharp, in perfect time and tune.

The clock strikes two. It is the voice of doom, for presently the 2.19 freight-train will thunder slowly through our end of the town. It renders my case utterly hopeless. One might as well expect to sleep in momentary expectation of the Juggernaut. I know its every sound: I can feel the bridge at — Junction, five miles away, tremble under it. I listen and wait, every nerve on edge. A mile and a half the other side of our station the engine will first snort, then begin a series of shrieks—shrieks suggestive of warning, imminent danger, supreme peril, the climax of a tragical catastrophe. For at least five minutes shall I be compelled to listen while the engineer—if it be a real living engine-man who impels this chorus of fiends—runs the full scale of his shrill tooting, perhaps deeming it essential to the safety of the town, which ought to be asleep, or to the dignity of his long, creeping train of coal- and freight-laden cars.

Even the Juggernaut passes: it is gone. I emerge, faint and worn out from the trial. Now that it is toward three o'clock, everybody except the policeman in bed, and no more trains to come until after five, one might suppose there was some chance for an interval of peace, of repose. I get up and walk about a little in order to feel, with the opportunity, the inclination for slumber. Yes, it will come. . . .

Scarcely have I ventured to close my eyes again before there begins a chirp, a twitter, a general thrill of sound. All the birds are awake, and are soon in full chorus. Presently a flush of color will run around the horizon, and it will be dawn. The actual night has flown. I

can hear Smith, our grocery-man around the corner, setting off into the country for his milk and eggs. Several market-carts are abroad. . . . There goes an extra train, shrieking direly along the curve.

It is actually growing light. With the first gleam of day my excellent aunt—who embodies all my future expectations of wealth—sleeping in the next chamber, turns in her bed, yawns loudly and unreservedly, gets up and takes an observation, opening and closing her shutters with a bang. By breakfast-time my revered relation becomes a respectable and no longer a riotous member of society, but during the early morning hours her inventions for disturbing her neighbors are ingenious and diabolical.

By five o'clock the morning-trains begin, followed at half-past six by fifty factory-whistles. The children are awake and stirring. The housemaid is banging her utensils on piazza and in hallway: the cook is flirting with the milk- and butter-man at the back gate, and exclaiming "Oh Laws!" to some news or pleasantry of his. The licensed venders are abroad. There are all sorts of cries. It is less than an hour to breakfast. The night is lost: one foolish, intolerable noise has spoiled all.

L. W.

TABARIN, THE FRENCH MERRY-ANDREW.

THE French word *tabarin* is almost obsolete, and its English synonym, *merry-andrew*, is not much in vogue, but as they are andronymics, to coin a word, embalming the memories of two famous charlatans, they possess an abiding interest apart from all question of their use or disuse.

Andrew Borde and Tabarin were both charlatans and both famous, but here all resemblance between them ceases. The former was a witty and eccentric quack, who travelled about from place to place and country to country selling drugs and practising medicine in fairs and market-places, where his glib tongue readily gathered crowds and earned him the nickname which has since passed current in English as a generic term for buf-

foons of all sorts and conditions. The tenth volume of the *Extra Series* of the Early English Text Society is wholly devoted to Borde, and well repays perusal, although probably few who read it will agree with Mr. Furnivall, the editor, that "any one who would make him more of a merry-andrew than anything else is a bigger fool than he would make Borde."

Tabarin, however, was a veritable and inimitable clown, and his name has figured in French literature both as a proper and a common noun almost from the day that he and his partner, Mondor, set up their booth on the Pont Neuf. They began their sale of ointments and liniments in Paris about the year 1618, attracting custom by their absurd dialogues in the vein of the circus-clown and ring-master of to-day. Occasionally they left the city to try their luck in the provinces, but during most of their career they were to be found on the bridge near the entrance to the Place Dauphine. Tabarin retired from the business about 1630, but his partner continued at the old stand with a new clown, who must have been either less witty or more obscene than Tabarin, for in 1634 Mondor was abated as a nuisance by the authorities.

Tabarin was blessed with a wife and daughter: his wife's name was Francisquine; his daughter married the celebrated buffoon Gaultier Garguille. The story goes that when he left Mondor he bought a small country-place near Paris, where he passed his latter days comfortably on his earnings. There are two traditions current as to the manner of his death: according to one, he was killed by some noblemen in a hunting quarrel; according to the other, he died from the effects of heavy drinking for a wager. He is said to have styled himself Tabarin because he usually appeared in a little tabard, called in Italian *tabarrino*, but his true name and his nationality are alike unknown.

Tabarin's pleasantries, as jotted down by members of his audiences, have been given to the world at divers times in various forms, and have latterly been collected and published in a body with those of his less successful rival Gratteland; but

very few of them are suited to nineteenth-century taste, and most of them are gross to the last degree. Some of the presentable ones are here given, and may serve as specimens of his manner, though they will scarcely account for his reputation :

Tab. Who are the politest people in the world, master ?

Mon. I've travelled in Spain, Italy and Germany, and I assure you that the French nation is by all odds the most courteous. They are the only people in the world that kiss and compliment, and above all take off hats.

Tab. Take off hats ! If that's courtesy I don't want any of it.

Mon. Taking off hats, Tabarin, is an ancient custom originating among the Romans. It is done in token of goodwill.

Tab. So you say taking off hats is the pink of politeness ? Now, if that's so, do you want to know who I think are the politest people ?

Mon. Yes : who ?

Tab. Why, our Paris street-thieves, for they don't stop at taking off hats, but take cloaks off too.

* * * * *

Tab. Master, why don't they let women take orders ?

Mon. Because the sex is frail, Tabarin, and not worthy to conduct the services of the Church, which are sacred mysteries.

Tab. Humbug ! It's because they always will have the last word, so it wouldn't do to let them give the responses. Why, the services would never end.

By similar logic Tabarin demonstrates, among others, the following propositions :

An ass is a better linguist than his master, because he understands when he is spoken to, while his lingo is all lost upon the man.

A fiddler has the hardest lot of all mankind, because his life depends upon a bit of wood and a piece of cord, for all the world like a malefactor's.

Cut-purses are the most liberal of all men, for they not only empty their own purses, but those of other people.

If you put a miller, a tailor, a bailiff and an attorney in a bag, the first thing to come out will be a thief.

The most wonderful gardener and the most wonderful tree in the world are respectively Jack Ketch and the gallows tree, because when the hangman plants that unpleasant vegetable it bears fruit the same day.

If you see six birds on a tree, and shoot three, there will be *none* left, for of course the remaining three will fly away. This last jest is so trite to-day as to be absolutely threadbare.

Tabarin's wits were not exhausted by this kind of buffoonery. He issued comic proclamations and almanacs, and even produced short farces in which his wife performed with him. From one of these farces Molière is supposed to have borrowed the ideas for his sack-scene in the *Fourberies de Scapin*.

La Fontaine stole one of Grattelard's dialogues bodily, and converted it into the celebrated fable of *The Acorn and the Pumpkin*. Grattelard was contemporary with Tabarin, as remarked above : he and his partner, Désidério Descombes, sold quack medicines at the north end of the Pont Neuf. The dialogue in question follows, at least so much of it as is in point, and will serve as tailpiece to the specimens of Tabarin's wit :

Grat. I had a great discussion this morning with a philosopher, trying to prove to him that Nature often makes great mistakes.

D. D. No, no, Grattelard : everything that Nature does is done for the best.

Grat. Just wait now : let me tell you how I had to give in.

D. D. Well, how was it ?

Grat. We were walking in the garden, and pretty soon we came across a tremendous pumpkin, as big as a Swiss drum. "There !" said I : "Nature has no better sense than to hang a great thing like that on such a slender vine that the least breeze can break it off."

D. D. Then you blamed Nature in the matter of the pumpkin ?

Grat. Yes, for of course there ought to be some proportion *inter sustinentum et sustentum* ; but, by Heavens, I soon changed my mind, for just as I was passing under a great oak tree down fell an acorn and struck me on the nose. Of

course I had to admit that Nature was right, after all, for if she had put a pumpkin up there I should have been in a pretty pickle.

D. D. Yes indeed, Grattelard: you would have cut a fine figure drinking out of a bottle with your nose in a sling.

Grat. By the Georgics of Virgil, 'twould be all up with spectacles for my old age.

Tabarin was the first of the series of clowns that enlivened the streets of Paris for two hundred years, or, at any rate, the first to attain celebrity: Bobèche in our own century was the last. He made a great noise in his day, but nothing keeps his memory green except the Bobèche of Offenbach's *Barbe-Bleue*. Tabarin, however, has a new lease of life in two of the handy little volumes of the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*.

S. E. T.

A LEGION OF DEVILS.

"EVERYBODY knows," said Beppo, my Roman model, "that the English are mad, signor. For has not the padre told me so? and does he not say that the fires of Purgatory burn within them? Else why do they roll about in a tub of water every morning, if not to cool their vitals? It is an insult to an Italian to wash him: we only wash dead bodies;" and Beppo draws his huge frame up to its full height, while his black eyes flash, and I mentally acknowledge him and his begrimed rags picturesque if filthy.

"Si, si, they are all mad," he continues, "and they keep horses and dogs as mad as themselves; and they ride out, dressed in the very color of the flames of Purgatory, to run screaming and shouting after poor foxes over the Campagna, notwithstanding the Holy Father has rigorously prohibited that sort of insanity, and has placed his gendarmerie purposely to stop it. But who can stop *il diavolo e gli suoi angeli*? Why, signor, if they want foxes, I myself, Beppo Donati, would catch them any number for a paul or two. But they are all mad, all mad. And the dogs, it is well known how they became possessed; for," lowering his voice and coming nearer me, "I myself saw the arch-fiend himself and his legions enter them bodily. I will tell the signor how it was.

"The signor has been in the Catacombs of the blessed martyrs, but cannot know as much about them as myself, who was custodian for many a year in the dangerous and least frequented ones; and it was there that I received the hurt that caused me to turn model. Many are the hours I have passed in the remote ones lying miles away from the Eternal City, where the only available entrance was a tortuous, chimney-like hole almost filled with rubbish, and so insignificant in appearance that it had remained concealed by a few bushes from the time it was last used by the blessed martyrs themselves till to-day.

"To descend this aperture, signor, one struggles along with much difficulty: lying on one's chest, and with a lighted taper in one hand, the other holding a rope that has been made fast to a tree outside, one slides down by degrees feet foremost. The passages are usually narrowed and choked by the rubbish, and descend nearly perpendicularly to where, lower down, they open wider and your feet touch steps cut roughly in the rock; but you must not trust them, for the soft stone will crumble with your weight. After descending some sixty or seventy feet you suddenly bump against an old stone doorway, and you are at the bottom. But on passing the doorway your position is even worse, as the stagnant pools of muddy water reach up to your knees, and the passages are too low to admit of your standing upright, while you stretch your taper into a thick darkness that closes over everything a few yards distant and prevents your seeing anything but the horizontal niches in tiers, one above the other, where the mortal remains of the beatific lie surrounded by the symbols of the faith they died for. Here they keep their vigil century after century over our Holy City, while they await their glorious resurrection.

"I have been miles under the Campagna in these subterranean cemeteries. No one has yet ascertained their entire extent. They branch out in every direction, and the ramifications are so countless—not only on a level, but in stories underlying one another—and so many of them have fallen in or been filled

with water, that no successful attempt has ever been made to follow them to their extremities. Nor can it be found out whether they communicate with one another or remain as they were originally, distinct from each other.

"You have heard, signor, that the early Christians celebrated the feasts of the Church by visiting the then newly-decorated and consecrated subterranean cemeteries, and that on one of these occasions, when a large crowd of persons had entered to celebrate a festival, it occurred to the ruling authorities that the opportunity might be advantageously used to lessen by so many the troublesome and ever-increasing population of the new faith. Accordingly, a number of huge stones were brought and the entrance built up and rigidly guarded till all the unfortunate prisoners had died a martyr's death.

"After that, to guard against a repetition of such an act, various apertures of exit were made, and may now be frequently found on the Campagna, where, when one's foot sinks into a doubtful-looking hole filled with rubbish, one knows it penetrates to the depths beneath. Secret passages were also made to debouch in the private houses of well-known Christians or buildings set apart for Christian worship; and it was from one of these walled-up doorways that I, Bepo Donati, myself saw *un miracolo* performed and a legion of devils let loose.

"It was in the church of St. Prassede. St. Prassede, the signor knows, was one of the daughters of the senator Pudens mentioned by St. Paul as sending his greetings to Timothy. The present church stands on the site of the very house once inhabited by this Christian family, and in the dark crypt under the high altar there is a walled-up doorway with the sign of the cross upon it. The crypt was originally the cellar of the ancient house, into which debouched one of the secret entrances to the Catacombs: at one extremity of the crypt is the doorway in question, now strongly built up, with the cross impressed in its superficial stucco.

"For many centuries the subterranean excavations behind the crypt have been

haunted by the Evil One and his coadjutors, who break forth from time to time in unearthly noises, racings, scamperings, moanings and yellings, and scarcely a man, woman or child in the vicinity but has heard them with their own veritable ears. Many special services of exorcism have been performed in the church above to meet the occasions as they might arise, but with no permanent effect. And, signor, notwithstanding the cloud of witnesses that can testify to these" supernatural sounds, the city contains sceptics, and none more determined than the learned Father Xavier of the Holy Propaganda.

"The day of the miracle that I am about to tell you of was a dark, wet Thursday in November, when my wife Teresina and myself attended high mass at St. Prassede, in honor of Teresina's festa. At the conclusion of the mass strange sounds were heard behind the walls of the crypt, and more especially at the back of the walled-up door. Gasps, yellings, scamperings, and then a cessation, and again a repetition of the same unearthly sounds with increased vehemence. Sometimes they would seem to recede till they died away in the distance, and then come rushing as if a whole legion of the enemy were close at hand. From the body of the church the crypt is approached by an open passage down a wide flight of steps immediately in front of the high altar, and the walled door, as well as the whole of the crypt, can be distinctly seen from the top of the steps. When the mysterious noises were first heard most of the congregation had retreated precipitately to the doors, but some of the more pious or venturesome—among whom were Teresina and myself—had remained, and were leaning over the balusters while the padre descended with his attendants to perform the special service appointed for the occasion. The exorcism took effect, for the noises, from being very uproarious, suddenly ceased altogether, and the archfiend seemed pacified, if not utterly routed, until, at the close of the service, a bell was rung as appointed in the office. The sound of this bell had the effect of

increasing the demoniac uproar to such a degree that the padre officiating was fain to hurry through the rest of the service as best he could and beat a precipitate retreat, with the acolytes, bells and all, to the sacristy.

"Teresina and myself had fled to the door of the church, where we stationed ourselves in a convenient place for a start when the occasion might require it. We had not been there long when we saw Father Xavier—the sceptic I told the signor about—enter the church with two assistants armed with crowbars and pickaxes, and proceed immediately to the crypt, where no doubt could exist as to the noises at that moment, as the yellings, scamperings and scramblings were loud enough in all conscience. The sacristan came out from the body of the church and suggested another exorcism to the reverend father, who answered that he preferred the pickaxe, and, turning to beckon to his workmen, found they had fled. Nowise daunted, the reverend gentleman took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and went to work with a will, making the vault re-echo with his blows. This operation, while it had the effect of thinning the audience still further in the church, where Teresina and I lingered, certainly abated the noises behind the door, until the padre's blows, continuing with unabated energy, effected a breach where the very head and claws of the Evil One himself were actually to be seen protruding through the aperture: in one moment more the whole troop of the enemy had dashed through the opening, upset the padre, and were in full career through the church, from whence the whole assembly took flight into the streets, uttering frantic shouts and seeking safety in the houses. The legionaries of Satan had it all to themselves, and continued their career until they arrived at the place where the English keep their hounds, where, with a tremendous yell, they leaped over the gate and disappeared in the kennels.

"I myself saw this, signor," said Beppo, giving his head an emphatic nod, "and have I not every reason for saying

that the hounds, as well as their masters, are possessed?"

Beppo's story still leaving some physiological questions unsolved in my dark Protestant mind, I took occasion to speak to Father Xavier himself about it when I next met him. From him I learned that on the morning in question a party of English left the city on a hunting-excursion on the Campagna. A fox was unearthed after considerable delay, and a sharp run started, when suddenly fox, dogs and all disappeared down one of the numerous holes leading to the Catacombs. As the occurrence was not unusual, the hunt waited, expecting them to reappear up some other aperture; but after lingering the greater part of the day they were obliged to return to the city without the dogs, who had found their way through the dark and intricate passages to the door of the crypt, where the sceptical padre, as we have seen, liberated them.

M. S. D.

THE DEMIDOFFS.

READERS of the agreeable memoirs of Madame Le Brun may remember the passage in which she speaks of a certain "M. Demidoff, le plus riche particulier de la Russie." His father, she goes on to say, had left him an inheritance of great value in the shape of mines, the products of which he sold to the government on very profitable terms. His enormous wealth enabled him to obtain the hand of a Miss Strogonov, the daughter of one of the most ancient families of the land. Their union was an harmonious one, and they left two sons, "of whom one," concludes our author, "lives most of the time at Paris, and, like his father, is very fond of art."

Madame Le Brun's friend was Nicolai Demidoff (1774-1828), one of the least distinguished members of his family, who have been the mining-kings of Russia for two centuries. The contemporary of Peter the Great was ennobled by him (without receiving a title), and in the patent it was decreed that the family should be for ever free from military and other service, "that they may devote themselves to the discovery of metals." Nicolai's son Anatoli

was born in Moscow March 24, 1813: he was sent to Paris to be educated, and remained there till his eighteenth year, studying at various institutions, including the law-school and the *École Polytechnique*. Shortly after his return his father died, and he came into possession of an enormous property, which he immediately began to spend, lavishly, but generously. In St. Petersburg he bought and furnished a large building to serve as a charitable institution. From its kitchen two hundred thousand meals are given yearly to the poor, and in it one hundred and fifty orphans are housed and fed, one hundred and fifty girls are trained to be capable servants, and forty impoverished gentlewomen find a home. When the cholera raged in the same city not long afterward he not only established a hospital, but is said to have devoted himself personally to the care of the sick. In the furtherance of science and art he was still more munificent. He founded the Demidoff prizes, which annually distribute nearly four thousand dollars to the authors of the most useful works published during the year, while from his mines in Siberia eight young men went forth yearly to acquire a thorough technical education at his expense. In 1837, urged by the great need of coal felt by the Russian industrial classes, he began a three years' exploration of the Black Sea country, accompanied by a staff of six professors, who produced a detailed report, not only of the coal-deposits, but also of the zoology, botany and geology of the region traversed. The results of their labors are described in four octavo volumes—*Voyage dans la Russie méridionale, exécutée sous la direction de M. Anatole de Demidoff*—and inscribed to the emperor Nicholas. One reward of this labor was election to the Institute de France, his competitors being Parry and Sir John Franklin.

Some years before this time he had entered the diplomatic service, being attached, first, at Vienna, then at Rome, then chargé d'affaires at Florence. Here he met and married Mathilde Bonaparte, who, through her mother, was closely connected with his sovereign. Nicolai's daughter had been allowed to make a

love-match in marrying the duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Eugène Beauharnais, and the emperor was by no means pleased to have another *mésalliance* in the family. What most offended him, however, was the fact that M. Demidoff, in the Catholic as well as in the Greek marriage ceremony, had promised to educate his children in the faith of the officiating priest. In consequence of this he was deprived of such titular honors as he possessed and was ordered to live abroad. As the married pair did not get on very well, and as, after a childless union of four years, they agreed to separate, Demidoff was again received into the imperial favor. He had meantime bought the fine estate and mansion of San Donato, near Florence; and as he thought the possessor of so much wealth and the husband of so noble a lady deserved to have a title, he dubbed himself "prince," and continued to enjoy this self-given title, probably in the hope that an uncontested use would give him a prescriptive right to bear it. In this hope he was disappointed, for Count Medem, an attaché of the Russian embassy at Paris, noticing "Prince Demidoff" on the list of the members of the Jockey Club, crossed the name out, adding the observation, "Il n'y a pas de prince Demidoff." A bloodless duel followed.

In the lately-published memoirs of the German novelist Hackländer—who in 1843 figured as secretary to the crown-prince of Würtemberg during his visit to Italy—we have an agreeable picture of M. Demidoff at San Donato. "His paintings, sculptures, odd furniture, bronzes and weapons were arranged in an irregular and apparently arbitrary fashion, so that they did not produce the wearisome effect of an ordinary collection, but looked rather like treasures with which their owner had surrounded himself partly for use, partly only to look at." Demidoff "was a tall, thin man," continues Mr. Hackländer, "with light, almost yellow, complexion, and always dressed with extreme elegance. On the occasion of our first visit to his town-house the princess was painting in her studio, in which art she was more than a dilettante. The

prince went first to her with Demidoff, and after they had come back we heard from her a peal of the heartiest laughter, which rung down through five large rooms. Soon after she came out and greeted us in the kindest fashion. She was then a young and handsome woman, with a splendid figure, graceful curves, fine eyes and complexion,—all beautified and illumined by her pleasant voice and happy manner."

In 1851, Demidoff bought the villa of San Martini, which Bonaparte occupied during his stay in Elba, improved the building at a cost of forty thousand dollars, and made of it a museum in which were to be seen all sorts of curiosities

connected with the great emperor—hats, swords, pistols, portraits of the king of Rome, and manuscripts for which he paid one hundred thousand dollars. His uncle's other collections the present M. (or, if you like, Prince) Demidoff sold at auction the present year: I have not heard whether the Elba relics were sold with them.

Florence, as well as St. Petersburg, owes much to M. Demidoff—among other things, an asylum in which fifty boys are trained in silk-weaving. It was in Paris, however, not in the city which he so long honored with his residence, that in 1870 this philanthropic and enterprising man took leave of worldly vanities. A. V.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A History of Classical Greek Literature. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., Fellow and Professor of Ancient History, Trinity College, Dublin. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is easy to imagine a history of Greek literature which should be not only useful and stimulative to the student, but fascinating to the general mass of intelligent readers. The literature of Greece is not, like that of modern nations, the mirror of a many-colored life; but the originality, variety and perfection of its forms make it on the whole the most complete and splendid representation of thought and imagination which the world possesses. While it owed little or nothing to any foreign influence, it was itself the source of all later conceptions of literary art, and though it exists only in fragmentary remains, these still furnish the chief standard of excellence in nearly every department. The subject is therefore unique both in the value of its materials and in the definiteness of its limits. What is demanded for the adequate treatment of it is not universal knowledge, but minute and thorough scholarship; not a wide and diversified experience, an unlimited range of sympathies, the power of detecting subtle motives and disentangling

complicated threads of action, but a comprehension of the simple and eternal elements of character and conduct, the faculty of tracing a specific development from its origin to its decline, while indicating its connection with other indigenous growths of the same soil, and a vivid sense of the marvellous rapidity and exquisite beauty of the simultaneous or successive unfoldings. Given these powers, unhampered by any defect of mere technical skill, and it is hard to see how any mind susceptible of being interested in their application to such a topic could resist their sway.

We do not know what ideal Mr. Mahaffy may have formed of the task he has undertaken or of the qualities demanded for it. His preface gives no intimation on this point, and his "introduction" affords only negative evidence in his refusal to follow "the usual practice with historians of Greek literature" and "begin with a survey of the character and genius of the race, the peculiar features of the language, and the action which physical circumstances have produced upon the development of all these things." Instead of any discussions of this nature, which "in many German books are," it appears, "so long and so vague that the student is wearied before he arrives at a single fact," the natu-

ral division of literature into poetry and prose is made the starting-point. The former, in accordance with "a well-known law of human progress," precedes the latter, but is gradually supplanted by it. "This may be seen among us in the education of children, who pass in a few years through successive stages not unlike those of humanity at large in its progress from mental infancy to mature thought. We know that little children can be taught to repeat and remember rhymes long before they will listen to the simplest story in prose." On the other hand, "when the majority of people begin to read, poetry loses its hold upon the public, and the prose-writer, who composes with greater simplicity and less labor, at last obtains an advantage over his rival the poet, who is put into competition with all the older poets now circulating among a more learned public." In accordance with this profound yet simple theory—from which we gather that the Golden Age of the poets was that in which there were no readers—the work is divided into two nearly equal parts, the first dealing with poetry and the second with prose, and this "is now the accepted order among the German writers on the subject."

In the first volume epic, lyric and dramatic poetry are dealt with in the order in which they are here named, while in the second the arrangement is strictly chronological, taking up historians, philosophers and orators as they appeared upon the scene. Except in the case of the epic and the drama there is no examination of the rise or nature of any particular form of composition, and the exceptions merely touch the familiar ground of the origin of the Homeric poems and the rise of the *Æschylean* tragedy. Some account is given of the principal authors, their works are more or less fully enumerated and some of them analyzed, style and similar matters are discussed in a summary and decisive tone—critics, ancient and modern, who have held different views from those of Mr. Mahaffy being sharply reprehended—and the final sections of some of the chapters are devoted to bibliography, including modern imitations and translations. Although Mr. Mahaffy is never otherwise than terse—or, more properly speaking, curt—he sometimes condescends to repetition. Thus he tells us in three or four different places that Sophocles and Thucydides "play at hide-and-seek with the reader." These two authors, thus happily

classed together, represent "the artificial obscurity of the Attic epoch," in distinction from "the pregnant obscurity" of Heracleitus and *Æschylus* and "the redundant obscurity of some modern poets." The attempt of "Clas-sen and others" to explain the involutions and anacolutha of Thucydides by "the undeveloped condition of Attic prose, and the difficulties of wrestling with an unformed idiom to express adequately great and pregnant thoughts," is triumphantly refuted by the statement that "Euripides and Cratinus had already perfected the use of Attic Greek in dramatic dialogue," and "in Attic prose Antiphon had already attained clearness, as we can see in his extant speeches." As Clas-sen, in his discussion of the question, has not omitted to notice Antiphon, it may be doubted whether he would accept this fact as conclusive. Another point in regard to Thucydides is introduced in a manner that prepares us for some startling disclosures: "As regards the historian's trustworthiness, it has been so universally lauded that it is high time to declare how far his statements are to be accepted as absolute truths." But expectation subsides when we are assured in the next sentence that "on contemporary facts his authority is very good, and so far there has been no proof of any inaccuracy brought home to him." He is open to doubt, it appears, "only when he goes into archæology," by which term Mr. Mahaffy understands early Sicilian history, which "reaches back three hundred years, nay to three hundred years before the advent of the Greeks." It has "only lately," it appears, been discovered that Thucydides had no personal knowledge of the events of that remote period, but "copied from Dionysius of Syracuse," and hence "the whole tradition requires careful consideration." In that case, we fear, the "high time" for deciding on the "absolute truth" of the historian's statements will have to be indefinitely postponed. Meantime we learn from the work before us the striking fact, that "the night-escape of the Plateans from their city," as related in the third book of Thucydides, "has been reproduced in our own day by Sir E. Creasy, in his Greek novel, *The Old Love and the New*." It has sometimes been debated whether the Greeks had any novels: it is now settled that they had one—written by an Englishman. It is to be hoped that this discovery will give a new impetus to the interest in Greek literature, which must be at

a low ebb if Mr. Mahaffy be correct in stating that "even diligent scholars find it a task to read a dialogue of Plato honestly through." To be sure, if Plato's style and matter were simply such as Mr. Mahaffy describes them, there would be no great inducement to make the attempt. The same remark would apply to most of the extant plays of Sophocles. The *Ædipus Rex*, in particular, reveals itself in Mr. Mahaffy's analysis as a mere farrago of inconsistencies and absurdities. In allusion to the very different estimate of Professor Campbell, Mr. Mahaffy remarks, "Though I deeply respect this simple-hearted enthusiasm, it does not appear to me the best way of stimulating the study of any writer." Still, Mr. Mahaffy can occasionally defend a Greek author against the strictures of other critics. Thus he cannot agree with Mr. Simcox in giving "some credence to the attacks on Demosthenes charging him with unchastity. These," he observes, "the whole man's life and his portrait-statue forbid us to believe." We do not quite understand how the fact that Demosthenes was a "whole man" tends to rebut the charge referred to, and if what Mr. Mahaffy meant to say be "the man's whole life," this is simply begging the question, a part of that whole being the point of dispute. But the evidence of the "portrait-statue" is, of course, resistless, and one cannot but regret, in the interests of public decency, that testimony so conclusive is not admitted in modern trials involving a similar issue. One great characteristic of Mr. Mahaffy's style is an unsparing use of the first personal pronoun. "I think," "I do not think," "I conceive," "I believe," "I advocate," "I infer," "I would select," "I had predicted," are forms of expression strewn abundantly, often in clusters, over the pages of the work, the subject to which they refer being generally one on which most other people do not "think" or "conceive" as Mr. Mahaffy does. One is reminded of an epigram on Whewell, master of Trinity College (Oxford, not Dublin), after the appearance of his *Plurality of Worlds*:

His eye, as it ranges through boundless infinity,
Finds the chief work of God the master of Trinity.

William Cowper. By Goldwin Smith. (English-Men-of-Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

Much thoughtful and sympathetic criticism has been written on the life and writings of

Cowper, without any new facts being brought to light or any decided progress made. His character reveals itself and his life is minutely recorded in his correspondence; but the few points which his letters leave unexplained still remain obscure after long search and study. The question of his rupture with Lady Austen, for instance, is just where Hayley left it. His poems present elements so apparently irreconcilable that, while their qualities are universally recognized, their place in literature is still an unsettled one. The reader of *The Task* may ask himself in one breath whether it is poetry at all, or whether it be not great poetry. There is no trace of the instinctive poetic utterance of bards such as Shelley and Keats, but there is a constant appeal to the strongest and most elementary human feelings, rarely met with in any but the greatest works of art. It was never Cowper's fate to be exposed to that brilliant but unsympathetic criticism which is the most short-sighted kind. No comprehension of him can be got without bringing in feeling as a factor of judgment, and it would not be singular if the moral beauty of his verse should blind readers to its artistic faults. As a matter of fact, however, the tendency nowadays is to exaggerate Cowper's position rather than his qualities, and this arises not from warmth of feeling, but from hasty dogmatizing. There is a marked difference between *The Task* and any poem preceding it, but the distance from *The Task* to *The Excursion* is still wider. The resemblance to Wordsworth in the former poem is tolerably superficial: it is a likeness with a difference. Cowper was the observer, not the priest, of Nature, watching her minutely and tenderly, but with none of Wordsworth's passion. The finest passages in *The Task* are wholly descriptive, and of description pure and simple there is very little in Wordsworth's writings. Neither is there any strong proof of Cowper's influence in the work of his successor, though the influence felt most strongly by each was the same—that of Milton. When M. Taine speaks of the revolution effected by Cowper as one of style, when Mr. Lowell characterizes Wordsworth's blank verse as "essentially the blank verse of Cowper," those eminent critics agree in exalting Cowper above his age at the very point where he is most closely bound to it. In sentiment he made a certain advance toward Wordsworth, though on a lower plane, but in diction he is distinctly

of the eighteenth century. His style is often as artificial as that of any of its rhymesters: it is full of inversions, freighted with long, formal words, and still more marred by others of a false dilettante ring. Wordsworth would never have spoken of "embellished Nature," "embroidered banks," or applied the word "elegant" to a rose, any more than he would have used "lubricity" or "stercoraceous" in verse.

Yet, formal as Cowper's language often is, narrow as are the ideas which take up a large part of his writings, the essence of his poetry is his truth. A false note in feeling he seldom struck, and the most artificial language cannot hinder his lines from going direct to the heart. The high-water mark of his genius was reached in two or three poems in which the words are in full harmony with the thought and reflect it limpidly, with no attempt at the "embellishment" which he too frequently employed.

In a book designed to introduce the subject to many readers we could have wished for a little more sympathy of tone than Mr. Goldwin Smith has allowed himself in his otherwise admirable volume. It is hardly necessary, for instance, to insist on the obvious narrowness of Cowper's religion. That the book is too short is a failing on the right side, and chargeable to the plan of the series rather than the writer, whose terse style and excellent arrangement make it full of interest. Cowper's life and poetry are bound together in a singularly close union. He belongs by circumstances rather than by genius to those unfortunate minds which, thrown off the proper balance, have gained a deeper insight and a stronger hold upon others through their very weakness. What lends a peculiar pathos and charm to his figure is the purity and gentleness of his mind, the efforts by which he clung to truth in the cruel darkness of mental disease, and the innocent gayety and light-heartedness which alternated with gloom. Like Rousseau, Cowper had, by the very reaction from sadness, a rare keenness of enjoyment. Little things were enough to feast it, and hence the most trivial matters came naturally into his verse. His poems have certainly had a varied history. Written to afford occupation to a mind on the verge of madness, linked with the slightest events of his daily life, it has been their fate to serve for a long time as poetic tracts, and afterward to be exalted by critics as prophecies

of a new order of things, the beginning of a literary revolution.

Books Received.

- Barbara; or, Splendid Misery. By Miss M. E. Braddon.—For Her Dear Sake. By Mary Cecil Hay.—Daireen. By Frank Frankfort Moore.—Two Women. By Georgiana M. Craik.—Prince Hugo. By Maria M. Grant.—From Generation to Generation: A Novel. By Lady Augusta Noel.—Young Lord Penrith: A Novel. By John Berwick Harwood.—Clara Vaughan: A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore.—The Heart of Holland. By Henry Havard. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoye.—Reata: What's in a Name? A Novel. By E. D. Gerard.—Mary Anerley: A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. Blackmore.—Poet and Peer: A Novel. By Hamilton Aidé.—The Pennant Family. By Anne Beale. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Diary of a Man of Fifty, and A Bundle of Letters. By Henry James, Jr.—Tales from the Odyssey, for Boys and Girls. By "Materfamilias."—Life of Charlemagne. By Eginhard.—The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone: A Biographical Sketch. By Henry W. Lucy. With Portrait.—British and American Education. By Mayo W. Hazeltine.—Mrs. Austin. By Margaret Veley.—Business Life in Ancient Rome. By Charles G. Herbermann, Ph.D. (Harper's Half-Hour Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Spell-bound Fiddler: A Norse Romance. By Kristofer Janson. Translated from the original by Auber Forestier. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- Studies of Irving. By Charles Dudley Warner, William Cullen Bryant and George Palmer Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe. By John Addington Symonds. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Eminent Israelites of the Nineteenth Century. By Henry Samuel Morais. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co.
- The Throat and its Functions. By Louis Elsberg, A.M., M.D. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Independent Movement in New York. By Junius. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Preadamites. By Alexander Winchell, M.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
- Ethylization. By R. J. Levis, M. D. Philadelphia.

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EKONIAH SCRUB: AMONG FLORIDA LAKES



THE FORD.

“AND if you do get lost after that, it's no great matter,” said the county clerk, folding up his map, “for then all you've got to do is to find William Townsend and inquire.”

He had been giving us the itinerary for our “cross-country” journey, by way of the Lakes, to Ekoniah Scrub. How

many of all the Florida tourists know where that is? I wonder. Or even *what* it is—the strange amphibious land which goes on from year to year “developing”—the solid ground into marshy “parrairas,” the prairies into lakes, bright, sparkling sapphires which Nature is threading, one by one, year by year, upon her emerald

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chaplet of forest borderland? How many of them all have guessed that close at hand, hidden away amid the shadows of the scrub-oaks, lies her laboratory, where any day they may steal in upon her at her work and catch a world a-making?

There are three individuals who know a little more about it now than they did a few weeks since—three, or shall we not rather say four? For who shall say that Barney gained less from the excursion than the Artist, the Scribe and the Small Boy who were his fellow-travellers? That Barney became a party to the expedition in the character, so to speak, of a lay-brother, expected to perform the servile labor of the establishment while his superiors were worshipping at Nature's shrines, in nowise detracted from his improvement of the bright spring holiday. It was, indeed, upon the Small Boy who beat the mule, rather than upon the mule that drew the wagon, that the fatigues of the expedition fell. "He just glimpses around at me with his old eyeball," says the Small Boy, exasperate, throwing away his broken cudgel, "and that's all the good it does."

We knew nothing more of Ekoniah when we set out upon our journey than that it was the old home of an Indian tribe in the long-ago days before primeval forest had given place to the second growth of "scrub," and that it was a region unknown to the Northern tourist. It lies to the south-west of Magnolia, our point of departure on the St. John's River, but at first our route lay westerly, that it might include the lake-country of the Ridge.

"It's a pretty kentry," said a friendly "Cracker," of whom, despite the county clerk's itinerary, we were fain to ask the way within two hours after starting—"a right pretty kentry, but it's all alike. You'll be tired of it afore you're done gone halfway."

Is he blind, our friend the Cracker? Already, in the very outset of our journey, we have beheld such varied beauties as have steeped our souls in joy. After weeks of rainless weather the morning had been showery, and on our setting forth at noon we had found the world

new washed and decked for our coming. Birds were singing, rainbows glancing, in quivering, water-laden trees; flowers were shimmering in the sunshine; the young growth was springing up glorious from the blackness of desolating winter fires. Such tender tones of pink and gray! such fiery-hearted reds and browns and olive-greens! such misty vagueness in the shadows! such brilliance in the sunlight that melted through the openings of the woods! "All alike," indeed! No "accidents" of rock or hill are here, but oh the grandeur of those far-sweeping curves of undulating surface! the mystery of those endless aisles of solemn-whispering pines! the glory of color, intense and fiery, which breathes into every object a throbbing, living soul!

For hours we journeyed through the forest, always in the centre of a vast circle of scattered pines, upon the outer edge of which the trees grew dense and dark, stretching away into infinity. Our road wandered in and out among the prostrate victims of many a summer tempest: now we were winding around dark "bays" of sweet-gum and magnolia; now skirting circular ponds of delicate young cypress; now crossing narrow "branches" sunk deep in impenetrable "hummocks" of close-crowded oak and ash and maple, thick-matted with vines and undergrowth; now pausing to gather orchis and pitcher-plants and sun-kisses and andromeda; now fording the broad bend of Peter's Creek where it flows, sapphire in the sunshine, out from the moss-draped live-oaks between high banks of red and yellow clays and soft gray sand, to lose itself in a tangle of flowering shrubs; now losing and finding our way among the intricate cross-roads that lead by Bradley's Creek and Darbin Savage's tramway and the "new-blazed road" of the county clerk's itinerary. Suddenly the sky grew dark: thunder began to roll, and—were we in the right road? It seemed suspiciously well travelled, for now we called to mind that Middleburg was nigh at hand, and thither we had been warned *not* to go.

There was a house in the distance, the second we had seen since leaving the

"settlements" near the river. And there we learned that we were right and wrong: it *was* the Middleburg road. After receiving sundry lucid directions respecting a "blind road" and an "old field," we turned away. How dark it was growing! how weirdly souged the wind among the pine tops! how bodingly the thunder growled afar! There came a great slow drop: another, and suddenly, with swiftly-rushing sound, the rain was upon us, drenching us all at once before water-proofs and umbrellas could be made available.

It was then that Barney showed the greatness of his soul. In the confusion

of the moment we had run afoul of a stout young oak, which obstinately menaced the integrity of our axle. It was only possible to back out of the predicament, but Barney scorned the thought of retreat. Not all the blandishments of the Small Boy, whether brought to bear in the form of entreaties, remonstrances, jerks or threats, availed: Barney stood unmoved, and the hatchet was our only resource. How that mule's eye twinkled as from time to time he cast a backward glance upon the Small Boy wrestling with a dull hatchet and a sturdy young scrub-oak under the pelting rain, amid lightning-flash and thunder-peal, needs a more



"NOT ALL THE BLANDISHMENTS OF THE SMALL BOY AVAILED."

graphic pen than mine to describe. A better-drenched biped than climbed into the wagon at the close of this episode, or a more thoroughly-satisfied quadruped than jogged along before him, it would be difficult to find.

As suddenly as they had come up the clouds rolled away, and sunlight flamed out from the west—so suddenly that it caught the rain halfway and filled the air with tremulous rainbow hues. Then burst out afresh the songs of birds, sweet scents thrilled up from flower and shrub,

the very earth was fragrant, and fresh, resinous odors exhaled from every tree. The sun sank down in gold and purple glory and night swept over the dark woods. Myriad fireflies flitted round, insects chirped in every hollow, the whippoorwill called from the distant thicket, the night-hawk circled in the open glade. A cheerful sound of cow-bells broke the noisy stillness, the forest opened upon a row of dark buildings and darker orange trees, and barking of dogs and kindly voices told us that rest was at hand.

No words can do justice to the hospitality of Floridians, whether native or foreign. We were now to begin an experience which was to last us through our entire journey. Here we were, a wandering company of who-knows-what, arriving hungry, drenched and unexpected long after the supper-hour, and our mere appearance was the "open sesame" to all the treasures of house and barn. Not knowing what our hap might be, we had gone provided with blankets and food, but both proved to be superfluous wherever we could find a house. Bad might be the best it afforded, but the best was at our service. At K——'s Ferry it was decidedly *not* bad. Abundance reigned there, though in a quaint old fashion, and very soon after our arrival we were warming and drying ourselves before a cheerful fire, while from the kitchen came most heartening sounds and smells, as of fizzling ham and bubbling coffee.

Never was seen a prettier place than this as we beheld it by the morrow's light. The house stands on a high bluff, worthy the name of hill, which slopes steeply but greenly down to the South Prong of Black Creek, better deserving the name of river than many a stream which boasts the designation. We crossed it upon a boom, pausing midway in sudden astonishment at the lovely view. A long reach of exquisitely pure water, bordered by the dense overhanging foliage of its high banks, stretched away to where, a mile below us, a sudden bend hid its lower course from view, and on the high green bluff which closed the vista were seen the white house and venerable overarching trees of some old estate. The morning air was crisp and pure; every leaf and twig stood out with clean-cut distinctness, to be mirrored with startling clearness in the stream; the sky was cloudless: no greater contrast could be imagined from the tender sweetness of yesterday. The birds, exhilarated by the sparkle in the air, sang with a rollicking abandonment quite contagious: the very kids and goats on the crags above the road caught the infection and frisked about, tinkling their bells and joining most unmelodiously in the song; while Barney, crossing

the creek upon a flatboat, lifted up a tuneful voice in the chorus.

We turned aside from our route to visit Whitesville, the beautiful old home of Judge B——. It is a noble great mansion, with broad double doors opening from every side of a wide hall, and standing in the midst of a wild garden luxuriant with flowers and shrubs and vines, and with a magnificent ivy climbing to the top of a tall blasted tree at the gate. "I came to this place from New Haven in '29," its owner told us—"sailed from New York to Darien, Georgia, in a sloop, and from there in a sail-boat to this very spot. I prospected all about: bought a little pony, and rode him—well, five thousand miles after I began to keep count. Finally, I came back and settled here."

"Were you never troubled by Indians?" we asked.

"Well, they put a fort here in the Indian war, the government did—right here, where you see the china trees." It was a beautiful green slope beside the house, with five great pride-of-Indias in a row and a glimpse of the creek through the thickets at the foot. "There never was any engagement here, though. The Indians had a camp over there at K——'s, where you came from, but they all went away to the Nation after a while."

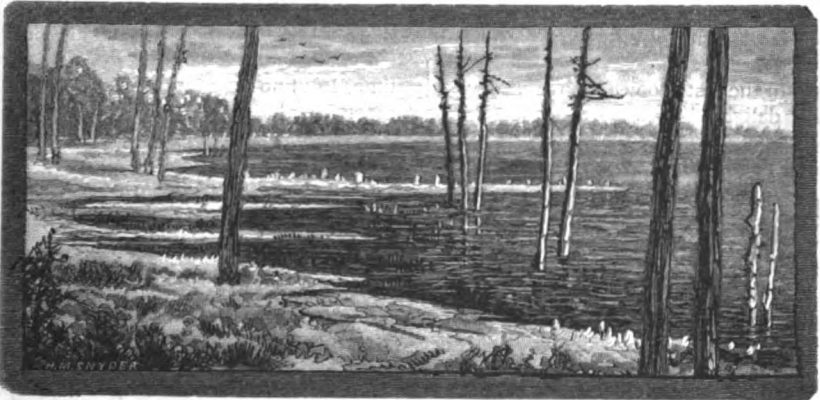
"Did you stay here through the civil war?"

"Oh yes. I never took any part in the troubles, but the folks all suspected and watched me. They knew I was a Union man. One day a Federal regiment came along and wanted to buy corn and fodder. The men drew up on the green, and the colonel rode up to the door. 'Colonel,' says I, 'I can't *sell* you anything, but I believe the keys are in the corn-barn and stable doors: I can't hinder your taking anything by force.' He understood, and took pretty well what he wanted. Afterward he came and urged me to take a voucher, but I wouldn't do that. By and by the Confederates came around and accused me of selling to the Federals, but they couldn't prove anything against me."

"There used to be Confederate headquarters up there at K——'s?" we asked.

"Oh yes, and the Federals had it too. General Birney was there for a while. One day, just after he came, a lot of 'em came over here. One of my boys was lying very sick in that front chamber just then—the one you know, the county clerk. Well, an orderly rode up to the door and called out, 'Here, you damned old rebel, the general wants you.'—'I don't answer to that name,' said I.—'You don't?'—'No, I don't.'—'What! ain't you a rebel?'—'I don't answer to that name,' said I.—'Well, consider yourself my prisoner,'

says he; so I walked up there with him. Judge Price was at head-quarters just then, and he knew me well. It seems that the general had heard that I kept a regular rebel commissariat, sending stores to them secretly. Well, when the judge had told him who I was, the general wrote me a pass at once, and then asked, 'Is there anything I can do for you?'—'General,' said I, 'my son lies very sick. I should like to see the last of him, and beg to be permitted to retire.'—'Is that so?' said the general. 'Would you like



LAKE BEDFORD.

me to send you a doctor?' I accepted, and he sent me two. He came up afterward, and found that his men had torn down the fences, broken open the store and dragged out goods, set the oil and molasses running, and done great damage—about four thousand dollars' worth, we estimated. You see, they thought it was a rebel commissariat. When he came into the house he asked my wife if she could give him supper. 'General,' said she, 'you have taken away my cooks: if you will send for your own, I shall be very happy to get supper for you.' He did so, and spent the night here, sleeping in one of the chambers while his officers lay all over the piazzas. Next day they all rode away, quite satisfied, I guess. There were several skirmishes about here afterward, and we have some pieces of bombs in the house now that fell in the yard."

The judge pressed us to stay and dine, but we had arranged for a gypsy dinner in the woods and were anxious to push on. Push on! How Barney would smile could he hear the word! He never did anything half so energetic as to push: he did not even pull.

So we bade farewell to our genial host and started westwardly again. We were now upon the high land of the Ridge, the backbone of the State, and though, perhaps, hardly ninety feet above the sea, the air had all the exhilarating freshness of great altitudes. All through the week which followed we felt its tonic inspiration and seemed to drink in intoxicating draughts of health and spirits, and never more than during the fifteen-mile drive between Black Creek and Kingsley's Pond.

Kingsley's Pond, the highest body of water in the State, is the first of a long

succession of lakes which, lying between the St. John's and the railway, have only lately been, as it were, discovered by the Northerner. It is perfectly circular in form, being precisely two miles across in every direction. Like all the lakes of Florida, it is of immense depth, and its waters are so transparent that the white sand at the bottom may be seen glistening like stars. In common with the other waters of this region, it is surrounded by a hard beach of white sand, rising gradually up to a beautifully-wooded slope, being quite free from the marshes which too often render the lakes of Florida unapproachable.

One of the Northern colonies which within the last two years have discovered this delightful region has settled on the shores of Kingsley's Pond. Although an infant of only twenty months, the village has made excellent growth and gives promise of a bright future. Farming is not largely followed, the principal industry of these and the other Northern colonists being orange-culture—a business to which the climate is wonderfully propitious, the dry, pure air of this district being alike free from excessive summer heats and from the frosts which are occasionally disastrous to groves situated on lower ground in the same latitude.

Though there are few native Floridians in this part of the country, the neighborhood of the lake rejoices in the possession of a Cracker doctress of wondrous powers. Who but her knows that chapter in the book of Daniel the reading of which stays the flowing of blood, or that other chapter potent to extinguish forest-fires? One does not need a long residence in the State to learn to appreciate the good-fortune of the Lakers in this particular.

Not far from the village, on the western shore of the pond, lives the one "old settler." He met us with the hearty welcome which we had learned almost to look for as a right, and sitting on his front piazza in the shade of his orange trees, gladdening our eyes with the view of his vine-embowered pigpen, we listened to the legend of the pond:

"Yes, I've lived yere four-and-twenty year, but I done kim to Floridy nigh on

forty year ago: walked yere from Georgy to jine the Injun war. I done found this place a-scoutin' about, and when I got married I kim yere to settle. The Yankee folks wants to change the name o' the pond to Summit Lake and one thing or 'nother, but I allays votes square agin it every time, and allays will. You see, hit don't ought to be changed. I don't mind the *pond* part: they mought call it lake ef they think it sounds better, but Kingsley's it *has* to be. K-i-n-g-l-e-s-l-e-y: that, I take it, is the prompt way to spell the name of the man as named it, and that's the name it has to have. You see hit was this a-way: Kingsley were a mail-rider—leastways, express—in the *old* Injun war-time, I dunno how long ago. They was a fort on the pond them days, over on the south side. Wal, Kingsley were a-comin' down toward the fort from the no'th when he thort he see an Injun. He looked behind, and, sure enough, there they was, a-closin' in on him. He looked ahead agin. Shore's you're bo'hn there was a double row on 'em—*better'n* a hunder—on all two sides of the trail. He hadn't a minit to study, and jist one thing to do, and he done hit. He jist clapped spurs to his critter and made for the pond. He knowed what they wanted of him"—confidentially and solemnly: "it were their intention to ketch him and scalp him alive, you know. Wal, they follered him to the pond, a-whoopin' and a-yellin' all the way, makin' shore on him. When he got to the pond he rid right in, the Injuns a'ter him, but his critter soon began to gin out. When he see that he jist gathered up his kit and jumped into the water, and swum for dear life. Two mile good that feller swum, and saved his kit and musket. The Injuns got his critter, but you never see nothin' so mad as they was to see him git off that a-way. The soldiers at the fort was a-watchin' all the time. They run down to meet him: they see he looked kinder foolish as he swum in, and as soon as he struck the shore he jist flung himself on the sand, and laid for half an hour athout openin' his eyes or speakin'. Then he done riz right up and toted his kit to the commander, and axed to hev the pond named a'ter



TWIN LAKE.

him. The commander said it mought be so, and so hit was; and so it *has* to be, I says, and allays will."

It would be impossible to detail the exquisite and varied beauty of the way between Kingsley's Pond and Ekoniah Scrub. Through the fair primeval forest we wandered, following the old Alachua Trail, the very name of which enhanced the charm of the present scene by calling up thrilling fancies of the past; for this is the famous Indian war-path from the hunting-grounds of the interior to the settlements on the frontier, and may well be the oldest and the most adventure-fraught thoroughfare in the United States. We

could hardly persuade ourselves that we were not passing through some magnificent old estate—of late, perhaps, somewhat fallen into neglect—so perfect was the lawn-like smoothness of the grassy uplands, so rhythmical were the undulations of the slopes, so majestic the natural avenues of enormous oaks, so admirable the diversity of hill and dell, knoll and glade, shrubbery and lawn, forest and park, interspersed with frequent sheets of water—Blue Pond, rivalling the sky in color; Sandhill Pond, deep set among high wooded slopes, with picturesque log mill and house; Magnolia Lake, with its flawless mirror; Crystal, of more than crystal clearness, with gorgeous sunset memories and sweet recollections of kindly hospitalities in the two homes which crown its twin heights; Bedford and Brooklyn Lakes, with log cottages beneath clustering trees; Minnie Lake, and its great alligator sleeping on a log; starry Lily-Pad; and Osceola's Punch-bowl, deep enough, and none too large, to hold the potatoes of a Worthy; Twin Lakes, scarce divided by the island in their midst; Double Pond, low sunk in the green forest slope, a perfect circle bisected by a

wooded ridge; Geneva Lake, dotted with islands and beautiful with shining orange-groves;—always among the lawns and glades, the forest-slopes and aisles of pines, with sough of wind and song of bird, and fragrant wild perfumes. Always with bright "bits" of life between the long, grand silences—a group of men faring on foot across the pine level; a rosy, bareheaded girl—the only girl in the place—searching for calves in the dingle, who gave us flowers and told us the road with the sweet, lingering cadence of the South in her velvet voice; two men riding by turns the mule that bore their sacks of corn to mill; two boys carrying a great cross-cut saw along a sloping lakeside, a noble Newfoundland dog frisking beside them; the fleet bay horse and erect military figure of our host at Crystal Lake guiding us among the intricacies of the Lake Colony. Always with sunny memories of happy hours—gypsy dinners beside golden-watered "branch" or sapphire lake; the cheery half hour in the log house on the hill above the little grist-mill, with the bright young Philadelphians who have here cast in their lot; the abundant feast in the farm-house under the orange trees, and the "old-time" stories of the after-dinner hour; the pleasant days at Crystal Lake, where our first day's drenching resulted so happily in a slight illness that detained us in that lovely spot, and showed us, in the new colony lately settled on this and the adjacent lakes, how refinement and cultivation, lending elegance to rude toil and harsh privation, may realize even Utopian dreams.

The great farm on Geneva Lake was the first old plantation which we had seen since leaving Kingsley's, and this lies on the outskirts of Ekoniah Scrub, which has long been settled by native Floridians or Georgians. "Hit ain't a farmin' kentry, above there on the sandhills," said our host of the thrifty old farm on Lake Geneva. "It's fine for oranges an' bananas, but the Scrub's better for plantin'. Talk about oranges! Look a' that tree afore you! A sour tree hit were—right smart big, too—but four year ago I sawed it off near the ground and stuck

in five buds. That tree is done borne three craps a'ready—fifteen oranges the second year from the bud, a hundred and fifty the third, and last year we picked eight hundred off her. Seedlin's? Anybody mought hev fruit seven year from the seed, but they must take care o' the trees to do it. Look a' them trees by the fence: eight year old, them is. Some of 'em bore the sixth year: every one on 'em is sot full now—full enough for young trees.

"Yes, that's right smart good orange-land up there in the sandhills. Forty year ago, when I kim yere, they was nothin' but wild critters in that lake kentry, as the Yankee folks calls it: all kind o' varmints they was—bears, tigers, panthers, cats and all kinds. Right smart huntin' they was, and 'tain't so bad now. They's rabbits and 'coons and 'possums, sure enough, and deer too; and— Cats? Why, cats is plenty, but they ain't no 'count.

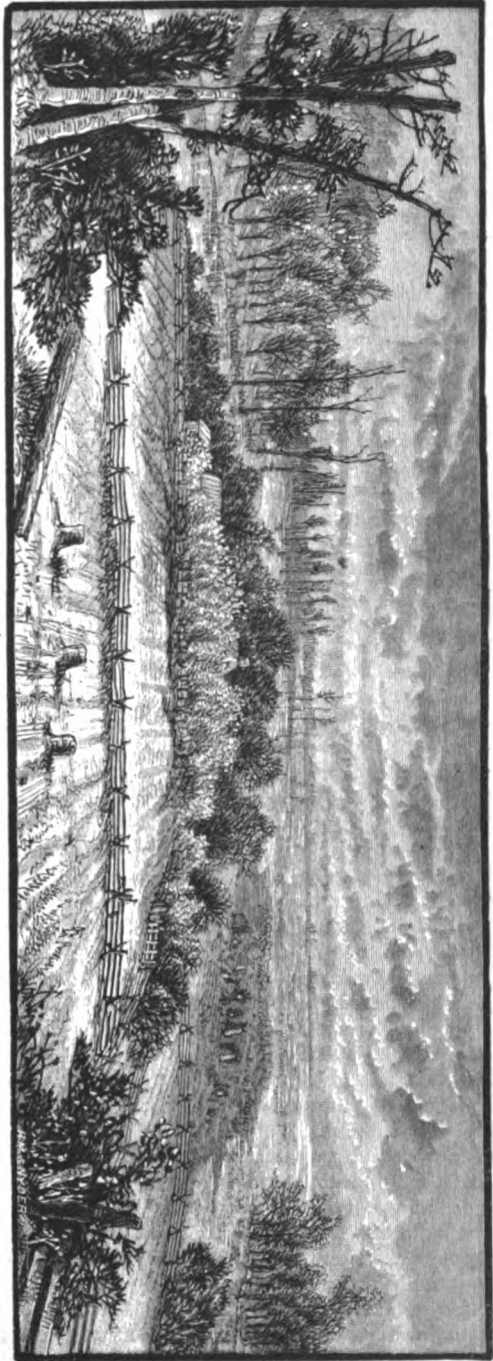
"I niver hunted much myself, but I've heerd an old man tell—Higgins by name. Ef you could find him and could get him *right*, he'd tell you right smart o' stories about varmints, and Injuns too. I've heerd him tell how he went out with some puppies one time to larn 'em to hunt bear. He heerd one o' the puppies a-screechin,' and kase he didn't want to lose him he run up. The screechin' come from a sort o' scrub, and he got clost up afore he see it was a she-bear and two cubs. The bear had the puppy, but when she see Higgins she dropped hit and made for him. Now, you know, a bear ain't like no varmint nor cow-beast: hit don't go 'round under the trees, but jest makes a road for itself over the scrub. Higgins hadn't no time to take aim, and ef he'd 'a missed he was gone, sure 'nough; so he jest drawed his knife, and when she riz up to clutch him he stuck her plum in the heart. Killed her, dead.

"No, I never had no trouble with Injuns. They was all gone to the Nation when I settled yere, but I see Billy Bowlegs onct, and Jumper, too. I was ago-in' through the woods, and I met a keert with three men in it. Two on 'em was kinder dark-lookin', but I never thort much

of that till the man that was drivin' stopped and axed me ef I knowed who he had in behind. It was them two chiefs, sure 'nough: right good-lookin' fellers they was, too."

We had left the sandhills of the Ridge, and had reached the borders of the Scrub, but there was yet another of the new Northern settlements to visit. It lay a few miles beyond Geneva Lake, in the flat woods to the south of Santa Fé Lake, the largest and best known of the group.

Who does not know the dreary flat-woods villages of the South, with their decaying log cabins and hopelessly unfinished frame houses — with their white roads, ankle-deep in sand, wandering disconsolately among fallen trees and palmetto scrub and blackened stumps? Melrose is like them all, but with a difference. The decaying cabins, new two years ago, are deserted in favor of the great frame houses, which, unfinished indeed, have yet a determined air, as if they meant to be finished some day. The sandy roads are alive with long trains of heavy log-trucks or lighter freight-wagons; there are men actually buying things in the three stores; there is a school, with live children playing before the door; there are saw- and grist-mills buzzing noisily; there is a post-office, which connects us with the outer world as we receive our waiting letters; there is a stir of enterprise in the air which speaks quite plainly of Chicago and the Northern States, whence have come the colonists; there is talk of a railroad to the St. John's on the east, and of a canal which shall connect the lakes with one another and with the railway on the west; there



ALDERMAN'S, ON GENEVA LAKE.

is a really good hotel, where we spend the night in unanticipated luxury upon a breezy eminence overlooking the silver sheet of Santa Fé Lake, which stretches away for miles to the north and eastward.

The morrow was almost spent while we lingered in the neighborhood of the lake. The road makes a wide circuit to avoid its far-reaching arms and bays: only here and there are glimpses of the water seen through the trees and cart-tracks leading off to exquisite points of view upon its banks. We are in the flat woods again—palmetto-clumps under the pine trees, pitcher-plants and orchis in the low spots, violets and pinguicula beside the ditches, vetches and lupines and pawpaw and the trailing mimosa in the sand. The park-like character of the woods is gone. Still, there are here and there gentle undulations upon which the long lines of western sunlight slope away; the lake gleams silvery through the trees; the air is pure and sparkling as in high altitudes.

It was evening before we could leave the lakeside and plunge into the dense new growth which adds to the ancient name of Ekoniah the modern appellation of "Scrub." Amid its close-crowding thickets night came upon us speedily. How hospitably we were received in the bare new "homestead" of Parson H—; how generously our hosts relinquished their one "barred" bed and passed a night of horror exposed to the fury of myriad mosquitos, whose songs of triumph we heard from our own protected pillows; how basely Barney requited all this kindness by breaking into the corn-crib and "stuffing himself as full as a sausage," as the Small Boy reported,—may not here be dwelt upon.

The early morning was exquisite. Soft mists veiled all the glorious colors; great spider-webs, strung thick with diamonds, stretched from tree to tree; a little "pot-hole" pond of lilies exhaled sweet odors; the lark's ecstatic song thrilled down from upper air. There was a gentle hill before us, and halfway up a view to the right of a broad lake, with the log huts of a "settlement" on the high bank. The sun has drunk up all the mists, and shines

bright upon the soft gray satin of the girdled pine trees in the clearing; flowers are crowding everywhere—orange milkweed, purple phlox, creamy pawpaw, azure bluebells, spotted foxgloves, rose-tinted daisies, brown-eyed coreopsias and unknown flowers of palest blue. Butterflies flit noiselessly among them, and mocking-birds sing loud in the leafy screens above. A red-headed woodpecker taps upon a resounding tree and screams in exultation as he seizes his prey.

We skirted Viola Lake, cresting the high hill, and descending to a shaded valley where the lapping waters plashed upon the roadside: then mounted another hill, among thick clustering oaks and giant pines, to where three lakes are seen spreading broadly out upon a grassy plain between high wooded slopes. And these are Ekoniah! Twenty years ago a tiny rivulet, wandering through broad prairies; eight years later a wider stream, already beginning to encroach upon the grassy borderland; now a chain of ever-broadening lakes, already drawing near to the hills which frame in the widespread plain. Famous grazing-lands these were once, the favored haunts of cattle-drovers, more famous hunting-grounds in older days, before firm prairie had given place to watery savanna. There were Indian villages upon the heights above and bloody battles in the plains below. But who shall tell the story of those days? The Indians are gone; the cattle-drovers have followed them to the far South; the new settler of twenty years ago cared nothing for antiquities or for the legends of an older time. The dead past is buried: even the sonorous old Indian name has been softened down to Etonia: be it the happy lot of this chronicler to rescue it from oblivion!

The lakes of the lately-traversed "Lake Region," frequent as they had been, were as nothing to those of Ekoniah Scrub. The road rose and fell over a succession of low hills, each ascent gained discovering a new sheet of water to right, to left or before us, deep sunk among thick-clustering trees. At rare intervals the forest would fall away on either hand, opening up a wide view of cultivated

fields, sweeping grandly down in long stripes of tender green to the billowy verdure of the broad savanna, where silvery-sparkling lakes lay imbedded and great round "hummocks" of dark trees uprose like islands in the grassy sea. In the distance would be barren slopes of rich dark red and silvery gray, swelling upward to the far dim mystery of pine woods and the blue arch above.

We ate our dinner beside Lake Rosa, a circular basin of clearest water rippling and dimpling under the soft breeze. Toward evening we found the ford, which a paralytic old woman sitting in a sunny corner of a farm-house piazza had indicated to us as "right pretty." Pretty it was, indeed, as we came down to it through the most luxuriant of hummocks of transparent-foliaged sweet-gums and shining-leaved magnolias with one great creamy flower. "Right pretty" it was, too, in the old woman's meaning of the word, for Barney drew us through in safety, scarce up to his knees in the transparent water which reflected so perfectly every flower and leaf of the dense water-growth. The road beyond was cut through an arch of close-meeting trees, and farther on it skirted a broad lake, which already, in its slow, sure, upward progress, had covered the roadway and was reaching even to the fence which bounds the field above. In this field is a large mound, never investigated, although the farmer who owns the property says he has no doubt that it is the site of an Indian village, for the plough turns up in the fields around not only arrow-heads, but fragments of pottery and household utensils. It was not our good-fortune to obtain any of those relics, as they have not been preserved, and this was the only mound of any extent which we saw. Such mounds are said, however, to be not infrequent in this district, and Indian relics are found everywhere.

As we drove along the hillside we began to notice frequent basin-like depressions of greater or less size, always perfectly circular, always with the same saucer-shaped dip, always without crack or fissure, yet appearing to have been formed by a gradual receding of the substructure,

reminding one of the depression in the sand of an hour-glass or of the grain in a hopper. Many of these concaves were dry; others had a little water in the bottom; all of them had trees growing here and there, quite undisturbed, whether in the water or not; and there was no one who had cared to note how long a time had elapsed since they had begun their "decline and fall." There is little doubt,



"THE ONLY GIRL IN THE PLACE."

however, that the future traveller will find them developed into lakes, as, indeed, we found one here and there upon the hilltops.

How many times we got lost among the lakes and "pot-holes," the fallen trees and thickets of Ekoniah Scrub, it would be tedious to relate. How many times we came down to the prairie-level, and, fearful to trust ourselves upon the treach-

erous, billowy green, were forced to "try back" for a new road along the hillside, it would be difficult to say. The county clerk's itinerary had ended here, and William Townsend proved to be less ubiquitous than we had been led to expect. Thus it was that night came down upon us one evening before we had reached a place of shelter—suddenly, in the thick scrub, not lingeringly, as in the long forest glades of the lake country. For an hour we pushed on, trusting now to Barney's sagacity, now to the pioneering abilities of Artist and Scribe, who marched in the van. Fireflies flitted about, their unusual brilliancy often cheating us into the fond hope that shelter was at hand. The *ignes-fatui* in the valley below often added to the deception, and after many disappointments we were about to spread our blankets upon the earth and prepare for a night's rest *al fresco* when we heard a distant cow-call. Clear and melodious as the far-off "*Ranz des Vaches*" it broke upon the stillness, gladdening all our hearts. How we answered it, how we hastened over logs and through thickets in the direction of answering voices and glancing lights—no *ignes-fatui* now—how we were met halfway by an entire family whom we had aroused, and with what astonishment we heard ourselves addressed by name,—can better be imagined than described. By the happiest of chances we had come upon the home of some people whom we had casually met upon the St. John's River only a few weeks before, and our dearest and oldest friends could not have welcomed us more cordially or have been more gladly met by us.

In the early morning we heard again, between sleeping and waking, the musical cow-call. It echoed among the hills and over the lakes: there were the tinkling of bells, the pattering of hoofs, the eager, impatient sounds of a herd of cattle glad of morning freedom. It was like a dream of Switzerland. And, hastening out, we found the dream but vivified by the intense purity of the air surcharged with ozone, the exquisite clearness of the outlines of the hills, the sparkling brightness of the lakes in the valley, the fresh-

ness of glory and beauty which overspread all like a world new made.

One of the great events of that day was a desperate fight between two chameleons in a low oak-scrub on the hilltop. The little creatures attacked each other with such fury, with such rapid changes of color from gray to green and from green to brown, with such unexpected mutations of shape from long and slender to short and squat, with such sudden dartings out and angry flammings of the transparent membrane beneath the throat, with such swift springs and flights and glancings to and fro, as were wonderful to see. It seemed as though both must succumb to the fierce scratchings and clawings; and when at last one got the entire head of his adversary in his mouth and proceeded deliberately to chew it up, we thought that the last act in the tragedy was at hand. The Small Boy made a stealthy step forward with a view to a capture, when, presto! change! two chameleons with heads intact were calmly gazing down upon us with that placid look of their kind which seemed to assure us that fighting was the last act of which they were capable.

That day, too, is memorable for the charming scenes it brought us, impossible for the pencil to reproduce with all their sweet accessories. We have found the ford at last, where the blue ribbon of the stream lies across the white sand of our road. The prairie stretches out broad and green with many circular islets of tree-mounds in the ocean-like expanse. The winding road beyond the ford leads, between cultivated fields on one side and the tree-bordered prairie on the other, up to the low horizon, where soft white thunderheads are heaped in the hazy blue. The tinkling of cow-bells comes sweetly over the sea of grass; slow wavelets sob softly in the sedges of the stream; fish glance through the water; a duck flies up on swiftly-whirring wing. A great moss-draped live-oak leans over the stream, and the perfume of the tender grapes which crown it floats toward us on the air.

Again, after we have climbed the hill to Swan Lake, and have dined beside

Half-moon Pond, and have "laid our course," as the sailors say, by our map and the sun, straight through the Scrub to visit Lake Ella, we come out upon the heights above Lake Hutchinson. The dark greens of the foreground soften into deep-blue shadows in the middle distance. Lake Hutchinson sparkles, a vivid sapphire, against the distant silvery-gray of Lake Geneva, while far away the low blue hills melt, range behind range, into the pale-blue sky.

Our faces were turned homeward, but

there were yet many miles of the Ekoniah country running to northward on the east of the Ridge, and lakes and lakes and lakes among the scrub-clothed hills. A new feature had become apparent in many of them: a low reef of marsh entirely encircling the inner waters and separating them from a still outer lagoon, reminding us, with a difference, of coral-reefs encircling lakes in mid-ocean. The shores of these lakes were not marshy, but firm and hard, like the lakes of the hilltops, with the same smooth forest-slope sur-



SANTA FÉ LAKE.

rounding. Is a reverse process going on here, we wondered, from that we have seen in the prairies, and are these sheets of water to change slowly into marsh, and so to firm land again? There are a number of such lakes as these, and on the heights above one of the largest, which they have called Bethel, a family of Canadian emigrants have recently "taken up a homestead."

There was still another chain of prairie-lakes, the "Old Field Ponds," stretching north and south on our right, and as we wound around them, plashing now and again through the slowly-encroach-

ing water, we had 'Gator-bone Pond upon our right. The loneliness of the scene was indescribable: for hours we had been winding in and out among the still lagoons or climbing and descending the ever-steeper, darker hills. Night was drawing on; stealthy mists came creeping grayly up from the endless Old Field Ponds; fireflies and glow-worms and will-o'-the-wisps danced and glowered amid the intense blackness; frogs croaked, mosquitos shrilled, owls hooted; Barney's usual deliberate progress became a snail's pace, which hinted plainly at blankets and the oat-sack,—when, all at

once, a bonfire flamed up from a distant height, and the sagacious quadruped quickened his pace along the steep hill-road.

A very pandemonium of sounds saluted our ears as we emerged from the forest—howlings and roarings and shriekings of fighting cattle, wild hoots from hoarse masculine throats, the shrill tones of a woman's angry voice, the discordant notes of an accordion, the shuffle of heavy dancing feet. We had but happened upon a band of cow-hunters returning homeward with their spoils, and the fightings of their imprisoned cattle were only less frightful than their own wild orgies. If we had often before been reminded of Italian skies and of the freshness and brightness of Swiss mountain-air, now thoughts of the Black Forest, with all of weird or horrible that we had ever read of that storied country, rushed to our minds—robber-haunted mills, murderous inns, treacherous hosts, "terribly-strange beds." Not that we apprehended real danger, but to our unfranchised and infant minds the chills and fevers which mayhap lurked in the mist-clothed forest, or even a wandering "cat," seemed less to be dreaded than the wild bacchanals who surrounded us. We would fain have returned, but it was too late. Barney was already in the power of unseen hands, which had seized upon him in the darkness; an old virago had ordered us into the house; and when we had declined to partake of the relics of a feast which strewed the table, we were ignominiously consigned to a den of a lean-to opening upon the piazza. A "terribly-strange bed" indeed was the old four-poster, which swayed and shrieked at the slightest touch, and myriad the enemies which there lay in wait for our blood. We were not murdered, however,

nor did our unseen foes—as had once been predicted by a Cracker friend—*quite* "eat us plum up, bodaciously alive." In the early morning we fled, though not until we had seen how beautiful a home the old plantation once had been. These were not Crackers among whom we had passed the night, but the "native and best." Not a fair specimen of this class, surely, but such as here and there, in the remoter corners of the South, are breeding such troubles as may well become a grave problem to the statesman—the legitimate outgrowth of the old régime. War-orphaned, untutored, unrestrained, contemning legitimate authority, spending the intervals of jail-life in wild revels and wilder crimes,—such were the men in whose ruined home we had passed the night.

There was yet one more morning among the gorgeous-foliaged "scrub-hills," one more gypsy meal by a lakeside, one more genial welcome to a hospitable Cracker board, and we were at home again in the wide sea of pines which stretches to the St. John's. In the ten days of our journey we had seen, within a tract of land some thirty miles long by forty in breadth, more than fifty isolated lakes and three prairie-chains; had visited four enterprising Northern colonies and numerous thrifty Southern farms; had found an air clear and invigorating as that of Switzerland, soft and balmy as in the tropics, while the gorgeous colorings of tree and flower, of water and sky, were like a dream of the Orient.

"But there!" said the Small Boy, stopping suddenly with a half-unbuckled strap of Barney's harness in his hand: "we forgot one thing, after all: never found William Townsend!"

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

CANOEING ON THE HIGH MISSISSIPPI.

CONCLUDING PAPER.



A LYNX STIRS UP THE CAMP.

ITASCA LAKE was first seen of white men by William Morrison, an old trader, in 1804. Several expeditions attempted to find the source of the Great River, but the region was not explored till 1832—by Schoolcraft, who regarded himself as the discoverer of Itasca. Much interesting matter concerning the lake and its vicinity has been written by Schoolcraft, Beltrami and Nicollet, but the exceeding difficulty of reaching it, and the absence of any other inducements thither than a spirit of adventure and curiosity, make visitors to its solitudes few and far between. Itasca is fed in all by six small streams, each too insignificant to be called the river's source. It has three arms—one to the south-east, about three and a half miles long, fed by a small brook of clear and lively water; one to the south-west, about two miles and a half long, fed by the five small streams already described; and one reaching

northward to the outlet, about two and a half miles. These unite in a central portion about one mile square. The arms are from one-fourth of a mile to one mile wide, and the lake's extreme length is about seven miles. Its water is clear and warm. July thirteenth, when the temperature of the air was 76°, the water in the largest arm of the lake varied between 74° and 80°. We saw no springs nor evidences of them, and the water's temperature indicates that it receives nothing from below. Still, it is sweet and pure to the taste and bright and sparkling to the eye. Careful soundings gave a depth varying between fourteen and a half and twenty-six feet. The only island is that named by Schoolcraft after himself in 1832. It is in the central body of the lake, and commands a partial view of each arm. It is about one hundred and fifty feet wide by three hundred feet long, varying in height from its wa-

ter-line to twenty-five feet, and is thickly timbered with maple, elm, oak and a thicket of bushes.

On Tuesday morning, July 14, at six o'clock, we paddled away from the island to the foot of the lake. The outlet is entirely obscured by reeds and wild rice, through which the water converges in almost imperceptible current toward the river's first definite banks. This screen penetrated, I stopped the Kleiner Fritz in mid-stream and accurately measured width, depth and current. I found the width twenty feet, the depth on either side of my canoe as she pointed down the stream thirty-one inches, and the speed of the current two and one-tenth miles to the hour. The first four miles of the infant's course is swift and crooked, over a bed of red sand and gravel, thickly interspersed with mussel and other small shells, and bordered with reeds. Through these, at two points, we beat our way on foot, dragging the canoes through unmade channels. Indeed, nearly all of these first four miles demanded frequent leaps from the boats to direct their swift and crooked course, until we came to a stretch of savanna country, through which the river washes its way in serpentine windings for nine miles with a gentle current from thirty to sixty feet wide, bordered by high grass, bearing the appearance and having the even depth of a canal. An easy, monotonous paddle through these broad meadows brought us to the head of the first rapids, the scene of our two days' upward struggle. These rapids extend about twelve miles as the river runs, alternating between rattling, rocky plunges and swift, smooth water, for the most part through a densely-wooded ravine cleft through low but abrupt hills, and as lonely and cheerless as the heart of Africa. The solitude is of that sort which takes hold upon the very soul and weaves about it hues of the sombreast cast. From our parting with the Indians on first reaching the river we had neither seen nor heard a human being, nor were there save here and there remote traces of man's hand. No men dwell there: nothing invites men there. A few birds and fewer ani-

mals hold absolute dominion. Wandering there, one's senses become intensely alert. But for the hoot of the owl, the caw of the crow, the scream of the eagle, the infrequent twitter of small birds, the mighty but subdued roar of insects, the rush of water over the rocks and the sigh and sough of the wind among the pines, the lonely wanderer has no sign of aught but the rank and dank vegetation and a gloomy, oppressive plodding on and on, without an instant's relief in the sights and sounds of human life. We entered upon the descent of the rapids in no very cheerful mood.

The downward way was easier, and we had cleared away, in the upward struggle, such obstructions as were within our control. Still, we travelled slowly and wearily, and came out of our first day's homeward work wet and worn into a camp in the high grass a good twenty miles from the start of the morning. We drew the canoes from the water, made our beds of blankets inside, lashed our paddles to the masts for ridge-poles, thatched our little cabins with our rubber blankets, hung our mosquito-bars beneath, then cooked and ate under the flare of our camp-fire, and sought our canoe-beds for that sweet sleep which comes of weariness of body, but not of mind, under the bright stars and broad-faced moon shining with unwonted clearness in that clear air.

The night proved very cool. Our outer garments, wet from so much leaping in and out of the canoes, and rolled up for storage on the decks over night, were found in the early morning frozen stiff, and had to be thawed before we could unroll them. The thermometer registered 33° after six o'clock, and frost lay upon all our surroundings.

For two and a half days our course was down a stream winding gracefully through a broad region of savanna country, occasionally varied by the crossing of low sandy ridges beautifully groved by lofty yellow pines. In the savannas the shores are made of black soil drifted in, and forming, with the dense mass of grass-roots, a tough compound in which the earthy and vegetable parts are about equal, while the tall grass, growing per-

pendicularly from the shore, makes a stretch of walls on either side, the monotony of which becomes at last so tiresome that a twenty-foot hill, a boulder as large as a bushel basket or a tree of unusual size or kind becomes specially interesting. Standing on tiptoe in the canoes, we could see nothing before or around us but a boundless meadow, with here and there a clump of pines, and before and behind the serpent-like creep-

ings of the river. The only physical life to be seen was in the countless ducks, chiefly of the teal and mallard varieties, a few small birds and the fish—lake-trout, grass-bass, pickerel and sturgeon—constantly darting under and around us or poised motionless in water so clear that every fin and scale was seen at depths of six and eight feet. The ducks were exceedingly wild—something not easily accounted for in that untroubled and un-



A BLOW ON BALL CLUB LAKE.

inhabited country; but we were readily able to reinforce our staple supplies with juicy birds and flaky fish broiled over a lively fire or baked under the glowing coals.

By noon of Friday, the 18th, we had come to an average width in the river of eighty feet and a sluggish flow of six feet in depth. We halted for our lunch at the mouth of the South (or Plantagenian) Fork of the Mississippi, up which Schoolcraft's party pursued its way to Itasca Lake. Thence a short run brought us suddenly upon Lake Marquette, a lovely sheet of water with clearly-defined and solid shores, about one mile by two in extent, exactly across the centre of which the river has entrance and exit. Beyond this, a short mile brought us to the sandy beaches of Bemidji Lake, the first considerable body of water in our downward travel, and about one hundred and twenty-five miles, as the river winds,

Vol. XXVI.—18

from Itasca. The real name of the lake, as used by the Indians and whites adjacent, is Bemidjigemah, meaning "across the lake," and Bemidji is frequently known as Traverse Lake. It is a lovely, unbroken expanse, about seven miles long and four miles wide. Its shores are of beautiful white sand, gravel and boulders, reaching back to open pine-groved bluffs. Our shore-searchers found agate, topaz, carnelian, etc. Our approach to Bemidji had been invested with special interest as the first unmistakable landmark in our lonely wanderings, and as the home of one man—a half-breed—the only human being who has a home above Cass Lake. We found his hut, but not himself, at the river's outlet. The lodge is neatly built of bark. It was surrounded by good patches of corn, potatoes, wheat, beans and wild raspberries. There is a stable for a horse and a cow, and all about were the conventional traps of a civil-

ized biped who lives upon a blending of wit, woodcraft and industry. We greatly wished to see this hermit, whose nearest neighbors are thirty miles away. His dog welcomed us with all the passion of canine hunger and days of isolation, but the master was gone to Leech Lake, as we afterward found from his Cass Lake neighbors. The wind favored a sail across the lake—a welcome variation from our hitherto entirely muscular propulsion—so we rigged our spars and canvas, drifted smoothly out into the trough of the lively but not angry waves, and swept swiftly across the clear, bright little sea. The white caps dashed over our decks and a few sharp puffs half careened our little ships, but the crossing was safely and quickly made. It was yet only mid-afternoon, but we had paddled steadily and made good progress nearly four days; so we went into early camp on a bluff overlooking the entire lake, did our first washing of travel-stained garments, brought up epistolary arrearages, caught two fine lake-trout for our next breakfast and went to sound sleep in the nine-and-a-half-o'clock twilight.

We had been advised that we should need guides in finding our exits from the lakes, which were obscured by reeds and wild rice. But no guide was to be had, and we easily found our own way. The river at the outlet of Bemidji Lake is about one hundred and fifty feet wide, very shallow, and runs swiftly over a bed of large gravel and boulders thickly grown with aquatic grass and weeds. We had gone but a little way when a rattling ahead told of near proximity to swift and rough water, down which we danced at a speed perilous to the boats, but not to our personal safety. The river was unusually low, so that the many bouldery rapids which otherwise would have been welcome were now only the vexatious hints of what might have been. The shallow foam dashed down each rocky ledge without channel or choice, and whichever way we went we soon wished we had gone another. The rocks were too many for evasion, and the swift current caught our keels upon their half-sunken heads, which held us fast in imminent peril of a

swamp or a capsise, our only safety lying in open eyes, quick and skilful use of the paddle or a sudden leap overboard at a critical instant. Added to these difficulties, a gusty head wind and lively showers obscured the boulders and the few open channels. So we went on all the forenoon, hampered by our ponchos, poling, drifting, paddling and peering our way, blinded by wind and rain, till we came to the last of these labyrinths, liveliest and most treacherous of all. We were soaked, and only dreaded an upset for our provisions and equipments. The rapid was long, rough, swift, crooked. The Kleiner Fritz led the way into the swirl, and was caught, a hundred feet down, hard and fast by her bow-keel, swung around against another boulder at her stern, and was pinned fast in no sort of danger, the water boiling under and around her, while her captain sat at his leisure as under the inevitable, with a don't-care-a-dash-ative procrastination of the not-to-be-avoided jump overboard and wade for deeper water. The Betsy D., following closely, passed the Fritz with a rush which narrowly escaped the impalement of the one by the other's sharp nose, struck, hung for a moment, while the water dashed over her decks and around her manhole, then washed loose and went onward safely to still water. The Fritz, solid as the Pyramids, beckoned the Hattie to come on without awaiting the questionable time of the latter's release; so the namesake of the hazel-eyed and brown-haired Indiana girl came into the boil and bubble, sailed gayly by the troubles of the others, was gliding on toward quiet seas under her skipper's gleeful whoops, when, bang! went her bow upon a rock, from which a moment's work freed her: tz-z-z-z-z-zip crunched her copper nails over another just under water, whence she went bumping and crunching, her captain's prudent and energetic guidance knocking his flag one way and his wooden hatch the other, till finally his troubles were behind him. Then the Fritz began to stir. Her commander went overboard and released her, then leaped astride her deck and paddled cautiously down the rift and slowly down

the quieter water below, howling through the pelting rain,

"Then let the world wag along as it will:
We'll be gay and happy still,"

until he came upon his comrades—one stumbling about over the blackened roots of grass and underbrush from a recent fire in search of wood for our needed noon-day blaze; the other with wet matches

and birch bark, and imprecations for which there was ample justification, vainly seeking that without which hot coffee and broiled bacon cannot be. The Kleiner Fritz's haversack supplied dry matches, fire began to snap, coffee boiled, bacon sputtered on the ends of willow rods, hard tack was set out for each man, and we sat upon our heels for lunch un-



PEKAGEMA FALLS.

der the weeping skies and willows, comparing notes and experiences.

Thence, three hours through monotonous savanna and steady rain brought us to the uppermost bay of Cass Lake, and unexpectedly upon a straggling Indian village. We bore down upon it with yells, and there came tumbling out from birch lodges and bark cabins the first human beings we had seen for more than

ten days, in all the ages, sizes, tints, costumes and shades of filth known to the Chippewas of the interior wilderness. At first they were a little shy of us, but we got into a stumbling conversation with the only man of the whole lot who wore breeches or could compass a little English, and soon the dirty, laughing, wondering, chattering gang came down to inspect us and our, to them, marvellous

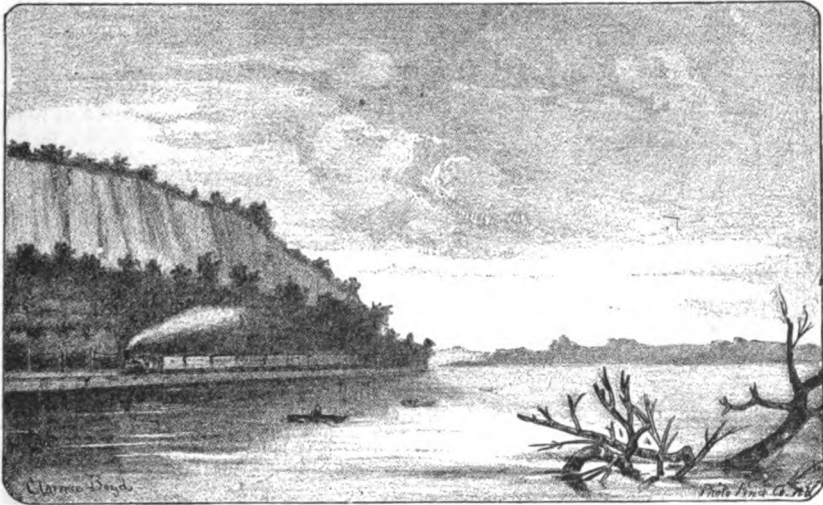
craft, and to fully enjoy what was perhaps the most interesting event in many a long month of their uneventful lives. Then we paddled across the bay, or upper lake, out into the broader swells of Cass Lake itself, pulled four miles across to the northernmost point of Colcaspi, or Grand Island, and made our second Saturday night's camp upon its white sands at or very near the spot where Schoolcraft and his party had encamped in July, forty-seven years before. The landward side of the beautiful beach is skirted by an almost impenetrable jungle. We had frequently seen traces, old and new, of deer, moose, bears and smaller animals, but had seen none of the animals themselves save one fine deer, and our sleep had been wholly undisturbed by prowlers; so we sank to rest on Grand Island with no fears of invasion. At midnight the occupant of the Kleiner Fritz was aroused by a scratching upon the side of the canoe and low, whining howls. He partially awoke, confused and half asleep, in doubt as to the character of his disturber, which went forward, climbed upon the deck and confronted him through the narrow gable of his rubber roof with a pair of fiery eyes, which to his startled imagination seemed like the blazing of a comet in duplicate. The owner of the eyes was at arm's length, with nothing but a mosquito-bar intervening. Then the eyes suddenly disappeared, and the scratching and howling were renewed in a determined and partially successful effort to get between the overlapping rubber blankets to the captain of the Fritz. This movement was defeated by a quick grasp of the edges of the blankets, and while the animal was snarling and pawing at the shielded fist of his intended victim lusty shouts went out for the camp to arouse and see what the enemy might be, as the Fritz was unwilling to uncover to his unknown assailant. The Hattie's skipper, hard by, saw that something unusual was on hand, peered out, and so increased the uproar as to draw the adversary's attack. Then the Betsy bore down upon us all just as the hungry and persistent beast was crouching for a leap at the Hattie's jugular, the loud bang of a Parker rifle rang out upon the stillness,

and a fine, muscular lynx lay dead at the Cincinnati Nimrod's feet. The animal's trail showed that he had prowled around our bacon and hard tack in contempt, had inspected the Betsy's commander as he lay on the sand in his blanket and under a huge yellow mosquito-bar, but had evidently concluded that any man who could snore as that man usually did was not a good subject for attack, and so came on down the beach in search of blood less formidably defended. We renewed our fire, examined our dead disturber, and turned in again to sound sleep under the assuring suggestion of the Cincinnati man that, whatever else the jungle might hide, two cannon-balls rarely enter the same hole.

Our heavy and late slumber was broken by the laugh and chatter of two Indian women and a child, who in a bark canoe a little way from shore were regarding our camp in noisy curiosity. My blanket suddenly thrown aside and a good-morning in English took them by surprise, and they paddled away vigorously toward a group of lodges some four miles across the lake. In the glorious sunset of a restful Sunday we crossed the glassy lake to its outlet, taking two fine lake-trout of four pounds as we went, and glided out of as beautiful a lake as sun and moon shine upon into the swift, steady, deep current of what for the first time in its long way Gulfward bears the full dignity of a river. Its green banks are some two hundred feet apart. The water has a regular depth of from five to six feet, and all the way to Lake Winnibegoshish affords an unbroken channel for a medium-sized Western steamer. The shores, alternating between low, firm, grass-grown earth and benches of luxuriant green twenty feet high, grown over with open groves of fine yellow pines, were so beautiful and regular that we could hardly persuade ourselves that we should not see, as we rounded the graceful curves, some fine old mansion of which these turfed knolls and charming groves seemed the elegant lawns and parks. Our fleet unanimously voted the river between Cass and Winnibegoshish Lakes the most beautiful of all its upper course.

We began our second week upon the Mississippi with a breakfast of baked lake-trout, slapjacks, maple syrup and coffee, which embodied the culinary skill of the entire fleet: then started for Winnibegoshish in the height of good spirits and physical vigor. In one of our easy, five-miles-an-hour swings around the graceful curves we were met by a duck flying close over our heads with noisy quacks. A little farther we came upon the cause of the bird's lively flight in an Indian boy,

not above nine years old, paddling a large birch canoe, over the gunwale of which peeped the muzzle of a sanguinary-looking old shot-gun. The diminutive sportsman was for a moment dashed by our sudden and novel appearance, but, from the way he urged his canoe and from the determined set of his dirty face, we had small room to doubt the ultimate fate of the flying mallard. Another curve brought us in sight of the home of the little savage, where a dozen Indians, in all stages



BARN BLUFF (C., M. & ST. P. R. R.).

of nudity, were encamped upon a high bluff. A concerted whoop from our fleet brought all of them from their smoky lodges, and we swept by under their wondering eyes and exclamations. Then the high land was left behind, and half an hour between low meadows brought us out upon the yellow sands and heaving swells of Lake Winnibegoshish, the largest in the Mississippi chain, the dimensions of which, including its lovely north-eastern bay, are about eleven by thirteen miles. The name signifies "miserable dirty-water lake," but save a faint tinge of brown its waters are as pure and sparkling as those of any of the upper lakes. Our entrance upon Winnibegoshish was under a driving storm of wind and mist, against which we paddled three

miles to Duck Point, a slender finger of wooded sand and boulder reaching half a mile out, at whose junction with the main land is a miserable village of most villainous-looking Indians. One man alone could speak a little English, and through him we negotiated for replenishing our provisions. Meantime, the storm freshened and embargoed an eight-mile journey across an open and boiling sea; so we paddled to the outermost joint upon the jutting finger for a bivouac under the trees, waiting the hoped-for lull of wind and wave at sunset. The smoke of our fire invited to our camp the hungry natives, who dogged us at every turn all the long afternoon, in squads of all numbers under twenty, and of all ages between two and seventy. One club-footed

and club-handed fellow of forbidding visage protested with hand and head that he neither spoke nor understood our vernacular. Later, he sidled up to the Hattie's skipper and said in an earnest *sotto voce*, "Gib me dime." Denied the dime, he intimated to the Betsy that he doted on bacon, of which we were each broiling a slice. The Betsy's captain was bent upon securing an Indian fish-spear, and he pantomimed to the twinkling eyes of the copper-skin that he would invest a generous chunk of bacon in barbed iron. The Indian strode back to his village, and soon returned with the spear, which he transferred to the Betsy's stores.

The conventional Indian maiden besieged the bachelor two-thirds of our expedition with all the wiles that could be embodied in a comely and clean-calicoed charmer up in the twenties, who finally bore away from the Betsy's private stores a fan of stunning colors and other odds and ends of a St. Paul notion-store; while the guileless commander of the Hattie, whose cumulative years should have taught him better, and whose thinly-clad brain-shelter and disreputable attempt at sailor costume should have blunted all feminine javelins, surrendered to the ugliest old septuagenarian in the village, and sent her heart away rejoicing in the ownership of a policeman's whistle courted by her leering eyes and already smirched by her dirty lips, together with a stock of tea, crackers and bacon for which her expanded corporosity evinced no imminent need. At last rid of our importunate acquaintances, we turned in for a sleep, which we resolved should be broken at the first moment, dark or light, when we might cross the lake. Before daylight the Betsy's resonant call awoke us, and in the earliest gray we paddled out upon a heavy but not foaming sea, and after two and a half hours of monotonous splashing in the trough of the waves landed for breakfast on the eastern shore, whence we crossed a lovely bay and passed out once more upon the river.

A mile on our way we came to the prettiest of the many Indian burying-grounds which we saw now and then. Formerly, the Indians deposited their

dead upon rude scaffolds well up in the air. Now they seek high ground and place the bodies of the departed in shallow graves, over which they build little wooden houses a foot or two high with gabled roofs, and mark each with a white flag raised upon a pole a few feet above the sleeper's head. In this neighborhood we inquired of a stalwart brave concerning our proximity to a portage by means of which a short walk over to a small lake near the head of Ball Club Lake and a pull of six miles down the latter would bring us out again into the river, and save a tedious voyage of twenty-five to thirty miles through a broad savanna. The Indian in his old birch canoe joined our fleet, and led us to the beginning of the portage near the foot of Little Winnipeg Lake. We had carried two canoes and all the baggage over to the water on the other side of a sandy ridge, leaving only the Kleiner Fritz to be brought, when our guide and packer, with a preliminary grunt, said "Money?" inquiring how much we intended to pay him. He had worked hard for four hours, for which we tried to tell him that we should pay him one dollar when he should bring over the remaining canoe; but we could not make him understand what a dollar was. We then laid down, one after another, four silver quarter-dollars and two bars of tobacco; whereupon he gave a satisfied grunt and an affirmative nod, disappeared in the forest, and in less than an hour returned with the Fritz upon his steaming shoulders, having covered more than three miles in the round trip.

As we pulled out upon Ball Club Lake a gentle stern wind bade us hoist our canvas for an easy and pleasant sail of six or seven miles down to the open river. We glided out gayly before a gentle breeze, and sailed restfully over the little rippling waves, our speed increasing, though we hardly noted the signs of a gale driving after us over the hills behind. The Hattie was leading well over to the port shore, the Fritz bearing straight down the middle, with the Betsy on the starboard quarter, when the storm struck us with a vigor that increased with each gust. The

black clouds swished over our heads, seemingly almost within reach of our paddles. The sails tugged at the sheets with tiresome strength. The canoes now plunged into a wave at the bows and were now swept by others astern, as they rushed forward like mettlesome colts or hung poised upon or within a rolling swell, until, with the increasing gale, the roaring waves dashed entirely over decks and men. The Hattie bore away to leeward and rode the gale finely, but at last prudence bade the furling of her sail. Expecting no such blow, the Fritz had not

taken the precaution to arrange her rubber apron for keeping out the waves from her manhole, and now, between holding the sheet, steering and watching the gusty wind, neither hand nor eye could be spared for defensive preparations; so her skipper struck sail and paddled for the westward shore, with the Betsy lunging and plunging close behind. We on the windward side sought the smoother water within the reeds, and drove along rapidly under bare poles, out of sight of the Hattie, separated at nightfall by miles of raging sea. We rode before the wind to



CHURCH AMONG THE PINES (BRAINERD).

the foot of the lake, where we were confronted by the alternative of a toilsome and unsafe paddle around the coast against the storm's full force, or camping in mutual anxiety as to the fate of the unseen party—a by no means pleasant sedative for a night's rest upon wild and uninhabited shores. We decided upon the pull, and labored on, now upon the easy swells within the reeds, and then tossing upon the crests in open places, until at last a whirling column of smoke a mile ahead gave us assurance of the Hattie's safety. The reunited fleet paddled down into the Mississippi, enlivening the darkness until we could find camping-ground beyond the marshes by a comparison of storm-experiences and congratulations that we had escaped the bottom of the lake.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, after a monotonous pull through the interminable windings of Eagle Nest Savanna, we swept around a curve of high tillable land upon the uppermost farm cultivated by whites, eighteen miles above Pekagama Falls, and one hundred and seventy miles by river beyond the Northern Pacific Railroad. Thomas Smith and his partner, farming, herding and lumbering at the mouth of Vermilion River, were the first white men we had seen since July 6, seventeen days, and with them we enjoyed a chat in straight English. Nine miles below we camped at River Camp, the second farm downward, where we were kindly supplied with vegetables and with fresh milk, which seemed to us then like the nectar of the gods. Thursday,

24th, we reached Pekagama Falls, a wild pitch of some twenty feet, with rapids above and below, down which the strong volume of the river plunges with terrible force in picturesque beauty. A carry around the falls and three miles of paddling brought us to Grand Rapids, and we rushed like the wind into the whirl and boil of its upper ledge, down the steep and crooked incline for two hundred yards, out of which we shot up to the bank under a little group of houses where Warren Potter and Knox & Wakefield conduct the uppermost post-office and stores upon the river. We speedily closed our partly-completed letters and posted them for a pack-mail upon an Indian's back sixty-five miles to Aitkin, while we should follow the tortuous river thither for one hundred and fifty miles. We had hoped for a rest and lift hence to Aitkin upon the good steamboat City of Aitkin, which makes a few lonely trips each spring and fall, but the low water had prevented her return from her last voyage, made ten days before our arrival. Our stores replenished, after two hours of rest we started again in a driving rain, and under the hearty *bon voyage* of a dozen frontiersmen and Indians shot the two lively lower ledges of Grand Rapids, and came out on smooth water, whose sluggish flow, broken by a very few rifts, bore us thence one hundred and fifty miles to the next white settlement at Aitkin. The entire distance lies through low bottom-lands heavily timbered, and our course was drearily monotonous. We left Grand Rapids at mid-afternoon of Thursday, July 24, and camped on Friday night four miles below Swan River. Late on Saturday we passed Sandy Lake River — where formerly were a large Indian population and an important trading-post, founded and for many years conducted by Mr. Aitkin, who was prominently identified with the early history of that region, and is now commemorated in the town and county bearing his name, but where now remain only one or two deserted cabins and a few Indian graves, over which white flags were flapping in the sultry breeze—and camped two miles below. Monday's afternoon brought us

to Aitkin, so that we had covered one hundred and fifty miles of sluggish channel, at low summer tide, in three working days. We had been four weeks beyond possibility of home-tidings, and we swooped down upon the disciple of Morse in that far-away village with work that kept him clicking for an hour. We were handsomely taken in by Warren Potter, a pioneer and an active and intelligent factor in the business of that region, in whose tasteful home we for the first time in a month sat down and ate in Christian fashion under a civilized roof. Having lost a week in the farther wilderness, we decided to take the rail to Minneapolis, that we might enjoy the beautiful river thence to Lake Pepin, yet reach our homes within the appointed time. Half a day was enjoyed at Brainerd, the junction of the Northern Pacific main line with the St. Paul branch, and the most important town between Lake Superior and the Missouri. It is beautifully built and picturesquely scattered among the pines upon the Mississippi's eastern bank, not far above Crow Wing River. Thence we were carried over the splendid railway, passing the now abandoned Fort Ripley, winding along or near to the river and across the wheat-fields, through the busy and beautiful city of mills, below St. Anthony's roar and down the dancing rapids to a pleasant island-camp between the green-and-gray bluffs that bind Minneapolis to Minnehaha—the first really fine scenery this side of Itasca's solitude. A delightful paddle under a bright morning sun and over swift, clear water carried us to the little brook whose laughter, three-quarters of a mile up a deep ravine, has been sent by Longfellow rippling outward to all the world. We rounded the great white-faced sand-rock that marks the outlet, paddled as far as we might up the quiet stream, beached the canoes under the shade of the willows, walked a little way up the brook, past a deserted mill, under cool shadows of rock and wood, and enjoyed for half an hour the simple, seductive charms of the "Laughing Water." Then we tramped back to our boats, floated down under the old walls of Fort Snelling and between the chalk-white

cliffs which line the broadening river, until we came in sight of St. Paul's roofs and spires, and soon were enjoying the thoughtful care and generous hospitality of the Minnesota Boat Club. Another day's close brought us to Red Wing, backgrounded by the green bluffs and reddened cliffs of its bold hills. One more pull down the now broad and isl-

anded stream carried us to Lake Pepin, one of the loveliest mirrors that reflects the sun, and to Frontenac's white beach. The keels of the Fritz, the Betsy and the Hattie crunched the sands at the end of their long journey, the boats were shunted back upon the railway, and their weary owners were soon dozing in restful forgetfulness upon the couches of the un-



END OF VOYAGE (FRONTENAC, LAKE PEPIN).

surpassed Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul line.

Beyond reasonable doubt, our party is the only one that ever pushed its way by boat up the entire course of the farthest Mississippi. Beyond any question, our canoes were the first wooden boats that ever traversed those waters. Schoolcraft, in 1832, came all the way down the upper river without portages, but he had very high water and many helpers, in spite of which one of his birch canoes was wrecked. The correspondent of a New York newspaper claimed the complete

trip in his canoe some five years ago, but his own guide and others told us that his Dolly Varden never was above Brainerd, and that his portages above were frequent. So we may well feel an honest pride in our Rushton-built Rob Roys and our hard knocks, and may remember with pardonable gratification that upon our own feet and keels we have penetrated the solitudes lying around the source of the world's most remarkable river, where no men live and where, probably, not more than two-score white men have ever been. A. H. SIEGFRIED.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BY the time Reuben May entered the little town of Looe he had come to a decision about his movements and how he should carry out his plan of getting back to London. Not by going with Captain Triggs, for the monotonous inaction of a sailing voyage would now be insupportable to him, but by walking as far as he could, and now and then, whenever it was possible, endeavoring to get a cheap lift on the road. His first step must therefore be to inform Triggs of his decision, and to do this he must get back to Plymouth, a distance from Looe of some fifteen or sixteen miles.

In going through Looe that morning he had stopped for a few minutes at a small inn which stood not far from the beach; and having now crossed the river which divides West from East Looe, he began looking about for this house, intending to get some refreshments, to rest for an hour or so, and then proceed on his journey.

Already the town-clock was striking six, and Reuben calculated that if he started between nine and ten he should have time to take another good rest on the road—which he had already once that day traversed—and reach Plymouth Barbican, where the Mary Jane lay, by daybreak.

The inn found, he ordered his meal and informed the landlady of his intention.

"Why, do 'ee stop here till mornin', then," exclaimed the large-hearted Cornish woman. "If 'tis the matter o' the money," she added, eying him critically, "that's hinderin' 'ee from it, it needn't to, for I'll see us don't have no quarrel 'bout the price o' the bed."

Reuben assured her that choice, not necessity, impelled his onward footsteps; and, thus satisfied, she bade him "Take and lie down on the settle there inside the bar-parlor; for," she added, "less 'tis the sergeant over fra Liskeard

'tain't likely you'll be disturbed no ways; and I shall be in and out to see you'm all right."

Reuben stretched himself out, and, overcome by the excitement and fatigue of the day, was soon asleep and dreaming of those happier times when he and Eve had walked as friends together. Suddenly some one seemed to speak her name, and though the name at once wove itself into the movement of the dream, the external sound had aroused the sleeper, and he opened his eyes to see three men sitting near talking over their grog.

With just enough consciousness to allow of his noticing that one was a soldier and the other two were sailors, Reuben looked for a minute, then closed his eyes, and was again sinking back into sleep when the name of Eve was repeated, and this time with such effect that all Reuben's senses seemed to quicken into life, and, cautiously opening his eyes, so as to look without being observed, he saw that it was the soldier who was speaking.

"Young chap, thinks I," he was saying, "you little fancy there's one so near who's got your sweetheart's seal dangling to his fob;" and with an air of self-satisfied vanity he held out for inspection a curious little seal which Reuben at once recognized as the same which he himself had given to Eve.

The unexpected sight came upon him with such surprise that, had not the height of the little table served as a screen to shelter him from view, his sudden movement must have betrayed his wakefulness.

"He's a nice one for any woman to be tied to, he is!" replied the younger of the two sailbirs. "Why, the only time as I ever had what you may call a fair look at un was one night in to the King o' Proosia's, and there he was dealing out his soft sawder to little Nancy Lagassick as if he couldn't live a minute out o' her sight."

"That's about it," laughed the soldier.

"He's one of your own sort there: you Jacks are all alike, with a wife in every port. However," he added—and as he spoke he gave a complacent stroke to his good-looking face—"he may thank his stars that a matter of seven miles or so lays between his pretty Eve and Captain Van Courtlund's troop, or there'd have been a cutting-out expedition that, saving the presence of those I speak before"—and he gave a most exasperating wink—"might have proved a trifle more successful than such things have of late."

"Here, I say," said the sailor, flaming up at this ill-timed jocularly, "'p'ra'ps you'll tell me what 'tis you're drivin' at; for I've got to hear of it if you, or any o' your cloth either, ever made a find yet. You're mighty 'cute 'bout other folks, though when the spirits was under yer very noses, and you searched the houses through 'twas known to be stowed in, you couldn't lay hold on a single cask. 'Tis true we mayn't have nabbed the men, but by jingo if 't has come to us bein' made fools of by the women!"

"There, now, stash it there!" said his older comrade, who had no wish to see a quarrel ensue. "So far as I can see, there's no cause for bounce 'twixt either o' us; though only you give us a chance of getting near to them, sergeant," he said, turning to the soldier, "and I'll promise you shall make it all square with this pretty lass you fancy while her lover's cutting capers under Tyburn tree."

"A chance?" repeated his companion, despondingly: "where's it to come from, and the only one we'd got cut away from under us by those Hart chaps?"

"How so? where's the Hart off to, then?" asked the sergeant.

"Off to Port Mellint," said the man addressed. "Nothing but a hoax, I fancy, but still she was bound to go;" and so saying he tossed off the remainder of his grog and began making a movement, saying, as he did so, to his somewhat quarrelsome-disposed shipmate, "Here, I say, Bill, come 'long down to the rendezvoos with me, and if there's nothin' up for to-night what d'ye say to stepping round to Paddy Burke's? He's asked us to come ever so many times, you know."

"Paddy Burke?" said the sergeant. "What! do you know him? Why, if you're going there, I'll step so far with you."

"Well, we're bound for the rendezvoos first," said the sailor.

"All right! I can find plenty to do while you're in there."

"Then come along;" and, only stopping to exchange a few words in passing with the landlady, out they all went, and Reuben was left alone, a prey to the thoughts which now came crowding into his mind.

For a few minutes he sat with his arms resting on the table as if communing with himself: then, starting up as if filled with a sudden resolve, he went out and asked the landlady a few commonplace questions, and finally inquired whereabouts and in what direction did the rendezvous lie.

"Close down by the bridge, the first house after you pass the second turning. Why?" she said: "be 'ee wanting to see anybody there?"

"No," said Reuben: "I only heard the fellows that came in there talking about the rendezvous, and I wondered whether I'd passed it."

"Why, iss, o' course you did, comin' in. 'Tis the house with the flag stream-in' over the doorways."

Reuben waited for no further information. He said something about not knowing it was so late, bade the landlady a rather abrupt farewell, and went his way.

Down the narrow street he hurried, turned a corner, and found himself in front of the house indicated, outside which all was dark. Nobody near, and, with the exception of himself, not a soul to be seen. Inside, he could hear voices, and the more plainly from the top sash of the window being a little way open. By the help of the iron stanchion driven in to support the flagstaff he managed to get up, steady himself on the window-sill and take a survey of the room. Several men were in it, and among them the two he had already seen, one of whom was speaking to a person whom, from his uniform, Reuben took to be an officer.

The sight apparently decided what he

had before hesitated about, and getting down he took from his pocket a slip of paper—one he had provided in case he should want to leave a message for Eve—and rapidly wrote on it these words: "The Lottery is expected at Polperro to-night. They will land at Down End as soon as the tide will let them get near."

Folding this, he once more mounted the window-sill, tossed the paper into the room, lingered for but an instant to see that it was picked up, then jumped down, ran with all speed, and was soon lost amid the darkness which surrounded him.

As he hurried from the house an echo seemed to carry to his ears the shout which greeted this surprise—a surprise which set every one talking at once, each one speaking and no one listening. Some were for going, some for staying away, some for treating it as a serious matter, others for taking it as a joke.

At length the officer called "Silence!" and after a pause, addressing the men present in a few words, he said that however it might turn out he considered that he should only be doing his duty by ordering the boats to proceed to the place named and see what amount of truth there was in this somewhat mysterious manœuvre. If it was nothing but a hoax they must bear to have the laugh once more turned against them; but should it turn out the truth! The buzz which greeted this bare supposition showed how favorably his decision was regarded, and the absent men were ordered to be summoned without delay. Everything was got ready as quickly as possible, and in a little over an hour two boats started, fully equipped and manned, to lie in ambush near the coast midway between Looe and Polperro.

While Fate, in the shape of Reuben May, had been hastening events toward a disastrous climax, the course of circumstances in Polperro had not gone altogether smoothly. To Eve's vexation, because of the impossibility of speaking of her late encounter with Reuben May, she found on her return home that during her absence Mrs. Tucker had arrived, with the

rare and unappreciated announcement that she had come to stop and have her tea with them. The example set by Mrs. Tucker was followed by an invitation to two or three other elderly friends, so that between her hospitality and her excitement Joan had no opportunity of noticing any undue change in Eve's manner or appearance. Two or three remarks were made on her pale face and abstracted air, but this more by the way of teasing than anything else; while Joan, remembering the suppressed anxiety she was most probably trying to subdue, endeavored to come to her aid and assist in turning away this over-scrutiny of her tell-tale appearance.

The opportunity thus afforded by silence gave time for reflection, and Eve, who had never been quite straightforward or very explicit about herself and Reuben May, now began to hesitate. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to say nothing, for Joan was certain to ask questions which, without betraying the annoyance she had undergone, Eve hardly saw her way to answering. Again, it was not impossible but that Reuben's anger might relent, and if so he would most probably seek another interview, in which to beg her pardon.

In her heart Eve hoped and believed this would be the case; for, indignant as she had defied Reuben's scorn and flung back his reproaches, they had been each a separate sting to her, and she longed for the chance to be afforded Reuben of seeing how immeasurably above the general run of men was the one she had chosen.

"Here, I say, Eve!" exclaimed Joan, as she came in-doors from bidding good-bye to the last departure: "come bear a hand and let's set the place all straight: I can't abide the men's coming home to find us all in a muddle."

Eve turned to with a good will, and the girls soon had the satisfaction of seeing the room look as bright and cheery as they desired.

"Let's see—ten minutes past 'leben," said Joan, looking at the clock. "I don't see how 'tis possible for 'em to venture in 'fore wan, 'less 'tis to Yallow Rock,

and they'd hardly try that. What do 'ee say, Eve? Shall we run up out to cliff, top o' Talland lane, and see if us can see any signs of 'em?"

"Oh do, Joan!"

And, throwing their cloaks over them, off they set.

"Here, give me your hand," said Joan as they reached the gate and entered upon the path which Eve had last trod with Adam by her side. "I know the path better than you, and 'tis a bit narrow for a pitch-dark night like this. Take care: we'm come to the watter. That's right. Now up we goes till we get atop, and then we'll have a good look round us."

Thus instructed, Eve managed to get on, and, stumbling up by Joan's side, they quickly reached the narrow line of level which seemed to overhang the depths below.

"We couldn't see them if they were there," said Eve, turning to Joan, who was still peering into the darkness.

"No, 'tis blacker than I thought," said Joan cheerily: "that's ever so much help to 'em, and— Hooray! the fires is out! Do 'ee see, Eve? There ain't a spark o' nothin' nowheres. Ole Jonathan's hoaxed 'em fine this time: the gawpuses have soaked it all in, and, I'll be bound, raced off so fast as wind and tide 'ud carry 'em."

"Then they're sure to come now?" said Eve excitedly.

"Certain," said Joan. "They've seed the fires put out, and know it means the bait's swallowed and the cruiser is off. I shouldn't wonder a bit if they'm close in shore, only waitin' for the tide to give 'em a proper draw o' water, so that they may send the kegs over."

"Should we go on a bit farther," said Eve, "and get down the hill by the Warren stile? We might meet some of 'em, perhaps."

"Better not," said Joan. "To tell 'ee the truth, 'tis best to make our way home so quick as can, for I wudn't say us 'ull have 'em back quicker than I thought."

"Then let's make haste," exclaimed Eve, giving her hand to Joan, while she turned her head to take a farewell glance in the direction where it was probable the vessel was now waiting. "Oh, Joan!

what's that?" For a fiery arrow had seemed to shoot along the darkness, and in quick succession came another and another.

Joan did not answer, but she seemed to catch her breath, and, clutching hold of Eve, she made a spring up on to the wall over which they had before been looking. And now a succession of sharp cracks were heard, then the tongues of fire darted through the air, and again all was gloom.

"O Lord!" groaned Joan, "I hope 'tain't nothin's gone wrong with 'em."

In an instant Eve had scrambled up by her side: "What can it be? what could go wrong, Joan?"

But Joan's whole attention seemed now centred on the opposite cliff, from where, a little below Hard Head, after a few minutes' watching, Eve saw a blue light burning: this was answered by another lower down, then a rocket was sent up, at sight of which Joan clasped her hands and cried, "Awh, 'tis they! 'tis they! Lord save 'em! Lord help 'em! They cursed hounds have surely played 'em false."

"What! not taken them, Joan?"

"They won't be taken," she said fiercely. "Do you think, unless 'twas over their dead bodies, they'd ever let king's men stand masters on the Lottery's deck?"

Eve's heart died within her, and with one rush every detail of the lawless life seemed to come before her.

"There they go again!" cried Joan; and this time, by the sound, she knew their position was altered to the westward and somewhat nearer to land. "Lord send they mayn't know their course!" she continued: "'tis but a point or two on, and they'll surely touch the Steeple Reef.—Awh, you blidthirsty cowards! I wish I'd the pitchin' of every man of 'ee overboards: 'tis precious little mercy you'd get from me. And the blessed sawls to be caught in yer snarin' traps close into home, anighst their very doors, too!—Eve, I must go and see what they means to do for 'em. They'll never suffer to see 'em butchered whilst there's a man in Polperro to go out and help 'em."

Forgetting in her terror all the difficul-

ties she had before seen in the path, Eve managed to keep up with Joan, whose flying footsteps never stayed until she found herself in front of a long building close under shelter of the Peak which had been named as a sort of assembling-place in case of danger.

"'Tis they?" Joan called out in breathless agony, pushing her way through the crowd of men now hastening up from all directions toward the captain of the Cleopatra.

"I'm feared so;" and his grave face bespoke how fraught with anxiety his fears were.

"What can it be, d'ee think?"

"Can't tell noways. They who brought us word saw the Hart sail, and steady watch has been kept up, so that us knaws her ain't back."

"You manes to do somethin' for 'em?" said Joan.

"Never fear but us'll do what us can, though that's mighty little, I can tell 'ee, Joan."

Joan gave an impatient groan. Her thorough comprehension of their danger and its possible consequences lent activity to her distress, while Eve, with nothing more tangible than the knowledge that a terrible danger was near, seemed the prey to indefinite horrors which took away from her every sense but the sense of suffering.

By this time the whole place was astir, people running to this point and that, asking questions, listening to rumors, hazarding a hundred conjectures, each more wild than the other. A couple of boats had been manned, ready to row round by the cliff. One party had gone toward the Warren, another to Yellow Rock. All were filled with the keenest desire not only to aid their comrades, but to be revenged on those who had snared them into this cunningly-devised pitfall. But amid all this zeal arose the question, What could they do?

Absolutely nothing, for by this time the firing had ceased, the contest was apparently over, and around them impenetrable darkness again reigned supreme. To show any lights by which some point of land should be discovered might only

serve as a beacon to the enemy. To send out a boat might be to run it into their very jaws, for surely, were assistance needed, those on board the Lottery would know that by this time trusty friends were anxiously watching, waiting for but the slightest signal to be given to risk life and limb in their service.

The wisest thing to be done was to put everything in order for a sudden call, and then sit down and patiently abide the result. This decision being put into effect, the excited crowd began to thin, and before long, with the exception of those who could render assistance, very few lookers-on remained. Joan had lingered till the last, and then, urged by the possibility that many of her house-comforts might be needed, she hurried home to join Eve, who had gone before her.

With their minds running upon all the varied accidents of a fight, the girls, without exchanging a word of their separate fears, got ready what each fancied might prove the best remedy, until, nothing more being left to do, they sat down, one on each side of the fire, and counted the minutes by which time dragged out this weary watching into hours.

"Couldn't 'ee say a few hymns or somethin', Eve?" Joan said at length, with a hope of breaking this dreadful monotony.

Eve shook her head.

"No?" said Joan disappointedly. "I thought you might ha' knowed o' some." Then, after another pause, struck by a happier suggestion, she said, "S'pose us was to get down the big Bible and read a bit, eh? What do 'ee say?"

But Eve only shook her head again. "No," she said, in a hard, dry voice: "I couldn't read the Bible now."

"Couldn't 'ee?" sighed Joan. "Then, after all, it don't seem that religion and that's much of a comfort. By what I'd heard," she added, "I thought 'twas made o' purpose for folks to lay hold on in times o' trouble."

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was close upon three o'clock: Joan had fallen into an uneasy doze and Eve

was beginning to nod, when a rattle of the latch made them both start up.

"It can't be! Iss, it is, though!" screamed Joan, rushing forward to meet Adam, who caught both the girls in a close embrace.

"Uncle? uncle?" Joan cried.

"All safe," said Adam, releasing her while he strained Eve closer to his heart. "We're all back safe and sound, and, saving Tom Braddon and Israel Rickard, without a scratch 'pon any of us."

"Thank God!" sighed Eve, while Joan, verily jumping for joy, cried, "But where be they to, eh, Adam? I must rin, wherever 'tis, and see 'em, and make sure of it with my awn eyes."

"I left them down to quay with the rest: they're all together there," said Adam, unwilling to lose the opportunity of securing a few minutes alone with Eve, and yet unable to command his voice so that it should sound in its ordinary tone.

The jar in it caught Joan's quick ear, and, turning, she said, "Why, whatever have 'ee bin about, then? What's the manin' of it all? Did they play 'ee false, or how?"

Adam gave a puzzled shake of the head. "You know quite as much about it as I do," he said. "We started, and got on fair and right enough so far as Down End, and I was for at once dropping out the kegs, as had been agreed upon to do, at Sandy Bottom—"

"Well?" said Joan.

"Yes, 'twould ha' been well if we'd done it. Instead of which, no sooner was the fires seen to be out—meaning, as all thought, that the Hart was safe off—than nothing would do but we must go on to Yellow Rock, which meant waiting for over an hour till the tide served for it."

"But you never gived in to 'em, Adam?"

"Gived in?" he repeated bitterly. "After Jerrem had once put the thought into their heads you might so well have tried to turn stone walls as get either one to lay a finger on anything. They wanted to know what was the good o' taking the trouble to sink the kegs overboard when by just waitin' we could store all safe in the caves along there, under cliff."

"Most half drunk, I s'pose?" said Joan.

"By Jove! then they'd pretty soon something to make 'em sober," replied Adam grimly; "for in little more than half an hour we spied the two boats comin' up behind us, and 'fore they was well caught sight of they'd opened out fire."

"And had 'ee got to return it?" asked Joan.

"Not till they were close up we didn't, and then I b'lieve the sight of us would have been enough; only, as usual, Mr. Jerrem must be on the contrary, and let fly a shot that knocked down the bow-oar of the foremost boat like a nine-pin. That got up their blood a bit, and then at it our chaps went, tooth and nail—such a scrimmage as hasn't been seen hereabouts since the Happy-go-Lucky was took and Welland shot in her."

"Lord save us! However did 'ee manage to get off so well?" said Joan.

"Get off?" he said. "Why, we could have made a clean sweep of the whole lot, and all the cry against me now is that I kept 'em from doing it. The fools! not to see that our best chance is to do nothing more than defend ourselves, and not run our necks into a noose by taking life while there's any help for it!"

"Was the man shot dead that Jerrem fired at?" asked Eve.

"No, I hope not; or, if so, we haven't heard the last of it, for, depend on it, this new officer, Buller, he's an ugly customer to deal with, and won't take things quite so easy as old Ravens used to do."

"You'll be faintin' for somethin' to eat," said Joan, moving toward the kitchen.

"No, I ain't," said Adam, laying a detaining hand upon her. "I couldn't touch a thing: I want to be a bit quiet, that's all. My head seems all of a miz-maze like."

"Then I'll just run down and see uncle," said Joan, "and try and persuade un to come home alongs, shall I?"

Adam gave an expressive movement of his face. "You can try," he said, "but you haven't got much chance o' bringin' him, poor old chap! He thinks, like the rest of 'em, that they've done a fine night's work, and they must keep it up by drinking to blood and glory. I

only hope it may end there, but if it doesn't, whatever comes, Jerrem's the one who's got to answer for it all."

While he was saying these words Adam was pulling off his jacket, and now went to the kitchen to find some water with which to remove the black and dirt from his begrimed face and hands.

Eve hastened to assist him, but not before Joan had managed, by laying her finger on her lip, to attract her attention. "For goodness gracious' sake," she whispered, "don't 'ee brathe no word 'bout the letter to un: there'd be worse than murder 'twixt 'em now."

Eve nodded an assurance of silence, and, opening the door, Joan went out into the street, already alive with people, most of them bent on the same errand as herself, anxious to hear the incidents of the fight confirmed by the testimony of the principal actors.

The gathering-point was the sail-house behind the Peak, and thither, in company with several friends, Joan made her way, and soon found herself hailed with delight by Uncle Zebedee and Jerrem, both of whom were by this time primed up to giving the most extraordinary and vivid accounts of the fight, every detail of which was entirely corroborated by those who had been present and those who had been absent; for the constant demand made on the keg of spirits which, in honor of the *victory*, old Zebedee had insisted on having broached there, was beginning to take effect, so that the greater portion of the listeners were now turned into talkers, and thus it was impossible to tell those who had seen from those who had heard; and the wrangling, laughter, disputes and congratulations made such a hubbub of confusion that the room seemed for the time turned into a very pandemonium.

Only one thing all gave hearty assent to: that was that Jerrem was the hero on whom the merit of triumph rested, for if he hadn't fired that first shot ten to one but they should have listened to somebody whom, in deference to Zebedee, they refrained from naming, and indicated by a nod in his direction, and let the white-livered scoundrels sneak off

with the boast that the Polperro men were afraid to give fight to them. Afraid! Why, they were afraid of nothing, not they! They'd give chase to the Hart, board the Looe cutter, swamp the boats, and utterly rout and destroy the whole excise department: the more bloodthirsty the resolution proposed, the louder was it greeted.

The spirit of lawless riot seemed suddenly let loose among them, and men who were usually kind-hearted and—after their rough fashion—tenderly-disposed seemed turned into devils whose delight was in violence and whose pleasure was excess.

While this revelry was growing more fast and furious below Adam was still sitting quietly at home, with Eve by his side using her every art to dispel the gloom by which her lover's spirits were clouded—not so much on account of the recent fight, for Adam apprehended no such great score of danger on that head. It was true that of late such frays had been of rare occurrence, yet many had taken place before, and with disastrous results, and yet the chief actors in them still lived to tell the tale; so that it was not altogether that which disturbed him, although it greatly added to his former moodiness, which had originally sprung out of the growing distaste to the life he led.

The inaction of the time spent in dodging about, with nothing to occupy him, nothing to interest him, had turned Adam's thoughts inward, and made him determine to have done with these ventures, in which, except as far as the gain went, he really had nothing in common with the companions who took part in them. But, as he very well knew, it was far easier to take this resolution in thought than it was to put it into action. Once let the idea of his leaving them get abroad, and difficulties would confront him whichever way he turned: obstacles would block his path and suspicious dodge his footsteps.

His comrades, though not very far-seeing men, were quite sharp enough to estimate the danger of losing sight of one who was in possession of all their secrets,

and who could at any moment lay his finger upon every hiding-place in their district.

Adam himself had often listened to—and, in company with others, silently commended—a story told of years gone by, when a brother of the owner of the Stamp and Go, one Herkles Johns, had been pressed into the king's service, and had there acquitted himself so gallantly that on his return a commission had been offered to him, which he, longing to take, accepted under condition of getting leave to see his native place again. With the foreboding that the change of circumstances would not be well received, he seized the opportunity occasioned by the joy of his return to speak of the commission as a reward offered to him, and asked the advice of those around as to whether he had not best accept it. Opposition met him on every side. "What!" they said, "of his own free will put himself in a place where some day he might be forced to seize his father's vessel or swear away the lives of those he had been born among?" The bare idea was inadmissible; and when, from asking advice, he grew into giving his opinion, and finally into announcing his decision, an ominous silence fell on those who heard him; and, though he was unmolested during his stay, and permitted to leave his former home, he was never known to reach his ship, aboard which his mysterious disappearance was much talked of, and inquiries set afloat to find out the reason of his absence; but among those whose name he bore, and whose confidence he had shared, he seemed to be utterly forgotten. His name was never mentioned nor his fate inquired into; and Adam, remembering that he had seen the justice of this treatment, felt the full force of its reasoning now applied to his own case, and his heart sank before the difficulties in which he found himself entangled.

Even to Eve he could not open out his mind clearly, for, unless to one born and bred among them, the dangers and interests of the free-traders were matters quite beyond comprehension; so that now, when Eve was pleading, with all her powers of persuasion, that for her

sake Adam would give up this life of reckless daring, the seemingly deaf ear he turned to her entreaties was dulled through perplexity, and not, as she believed, from obstinacy.

Eve, in her turn, could not be thoroughly explicit. There was a skeleton cupboard, the key of which she was hiding from Adam's sight; for it was not entirely "for her sake" she desired him to abandon his present occupation: it was because, in the anxiety she had recently undergone, in the terror which had been forced upon her, the glaze of security had been roughly dispelled, and the life in all its lawlessness and violence had stood forth before her. The warnings and denunciations which only a few hours before, when Reuben May had uttered them, she had laughed to scorn as idle words, now rang in her ears like a fatal knell: the rope he had said would hang them all was then a sieve of unsown hemp, since sprung up, and now the fatal cord which dangled dangerously near.

The secret thoughts of each fell like a shadow between them: an invisible hand seemed to thrust them asunder, and, in spite of the love they both felt, both were equally conscious of a want of that entire sympathy which is the keystone to perfect union.

"You *were* very glad to see me come back to you, Eve?" Adam asked, as, tired of waiting for Joan, Eve at length decided to sit up no longer.

"Glad, Adam? Why do you ask?"

"I can't tell," he said. "I s'pose it's this confounded upset of everything that makes me feel as I do feel—as if," he added, passing his hand over his forehead, "I hadn't a bit of trust or hope or comfort in anything in the world."

"I know exactly," said Eve. "That's just as I felt when we were waiting for you to come back. Joan asked if we should read the Bible, but I said no, I couldn't: I felt too wicked for that."

"Wicked?" said Adam. "Why, what should make you feel wicked?"

Eve hesitated. Should she unburden her heart and confess to him all the fears and scruples which made it feel so heavy and ill at ease? A moment's indecision,

and the opportunity lost, she said in a dejected tone, "Oh, I cannot tell; only that I suppose such thoughts come to all of us sometimes."

Adam looked at her, but Eve's eyes were averted; and, seeing how pale and troubled was the expression on her face, he said, "You are over-tired: all this turmoil has been too much for you. Go off now and try to get some sleep. Yes, don't stay up longer," he added, seeing that she hesitated. "I shall be glad of some rest myself, and to-morrow we shall find things looking better than they seem to do now."

Once alone, Adam reseated himself and sat gazing abstractedly into the fire: then with an effort he seemed to try and shake his senses together, to step out of himself and put his mind into a working order of thought, so that he might weigh and sift the occurrences of these recent events.

The first question which had flashed into everybody's mind was, What had led to this sudden attack? Had they been betrayed? and if so, Who had betrayed them? Could it be Jonathan? Though the thought was at once negatived, no other outsider knew of their intended movements. Of course the matter had been discussed—as all matters were discussed and voted for or against—among the crew; but to doubt either of them was to doubt one's self, and any fear of betrayal among themselves was unknown. The amount of baseness such a suspicion would imply was too great to be incurred even in thought. What, then, could have led to this surprise? Had their movements been watched, and this decoy of the cutter only swallowed with the view of throwing them off their guard?

Adam was lost in speculation, from which he was aroused by the door being softly opened and Joan coming in. "Why, Adam, I thought to find 'ee in bed," she said. "Come, now, you must be dreadful tired." Then, sitting down to loosen her hood, she added with a sigh, "I stayed down there so long as I could; till I saw 'twasn't no good, so I comed away home and left 'em. 'Tis best way, I b'lieve."

"I knew 'twas no good your going," said Adam hopelessly. "I saw before I left 'em what they'd made up their minds to."

"Well, perhaps there's a little excuse this time," said Joan, not willing to blame those who were so dear to her; "but, Adam," she broke out, while her face bespoke her keen appreciation of his superiority, "why can't th' others be like you, aw, my dear? How different things 'ud be if they only was!"

Adam shook his head. "Oh, don't wish 'em like me," he said. "I often wish I could take my pleasure in the same things and in the same way that they do: I should be much happier, I b'lieve."

"No, now, don't 'ee say that."

"Why, what good has it done that I'm otherwise?"

"Why, ever so much—more than you'll ever know, by a good bit. I needn't go no further than my awnself to tell 'ee that. P'r'aps you mayn't think it, but I've bin kep' fra doin' ever so many things by the thought o' 'What'll Adam say?' and with the glass in my hand I've set it down untasted, thinkin' to myself, 'Now you'm actin' agen Adam's wish, you know.'"

Adam smiled as he gave her a little shake of the hand.

"That's how 'tis, you see," she continued: "you'm doin' good without knowin' of it." Then, turning her dark eyes wistfully upon him, she asked, "Do 'ee ever think a bit 'pon poor Joan while you'm away, Adam? Come, now, you mustn't shove off from me altogether, you know: you must leave me a dinkey little corner to squeeze into by."

Adam clasped her hand tighter. "Oh, Joan," he said, "I'd give the whole world to see my way clearer than I do now: I often wish that I could take you all off to some place far away and begin life over again."

"Awh!" said Joan in a tone of sympathy to which her heart did not very cordially respond, "that 'ud be a capital job, that would; but you ain't manin' away from Polperro?"

"Yes, far away. I've bin thinkin' about

it for a good bit: don't you remember I said something o' the sort to father a little time back?"

"Iss, but I didn't know there was any more sense to your words than to threaten un, like. Awh, my dear!" she said with a decided shake of the head, "that 'ud never do: don't 'ee get hold o' such a thought as that. Turn your back upon the place? Why, whatever 'ud they be about to let 'ee do it?"

Joan's words only echoed Adam's own thoughts: still, he tried to combat them by saying, "I don't see why any one should try to interfere with what I might choose to do: what odds could it make to them?"

"Odds?" repeated Joan. "Why, you'd hold all their lives in your wan hand. Only ax yourself the question, Where's either one of 'em you'd like to see take hisself off nobody knows why or where?"

Adam could find no satisfactory reply to this argument: he therefore changed the subject by saying, "I wish I could fathom this last business. 'Tis a good deal out o' the course o' plain sailing. So far as I know by, there wasn't a living soul but Jonathan who could have said what was up for to-night."

"Jonathan's right enough," said Joan decidedly. "I should feel a good deal more mistrust 'bout some of 'em lettin' their tongues rin too fast."

"There was nobody to let them run fast to," said Adam.

"Then there's the writin'," said Joan, trying to discover if Adam knew anything about Jerrem's letter.

Adam shook his head. "'Tisn't nothing o' that sort," he said. "I don't know that, beyond Jerrem and me, either o' the others know how to write; and I said particular that I should send no word by speech or letter, and the rest must do the same; and Jonathan would ha' told me if they'd broke through in any way, for I put the question to him 'fore he snoved off."

"Oh, did 'ee?" said Joan, turning her eyes away, while into her heart there crept a suspicion of Jonathan's perfect honesty. Was it possible that his love of money might have led him to betray his old

friends? Joan's fears were aroused. "'Tis a poor job of it," she said, anxiously. "I wish to goodness 't had happened to any o' the rest, so long as you and uncle was out of it."

"And not Jerrem?" said Adam, with a feeble attempt at his old teasing.

"Awh, Jerrem's sure to fall 'pon his feet, throw un which way you will," said Joan. "Besides, if he didn't"—and she turned a look of reproach on Adam—"Jerrem ain't you, Adam, nor uncle neither. I don't deny that I don't love Jerrem dearly, 'cos I do"—and for an instant her voice seemed to wrestle with the rush of tears which streamed from her eyes as she sobbed—"but for you or uncle, why, I'd shed my heart's blood like watter—iss that I would, and not think 'twas any such great thing, neither."

"There's no need to tell me that," said Adam, whose heart, softened by his love for Eve, had grown very tender toward Joan. "Nobody knows you better than I do. There isn't another woman in the whole world I'd trust with the things I'd trust you with, Joan."

"There's a dear!" said Joan, recovering herself. "It does me good to hear 'ee spake like that. 'Tis such a time since I had a word with 'ee that I began to feel I don't know how-wise."

"Well, yes," said Adam, smiling, "'tis a bravish spell since you and me were together by our own two selves. But I declare your talk's done me more good than anything I've had to-day. I feel ever so much better now than I did before."

Joan was about to answer, when a sound made them both start and stand for a moment listening.

"'Tis gone, whatever it was," said Adam, taking a step forward. "I don't hear nothing now, do you?"

Joan pushed back the door leading to the stairs. "No," she said: "I reckon 'twas nothin' but the boards. Howiver, 'tis time I went, or I shall be wakin' up Evè. Her's a poor sleeper in general, but, what with wan thing and 'nother, I 'spects her's reg'lar wornout, poor sawl! to-night."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WORNOUT and tired as she felt when she went up stairs, Eve's mind was so excited by the day's adventures that she found it impossible to lull her sharpened senses into anything like repose, and after hearing Joan come in she lay tossing and restless, wondering why it was she did not come up, and what could possibly be the cause of her stopping so long below.

As time went on her impatience grew into anxiety, which in its turn became suspicion, until, unable longer to restrain herself, she got up, and, after listening with some evident surprise at the stair-head, cautiously stole down the stairs and peeped, through the chink left by the ill-fitting hinge of the door, into the room.

"There isn't another woman in the whole world I'd trust with the things I'd trust you with, Joan," Adam was saying. Eve bent a trifle farther forward. "You've done me more good than anything I've had to-day. I feel ever so much better now than I did before."

An involuntary movement, giving a different balance to her position, made the stairs creak, and to avoid detection Eve had to make a hasty retreat and hurry back, so that when Joan came up stairs it was to find her apparently in such a profound sleep that there was little reason to fear any sound she might make would arouse her; but long after Joan had sunk to rest, and even Adam had forgotten his troubles and anxieties, Eve nourished and fed the canker of jealousy which had crept into her heart—a jealousy not directed toward Joan, but turned upon Adam for recalling to her mind that old grievance of not giving her his full trust.

At another time these speeches would not have come with half the importance: it would have been merely a vexation which a few sharp words would have exploded and put an end to. But now, combined with the untoward circumstances of situation—for Eve could not confess herself a listener—was the fact that her nerves, her senses and her conscience seemed strained to a point which made each feather-weight appear a burden.

Filled with that smart of wounded love whose sweetest balm revenge seems to supply, Eve lay awake until the gray light of day had filled the room, and then, from sheer exhaustion, she fell into a doze which gradually deepened into a heavy sleep, so that when she again opened her eyes the sun was shining full and strong.

Starting up, she looked round for Joan, but Joan had been up for a couple of hours and more. She had arisen very stealthily, creeping about with the hope that Eve would not be disturbed by her movements, for Adam's great desire was that Eve's feelings should be in no way outraged by discovering either in Uncle Zebedee or in Jerrem traces of the previous night's debauch; and this, by Joan's help, was managed so well that when Eve made her appearance she was told that Uncle Zebedee, tired like herself, was not yet awake, while Jerrem, brisked up by several nips of raw spirit, was lounging about in a state of lassitude and depression which might very well be attributed to reaction and fatigue.

Perhaps if Eve could have known that Adam was not present she would have toned down the amount of cordiality she threw into her greeting of Jerrem—a greeting he accepted with such a happy adjustment of pleasure and gratitude that to have shown a difference on the score of Adam's absence would have been to step back into their former unpleasant footing.

"Adam's gone out," said Jerrem in answer to the inquiring look Eve was sending round the kitchen.

"Oh, I wasn't looking for Adam," said Eve, while the rush of vexed color denied the assertion: "I was wondering where Joan could be."

"She was in here a minute ago," said Jerrem, "telling me 'twas a shame to be idlin' about so."

"Why, are you still busy?" said Eve.

"No, nothin' to speak of but what 'ull wait—and fit it should—till I'd spoken to you, Eve. I ain't like one who's got the chance o' comin' when he's minded to," he added, "or the grass wouldn't ha' had much chance o' growin' under my feet

after once they felt the shore. No, now, don't look put out with me: I ain't goin' to ask ye to listen to nothin' you don't want to hear. I've tried to see the folly o' that while I've bin away, and 'tis all done with and pitched overboard; and that's what made me write that letter, 'cos I wanted us two to be like what we used to be, you know."

"I wish you hadn't written that letter, though," said Eve, only half inclined to credit Jerrem's assertions.

"Well, as things have turned out, so do I," said Jerrem, who, although he did not confess it to himself, would have given all he possessed to feel quite certain Eve would keep his secret. "You see, it's so awkward like, when everybody's tryin' to ferret out how this affair came about. You didn't happen to mention it to nobody, I s'pose?" and he turned a keen glance of inquiry toward Eve.

"Me mention it?" said Eve: "I should think not! Joan can tell you how angry we both were, for of course we knew that unless Adam had some good cause he wouldn't have wished it kept so secret."

"And do you think I should have quitted a word to any livin' soul but yourself?" exclaimed Jerrem. "I haven't much sense in your eyes, I know, Eve, but you might give me credit o' knowin' who's to be trusted and who isn't."

"What's that about trustin'?" said Joan, who now made her appearance. "I tell 'ee what 'tis, Mr. Jerrem, you'm not to be trusted anyhow. Why, what could 'ee ha' bin thinkin' of to go sendin' that letter you did, after Adam had spoke to 'ee all? There'd be a purty set-out of it, you know, Jerrem, if the thing was to get winded about. I, for wan, shouldn't thank 'ee, I can tell 'ee, for gettin' my name mixed up with it, and me made nothin' better than a cat's-paw of."

"Who's goin' to wind it about?" said Jerrem, throwing his arm round her and drawing her coaxingly toward him. "You ain't, and I ain't, and I'll answer for it Eve ain't; and so long as we three keep our tongues atween our teeth, who'll be the wisest—ch?"

"Awh, that's all very fine," returned Joan, far from mollified, "but there's a

somebody hasn't a-kept their tongues silent; and who it can be beats me to tell. Did Jonathan know for certain 'bout the landin'? or was it only guess-work with un?"

"I ain't sure; but Jonathan's safe enough," said Jerrem, "and so's the rest too. 'Twarn't through no blabbin', take my word for that: 'twas a reg'lar right-down set scheme from beginnin' to end, and that's why I should ha' liked to ha' give 'em a payin'-out that they wouldn't ha' forgot in a hurry. I'd ha' scored their reckonin' for 'em, I can tell 'ee!"

"Awh! iss, I dare say," said Joan with scornful contempt: "you allays think you knows better than they you'm bound to listen to. Howsomedever, when all's said and done, I shall finish with the same I began with—that you'd no right to send that letter."

"Well, you've told me that afore," said Jerrem sullenly.

"Iss, and now I tells 'ee behind," retorted Joan, "and to front and to back, and round all the sides—so there!"

"Oh, all right!" said Jerrem: "have your talk out: it don't matter to me;" and he threw himself down on the settle with apparent unconcern, taking from his breast-pocket a letter which he carefully unfolded.—"Did you know that I'd got a letter given me to Guernsey, Eve," he said—"one they'd ha' kept waitin' there for months for me?"

Eve looked up, and, to her vexation, saw Jerrem reading the letter which on her first arrival she had written: the back of it was turned toward her, so as to ostentatiously display the two splotches of red sealing-wax.

"Why, you doan't mane to say you've a-got *he*?" exclaimed Joan, her anger completely giving way to her amazement. "Well, I never! after all this long whiles, and us a-tryin' to stop un, too!—Eve, do 'ee see he's got the letter you writ, kisses and all?"

"Joan!" exclaimed Eve in a tone of mingled reproof and annoyance, while Jerrem made a feint of pressing the impressions to his lips, casting the while a look in Eve's direction, which Joan intercepting, she said, "Awh! iss I would, sec-

ing they'm so much mine as Eve's, and you doan't know t'other from which."

"That's all you can tell," said Jerrem.

"Iss, and all you can tell, too," replied Joan; adding, as the frown on his face be-tokened rising anger, "There, my dear, you'd best step inside wi' me and get a drop more o' your mornin's physic, I reckon."

"Physic?" growled Jerrem. "I don't want no physic—leastwise, no more than I've had from you already."

"Glad to hear it," said Joan. "When you change your mind—which, depend on it, 'ull be afore long—you'll find me close to hand.—I must make up a few somethin's for this evenin'," she said, addressing Eve, "in case any of 'em drops in. Adam's gone off," she added, "I don't know where, nor he neither till his work's done."

"Might just as well have saved hisself the trouble," growled Jerrem.

"No, now, he mightn't," replied Joan. "There's spurrits enough to wan place and t'other to float a Injyman in, and the sooner 'tis got the rids of the better, for 'twill be more by luck than good management if all they kegs is got away unseen."

"Oh, of course Adam's perfect," sneered Jerrem. Then, catching sight of Eve's face as he watched Joan go into the kitchen, he added with a desponding sigh, "I only wish I was; but the world's made for some: I s'pose the more they have the more they get."

Eve did not answer: perhaps she had not heard, as she was just now engaged in shifting her position so as to escape the dazzling rays of the sun, which came pouring down on her head. The movement seemed to awaken her to a sense of the day's unusual brightness, and, getting up, she went to the window and looked out. "Isn't it like summer?" she said, speaking more to herself than to Jerrem. "I really must say I should like to have gone somewhere for a walk."

The words, simple in themselves, flung in their tone a whole volume of reproach at Adam, for to Eve's exacting mind there could be no necessity urgent enough to take Adam away without ever seeing her or leaving a message for her.

"Well, come out with me," said Jerrem: "there's nothin' I should like better than a bit of a stroll. I'd got it in my head before you spoke."

Eve hesitated.

"P'r'aps you'm thinkin' Adam 'ud blame 'ee for it?"

"Oh dear, no, I'm not: I'm not quite such a slave to Adam's opinion as that. Besides," she added, feeling she was speaking with undue asperity, "surely everybody may go for a walk without being blamed by anybody for it: at all events, I mean to go."

"That's right," said Jerrem.—"Here, I say, Joan, me and Eve's goin' out for a little."

"Goin' out? Where to?" said Joan, coming forward toward the door, to which he had advanced.

"Oh, round about for a bit—by Chapel Rock and out that ways."

"Well, if you goes with her, mind you comes back with her. D'ee hear, now?—Don't 'ee trust un out o' yer sight, Eve, my dear—not further than you can see un, nor so far if you can help it."

"You mind yer own business," said Jerrem.

"If you was to do that you'd stay at home, then," said Joan, dropping her voice; "but that's you all over, tryin' to put your finger into somebody's else's pie.—I doubt whether 'twill over-please Adam either," she added, coming back from watching them down the street; "but, there! if he and Eve's to sail in one boat, the sooner he learns 'twon't always be his turn to handle the tiller the better."

It was getting on for three o'clock when Adam, having completed all the business he could accomplish on that day, was returning home. He had been to the few gentlemen's houses near, had visited most of the large farms around, and had found a good many customers ready to relieve him of a considerable portion of the spirit which, by reason of their living so near at hand, would thus evade much of the danger attendant on a more distant transfer.

Every one had heard of the recent at-

tack on the Lottery, and much sympathy was expressed and many congratulations were tendered on account of their happy escape.

Adam was a general favorite, looked up to and respected as an honest, straightforward fellow; and so little condemnation was felt against the trade carried on that the very magistrate consented to take a portion of the goods, and saw no breach of his office in the admonition he gave to keep a sharp lookout against these newcomers, who seemed somewhat overinclined to show their teeth.

Adam spoke freely of the anxiety he felt as to the result of the encounter, but very few seemed to share it. Most of them considered that, having escaped, with the exception of strengthened vigilance no further notice would be taken, so that his mind was considerably relieved about the matter, and his heart felt lighter and his pace more brisk in returning than when in the morning he had set out on his errand.

His last visit had been to Lizzen, and thence, instead of going back by the road, he struck across to the cliff by a narrow path known to him, and which would save him some considerable distance.

The day was perfect—the sky cloudless, the sea tranquil: the young verdure of the crag-crowned cliffs lay bathed in soft sunshine. For a moment Adam paused, struck by the air of quiet calm which overspread everything around. Not a breath of wind seemed abroad, not a sail in sight, not a sound to be heard. A few scattered sheep were lazily feeding near; below them a man was tilling a fresh-cleared patch of ground; far away beyond two figures were standing side by side.

Involuntarily, Adam's eyes rested on these two, and while he gazed upon them there sprang up into his heart the wish that Eve was here. He wanted her—wanted to remind her of the promise she had given him before they parted, the promise that on his return she would no longer delay, but tell him the day on which he might claim her for his wife. A minute more, and with all speed he was making a straight cut across the cliff-

side. Disregarding the path, he scrambled over the projections of rock and trampled down the furze, with only one thought in his mind—how soon he could reach home.

"Where's Eve, Joan?" he asked as, having looked through two of the rooms, he came, still in breathless haste, into the outer kitchen, where Joan was now busily engaged in baking her cakes.

"Ain't her outside nowheres?" said Joan, wiping her face with her apron to conceal its expression.

"No, I can't see her."

"Awh, then, I reckon they'm not come in yet;" and by this time she had recovered herself sufficiently to turn round and answer with indifference.

"Who's they?" said Adam quickly.

"Why, her went out for a bit of a stroll with Jerrem. They—"

But Adam interrupted her. "Jerrem?" he exclaimed. "Why should she go out with Jerrem?"

"Awh, he's right enough now," said Joan. "He's so sober as a judge, or I wouldn't ha' suffered 'en anighst her. Eve thought she should like a bit of a walk, and he offered to go with her; and I was very glad of it too, for Tabithy wanted to sandy the floors, so their room was better for we than their company."

"'Tis very strange," said Adam, "that Eve can't see how she puts me out by goin' off any way like this with Jerrem. I won't have it," he added, with rising anger, "and if she's to be my wife she sha'n't do it, either; so she'd best choose between us before things go too far."

"Awh, don't 'ee take it like that," said Joan soothingly. "'Twasn't done with no manin' in it. Her hadn't any more thought o' vexin' 'ee than a babby; nor I neither, so far as that goes, or I should ha' put a stopper on it, you may be sure. Why, go and meet 'em. They'm only out by Chapel Rock: they left word where they was goin' a-purpose."

A little mollified by this, Adam said, "I don't tell Eve everything, but Jerrem and I haven't pulled together for a long time, and the more we see o' one another the worse it is, and the less I want him to have anything to say to Eve. He's

always carryin' on some game or 'nother. When we were at Guernsey he made a reg'lar set-out of it 'bout some letter that came there to him. Well, who could that have been from? Nobody we know anything about, or he'd have said so. Besides, who should want to write to him, or what business had he to go blabbin' about which place we were bound for? I haven't seen all the soundings o' that affair clear yet, but I mean to. I ain't goin' to be 'jammed in a clench like Jackson' for Jerrem nor nobody else."

Joan made no answer. She seemed to be engaged in turning her crock round, and while bending down she said, "Well, I should go after 'em if I was you. They'm sure not to be very far off, and I'll get tea ready while you'm gone."

Adam moved away. Somewhat reluctant to go, he lingered about the rooms for some time, making up his mind what he should do. He could not help being haunted by an idea that the two people he had seen standing were Eve and Jerrem. It was a suspicion which angered him beyond measure, and after once letting it come before him it rankled so sorely that he determined to satisfy himself, and therefore started off down the street, past the quay and up by the steps.

"Here, where be goin' to?" called out a voice behind him.

Without stopping Adam turned his head. "Oh, Poll, is that you?" he said. "Iss."

"Have ye seen Eve pass this way? I think she'd got Jerrem with her."

"S'pose if I have?" said Poll, with whom Adam was no favorite: "they doesn't want you. You stay where you be now. I hates to see anybody a-spillin' sport like that."

With no very pleasant remark on the old woman Adam turned to go on.

"Awh, you may rin," she cried, "but you woan't catch up they. They was bound for Nolan Point, and they's past there long afore now."

Then the two he had seen were they! An indescribable feeling of jealousy stung Adam, and, giving way to his temper in a volley of oaths against old Poll, he turned back, repassed her and went to-

ward home, while she stood enjoying his discomfiture, laughing heartily at it as she called out, "I hears 'ee. Swear away! I don't mind yer cusses, not I. Better hear they than be deaf."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"JOAN, you needn't expect me till you see me"—Joan turned quickly round to see Adam at the door, looking angry and determined—"and you can tell Eve from me that as it seems all one to her whatever companion she has, I don't see any need for forcing myself where I am told I should only be one in the way."

"Adam—" But the door was already slammed, and Joan again left in possession of the kitchen.—"Now, there 'tis," she said in a tone of vexation, "just as I thought: a reg'lar piece o' work made all out o' nothin'. Drabbit the maid! If her's got the man her wants, why can't her study un a bit? But somehow there's bin a crooked stick lyin' in her path all day to-day: her's nipped about somethin', I'm positive sure o' that; and they all just come home too, and everythin', and now to be at daggers-drawn with one 'nother! 'Tis terrible, 'tis."

Joan's reflections, interrupted by the necessary attention which her cakes and pasties made upon her, lasted over some considerable time, and they had not yet come to an end when two of the principal objects of them presented themselves before her. "Why, wherever have 'ee bin to?" she said peevishly. "Whatever made 'ee stay away like this for—actin' so foolish, when you knaws, both of 'ee, what a poor temper Adam's got if anythin' goes contrary with un?"

Jerrem shrugged his shoulders, while Eve, at once assuming an injured air for such an unmerited attack, said, "Really, Joan, I don't know what you mean. Old Poll Potter has just been telling us that Adam came flying and fuming up her way, wanting to know if she'd seen us, and then, when she said where we'd gone to, he used the most dreadful language to her—I'm sure I don't know for what

reason. He chose to go out without me this morning."

"But that was 'bout business," said Joan.

"Oh, business!" repeated Eve. "Business is a very convenient word when you don't want to tell a person what your real errand is. Not that I want to pry into Adam's secrets—far from it. He's quite welcome to keep what he likes from me, only I'd rather he wouldn't tell me half things. I like to know all or none."

Joan looked mystified, and Jerrem, seeing she did not know what to say, came to the rescue. "I'm sure I'm very vexed if I've been the cause of anything o' this, Eve," he said humbly.

"You needn't be at all vexed: it's nothing at all to do with you. You asked me to go, and I said yes: if I hadn't wanted to go I should have said no. Any one would think I'd committed a crime, instead of taking a simple walk, with no other fault than not happening to return home at the very same minute that it suited Adam to come back at."

"But how is it he's a seed you if you haven't a seed he?" said Joan, fairly puzzled by this game of cross-purposes. "He came home all right 'nuf, and then went off to see whereabouts he could find 'ee to; and 'bout quarter'n hour after back he comes in a reg'lar pelt, and says, 'You tell Eve,' he says, 'that I'm not goin' to foace myself where I'm told I sha'n't be wanted.' Awh, my dear, he'd seed 'ee somewheres," she continued in answer to Eve's shrug of bewilderment: "I could tell that so soon as iver I'd clapped eyes on un."

"And where's he off to now?" said Eve, determined to have an immediate settlement of her wrongs.

"I can't tell: he just flung they words at me and was gone."

Eve said no more, but with the apparent intention of taking off her hat went up stairs, while Joan, bidding Jerrem go and see if Uncle Zebedee was roused up yet, returned to her previous occupation of preparing the tea. When it was ready she called out, "Come 'long, Eve;" but no answer was returned. "Tay's ready, my dear." Still no reply.—"She can't

ha' gone out agen?" thought Joan, mounting the stairs to ascertain the cause of the silence, which was soon explained by the sight of Eve flung down on the bed, with her head buried in the pillow.—"Now, whatever be doin' this for?" exclaimed Joan, bending down and discovering that Eve was sobbing as if her heart would break. "Awh, doan't cry now, there's a dear: 't 'ull all come straight agen. Why, now, you'll see Adam 'ull be back in no time. 'Twas only through bein' balked when he'd a come back o' purpose to take 'ee out."

"How was I to know that?" sobbed Eve.

"No, o' course you didn't, and that's what I told un. But, lors! 'tis in the nature o' men to be jealous o' one 'nother, and with Adam more partickler o' Jerrem; so for the future you must humor un a bit, 'cos there's things atwixt they two you doan't know nothin' of, and so can't allays tell when the shoe's pinchin' most."

"I often think whether Adam and me will be happy together," said Eve, sitting up and drying her eyes. "I'm willing to give in, but I won't be trampled upon."

"And he won't want to trample 'pon 'ee, neither. Only you study un a bit, and you'll soon learn the measure o' Adam's foot. Why, 'tis only to see un lookin' at 'ee to tell how he loves 'ee;" and Joan successfully kept down a rising sigh as she added, "Lors! he wouldn't let a fly pitch 'pon 'ee if he could help it."

"If he'd seen us before he came in first he'd have surely told you?" said Eve.

"Awh, he hadn't seen 'ee then," said Joan, "'cos, though he was a bit vexed, he wasn't in no temper. 'Twas after he went out the second time that he must have cast eyes on 'ee some way. Jerrem wasn't up to none of his nonsense, was he?" she asked. "'Cos I knows what Jerrem is. He don't think no more o' givin' 'ee a kiss or that than he does o' noddin' his head or crookin' his elbaw; and if Adam caught un at that, it 'ud be enough for he."

Eve shook her head. "Jerrem never takes none of those liberties with me," she said: "he knows I won't allow him

to. The whole of the time we did nothing but talk and walk along till we came to a nice place, and then we stayed for a little while looking at the view together, and after that came back."

"'Tis more than I can make out, then," said Joan, "'cos, though I wondered when you set off whether Adam would 'zactly relish your bein' with Jerrem, I never thought 'twould put un out like this."

"It makes me feel so miserable!" said Eve, trying to keep back her tears; "for oh, Joan"—and she threw her arms round Joan's neck—"I do love him very dearly!"

"Iss, my dear, I knows you do," returned Joan soothingly, "and he loves you too."

"Then why can't we always feel the same, Joan, and be comfortable and kind and pleasant to one another?"

"Oh lors! that 'ud be a reg'lar milk-and-watter set-out o' it. No, so long as you doan't carry on too far on the wan tack I likes a bit of a breeze now and then: it freshens 'ee up and puts new life into 'ee. But here, come along down now, and when Adam comes back seem as if nothin' had happened, and p'r'aps seein' you make so light of it 'ull make un forget all about it."

So advised, Eve dried her eyes and smoothed down her ruffled appearance, and in a short time joined the party below, which now included Uncle Zebedee, Barnabas Tadd and Zeke Teague, who had brought word that the Hart had only that morning returned to Fowey, entirely ignorant of the skirmish which had taken place between the Looe boats and the Lottery, and that, though it was reported that the man shot had been shot dead, nothing was known for certain, as it seemed that the men of Looe station were not over-anxious to have the thing talked about.

"I should think they wasn't, neither," chuckled Uncle Zebedee. "Sneakin', cowardly lot! they was game enough whiles they was creepin' up behind, but, lors! so soon as us shawed our faces, and they seed they'd got men to dale with, there was another tale to tell, and no mistake. I much doubt whether or no wan amongst 'em had ever smelt powder

afore our Jerrem here let 'em have a sniff o' his mixin'. 'Tis my belief—and I ha'n't a got a doubt on the matter, neither—that if he hadn't let fly when he did they'd ha' drawed off and gone away boastin' that they'd got the best o' it."

"Well, and more's the pity you didn't let 'em, then," said Joan. "I would, I know. Safe bind's safe find, and you can never tell when fightin' begins where 'tis goin' to end to."

"It shouldn't ha' ended where it did if I'd had my way," said Jerrem.

"Awh, well! there, never mind," said old Zebedee. "You'll have a chance agen, never fear, and then we must make 'ec capen. How 'd that plaze 'ee, eh?"

Jerrem's face bespoke his satisfaction. "Take care I don't hold 'ee to yer word," he said, laughing. "I've got witnesses, mind, to prove it: here's Barnabas here, and Zeke Teague, and they won't say me nay, I'll wager—will 'ee, lads?"

"Wa-all, bide a bit, bide a bit," said Zebedee, winking in appreciation of this joke. "There'll be two or three o' the oldsters drap in durin' the ebenin', and then us 'll have a bit of a jaw together on it, and weigh sides on the matter."

As Uncle Zebedee anticipated, the evening brought a goodly number of visitors, who, one after another, came dropping in until the sitting-room was pretty well filled, and it was as much as Eve and Joan could manage to see that each one was comfortably seated and provided for.

There were the captains of the three vessels, with a portion of the crew of each, several men belonging to the place—all more or less mixed up with the ventures—and of course the crew of the Lottery, by no means yet tired of having their story listened to and their adventure discussed. Adam's absence was felt to be a great relief, and each one inwardly voted it as a proof that Adam himself saw that he'd altogether made a misstatement and gone nigh to damage the whole concern. Many a jerk of the head or the thumb accompanied a whisper that "he'd a tooked hisself off," and drew forth the response that "'twas the proper line to pursoo;" and, feeling they had no fear of interruption, they resign-

ed themselves to enjoyment and settled down to jollity, in the very midst of which Adam made his appearance. But the time was passed when his presence or his absence could in any way affect them, and, instead of the uncomfortable silence which at an earlier stage might have fallen upon the party, his entrance was now only the occasion of hard hits and rough jokes, which Adam, seeing the influence under which they were made, tried to bear with all the temper he could command.

"Don't 'ee take no notice of 'em," said Joan, bending over him to set down some fresh glasses. "They ain't worth yer anger, not one among 'em. I've kept Eve out of it so much as I could, and after now there won't be no need for her to come in agen; so you go outside there. Her's a waitin' to have a word with 'ee."

"Then wait she may," said Adam: "I'm goin' to stop where I am.—Here, father," he cried, "pass the liquor this way. Come, push the grog about. Last come first served, you know."

The heartiness with which this was said caused considerable astonishment.

"Iss, iss, lad," said old Zebedee, his face glowing under the effects of hot punch and the efforts of hospitality. "That's well said. Set to with a will, and you'll catch us up yet."

During the laughter called forth by this challenge, Joan took another opportunity of speaking. "Why, what be 'bout, Adam?" she said, seeing how unlike his speech and action were to his usual self. "Doan't 'ee go and cut off your naws to spite yer face, now. Eve's close by here. Her's as sorry as anythin', her is: her wouldn't ha' gone out for twenty pounds if her'd knawed it."

"I wish you'd hold yer tongue," said Adam: "I've told you I'm goin' to stop here. Be off with you, now!"

But Joan, bent on striving to keep him from an excess to which she saw exasperation was goading him, made one more effort. "Awh, Adam," she said, "do 'ee come now. Eve —"

"Eve be —"

But before the word had well escaped his lips Joan's hand was clapped over his mouth. Too late, for Eve had come up

behind them, and as Adam turned his head to shake Joan off he found himself face to face before her, and the look of outraged love she fixed upon him made his heart quail within him. What could he do? what should he say? Nothing now, for before he could gather up his senses she had passed by him and was gone.

A sickening feeling came over Adam, and he could barely put his lips to the glass which, in order to avert attention, he had caught up and raised to his mouth. At a blow all the resolutions he had forced himself to were upset and scattered, for he had returned with the reckless determination of plunging into whatever dissipation chanced to be going on.

He had roamed about, angry and tormented, until the climax of passion was succeeded by an overpowering sense of gloom, to get away from which he had determined to abandon himself, and, flinging all restraint aside, sink down to that level over which the better part of his nature had vainly tried to soar. But now, in the feeling of degradation which Eve's eyes had flashed upon him, the grossness of these excesses came freshly before him, and the knowledge that even in thought he had entertained them made him feel lowered in his own eyes; and if in his eyes, how must he look in hers?

Without a movement he knew every time that she entered the room: he heard her exchange words with some of those present, applaud a song of Barnabas Tadd's, answer a question of Uncle Zebedee's, and, sharpest thorn of all, stand behind Jerrem's chair, talking to him while some of the roughest hits were being made at his own mistaken judgment in holding back those who were ready to have "sunk the Looe boats and all aboard 'em."

In the anguish of his heart Adam could have cried aloud. It seemed to him that until now he had never tasted the bitterness of love nor smarted under the sharp tooth of jealousy. There were lapses when, sending a covert look across the table, those around him faded away and only Eve and Jerrem stood before him, and while he gazed a harsh, discordant

laugh would break the spell, and, starting, he would find that it was his own voice which had jarred upon his ear. His head seemed on fire, his senses confused. Turning his eyes upon the tumbler of grog which he had poured out, he could hardly credit that it still stood all but untasted before him. A noisy song with a rollicking chorus was being sung, and for a moment Adam shut his eyes, trying to recollect himself. All in vain: everything seemed jumbled and mixed together.

Suddenly, in the midst of the clamor, a noise outside was heard. The door was burst violently open and as violently shut again by Jonathan, who, throwing himself with all his force against it, cried out, "They'm comin'! they'm after 'ee—close by—the sodjers. You'm trapped!" And, exhausted and overcome by exertion and excitement, his tall form swayed to and fro, and then fell back in a death-like swoon upon the floor.

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VILLEGGIATURA IN ASISI.

TO most travellers a visit to Asisi is a flying visit. They drive over from Perugia or up from the railway station, and if, besides San Francesco and Santa Chiara, they see the cathedral and San Damiano, they believe themselves to have exhausted the sights of the town. The beautiful front of what was once a temple of Minerva can be seen in passing through the piazza in which it stands: the departing visitors glance back at the city from the plain, and—"Buona notte, Asisi!"

Yet this town, as well as most Italian *paesi*, would reward a more lengthened stay, and, unlike many of them, a refined life is possible here. A person at once studiously and economically inclined might do much worse than commit himself to spend several months in the city of St. Francis. We did so last year, on the same principle that made us in childhood prefer the cherries that the birds had pecked, finding them the sweetest. We had heard Asisi abused: it was out of the world, it was desperately dull and there was nothing to eat. We therefore sent and engaged an apartment for the summer, and our confidence was not betrayed.

Perhaps the hotels are not good: we have never tried them. But the market is excellent for a mountain-city, and in the autumn figs and grapes are cheap

and abundant. There are apartments to be let, and servants to be had who, with a little instruction, soon learn to cook in a civilized manner.

We have a fancy that there is a different moral atmosphere in a town surrounded by olive trees and one set in vineyards, the former being more sober and reserved, the latter more joyous and expansive. The latter may, indeed, carry its spirit too far—like the little city of Zagorolo near Rome, where the inhabitants are noted at the same time for the strength and excellence of their wines and for the quarrelsomeness of their dispositions. Palestrina, a little way off on the hillside, with a flowing skirt of vines all about it, breathes laughter in its very air. One may sit in Bernardini's—known to all visitors to the city of Fortune—and hear the travellers who come there laugh over mishaps which they would have growled over anywhere else. The comparison might be made of many other towns.

Asisi is set in a world of olives. They swing like smoke from a censer all through the corn and grain of the plain; they roll up the hills and mountains, climbing the almost perpendicular heights like goats; they crawl through the ravines; they cover the tiny plateaus set between the crowded hills; and plantations of slim young trees

are set through the city, bending like long feathers and turning a soft silver as the wind passes over them. It is delightful to walk under the olive trees in early summer, when they hang full of strings of tiny cream-colored blossoms. In winter these blossoms will have changed to a small black fruit. The trees are as rugged as the roughest old apple trees, and many of them are supported only on a hollow half-circle of trunk or on two or three mere sticks. One wonders how these slender fragments of trunk can support that spreading weight above, especially in wind and tempest, and how that wealth of blossom and fruit can draw sufficient sustenance through such narrow and splintered channels; but the olive is tough, and the oil that runs in its veins for blood keeps it ever vigorous.

True to my fancy—which, indeed, it helped to nourish—Asisi is a serious town. It has even an air of gentle melancholy, which is not, however, depressing, but which inclines to thoughtfulness and study. Travellers are familiar with its aspect—the crowning citadel with the ring of green turf between it and the city, which stretches across the shoulders of the mountain, row above row of gray houses, with the magnificent pile of the church and convent of St. Francis at its western extremity, clasped to the steep rock with a hold that an earthquake could scarcely loosen. Three long streets stretch from east to west, the central one a very respectable street, clean, well-paved, and delightfully quiet. You may sit in a window there and hear nothing the livelong day but the drip of a fountain and the screaming of clouds of swallows, which are, without exception, the most impudent birds that can be imagined. Annoyed one day by the persistent “peeping” of a swallow that had perched in a nook just outside my window, I leaned out and frightened him away with my handkerchief. He darted down to a little olive-plantation below, and a minute after up came a score or two of swallows and began flying round in a circle directly before my window, screaming like little demons. Now and then one would dart out of the circle and make a vicious dip

toward my face, with the evident wish to peck my eyes out, so that I was glad to draw back. It reminded me of the famous circular battery which attacked one of the Confederate forts during our civil war, and it was quite as well managed.

The *vetturino* whom we took from the station up to the town on our arrival told me, when I gave my address, that the Sor Filomena had gone away from Asisi, and I had better go to the hotel Leone. I insisted on being taken to the Sor Filomena's house. He replied that the house was closed, and renewed his recommendations of the Leone. After the inevitable combat we succeeded in having ourselves set down at our lodgings, where Sor Filomena's rosy face appeared at the open door.

“Why did you tell such a lie?” I asked of the unblushing *vetturino*, using the rough word *bugia*.

He looked insulted: “I have not told a *bugia*.”

With a philosophical desire for information I repeated the question, using the milder word *mensogna*. He drew himself up, looked virtuous and declared that he had not told a *mensogna*.

“Why, then,” I asked, “have you said one thing for another?”

It was just what he wanted. He immediately began a profuse verbal explanation of why one thing was sometimes better to say than another, why one was truer than another, and so mixed up his *una cosa* and *un' altra cosa* as to put me quite *hors de combat*, and send me into the house with the impression that I ought to be ashamed of myself for having told somebody a lie. It brought to my mind one of my father's favorite quotations: “Some things can be done as well as some other things.”

I was shown to my room, which was rough, as all rooms in Asisi are, but large and high. As Sor Filomena said, it had *un' aria signorile* in spite of the coarse brick floor and the ugly doors and lumpy walls. Some large dauby old paintings gave a color to the dimness, there were a fine old oak secretary black with age, a real bishop's carved stool with a red cushion laid on it, and a long window

opening on to a view of the wide plain with its circling mountains and its many cities and *paesetti*—Perugia shining white from the neighboring hill; Spello and Spoleto standing out in bold profile in the opposite direction; Montefalco lying like a gray pile of rocks on a southern hilltop; the village and church of Santa Maria degli Angeli nestled like a flock of doves in the plain; and half a dozen others.

I ordered writing-table and chair to be set before the window, and enthroned upon the bishop's tabouret an unbridged Worcester—this being probably his first visit to Asisi—and I was immediately at home.

The servant, Maria, whose maternal grandmother was a countess, was making some last arrangements in the room.

"Come and see what a beautiful new moon there is," I said to her.

She came to the window and looked toward the west. "That isn't the moon: it is a star," she said, fixing her eyes upon Venus.

It was quite characteristic of her class. They all think that *forestieri* do not know the moon from a star.

I pointed lower down, to where an ecstatic crescent was melting in the sunset gold.

She gazed at it a moment, then said: "It is beautiful: I never noticed it before. I never look at the sky except to see what the weather is to be. It is for you signori to look at beautiful things, not for us *po-veretti*.—Do you see the sky in America?" she asked presently.

I assured her that we do, and that the sun, moon and stars shine in it just as here in Italy.

She was greatly puzzled. "I thought that America was under ground," she said.

I remembered Galileo and held my peace. Besides, in these days of universal knowledge, when we hear scientific terms lisped by infant lips, it is refreshing to see an example of fine old-fashioned ignorance. Yet this woman had better manners than are to be found in most drawing-rooms, a sweet, courteous dignity, and in matters which came within her personal knowledge great good

sense and judgment. Only she had never learned that from the centre of the earth all directions are up.

Of course a stranger's first visit in Asisi is to the basilica of San Francesco, and, though I had seen it before, I lost no time in renewing my acquaintance with it. This church is not only the jewel of Asisi, but one of the most precious of Italy. It is among churches what a person of genius is in a crowd. The rich marbles one sees elsewhere suggest the mechanic in their arrangement, and one grows almost tired of them; but here the soul of Art and Faith has poured itself out, covering all the wide walls, the ceilings, the sides of arches, the ribs of groinings—every foot of space, in short—with life and color; and how much more precious is one of those solemn pearly faces than a panel of alabaster or the most cunning mosaic of marbles! In the upper church alone there are twenty-two large frescoes of Cimabue and thirty of Giotto. Over these pours the light from fourteen large colored windows, unimpeded by side-aisles. When the sun beats upon these windows the church seems to be filled with a transparent mist softly tinted with a thousand rich hues. The deep-blue, star-sown vault sparkles and the figures on the walls become a vision.

The upper church has been in danger of losing its beautiful choir, a marvel of carving and *intarsio*, which Cavalcasella, inspector of fine arts in Italy, removed for the odd reason that it was a work of the fourteenth century, while the church was of the thirteenth, and to be in perfect keeping should have a stone choir. I have not learned whether this hyper-purist will require of the congregation a thirteenth-century costume when the church is again open for service.

These beautiful stalls, one hundred and two in number, are now placed for safe-keeping in what was the infirmary of the adjoining college. Possibly, when the work going on *pian piano* in the church is completed, they may be restored to their original place. Their sombre richness would show well in that radiant atmosphere.

The work in the church is, however,

well done, and was greatly needed, for those precious frescoes were gradually going to decay. No touch of pencil is allowed: the work is one of preservation merely, and is being conducted with the greatest care. The loosened *intonaco* is found by tapping lightly on the wall: plaster is then slipped underneath and the painting firmly pressed to its place. At first *gesso* was used, but it was found not to answer the purpose. Every smallest fragment of painting is saved, and the blank spaces are filled in with plaster which is painted a light gray. This freshens and throws out the adjoining colors.

It is customary to call the lower church "devotional." With many, a dark church is always devotional. I should rather call it sympathetic. Every sort of mood may here find itself reflected, and the sinner be as much at home as the saint. Anger and hate may hide as well as devotion: the artist may dream, the weary may rest, the stupid doze. The only objects which ever seemed to me utterly incongruous there were a brisk company of hurried tourists, red-covered guidebook in hand, clattering with sharp-sounding boot-heels up the dim nave and talking with sharp, loud voices at the very steps of the altar where people were kneeling at the most solemn moment of the mass. But even these invariably soften their tones and their movements after a while.

This church has always some pleasant surprise for the frequent visitor. The morning light shows one picture, the evening light another: the sunrise adorns this window, the sunset that. There is no hour from dawn to dark in which some gem of ancient painting does not look its best, while little noticed, if seen at all, at other hours. Some are seen by a reflected light; others, when the church is so dark that one may stumble against a person in the nave, gather to themselves the dim and scattered rays like an aureole, from which they look out with soft distinctness; and there are others, again, upon which a sun-ray, finding a narrow passage through arch after arch, alights with a sudden momentary glory that is almost startling.

It is a fascinating place, that middle

church—never light, but always traversed by some varying illumination which is ever lost in shadows. And in those shadows how much may lurk of present material beauty and of beautiful memory! Here, before the chapel of St. Louis, Raphael lingered, learning the frescoed Sibyls of its vault so by heart that he almost reproduced them afterward in the Pace at Rome—that dear Raphael who did not fear being called a plagiarist, his soul was so full of beauty, and he so transfigured whatever he touched with that suave pencil of his that seemed to have been dipped in light for a color. And where did the feet of Michael Angelo rest when he stood in the transept and praised that Crucifixion painted on the wall? One might expect that the stones would have been conscious of the Orpheus they supported.

In the college adjoining the church there were a year ago but fifteen monks, and no others are admitted. When these fifteen shall be dead the convent—*Sacro Collegio* they call it—will pass entirely into the hands of the government, which now uses the greater part of it for a school for the sons of poor teachers, who are sent here from all parts of Italy.

Accompanied by a professor of the college, we went over that part of the building not appropriated to the monks. It is a little town in itself, and has something of the variety and contrasts of a town. To go from the vast refectory to that upper part of the building called the Ghetto, with its interminable low and narrow corridor and lines of little chambers, is to see the two extremes of which building is capable.

Without intending to write a statistical article, I may give a few of the dimensions we took note of. The refectory is one hundred and ninety feet long and forty wide, and is capable of seating at table five hundred persons. The tables run around the room, with a single row of seats against the wall, and are served from the centre of the hall. Quite across one end extends a painting of the Last Supper. At one side is a tiny pulpit, from which in the old time one would read aloud while the monks ate.

The infirmary and rooms used for storing articles in ordinary use occupy twenty large chambers. The five elementary school-rooms are each fifty feet square, the kitchen is eighty-three feet square, and the fencing-hall and garden adjoining contain together over sixty-six hundred square feet. The cistern under the cloister is of nearly the same size.

There is water in profusion—in the court, the kitchen, the boys' wash-rooms, wherever it can be needed. In the entry from the principal court is an odd fourteenth-century fountain which is a perfect calendar. It is set against the wall, and is in twelve compartments, answering to the twelve months of the year. In the frieze above are carved roses, red stone on a white ground—in some compartments thirty, in others thirty-one, answering to the days of the month. All the fountains are made of the crimson-and-white stone of Asisi, which is seen everywhere about the city—in vases for holy water, in pavements, in garden-walls, in the foundations of houses. The stone, a red sandstone, is found in plenty in the adjoining mountains, and has a rich, soft crimson hue with irregular lines of white. But it is very hard to work, and could scarcely be made to pay the expense of the necessary machinery.

"For what I should have to pay for a bath of red marble, about one hundred lire (twenty dollars)," said the Count B—to me, "I could buy a bath of Carrara."

"Baths of crimson marble and of Carrara!" I thought, and remembered with an involuntary shudder my dear native zinc.

But to return to the Sacro Collegio. In one of the immense labyrinthine cellars is a *botte* for wine capable of containing five thousand litri. There, it is said—I know not how truly—once a year, when the *botte* was emptied, came four of the spiritual fathers of the college above, with a table and chairs, and played a certain game of cards, which was one of their simple amusements. Whether this meeting was intended as an exorcism of any evil influences which might threaten the new must about to be put in, or a mild

bacchanalian tribute to the empty space from which they had drawn so much comfort and cheerfulness during the year, or whether the wine left some fine perfume behind it which they wished to inhale, tradition saith not. Maybe the fathers never went there, and the story is merely *ben trovato*.

In the school of design we admired a copy of some of the carving of the choir of the cathedral of Asisi. The leaves were remarkably crisp and all the lines full of life. My guide told me that this choir and the famous one of St. Peter's in Perugia were designed by the same artist, but that of Perugia was executed by another and more timid hand, while this of Asisi was carved by the artist himself.

Our last visit in the college was to the grand *loggia*—finer than anything of the kind I have seen in Italy except the Loggia del Paradiso of Monte Casino, which is open, while this of San Francesco is closed. The grandeur of this loggia, with its lofty arches and long perspective, is in harmony with the magnificence of the view to be seen from it. Seated there, on the stone divan that runs the whole length of the colonnade, I listened a while to the very interesting talk of my companion. This gentleman, Professor Cristofani, is said to be one of the most learned men in Umbria, and has studied so thoroughly his native province as to be an authority on all that concerns its history and antiquities. A native of Asisi, he has devoted himself especially to that city, and his *Storia di Asisi* and *Guida di Asisi* are monuments of learned and patient research. He has written also a history of San Damiano which has lately been translated in England.

The government took possession of this church and convent of San Damiano, the first home of St. Clara and her companions, and proposed establishing there a school of arts and trades; but Lord Ripon persuaded them to sell the property to him, and in his turn presented it to the *frati* from whom it had been taken. It is a rough place, but interesting in memories.

"I have a book *in petto*," the professor

said, "which will, I think, be more valuable and interesting than the others. I have collected material for a history of the church and convent of St. Francis, and shall write it as soon as I have time. I should be glad if it could be illustrated."

While he spoke my imagination was already turning over the leaves of a history of that stately monument, around which clusters so much of Middle-Age story, and looking at copies of forms and faces which to remember is a dream of rainbows and angels. There should be that quaint Madonna who points her thumb over her shoulder at St. Francis while she asks her Son to bless him, and the three saints and the Madonna of the north transept, and the pictures at the entrance of the chapel of San Martino, and the vault of the chapel of St. Louis, and a thousand other lovely things.

And, "Signor Professore," I said eagerly, "how I should like to translate that work, pictures and all, into English!"

He cordially consented, with many compliments.

As we left the loggia he pointed to the arch opposite the entrance-door. "That is the arch of suicides," he said: "more than one man has thrown himself down that precipice."

We were joined by a Benedictine monk as we went out, who proposed that we should go up the campanile. It is pleasant to visit the bells of a famous or favorite church. It is like seeing a poet whose songs we have heard, and pleasanter in some respects; for while the poet may mantle himself in commonplace at our approach, like Olympus in clouds, one can always waken the spirit of song in these airy singers.

The way up this campanile is very rough, a mere gravelly path, and one can only maintain his footing by holding a rope that runs all the way up, following the four sides. Reaching the large chamber at the top, we paid our respects to the seven bells, whose intricate changes I had so many times tried to follow. Their ringing is a puzzle. In the middle hung the melancholy *campanone*, with a silvery soprano by its side—a very Dante and Beatrice among bells.

Vol. XXVI.—20

We stayed to hear the noon Angelus strike, and while the last stroke was still booming around the great bell I took a step toward it and stretched my hand out.

I was instantly snatched backward, with a profusion of excuses.

"It is said," the professor explained, "that if a bell be touched, even with the finger-tip, while ringing, it will instantly break. I do not know if it be true, but it is worth guarding against."

It was indeed! A fine appetite I should have had for my breakfast, at that moment awaiting me, if I had had to reflect over it that the great bell of the great basilica of St. Francis of Asisi had that very morning been cracked into pieces by my fore finger! What visions of horrified crowds of *Asisinati*, of black storms of newspaper items, of censuring gossip the world over, would have come between me and that purple pigeon smothered in rice which Maria had promised me! The pope himself would have known me individually out of the cloud of his subjects, and have frowned upon my image. And how it would have been whispered behind me to the end of my days, "That is the lady who broke the great bell of St. Francis"! But I had not broken it, and it still hangs sound and strong, to send its melancholy sweet music out to meet the centuries as they roll in storm and sunshine over the eastern mountains. Let us be thankful for the evils which might have happened and did not.

I cannot resist the temptation to relate a little incident concerning this same learned Professor Cristofani, it struck me as so quaint. He is a poor man—literature, and even teaching, do not pay very well in Italian paesi—and he has a family. Cheaply as servants may be employed, he could not afford one, and his wife was not very well. Last summer the *Alpinisti* visited Asisi, and some of the principal members, having an introduction to him, wished to visit him. Their stay in Asisi was short, and, being sunrise-and-mountain-top people, they made their call at six o'clock in the morning on their way to the top of Mount Asio, from which Asisi takes its

name, and, I may here add, the correct spelling of its name, which I have followed. A servant from the Leone Hotel showed the visitors to the house, and very stupidly knocked at the kitchen-door. A loud "*Avanti!*" from within answered the knock. The door was opened by the guide, revealing a tableau. The professor, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up and an apron tied on, was earnestly kneading a mass of dough preparatory to sending it to the baker's oven, where everybody bakes their bread, and his pretty blonde young daughter was making coffee at the kitchen fire.

"Well, I am a poor man, and my wife was sick," he said afterward, in telling the story, with a sad smile in his eyes, which are as blue and almost as blind as violets.

These stories awaken a laugh only at the time, but gain a certain sublimity when years have gilded them—like that one of St. Bonaventura, which this reminds us of: When the two legates sent by the pope of that time to carry the scarlet beretta of a cardinal to St. Bonaventura set out in search of him, they were obliged to follow him to a little Franciscan convent at a short distance from Florence, where he had retired for devotion and to practise for a while the humble rules of his order. As these two dignified prelates came solemnly around an angle of the building they glanced through the open kitchen-window, and were astonished to see the personage they sought engaged in washing the supper-dishes. He accosted them with perfect calmness, and, learning their errand, requested them to hang the hat in a tree near by till he should have finished washing the dishes. They complied, and the pots and pans and plates having been attended to, the whole community adjourned to the chapel and the saint received the dignity of prince of the Church.

The eight days' festa of Corpus Domini opened in Asisi with one of the most exquisite sights I have ever seen, the procession of the cathedral as it passed from San Francesco through Via Superba on its return to the cathedral. We took our places in a window reserved for us, and

waited. There all was quiet and deserted. The air was perfumed by sprigs of green which each one had strewn before his own house. One living creature alone was visible—a little boy who knelt in the middle of the street and carefully placed small yellow flowers in the form of an immense sunflower chalked out on the pavement. Here and there, in some stairway-window, a shrine had been prepared, with its Madonna, lamp and flowers. It was near noon of a bright June day, but the houses were so high that the sun struck only on the upper stories of the north side of the street. All below was in that transparent shadow wherein objects look like pictures of themselves or like reflections in clear water. The whole street was indeed a picture, with its gray houses set in irregular lines, and as distinct in character as a line of men and women would have been. On the building opposite our window was an inscription telling that Metastasio had lived there—on another a date, 1419.

In 1419, when they piled the stones of that wall, Christopher Columbus was not born, yet the basilica of St. Francis had been built more than one hundred and fifty years; and on such a June day as this the Asininati leaned from their windows to see a Corpus Domini procession come up the street, just as they were now doing. It came through the fragrant silence and clear shadow like a vision. I could not restrain an exclamation of surprise and delight, for I had not dreamed of anything so beautiful. The procession would have been striking anywhere, but shut in as it was between the soft gray of the opposite stone houses, with the green-sprinkled street beneath and the glorious blue above, it was as wonderful as if, looking down into clear deeps of water, one should see the passing of some pageant of an enchanted city buried deep in the crystalline waves centuries ago. There was nothing here but the procession, leisurely occupying the whole street, treading out faint odors without raising a particle of dust. The crowd that in other places always obscures and spoils such a display here followed on behind. The leisureliness of an Italian religious

procession is something delicious, as well as the way they have of forming hollow squares and leaving the middle of the street sacred to the grander dignities.

The members of the different societies wore long robes of red, blue or of gray trimmed with red, and had small three-cornered pieces of the material of the robe suspended by a string at the back of the neck, to be drawn up over the head if necessary. The arms of the societies were embroidered on the breast or shoulder, and each one had its great painted banner of Madonna or saint and a magnificent crucifix with a veil as rich as gold, silver, silk and embroidery could make it. There were the white *camicie* half covering the brown robes of long-bearded, bare-ankled Cappuccini, and sheets of silver and gold in the vestments of the other clergy.

Presently the canopy borne over the Host appeared, with the incense-bearers walking backward before it and swinging out faint clouds of smoke: the voices of the choir grew audible, singing the *Pange lingua*, and everybody knelt. In a few minutes all was over.

There was a fair in connection with this feast, the most notable part of which was dishes of all sorts set on tables or spread on the grass of the pleasant piazza of St. Peter's, the Benedictine church, with no roof over but the sky. The brown and yellow-green earthenware for kitchen use would have delighted any housekeeper. We bought some tiny saucepans with covers, and capable of holding a small teacupful, for a cent each. Italian housekeepers make great use of earthen saucepans and jars for cooking. One scarcely ever sees tin—iron almost never. In rich houses copper is much used, but brown ware is seen everywhere.

The next notable festa, and the great feast of Asisi, is the Pardon, called variously the Pardon of Asisi, the Pardon of St. Francis and the Porziuncola.

In the old times, and particularly when this indulgence could be obtained only in Asisi, the concourse of people was so great that there were not roofs to cover them, and many slept in the open air. But since the favor has been extended to

other churches, as well as from other reasons, the number is greatly diminished, and consists chiefly of people in *villeggiatura* near by and of a few hundred Neapolitan peasants, who with undiminished fervor come to obtain the Pardon, and whose singular performance, called the *gran ruota* (the great wheel), everybody goes to see.

The Catholic reader will know that this Pardon can be obtained only from vespers of the first to vespers of the second day of August, and that while in every other church communion is a necessary condition, it is sufficient to merely pass through the chapel of the Porziuncola, for which St. Francis obtained the indulgence from Pope Honorius.

There is a large fair in connection with this festa—merchandise of all sorts in the piazza and corso, and a cattle-fair in the upper part of the town. The long white road stretching from Asisi to Santa Maria degli Angeli in the plain was quite black with *contadini* coming up with their goods in the early dawn, and a sound of hoofs and of many feet told that the procession was passing the house. There were carts full of produce, men leading white and dove-colored cattle, and women with large round baskets on their heads. These baskets contained live fowl. In one a large melancholy turkey meditated on his approaching fate: in another, two of lighter disposition swung their long necks about and viewed the scene. One of these baskets was as pretty as the black-bird pie of famous memory. In it sat eight chickens of an age to make their debut on the platter, all settled into a fluffy, soft-gray cushion, out of which their little heads and necks and half-raised wings peeped and turned and fluttered in a manner that testified to the agitation of their spirits. The woman carrying this basket would have made a pretty caryatid, chickens and all, so straight was she, so robust her shoulders and so full and regular the oval of her face.

The cattle were superb—some immensely large, others delicately small, and all with such long, slim, pointed horns as made one shrink. Those strong,

high-lifted heads carried their weapons like unsheathed scymitars. Red cords were twined across their foreheads from horn to horn, and red tassels swung beside their faces. This procession passed in almost entire silence, with only a pattering of hoofs that sounded like heavy rain.

Presently appeared a light wagon in which sat alone a large fleshy woman, who had quite the expression of one making a triumphal entry into the city. Her black hair was elaborately dressed in braids fastened with gold pins and in short curls on the forehead, and was lightly covered with a black lace veil. Her dress was a sky-blue silk, with a lace shawl carefully draped over the wide shoulders. Her hands were loaded with rings and her neck with gold chains, and a large medallion swung over two large brooches. There was a smile of conscious superiority on her coarsely-hand-some face as she glanced over the contadini, who humbly made way for her. A small, meek, well-dressed man who walked beside the wagon seemed to be the proprietor of its occupant, and to be somewhat oppressed by his good fortune. There was no room for him in the wagon. It occurred to me that this might be an avatar of the old woman of Banbury Cross.

The crowd thinned away like rain that from a heavy shower falls only in scattered drops, and I was about turning from the window when my eyes fell upon a beautiful bit of color across the way, standing out, as so much Italian color does, against the background of a gray stone wall. It was an odd, slim cone, something over five feet high, made of grass and clover sprinkled through with burning poppies. I was just thinking that this verdure must be fastened to a pole set into the ground when it began to move. The fresh, long grass waved, the poppies glowed like live coals when blown upon, two slim brown feet and ankles appeared under the green fringe, and the dimpled elbow of a slim brown arm peeped out above. Nothing else human was visible as this figure walked away up the street toward the fair. Poor Ruth! She had neither cows, pigs nor

chickens, but she came with such riches as she could glean at the roadside from bountiful Nature, clothed and covered from the top of her invisible head down to her well-turned ankles in a garment as fair as fancy could weave.

Later, Count B—— came to take me to the cattle-fair, where we found the upper piazza all a drift of shaded snow at one side with cows and oxen, and at the other a shining chestnut-color with horses and donkeys. We walked among these creatures, my companion warding away from me their long horns and telling me some little items of bovine character which may be known the world over, but which were new to me. Some cattle are women-haters, he said, and in a country where women have so much to do with the cattle that was a great defect. The buyer detected the flaw in this way: he passed his hand slowly down the creature's back from the neck to the tail: then a woman would do the same. If the animal made any difference between the two or looked round at the woman, he would not buy. They try them also when they are eating in the stall. If the animal looks round when it is eating at the person who is approaching, it is ill-natured.

We went then to see the old theatre, where plays used to be performed on great occasions. It was a large circle of stone wall, a miniature of the old amphitheatre of the Roman Forum, with the sky for a roof. But now a vegetable-garden grows where the spectacle once was seen, and along the walls where the audience sat and gazed deep-hued wall-flowers bloom and delicate jasmine-vines hang out their white stars.

Farther on is an old city-gate, which, unfortunately, was to be torn down to make way for a new road. Those gates are veritable pictures, with their beautiful round arches and the niche with its fresco underneath. This porta preserved perfectly in the crimson stone the smooth slide down which the suspended gate slipped at night or in times of danger.

Returning through the piazza, I saw the balcony of a public building draped with red satin, and a flag hung out in it. While this flag was out, Count B——

said, no creature which was sold could be returned to the seller, no matter what flaw might be discovered in it after the bargain was concluded. It was then the time to get rid of women-hating cows and oxen and "made-up" horses.

In the afternoon we went to the church of St. Francis to see the *piccola ruota* of the Neapolitan peasants, which is apparently a rehearsal for the *gran ruota* to be performed in the Porziuncola the day following. These people were all gone, when we reached the church, to follow a relic-bearing procession of Franciscans to the little chapel built over the spot where St. Francis was born, and the spectators took advantage of the opportunity to range themselves about the walls and wherever they could find places. We were scarcely in the seats offered us in the choir when a murmur of subdued exclamations, a trampling of many feet and a cloud of dust that filled the vestibule announced the return of the procession. The gates of the iron grating which shut off the chancel and transepts from the nave were opened to admit the monks with their relic, and closed immediately to exclude the crowd. After the short function was ended they were again opened, and the crowd rushed in and began to run around the altar.

These people were all poor: many were old and had to be held up and helped along by a younger person at either side. The women wore handkerchiefs on their heads, and many wore those sandals made of a piece of leather tied up over the foot with strings which give these peasants their popular name of *sciusciani*, an imitative word derived from the scuffling sound of the sandals in walking. They hurried eagerly on, hustling each other, murmuring prayers and ejaculations, and seemed quite unconscious of the crowd of persons who had come there to stare, perhaps to laugh, at them. The Asisinati looked on without taking any part, and with a curiosity not unmingled with contempt. "The Neapolitans are so material!" they say.

These repeated circlings of the altar, I was told, are intended as so many visits, each time they go round having the value

of a visit. Many of these people seek the Pardon not only for themselves, but for friends who are unable to come. The absent confess and communicate at their parish church at home, and unite their intention with that of the person who makes the visit for them.

My *padrona di casa* told me an anecdote in illustration of this materialism of the Neapolitans, which the Asisinati are anxious not to be thought to share: On the first of August several years before, she said, when the church of St. Francis was full of people waiting around the confessionals, a man at one of them was observed to be disputing with the priest inside. Pressed so closely as they were, many might excuse themselves for being aware that the penitent was refusing to agree to the penance imposed by the priest, who consequently declined to give him absolution. The priest cut the dispute short by closing the wicket and addressing himself to the penitent at the other side. The man left his place and wandered disconsolately about the church, followed by many curious eyes, for not to listen in silent submission to the penance imposed by the priest is a rare scandal. After a while he seemed to have resolved on a compromise, but it was no longer possible to obtain his place in advance of the crowd, where each one waited his turn. He took a post, therefore, directly opposite the front of the confessional, as near as he could get, but with half the width of the nave between, and waited till the priest should be visible. The moment came when the confessor, turning from one penitent to another, was seen from the front. The man leaned eagerly forward, and throwing out his right hand with three fingers extended, as if playing *morra*, called out, "Quello del casotiello, volete farlo per tre?" ("You in the confessional there, will you do it for three?") (These peasants call the confessional *casotiello*.) Whether the bargain related to a number of prayers to be said, a number of visits or of masses, does not concern us.

The next afternoon we went down to Santa Maria degli Angeli in the plain, the very penetralia of the Pardon. Those

who have visited this church know that the little chapel of the Porziuncola, which is enclosed in its midst like the heart in a body, has two doors—one at the lower end, the other at the upper right corner. It is very dim except when its altar is blazing with candles and its hanging lamps lighted. As we have already said, a visit to this chapel or merely passing through it, for a person who has confessed, satisfies the outward conditions of the Pardon.

In the *gran ruota* which we were about to witness the Neapolitans entered in an unbroken line at the lower door, passed out without stopping at the upper, ran down the side-aisle of the church and out of the door, in again at the great door, up the nave, and again through the chapel, repeating this over and over for fifteen or twenty minutes. While they make the wheel no one else enters the chapel: all are spectators.

It was for these poor people the supreme moment. They had come from afar at an expense which they could ill afford; they had endured fatigue, perhaps hunger; and they had been mocked at. But, so far, they had accomplished their task. They had confessed their sins with all the fervor and sincerity of which they were capable, had visited the birthplace, the home, the basilica and the distant mountain-retreat of St. Francis, and they had gathered the miraculous yellow fennel-flowers of the mountain. Now they were to receive the Pardon. The chains of hell had fallen from them in confession: at the moment of entering the chapel the bonds of Purgatory would also be loosened, and if they should drop dead there, or die before having committed another sin, they would fly straight to heaven as larks into the morning sky. No passing from a miserable present to a miserable Purgatory, but unimaginable bliss in an instant. Their ideal bliss might not be the highest which the human mind is capable of conceiving, but it was the highest that they could conceive, and their souls strained blindly upward to that point where imagination faints against the thrilling cord with which the body holds the spirit in tether. To these people heaven

was not a mere theological expression, a vague place which might or might not be: it was as real as the bay and the sky of Naples and the smoking volcano that nursed for ever their sense of unknown terrors. It was as real as the poppies in their grass and the oranges ripening on their trees. Maria Santissima, in her white robe and the blue mantle where they could count the creases, was there, with ever the vision of a Babe in her arms, and Gesù, the arms of whose cross should fall into folds of a glorious garment about his naked crucified form, in sleeves to his hands, in folds about his feet and raised into a crown about his head. Into this blessed company no earthly pain could enter to destroy their delights. Cold and hunger and the dagger's point could never find them more, nor sickness rack them, nor betrayal set their blood in a poisoned flame, nor earthquakes chill them with terror. Lying in that heavenly sunshine, with fruit-laden boughs within reach and heaps of gold beside them if they should wish for it, they could laugh at Vesuvius licking in vain with its fiery tongue toward them, and at the black clouds heavy with hail that would spread ruin over the fields far away from these celestial vineyards and the waving grain of Paradise.

Exalted by such visions, what to them were the gazing crowd and their own rags and squalor? They entered the Porziuncola singing: they came out at the side-door transfigured, and silent except for some breathless "Maria!" or "Gesù!" Their arms were thrown upward, their glowing black eyes were upraised, their thin swarthy faces burned with a vivid scarlet, their white teeth glittered between the parted lips. Round and round they went like a great water-wheel that revolves in sun and shadow, and the spray it tossed up as it issued from the Porziuncola was rapture, the fiery spray of the soul.

At last all remained outside the chapel, making two long lines from either side the door down the nave to the open air, their faces ever toward the chapel. Then they began to sing in voices as clear and sweet as a chorus of birds. Not a harsh note was there. They sang some hymn

that had come down to them from other generations as the robins and the bobolinks drop their songs down to future nestlings, and ever a long-drawn note stretched bright and steady from one stanza to another. So singing, they stepped slowly backward, always gazing steadily at the lighted altar of the Porziuncola, visible through the door, and, stepping backward and singing, they slowly drew themselves out of the church, and the Pardon for them was over.

But though Asisi is not without its notable sights, the chief pleasures there are quiet ones. A walk down through the olive trees to the dry bed of the torrent Tescio will please one who is accustomed to rivers which never leave their beds. One strays among the rocks and pebbles that the rushing waters have brought down from the mountains, and stands dryshod under the arches of the bridges, with something of the feeling excited by visiting a deserted house; with the difference that the Undine people are sure to come rushing down from the mountains again some day. There one searches out charming little nooks which would make the loveliest of pictures. There was one in the Via del Terz' Ordine which was a sweet bit of color. Two rows of stone houses facing on other streets turn their backs to this, and shade it to a soft twilight, till it seems a corridor with a high blue ceiling rather than a street. There it lies forgotten. No one passes through it or looks into it. In one spot the tall houses are separated by a rod or so of high garden-wall with an arch in the middle of it, and under the arch is a door. Over this arch climbs a rose-vine with dropping clusters of tiny pink roses that lean on the stone, hang down into the shadow or lift and melt into the liquid, dazzling blue of the sky. Except the roses and the sky all is a gray shadow. It reminds one of some lovely picture of the Madonna with clustering cherub faces about her head, and you think it would not be discordant with the scene if a miraculous figure should steal into sight under that arch. It is one of the charms of Italy that it can always fitly

frame whatever picture your imagination may paint.

One finds a pleasant and cultivated society there too. One of my most highly-esteemed visitors was the *canonico priore* of the cathedral, whose father had been an officer in the guard of the First Napoleon. A pious and dignified elderly man, this prelate is not too grave to be sometimes amusing as well as instructive. In his youth he had the privilege of being intimate with Cardinal Mezzofanti, who apparently took a fancy to the young Locatelli—"Tommasino" he called him, which is a musical way of saying Tommy. At length he offered to give him lessons in Greek. Full of proud delight at such a privilege, the student went with his books for the first lesson, and was most kindly received.

"Listen, Tommasino!" the cardinal said, turning over the leaves of a great folio. "Here is a magnificent passage of St. Chrysostom's;" and he read it out enthusiastically in fine, sonorous Greek.

"But I do not understand what it means," said the pupil.

"To be sure;" and the savant at once translated the passage into musical Italian, and pointed out its beauties of thought and expression. And so on, passage after passage, but never a word of grammar.

Another time it was another of the Fathers or a heathen poet or a chapter from the Bible read, translated and commented upon; but never from first to last did Tommasino learn to conjugate a verb or form a sentence from his learned professor.

"Mezzofanti," the prior said, "was as good as he was learned. He lived simply, would not have been known from a common priest by his dress in the street, and visited the sick like a parish priest."

Just at the foot of the hill on which Asisi is built a farm-school was established a few years ago, the first director being the Benedictine abate Lisi, a nobleman by birth and a farmer-monk by choice. His death a year or two ago was deeply regretted. To this establishment boys are sent, instead of to prison, after their first conviction for an offence against the law. We saw this school on a former

visit to Asisi, and were much amused to see the tall, raw-boned abate stride about in his long black robe, which some of his motions threatened to rend from top to bottom. Clergymen habituated to the wearing of the long robe acquire, little by little, a restrained step and carriage, somewhat like a woman's, so that in ordinary masculine dress they may be discovered by their walk: one would say that they walk like women dressed in men's garments. The free stride in a narrow petticoat is almost comical.

On this occasion we had a new exemplification of the almost incredible riches of Italy, for the abate Lisi's house was crowded with objects dug up in digging cellars and drains and in cultivating the farm, though there had been no intention to excavate and the owner was rather embarrassed than otherwise by the riches he had acquired. Ancient coins of many different nations, fragments of exquisite architectural carving, statuary and household utensils, loaded shelves, tables and drawers. Italy would seem to be wrought of such like a coral-reef, down to its very foundations in the deep.

The abate had no utopian ideas concerning his work, though he heartily devoted his life to it. "These boys," he said, "will go out *contadini*—still thieves, if you will—but they will limit themselves to stealing a third out of their master's portion of the produce."

In Asisi we learned to understand what we may call atmospheric politics, and it confirmed our former opinion that the Italian people do not care a fig who governs them if only they are well fed. When they are hungry they rebel, and the only freedom they covet is freedom from the pangs of hunger. They are equally well pleased with the pope or with "Vittorio," as they called him, if their simple meal is always within reach; and if on feast-days they can have a chicken, red wine instead of white, and a *dolce*, their contentment rises to enthusiasm.

A drought or a destructive rain is therefore to be feared by any government, especially if there be malcontents to make use of it. There was quite a severe drought in Asisi last summer, and loud and deep were the imprecations we heard against the government. As the vines withered and the corn shrank, so withered and shrank the king and his ministers in the esteem of these poor people. Count Bindangoli told me that they very much feared some democratic demonstration, and that they were anxiously looking forward to the winter. In vain for weeks we looked over to Perugia for rain (rain comes to Asisi only from that direction). In vain were prayers in the churches, processions and promises. We saw the gray showers sail around the horizon, heard their far-off thunders, saw the lightning zigzag down through the slanting torrents, and almost saw the hills grow green under them. The only tempests we had were those we saw brooding on the brows of scowling *contadini*. They talked openly of a republic, they were sick of the devouring taxes, they regretted the papacy: there was certainly danger of some "scompiglio," my *padrone di casa* assured me.

At length, after long weeks of waiting, Perugia disappeared in a gray deluge: the rain came marching like an army across the plain toward us, its first scattered drops printed the dust, its sheets of water drenched the windows, its small torrents rushed down the steep streets. The mountains grew dim and almost disappeared: we were shut in with hope and a fresh delight. Then the deluge settled into a gentle rain, under which the grapes swelled out their globes, the corn rustled with a fuller growth and the hearts of men grew content. The king and his ministers also budded out into new beauty, and flourished in popular esteem like the green bay tree, and the republic was quenched—till the next drought.

The Author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece."

HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE.

TWO PAPERS.—I.



THE RACE-COURSE AT LONGCHAMPS.

THE passion for horse-racing, which for more than two centuries has made the sport a national one in England, cannot be said to exist in France, and the introduction of this "pastime of princes" into the latter country has been of comparatively recent date. Mention, it is true, has been found of races on the plain of Les Sablons as early as 1776, and in the next year a sweepstakes of forty horses, followed by one of as many asses, was run at Fontainebleau in the presence of the court. But it is not until 1783 that one meets with the semblance of an organization, and this as a mere caprice of certain *grandees*, who affected an English style in everything, and who thought to introduce the customs of the English turf along with the *chapeau Anglais* and the riding-coat. It was notably

the comte d'Artois (afterward Charles X.), the duc de Chartres (Philippe Égalité), the marquis de Conflans and the prince de Guéménée who fancied themselves obliged, in their character of *Anglomania*s, to patronize the race-course; but the public of that time, to whom this imitation of English manners was not only an absurdity, but almost a treason against the state, gave but a cold reception to the attempted innovation. Racing, too, from its very nature, found itself in direct conflict with all the traditions of the ancient school of equitation, and it encountered from the beginning the severe censure and opposition of horsemen accustomed to the measured paces of the *manège*, whose highest art consisted in consuming a whole hour in achieving at a gallop the length of the terrace of St. Germain. The

professors of this equestrian minuet, as solemn and formal in the saddle as was the dancer Dupré in the ballets of the period, predicted the speedy decay of the old system of horsemanship and the extinction of the native breed of horses if France should allow her soil to be invaded by foreign thoroughbreds with their English jockeys and trainers. The first French sportsmen—to use the word in its limited sense—thus found themselves not only unsupported by public opinion, but alone in the midst of an actively-hostile community, and no one can say how the unequal contest might have ended had not the graver events of the Revolution intervened to put an end, for a time at least, not only to the luxurious pleasures, but to all the hopes and ambitions, of the noble class of idlers.

The wars with England that followed retarded for a quarter of a century the introduction of racing into France. The first ministerial ordinance in which the words *pur sang* occur is that of the 3d of March, 1833, signed by Louis Philippe and countersigned by Adolphe Thiers, establishing a register of the thoroughbreds existing in France—in other words, a national *stud-book*, by which name it is universally known. The following year witnessed the foundation of the celebrated Society for the Encouragement of the Improvement of Breeds of French Horses, more easily recognized under the familiar title of the "Jockey Club." The first report of this society exposed the deplorable condition of all the races of horses in the country, exhausted as they had been by the frightful draughts made upon them in the imperial wars, and concluded by urging the necessity of the creation of a pure native stock, of which the best individuals, to be selected by trial of their qualities of speed and endurance upon the track, should be devoted to reproduction. This was the doctrine which had been practically applied in England, and which had there produced in less than a century the most important and valuable results. France had but to follow the example of her neighbor, and, borrowing from the English stock of thoroughbreds, to establish a regular system

of races as the means of developing and improving the breed of horses upon her own soil.

This reasoning seemed logical enough, but the administration of the *Haras*, or breeding-stables—which is in France a branch of the civil service—opposed this innovation, and contended that the only pure type of horse was the primitive Arab, and that every departure from this resulted in the production of an animal more or less degenerate and debased. The reply of the Jockey Club was, that the English thoroughbred is, in fact, nothing else than a pure Arab, modified only by the influences of climate and treatment, and that it would be much wiser and easier to profit by a result already obtained than to undertake to retrace, with all its difficulties and delays, the same road that England had taken a century to travel.

The experience gained since 1833 has shown that the conclusions of the Jockey Club were right, but the evidence of facts and of the results obtained has not yet brought the discussion to a close. The administration of the *Haras* still keeps up its opposition to the raising of thoroughbreds, and will no doubt continue to do so for some time to come, so tenacious is the hold of routine—or, as the Englishman might say, of red tape—upon the official mind in France, whether the question be one of finance, of war or of the breeding of horses.

But it is not only against the ill-will of the administration that the Jockey Club has had to struggle during all these years: it has had also to contend with the still more disheartening indifference of the public in the matter of racing. There is no disputing the fact that the genuine lover of the horse, the *homme de cheval*—or, if I may be forgiven a bit of slang for the sake of its expressiveness, the *horsey* man, whether he be coachman or groom, jockey or trainer—is not in France a genuine product of the soil, as he seems to be in England. Look at the difference between the cabman of London and his brother of Paris, if there be enough affinity between them to justify this term of relationship. The one drives his horse,

the other seems to be driven by his. In London the driver of an omnibus has the air of a gentleman managing a four-in-hand: in Paris the imbecile who holds the reins looks like a workman who has been hired by the day to do a job that he doesn't understand. So pronounced is this antipathy—for it is more than indifference—of the genuine man of the people toward all things pertaining to the horse that, notwithstanding all the encouragements that for nearly half a century have been lavishly offered for the purpose of developing a public taste in this direction, not a single jockey or trainer who can properly be called a Frenchman has thus far made his appearance. All the men and boys employed in the racing-stables are of English origin, though many, perhaps most, of them have been born in France; but the purity of their English blood, so important in their profession, is as jealously preserved by consanguineous marriages as is that of the noble animals in their charge. It was an absolute necessity for the early turfmen of France to import the Anglo-Saxon man with the Anglo-Arabian horse if they would bring to a creditable conclusion the programme of 1833. And during all the long period that has since elapsed what courage and patience, what determined will, to say nothing of the prodigious expenditure of money, have been shown by the founders of the race-course in France and by their successors! Their perseverance has had its reward, indeed, in the brilliancy of the results obtained, but there is still due to them an ampler tribute of recognition than they have yet received, and it will be a grateful duty to dwell for a while upon the history of the Jockey Club.

Of its fourteen original members but two survive, the duc de Nemours and M. Ernest Leroy. The other twelve were His Royal Highness the duc d'Orléans, M. Rieussec, who was killed by the infernal machine of Fieschi, the comte de Cambis, equerry to the duc d'Orléans, Count Demidoff, Fasquel, the chevalier de Machado, the prince de la Moskowa, M. de Normandie, Lord Henry Seymour, Achille Delamarre, Charles Lafitte and Caccia. To these fourteen gentlemen were soon

added others of the highest rank or of the first position in the aristocratic world of Paris. People began to talk with bated breath of the Jockey Club and of its doings, and strange stories were whispered of the habits of some of its distinguished members. The eccentricities of Count Demidoff and of Major Frazer, the obstreperous fooleries of Lord Henry Seymour, the studied extravagances of Comte d'Alton-Shee, created in the public mind the impression that the club was nothing less than a sort of infernal pit, peopled by wicked dandies like Balzac's De Marsay, Maxime de Trailles, Rastignac, etc. Even the box of the club at the opera was dubbed with the uncanny nickname *loge infernale*, and the talk of the town ran upon the frightful sums lost and won every night at the tables of the exclusive *cercle*, while the nocturnal passer-by pointed with a shudder to the windows of the first floor at the corner of the Rue de Grammont and the Boulevard, glimmering until morning dawn with a light altogether satanic. The truth must be confessed that the *jeunesse dorée* of the period affected a style somewhat "loud." There was exaggeration in everything—in literature—for it was the epoch of the great romantic impulse—in art, in politics: what wonder, then, that the distractions of high life should overpass the boundaries of good taste, and even of propriety? The Jockey Club in the time of Louis Philippe did but recall the good old days of Brookes's and of White's, of the two Foxes, of George Selwyn and of Sheridan. But how changed is all this! There is not to-day in Paris, perhaps in the world, a more sedate, reputable and in every sense temperate club than the "Jockey." It concerns itself only with racing, the legitimate object of its foundation, and nothing else is discussed in its salons, if we except one room, which under the Empire was baptized "The Camp of Châlons," for the reason that it had come to be reserved for the use of the old soldiers, who met there to talk over incidents of army life. Baccarat, that scourge of Parisian clubs, is forbidden, and lovers of play are obliged to content themselves with a harmless rub-

ber of whist. As one black ball in six is sufficient to exclude a candidate—or, to use the official euphemism, to cause his "postponement"—it is not difficult for the coterie that controls the club to keep it clear of all noisy, or even of merely too conspicuous, individuality. Lord Henry Seymour would be "pilled" to-day by a probably unanimous vote. A candidate may enjoy all the advantages of wealth and position, he may have the entrée to all the salons, and may even be a member of clubs as exclusive as the Union and the Pommes-de-Terre, and yet he may find himself unable to gain admission to the Jockey. Any excess of notoriety, any marked personal eccentricity, would surely place him under the ban. Scions of ancient families, who have had the wisdom to spend in the country and with their parents the three or four years succeeding their college life, would have a much better chance of admission than a leader of fashion such as I have described. The illustrious General de Charette; M. Soubeyran, at that time governor of the *Crédit foncier* of France; the young Henry Say, brother-in-law of the prince A. de Broglie, rich and accomplished, and the owner, moreover, of a fine racing-stable; together with many other gentlemen whose private lives were above suspicion,—have been blackballed for the simple reason that they were too widely known. As to foreigners, let them avoid the mortification of certain defeat by abstaining from offering themselves, unless indeed they should happen to be the possessors of a great historic name or should occupy in their own country a position out of the reach of ordinary mortals. This careful exclusion of all originality and diversity has, by degrees, communicated to the club a complexion somewhat negative and colorless, but at the same time, it must be admitted, of the most perfect distinction. The most influential members, although generally very wealthy, live in Paris with but few of the external signs of luxury, and devote their incomes to home comforts and to the improvement of their estates. If one should happen to meet on the Champs Élysées a mail-coach or a *dau-*

*mont** that makes the promenaders turn and look back, or if there be an *avant-scène* at the Variétés or the Palais Royal that serves as a point of attraction for all the lorgnettes of the theatre, one may be quite sure that the owners of these brilliant turnouts and the occupants of this envied box are not members of the club—"the Club," *par excellence*, for thus is it spoken of in Paris. It is considered quite correct at the club to devote one's self to the raising of cattle and sheep, as the comtes de Bouvillé, de Béhague, de Hauteserre and others have done with such success, and one may even follow the example of the comte de Falloux, the eloquent Academician, in emblazoning with one's arms a pen of fat pigs at a competitive show, without in the least derogating from one's dignity. One may also sell the wine from one's vineyards and the iron from one's furnaces—for the iron industry is in France looked upon as a sort of heritage of the nobility—but to get money by any other means than those I have indicated would be considered in the worst possible taste. On the other hand, it is permitted to any member of the club to lose as much money as he pleases without loss of the respect of his fellows, and the surest way to arrive at this result is to undertake the breeding and running of horses.

As to the external appearance and bearing of the perfect clubman, it is very much that of Disraeli's hero, "who could hardly be called a dandy or a beau. There was nothing in his dress, though some mysterious arrangement in his costume—some rare simplicity, some curious happenings—always made him distinguished: there was nothing, however, in his dress, which could account for the influence that he exercised over the manners of his contemporaries;" and it is probably a fact that a member of the club is never noticed by passers on the street on account of anything in his dress or appearance. In short, the club seems to have adopted for its motto *Sancta simplicitas*, and the

* *Daumont*, an open carriage, the French name of which has been adopted by the English, like *landau*, etc. It is drawn by two horses driven abreast, and each mounted by a postilion. The nearest English equivalent is a "victoria."

descendants of the old nobility of France, excluded as they practically are to-day from all public employment save that of the army, seem determined to live amongst themselves, in tranquillity and retirement, in such a way as to attract the least possible notice from the press or from the crowd. Their portraits never find their way into the illustrated papers, and no penny-a-liner ventures to make them the subject of a biographical sketch: indeed, any one rash enough to seek to tread upon this forbidden ground would find himself met at the threshold by a dignified but very decided refusal of all information and material necessary to his undertaking.

As an illustration of the care taken by the ruling spirits of the club to preserve the attitude which they have assumed toward the public, it may be worth mentioning that Isabelle, who for a long time enjoyed the distinction of serving the club as its accredited flower-girl, and who in that capacity used to hold herself in readiness every evening in her velvet tub at the foot of the staircase of the splendid apartments at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Scribe—the present location of the club—was dismissed for no other reason than that she had become too extensively known to the gay world of Paris. Excluded from the sacred paddock on the race-course, she is to-day compelled to content herself on great occasions with selling her flowers on the public turf from a pretty basket-wagon drawn by a pair of coquettish black ponies, or "toy" ponies in the language of the day.

Notwithstanding the magnificence of the present quarters of the club to which I have referred, one cannot help regretting that, unlike the Agricultural Society and the Club of the Champs Élysées, it is obliged to confine itself to one story of the building—the first floor, according to continental enumeration—though the rental of this floor alone amounts to some three hundred thousand francs a year.

The committee on races, composed of fifteen members (founders) and fifteen associate members—the latter elected every year by the founders—represents

the club in all that concerns its finances and property, votes the budget, the programme of all races and the conditions of the prizes, and not only legislates in making the laws that govern the course, but acts also as judge in deciding questions that may arise under the code that it has established. And as a legislative body it has its hands almost as full as that of the state, for the budget of the society grows from year to year as rapidly as the nation's, and there are now forty-nine turfs for which it is responsible or to which it has extended its protection. The presidency of the committee, after having been held for many years by the lamented Vicomte Daru, passed on his death last year to M. Auguste Lupin, the oldest proprietor of race-horses in France. To M. Lupin, moreover, belongs the honor of being the first breeder in France who has beaten the English in their own country by gaining the Goodwood Cup in 1855 with Jouvence—a success that was renewed by his horse Dollar in 1864. M. Lupin, who had six times won the Jockey Club Purse (the French Derby) and twice the Grand Prix de Paris, occupies very much the same position in France that Lord Falmouth holds in England, and, like him, he never bets. His colors, black jacket and red cap, are exceedingly popular, and received even more than their wonted share of applause in the year 1875, the most brilliant season in the history of his stables, when he carried off all the best prizes with St. Cyr, Salvator and Almanza. His stud, which has numbered amongst its stallions the Baron, Dollar and the Flying Dutchman, is at Vaucresson, near Versailles. His training-stables are at La Croix, St. Ouen.

Of the remaining members of the committee on races, the best known are the prince de la Moskowa, the comte A. de Noailles, Henry Delamarre, Comte Frédéric de Lagrange, Comte A. des Cars, J. Mackenzie-Grievies, Comte H. de Turtot, the duc de Fitz-James, Baron Shickler, the prince A. d'Aremberg, Prince Joachim Murat, Comte Roederer, the marquis de Lauriston, Baron Gustave de Rothschild, E. Fould and the comtes de St. Sauveur,

de Kergorlay and de Juigné. Most of these gentlemen run their horses, or have done so, and the list will be found to comprise, with two or three exceptions, the principal turfmen of France. The comte de Juigné and the prince d'Areberg, both very rich, and much liked in Paris, have formed a partnership in turf matters, and the colors they have adopted, yellow and red stripes for the jacket, with black cap, are always warmly welcomed. In 1873, with Montargis, they won the Cambridgeshire Stakes, which were last year carried off by the American horse Parole, and in 1877 they renewed the exploit with Jongleur. The count, on this latter occasion, had taken no pains to conceal the merits of his horse, but, on the contrary, had spoken openly of what he believed to be his chances, and had even advised the betting public to risk their money upon him. As the English were giving forty to one against him, the consequence of M. de Juigné's friendly counsel was that the morning after the race saw a perfect shower of gold descending upon Paris, the English guineas falling even into the white caps held out with eager hands by the scullions of the cafés that line the Boulevard. One well-known restaurateur, Catelain, of the Restaurant Helder on the Boulevard des Italiens, pocketed a million of francs, and testified his satisfaction, if not his gratitude, by forthwith baptizing a new dish with the name of the winning horse. The comte de Juigné himself cleared three millions, and many members of the club were made the richer by sums ranging from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand francs. The marquis de Castellane, an habitual gambler, who happened to have put only a couple of hundred louis on the horse, could not hide his chagrin that his venture had returned him but a hundred and sixty thousand francs. Jongleur won the French Derby (one hundred and three thousand francs) in 1877, besides thirteen other important races. He was unfortunately killed while galloping in his paddock in September, 1878.

The Scotch jacket and white cap of the duc de Fitz-James, owner of the fine La

Sorie stud, and the same colors, worn by the jockeys of the duc de Fézensac, have won but few of the prizes of the turf, and another nobleman, the comte de Bertheux, (green jacket, red cap) is noted for the incredible persistency of his bad luck. M. Édouard Fould, whose mount is known by the jackets hooped with yellow and black and caps of the latter color, is the proprietor of the well-known D'Ibos stud at the foot of the Pyrenees, one of the largest and best-ordered establishments of the kind in France; and it is to him and to his uncle, the late Achille Fould, that the South owes in a great degree the breeding and development of the thoroughbred horse. M. Delâtre (green jacket and cap) raises every year, at La Celle St. Cloud, some twenty yearlings, of which he keeps but three or four, selling the rest at Tattersall's, Rue Beaujon, to the highest bidder. They generally bring about six thousand francs a head, on an average.

The feeling against Germany after the war led to a proposition to expel from the club all members belonging to that country; and it was only the liking and sympathy felt for one of them, Baron Schickler, a very wealthy lover of the turf and for a long time resident in France, which caused a rejection of the motion. Baron Schickler, however, has nominally retired from the turf since 1870, and his horses are now run under the pseudonyme of Davis. His colors are white for the jacket, with red sleeves and cherry cap. Another member, Mr. A. de Montgomery, the excellent Norman breeder and the fortunate owner of La Toucques and of Fervaques, has also given up racing under his own name, and devotes himself exclusively to the oversight of the Rothschild stables. The good-fortune which the mere possession of this distinguished name would seem sufficient to ensure has not followed the colors of Baron Gustave de Rothschild in the racing field, where his blue jackets and yellow caps have not been the first to reach the winning-post in the contests for the most important prizes. He buys, nevertheless, the best mares and the finest stallions, and he has to-day, in his excellent stud at Meautry, the illustrious Boiard,

who had won, before he came into the baron's possession, the Ascot Cup of 1873 and the Grand Prix de Paris. The Rothschild training-stables are at Chantilly. Boïard, as well as Vermont, another of the grandest horses ever foaled in France, and a winner also of the Grand Prix de Paris, was formerly in possession of M. Henry Delamarre, who in the days of the Empire enjoyed a short period of most remarkable success, having won the French Derby no less than three times within four years. His choice of colors was a maroon jacket with red sleeves and black cap. He had some lesser triumphs last year, at the autumn meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, where his mare Reine Claude won the Prix du Moulin by two lengths, his horse Vicomte, who up to that time had been running so badly, taking the Prix d'Automne, while the second prize of the same name was carried off by Clélié, thus gaining for the Delamarre stables three races out of the five contested on that day. All M. Delamarre's horses come from the Bois-Roussel stud, belonging to Comte Roederer.

There remain to be mentioned, amongst the number of gentlemen who are in the habit of entering their horses for races in France, a Belgian, the comte de Meeüs, one of whose horses was the favorite in the race last mentioned, and though beaten, as often happens with favorites, he and other animals from the same stables have this year carried away several of the provincial prizes; M. L. André, owner of this season's winners of the steeple-chase handicap known as the Prix de Pontoise and of several hurdle-races; M. A. de Borda, who was unsuccessful in the present year in three at least of the races in which he had entered; M. E. de la Charme, who in June, 1879, took the Grand Prix du Conseil-Général (handicap) at Lyons, and in September won at Vincennes the hurdle-race Prix de Charenton; the marquis de Caumont-Laforce, whose colors were first this summer at Moulins in the Prix du Conseil-Général, and in the third Criterium at Fontainebleau, as well as in the grand handicap at Beauvais last July; M. P. Aumont, who has been not

without some good luck in the provinces during the past season; M. Moreau-Chaslon, whose successes of late have hardly been in proportion to his numerous entries, though he won the last Prix des Villas at Vésinet, the Prix du Jockey Club (three thousand francs) at Châlons-sur-Saône and the Prix du Mont-Valérien at the Bois de Boulogne; and, to bring to an end our long list of devotees of the turf, we add the name of M. Ephrussi, who, amongst the numerous races in which he has entered horses in 1879, has been victorious in not a few—for instance, in the steeple-chase handicap at La Marche, called the Prix de Clairefontaine, in L'Express at Fontainebleau, in the Prix de Neuilly at the Bois de Boulogne, and in the handicap for the Prix des Écuries at Chantilly, as well as in a race for gentlemen riders only at Maison-Lafitte. Besides these and others, he gained last August the Jockey Club Prize (five thousand francs) at Châlons-sur-Saône, the Prix de Louray at Déauville for the like amount, another of the same figures at Vichy, and the six thousand francs of the Grand Prix du Havre. Most of the gentlemen last named are the owners of a comparatively small number of horses, which are, perhaps without exception, entrusted to the care of the famous trainer Henry Jennings of La Croix, St. Ouen, near Compiègne.

Henry Jennings is a character. His low, broad-brimmed beaver—which has gained him the sobriquet of "Old Hat"—pulled well down over a square-built head, the old-fashioned high cravat in which his neck is buried to the ears, the big shoes ensconced in clumsy gaiters, give him more the air of a Yorkshire gentleman-farmer of the old school than of a man whose home since his earliest youth has been in France. He is one of the most original figures in the motley scene as he goes his rounds in the paddock, mysterious and knowing, very sparing of his words, and responding only in monosyllables even to the questions of his patrons, while he whispers in the ears of his jockeys the final instructions which many an interested spectator would give something to hear. Beginning his

career in the service of the prince de Beauvan, from which he passed first to that of the duc de Morny and afterward to that of the comte de Lagrange, he is now a public trainer upon his own account, with more than a hundred horses under his care. No one has devoted more intelligent study to the education of the racer or shown a more intuitive knowledge of his nature and of his needs. It was he who first threw off the shackles of ancient custom by which a horse during the period of training was kept in such an unnatural condition, by means of drugs and sweatings, that at the end of his term of probation he was a pitiful object to behold. The pictures and engravings of twenty years ago bear witness to the degree of "wasting" to which a horse was reduced on the eve of a race, and the caricatures of the period are hardly overdrawn when they exhibit to us the ghost of an animal mounted by a phantom jockey. When people saw that Jennings was able to bring to the winning-post horses in good condition, whose training had been based upon nothing but regular work, they at first looked on in astonishment, but afterward found their profit in imitating his example. Under this rational system it has been proved that the animal gains in power and endurance while he loses nothing in speed. The same intrepid trainer has ventured upon another innovation. Impressed with the inconveniences of shoeing, and annoyed by the difficulty of finding a skilful smith in moving from one place to another in the country, he conceived the idea of letting his horses go shoeless, both during training and on the track; and, despite all that could be urged against the practice his horses' feet are in excellent condition. His many successes on the turf have not, however, been crowned, as yet, by the Grand Prix de Paris, though in 1877 he thought to realize the dream of his ambition with *Jongleur*, whom he had trained and whom he loved like a son; and when the noble horse was beaten by an outsider, *St Christopher*, "Old Hat" could not control an exhibition of ill-humor as amusing as it was touching. When *Jongleur* died

Jennings wept for perhaps the first time in his life, and he was still unable to restrain his tears when he described the tortures of the poor beast as he struck his head against the sides of his box in the agonies of lockjaw.

Let us close our list—in which, however, we have endeavored to enumerate only the principal figures upon the French turf—with two names; and first that of the young Edmond Blanc, heir to the immense fortune gained by his late father as director of the famous gaming-tables of Monaco. The latter, like a prudent parent, forbade his son to race or to play, and Edmond, obeying the letter of the law—at least during the lifetime of his father—was known, if known at all upon the course, under the pseudonyme of James. At present, however, he is the owner of an important stud and stable which are constantly increasing, and which bid fair before long to take rank amongst the principal establishments in the country. Waggish tongues have whispered that when he had to make choice of colors he naturally inclined to "rouge et noir," but finding these already appropriated by *M. Lupin*, the representative of "trente et quarante" was forced to content himself with tints more brilliant perhaps, but less suggestive. But let him laugh who wins. The annals of the turf for 1879 inscribe the name of *M. Blanc* as winner of the Grand Prix de Paris. It was his mare, *Nubienne*, who first reached the winning-post by a neck in a field of eleven horses, *M. Fould's Saltéador* being second, with barely a head between him and the third, *Flavio II.*, belonging to the comte Frédéric de Lagrange.

This latter proprietor, the most celebrated of all—in the sense of being the most widely known and the most talked about—I have reserved for the end of my catalogue. Comte de Lagrange made his début upon the turf in the year 1857, now more than twenty years ago, by buying outright the great stable of *M. Alexander Aumont*, which boasted at that time amongst its distinguished ornaments the famous *Monarque*, who had, before passing into the hands of his new own-

er, gained eight races in eight run, and who, under the colors of the comte, almost repeated the feat by winning eight in nine; and of these two were the Goodwood Cup and the Newmarket Handicap. Afterward, at the Dangu stud, he achieved a fame of another sort, but in the eyes of horsemen perhaps still more important. Never has sire transmitted to his colts his own best qualities with such certainty and regularity. *Hospodar*, *Le Mandarin*, *Trocadéro* were amongst his invaluable gifts to the comte, but his crowning glory is the paternity of the illustrious *Gladiateur*, the Eclipse of modern times. *Gladiateur*, said the baron d'Étreilly, recalls *Monarque* as one hundred recalls ten. There were the very same lines, the same length of clean muscular neck well set on the same deep and grandly-placed shoulders, the same arching of the loins, the same contour of hips and quarters, but all in proportions so colossal that every one who saw him, no matter how indifferent to horseflesh in general, remained transfixed in admiration of a living machine of such gigantic power.

The first appearance of *Gladiateur* upon the race-course was at the Newmarket autumn meeting of 1864, where he won the Clearwell Stakes, beating a field of twelve horses. He was kept sufficiently "shady," however, during the winter to enable his owner to make some advantageous bets upon him, though it required careful management to conceal his extraordinary powers. His training remains a legend in the annals of the stables of *Royal-Lieu*, where the jockeys will tell you how he completely knocked all the other horses out of time, and how two or three of the very best put in relay to wait upon him were not enough to cover the distance. *Fille-de-l'Air* herself had to be sacrificed, and it was in one of these terrible gallops that she finished her career as a runner. *Mandarin* alone stood out, but even he, they say, showed such mortal terror of the trial that when he was led out to accompany his redoubtable brother he trembled from head to foot, bathed in sweat. In 1865, *Gladiateur* gained the two thousand guineas

VOL. XXVI.—21

and the Derby at Epsom, and for the first time the blue ribbon was borne away from the English. "When *Gladiateur* runs," said the English papers at this time, "the other horses hardly seem to move." The next month he ran for the Grand Prix de Paris. His jockey, Harry Grimshaw, had the coquetry to keep him in the rear of the field almost to the end, as if he were taking a gallop for exercise, and when *Vertugadin* reached the last turn the favorite, some eight lengths behind, seemed to have forgotten that he was in the race at all. The public had made up its mind that it had been cheated, when all at once the great horse, coming up with a rush, passed all his rivals at a bound, to resume at their head his former easy and tranquil pace. There had not been even a contest: *Gladiateur* had merely put himself on his legs, and all had been said. These three victories brought in to Comte de Lagrange the sum of four hundred and forty-one thousand seven hundred and twenty-five francs, to say nothing of the bets. *Gladiateur* afterward won the race of six thousand metres (two miles fourteen furlongs) which now bears his name, and also the Great St. Leger at Doncaster. He was beaten but once—in the Cambridgeshire, where he was weighted at a positively absurd figure, and when, moreover, the track was excessively heavy. After his retirement from the turf he was sold in 1871 for breeding purposes in England for two hundred thousand francs, and died in 1876.

Like M. Fould and several other brethren of the turf, Comte de Lagrange felt the discouragements of the Franco-German war, and sold all his horses to M. Lefèvre. Fortunately, however, he had retained in his stud at Dangu a splendid lot of breeding-mares, and with these he has since been able to reconstruct a stable of the first order, though the effort has cost him a very considerable sum. Indeed, he himself admits that to cover expenses he would have to make as much as thirty thousand pounds every year. Four times victorious in the French Derby before 1870, he has since repeated this success for two successive years—in

1878 with *Insulaire*, and in 1879 with *Zut*. His colors (blue jacket with red sleeves and a red cap) are as well known in England as in his own country. Within the last six years he has three times won the Oaks at Epsom with *Regalia*, *Reine* and *Camelia*, the Goodwood Cup with *Flageolet*, the two thousand guineas and the Middlepark and Dewhurst Plates with *Chamant*. On the 12th of June, last year, at Ascot, he gained two races out of three, and in the third one of his horses came in second.

But the count is by no means always a winner, nor does he always win with the horse that, by all signs, ought to be the victor. He has somehow acquired, whether justly or not, the reputation of being a "knowing hand" upon the turf, and all turfmen will understand what is implied in the term, whether of good or of evil. His stable has been called a "surprise-box," which simply means that the "horse carrying the first colors does not always carry the money;" that people who think they know the merits of his horses frequently lose a good deal by the unexpected turn of affairs upon the track; and that the count, in short, manages to take care of himself in exercising the undoubted right of an owner, as by rule established, to win if he can with any one of the horses that he may have running together for any given event. Nothing dishonorable, according to the laws of the turf, has ever been proved, nor perhaps even been charged, against him; but as one of his countrymen, from whom I have just now quoted, remarks, "He is fond of showing to demonstration that a man does not keep two hundred horses in training just to amuse the gallery."

These repeated triumphs, as well as the not less frequent ones of *MM. Lefèvre*, *Lupin* and *de Juigné*, have naturally set the English a-thinking. They have to admit that the time has passed when their handicappers could contemptuously give a French horse weights in his favor, and a party headed by *Lords Falmouth*, *Hardwicke* and *Vivian* and *Sir John Astley* of the London Jockey Club has been formed with the object of bringing about some modifications of the international code.

A war of words has ensued between *Admiral Rous* and *Viscount Daru*, the respective presidents of the two societies, in the course of which the admiral has urged that as English horses are admitted to only two races in France, the *Grand Prix de Paris* and the *Déauville Cup*, while French horses are at liberty to enter upon any course in England, it is quite time that a reciprocity of privileges were recognized, and that racers be put upon an equal footing in the two countries. Not at all, replies *M. Daru*; and for this reason: there are three times as many race-horses in England as in France, and the small number of the latter would bring down the value of the French prizes to next to nothing if the stakes are based, as they are in England, upon the sum-total of the entries. In France the government, the encouragement societies, the towns, the railway companies, all have to help to make up the purses, and often with very considerable sums. Would it be fair to let in English horses in the proportion of, say, three to one—supposing the value of the horses to be equal—to carry off two-thirds of these subscriptions? To this the Englishman answers, not without a show of reason, that if the foreign horses should come into France in any great numbers this very circumstance would make the entrance-moneys a sufficient remuneration to the winner, and that the government, the Jockey Club and the rest would be relieved from a continuance of their subventions. The discussion is still kept up, and it is not unlikely that the successors of *MM. Rous* and *Daru* will keep on exchanging notes for some years without coming nearer to a solution than the diplomats have come to a settlement of the Eastern Question.

I have said that the Jockey Club of Paris grants subventions to the racing societies of the provinces, which it takes under its patronage to the number of about forty-five, but it undertakes the actual direction of the races at only three places—namely, *Chantilly*, *Fontainebleau* and *Déauville-sur-Mer*—besides those of Paris. Up to 1856, the Paris races were run on the *Champ de Mars*,

where the track was too hard and the turns were very sharp and awkward. In the last-mentioned year the city ceded to the Société d'Encouragement the open field at Longchamps, lying between the western limit of the Bois de Boulogne and the river Seine. The ground measures about sixty-six hectares in superficial area, and this ample space has permitted the laying out of several tracks of different lengths and of varying form, and has avoided any necessity for sharp turns. The whole race-course is well sodded, and the ground is as good as artificially-made ground can be. It is kept up and improved by yearly outlays, and these very considerable expenses are confided to Mr. J. Mackenzie-Grievés, so well known for his horsemanship to all the promenaders of the Bois.

The race-course at Longchamps enjoys advantages of situation and surroundings superior, beyond all question, to those of any other in the world. The approaches to it from Paris are by an uninterrupted succession of the most charming drives—the Champs Élysées, the grand avenue of the Bois de Boulogne, and finally through the lovely shaded alleys of the Bois. Arrived at the Cascade, made famous by the attempt of Berezowski upon the life of the czar in 1867, the eye takes in at a glance the whole of the vast space devoted to the race-course, overlooked to the right by a picturesque windmill and an ancient ivy-mantled tower, and at the farther extremity by the stands for spectators. To the left the view stretches over the rich undulating hills of Sèvres and of Meudon, strewn with pretty villas and towers and steeples, and rests in the dim distance upon the blue horizon of Les Verrières.

The elegant central stand or tribune, of brick and stone, is reserved for the chief of the state. In the time of the last presidency it was almost always occupied by the marshal, a great lover of horses, and by his little court; but his successor, M. Grévy, whose sporting propensities are satisfied by a game of billiards or a day's shooting with his pointers, generally waives his privilege in favor of the members of the diplomatic corps.

The stand to the left of the track is the official tribune, very gay and attractive in the days of the Empire, when it was filled by the members of the municipal council of Paris and their families, but to-day rather a blot upon the picture, the wives of the Republican ædiles belonging to a lower—though, in this case, a newer—stratum of society than did their imperial predecessors. The Jockey Club reserves for itself the first stand to the right, from which all women are rigorously excluded. The female element, however, is represented upon the lower ranges of benches, though the ladies belonging to the more exclusive circles of fashion prefer a simple chair upon the gravel of the paddock. It is there, at the foot of the club-stand, that may be seen any Sunday in spring, expanding under the rays of the vernal sun, the fresh toilettes that have bloomed but yesterday, or it may be this very morning, in the conservatories of Worth and Laferrière. The butterflies of this garden of sweets are the jaunty hats whose tender wings of azure or of rose have but just unfolded themselves to the light of day. My figure of "butterfly hats" has been ventured upon in the hope that it may be found somewhat newer than that of the "gentlemen butterflies" which the reporters of the press have chased so often and so long that the down is quite rubbed from its wings, to say nothing of the superior fitness of the comparison in the present case. In fact, the gentlemen do but very rarely flutter from flower to flower within the sacred confines of the paddock, but are much more apt to betake themselves in crowds to the less showy parterre of the betting-ground, where, under the shadow of the famous chestnut tree, such enormous wagers are laid, and especially do they congregate in the neighborhood of the tall narrow slates set up by such well-known bookmakers as Wright, Valentine and Saffery.

Each successive year sees an increase in the number of betters, who contribute indirectly, by means of subscriptions to the races, a very important proportion of the budget of the Jockey Club. But if any one should imagine from this constant

growth of receipts that the taste for racing is extending in France, and is likely to become national, he would be making a great mistake: what is growing, and with alarming rapidity, is the passion for gambling, for the indulgence of which the "improvement of the breed of horses" is but a convenient and sufficiently transparent veil. Whether the money of the player rolls around the green carpet of the race-course or upon that of M. Blanc at Monte Carlo, the impulse that keeps it in motion is the same, and the bookmaker's slate is as dangerous as the roulette-table. The manager of the one piles up a fortune as surely as the director of the other, and in both cases the money seems to be made with an almost mathematical certainty and regularity. They tell of one day—that of the Grand Prix of 1877—when Saffery, the Steel of the French turf and the leviathan of bookmakers, cleared as much as fifty thousand dollars. Wright, Valentine, Morris and many more make in proportion to their outlay. Four or five years ago these worthies had open offices on the Rue de Choiseul and the Boulevard des Italiens, where betting on the English and French races went on night and day; but the police, following the lead of that of London, stepped in to put an end to this traffic in contraband goods, and the shops for the sale of this sort of merchandise are now shut up. But if all this has been done, and if even those great *voitures de poules* which once made the most picturesque ornament of the turf, have been banished out of sight, it has been impossible to uproot the practice of betting, which has more devotees to-day than ever before. It has been discovered in other countries than France that the only way to deal with an ineradicable evil is to check its growth, and an attempt to prohibit pool-selling a year or two ago in one of the States of this Union only resulted in the adoption of an ingenious evasion whereby the *pictures* of the horses entered were sold at auction—a practice which is, if I am not misinformed, still kept up. The same fiction, under another form, is to be seen to-day in France. In order to bet openly one has to buy an

entrance-ticket to the paddock, which costs him twenty francs, whereas the general entry to the grounds is but one franc, and any one found betting outside the enclosure or *enceinte* of the stables is liable to arrest. The police, no doubt, are willing to accept the theory that a man who can afford to pay twenty francs for a little square of rose- or yellow-tinted paper is rich enough to be allowed to indulge in any other extravagant freaks that he pleases.

But with all the numerous bets that are made, and the excitement and interest that must necessarily be aroused, there is nothing of the turbulent and uproarious demonstration so characteristic of the English race-course. The "rough" element is kept away from the French turf, partly because it would find its surroundings there uncongenial with its tastes, and partly by the small entrance-fee required; and one is thus spared at Longchamps the sight of those specimens of the various forms of human misery and degradation that offend the eye at Epsom and infest even the more aristocratic meetings of Ascot and Goodwood. At the French races, too, one never hears the shrieks and howls of an English crowd, save perhaps when in some very important contest the favorite is beaten, and even then the yells come from English throats: it is the bookmakers' song of victory. A stranger at Longchamps would perceive at once that racing has no hold upon the popular heart, and that, so far as it is an amusement at all apart from the gambling spirit evoked, it is merely the hobby and pastime of a certain number of idle gentlemen. As to the great mass of spectators, who are not interested in the betting, they go to Longchamps as they would go to any place where uniforms and pretty toilettes and fine carriages are to be seen; for the Parisian, as one of them has well said, "never misses a review, and he goes to the races, although he understands nothing about them: the horses scarcely interest him at all. But there he is because he must do as 'all Paris' does: he even tries to master a few words of the barbarous jargon which it is considered *bon-ton* to speak at these

places, for it seems that the French language, so rich, so flexible, so accurate, is insufficient to express the relations and affinities between man and the horse."

The *enceinte du pesage*, often called in vulgar English "the betting-ring," or the enclosure mentioned above to which holders of twenty-franc tickets are admitted, at Longchamps is scrupulously guarded by the stewards of the Jockey Club from the invasion of the *demi-monde*—a term that I employ in the sense in which it is understood to-day, and not in that which it bore twenty years ago. A woman of this *demi-monde*, which the younger Dumas has defined as that "community of married women of whom one never sees the husbands," may enter the paddock if she appears upon the arm of a gentleman, but the really objectionable element is obliged to confine itself to the five-franc stands or to wander over the public lawns. Some of the fashionable actresses of the day and the best-known *belles-petites* may be seen sunning themselves in their victorias or their "eight-springs" by the side of the track in front of the stands, but this is not from any interest that they feel in the performances of Zut or of Rayon d'Or, but simply because to make the "return from the races" it is necessary to have been to them, and every woman of any pretension to fashion, no matter what "world" she may belong to, must be seen in the gay procession that wends its way through the splendid avenue on the return from Longchamps.

The great day at Longchamps, that crowns the Parisian season like the "bouquet" at the end of a long series of fireworks, is the international fête of the Grand Prix de Paris, run for the first time in 1863. It is open to entire horses and to fillies of all breeds and of all countries, three-year-olds, and of the prize, one hundred thousand francs, half is given by the city of Paris and half by the five great railway companies. It was the late duc de Morny who first persuaded the municipal council and the administrations of the railways to make this annual appropriation; all of which, together with the en-

tries, a thousand francs each, goes to the winner, after deducting ten thousand francs given to the second horse and five thousand to the third. Last year the amount won by Nubienne, carrying fifty-three and a half kilogrammes, was one hundred and forty-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five francs, and the time made was three minutes thirty-three seconds on a track of three thousand mètres — one mile seven furlongs, or three furlongs longer than that of the Derby at Epsom.

The fixing of Sunday for this international contest has aroused the prejudices of the English, and has been the occasion of a long correspondence between Admiral Rous and Viscount Daru, but the committee on races has refused to change the day, contending, with reason, that the French people cannot be expected to exchange their usages for those of a foreign country. Although it is understood that Queen Victoria has formally forbidden the prince of Wales to assist at these profane solemnities, this interdict has not prevented the appearance there of some of the principal personages of England, and we have several times noticed the presence of the dukes of St. Albans, Argyll, Beaufort and Hamilton, the marquis of Westminster and Lords Powlett, Howard and Falmouth; though the last, be it said, is believed to be influenced by his respect for the day in his refusal to run his horses in France.

Those who remember the foundation of the Grand Prix will recall the extraordinary excitement of the occasion, when the whole population of Paris, as one of the enemies of the new system of racing said, turned out as they would to a capital execution or the drawing of a grand lottery or the ascension of a monster balloon: the next day the name of the winner was in everybody's mouth, and there was but one great man in the universe for that day at least—he who had conceived the idea of the Grand Prix de Paris. The receipts on this occasion amounted to eighty-one thousand francs: last year they were two hundred and forty thousand. I subjoin a list of the winners from 1863 to 1879, inclusive:

Years.	Horses.	Owners.	Nationality.
1863.	The Ranger.....	H. Savile.....	English.
1864.	Vermont.....	H. Delamarre.....	French.
1865.	Gladiateur.....	Comte F. de Lagrange.....	French.
1866.	Ceylon.....	Duke of Beaufort.....	English.
1867.	Fervacques.....	A. de Montgomery.....	French.
1868.	The Earl.....	Marquis of Hastings.....	English.
1869.	Glanceur.....	A. Lupin.....	French.
1870.	Sornette.....	{ Major Fridolin (Ch.) Lafitte..... }	French.
1871.	(Not run).	
1872.	Cremorne.....	H. Savile.....	English.
1873.	Boïard.....	H. Delamarre.....	French.
1874.	Trent.....	W. R. Marshall.....	English.
1875.	Salvator.....	A. Lupin.....	French.
1876.	Kisber.....	Baltazzi.....	Hungarian.
1877.	St. Christophe.....	Comte F. de Lagrange.....	French.
1878.	Thurio.....	Prince Soltikoff.....	Russian.
1879.	Nubienne.....	Edmond Blanc.....	French.

It will be seen by this list that the superiority of the English-bred horse over the French is far from being established. Of sixteen races, the English have gained but five,* while they have been three times second and four times third, and in 1875 their three representatives came in last. The winner of the Epsom Derby has been beaten several times, as in the case, amongst others, of Blair Athol by Vermont and Doncaster by Boïard. The winners of the two chief prizes of last year were a French, an English and an Hungarian horse—Gladiateur, Cremorne and Kisber. It may be remarked also that the winner of the French Derby, as it is called, which is run at Chantilly a fortnight earlier, is almost never the gainer of the Grand Prix, the only exceptions having been Boïard and Salvator. This result is no doubt the consequence of the system of training too long in vogue in France, and upheld by Tom Jennings and the Carters, which consists in bringing a horse to the post in the maximum of his condition upon a given day and for a given event. The animal can never be in better state, and if he does not win the race for which he has been specially prepared, it is because he is not good enough: he cannot be made to do any better than he has done. But if it is hard to bring a horse to this culminating point of training, it is still more difficult to keep him there, even for a period of a few days. Training has been compared to the sides of a triangle:

* Since this article was written the Grand Prix has again been won (June, 1880) by an English horse, Robert the Devil.

when one has reached the apex one must perforce begin to descend. It being, then, impossible that the animal should support for any length of time the extreme tension of his whole organism that perfect training supposes, it but very rarely happens that the horse prepared according to this system—for the French Derby, for example—can be maintained in such a condition as to enable him to win the Epsom Derby or the Grand Prix de Paris. We have heretofore referred to the reaction against this practice of excessive training, and to the efforts of Henry Jennings in the direction of a reform—efforts which within the last few years have been crowned with great success.

But we must now return to the Grand Prix. An invalid who had been forbidden by his doctor to read the newspapers for several months, and who should chance to make his first promenade on the Boulevards on the eve of the Grand Prix, would know at a glance that something extraordinary was about to happen. At every step he would meet the unmistakable garb that announces the Englishman on his travels—at every turn he would hear the language of Shakespeare and of Mr. Labouchere adorned with a good deal of horse-talk. Coney's Cosmopolitan Bar, Rue Scribe, is full on this day of betters and bookmakers, and possibly of Englishmen of a higher rank, whilst its silver *grill*—which is not of silver, however, but polished so bright as almost to look like it—smokes with the broiling steak, and the gin cocktails and brandy-and-soda flow unceasingly. Toward midnight, especially—after the Salon des Courses has closed its doors—is Coney's to be seen in its glory. The circus of the Champs Élysées, where Saturday is the favorite day, makes on this particular Saturday its largest receipts in the year; the Jardin Mabille is packed; the very hackney-coachmen wear the independent, half-insolent look that they have had since morning and will have till the evening of the next day—unfailing sign in Paris that some great spectacle is impending; milliners and dressmakers are out of their wits; the

world has gone mad. The restaurant-waiters and the barbers of the Boulevard may condescend, if you happen to be a regular customer and given to tipping, to enlighten you on the chances of the respective horses. The most knowing in these matters are supposed to be Pierre, the host of the Grand Café, right under the rooms of the Jockey Club, and the rotund Henry, keeper of the Restaurant Bignon, Avenue de l'Opéra, the confidant of certain turfmen, who may favor him with invaluable hints if their *salnis* of woodcocks should have been a success or their *cotelette double* be done to a turn. Charles, of the Café Durand, Place de la Madeleine, and Henry, the barber of the Boulevard des Italiens, are also posted in the quotations and keep themselves well informed.

On Sunday morning by ten o'clock the Bois de Boulogne is filled with pedestrians, who take their breakfast on the grass to while away the time of waiting. The restaurants Madrid and the Cascade, where the tables are spread amidst flowers and shaded by trees—a feature that is duly remembered in the bills, like an *hors d'œuvre*—are turning visitors away. Toward half-past two the enclosure of the paddock is absolutely full: not a vacant chair is to be found, and a fearful consumption of iced champagne begins at the buffet. For, strange to say, the weather is always fine on this day, and the Encouragement Society is as notorious for its good-luck in this respect as the Skating Club and the Steeplechase Society are for quite the opposite. By degrees—and perhaps helped by the champagne—the vast throng will be observed, as the supreme moment ap-

proaches, to depart from its habitually staid and calm demeanor, and finally to show some signs of enthusiasm, though without growing in the least noisy and turbulent, like that at Epsom on the Derby Day. Once in a year, however, as the French say, doesn't make a custom, and the Parisian crowd, to quote its own expression, "*croit que c'est arrivé.*" The applause, in case the winner is a French horse, comes from patriotic motives: if he happens to be English it is given from a feeling of courtesy; and the crowd having done its duty in either case, the famous "return," that has often furnished a subject for the painter, begins. And a wondrous sight it is. Up to six o'clock the innumerable carriages continue to defile upon the several routes that lead to the city, forming a procession of which the head touches the Place de la Concorde, whilst the extremity still reaches to the tribunes of Longchamps. And when evening comes on, and bets are settled, and heated brains seek to prolong the day's excitement far into the night, such haunts as the Mabilles grow so noisy that the police is generally obliged to interfere. There was a time when, on these occasions, that jolly nobleman, the duke of Hamilton, then a prominent figure on the French turf, did not disdain to lead his followers to the battle in person, and to practise the noble art of boxing upon all comers, whether policemen or bookmakers. But these deeds of former days are now but traditions: His Grace has married, which is said to have taught him wisdom, and the bookmakers have grown into millionaires, with a sense of the gravity becoming their position.

L. LEJEUNE.

MRS. PINCKNEY'S GOVERNESS.

THE short October day had come to an end. It had been one of those soft, misty, delicious days common enough at this season of the year. The gathering darkness perplexed the young girl who, without maid or escort of any kind, stood peering through the gloom at the little way-station. Discouraged, apparently, at the result of her search, she entered the station-house, and inquired, in rather a depressed voice, if they knew whether Mrs. Pinckney had sent a carriage or vehicle of any kind for her: "she was expected," she added.

Youth and good looks are naturally effective, and the young Irishman in authority there, Michael Redmond, was by no means insensible to their influence. He darted out with an air of alacrity, returning, however, almost immediately with the depressing information that Mrs. Pinckney's carriage was not there. "She went herself to the city this morning, madam," he said, with an effort at consolation. "Perhaps in her absence the servants have forgotten—" Here he paused.

"It is very unfortunate," she murmured, evidently not accustomed to such emergencies. Nature, however, although ill-seconded by her previous life, had given her both courage and decision. "Is there nothing here which I can hire? is there nobody to drive me to Mrs. Pinckney's?"

"I'll see, madam," returned the young man.

Why he used the term "madam," which was undoubtedly misplaced, toward so youthful a person, is only to be explained by an idea he had of exaggerated respect, a kind of protection apparently to her loneliness and helplessness.

He darted headlong out again into the darkness. "There is a boy here with an open wagon, madam," returning almost as quickly as he went out. "It is not an elegant conveyance, but—" and he hesitated—"it is the only one."

"Oh, it will do, thank you: anything

will do which can carry me to the house. Is there room for my trunk?"

Michael with strong, serviceable arms swung the trunk lightly into the wagon. She was already seated, the boy, who was to drive, beside her.

"Oh, thank you." She drew a diminutive purse from her travelling-bag, and was evidently about to recompense him when something in his manner deterred her. She thanked him again, for gracious words fell lightly and easily from her lips, and the little vehicle went rattling out upon the road.

Mrs. Pinckney's house was four or five miles from the station: the boy drove at a furious pace, and it was by good luck rather than by good guidance that no catastrophe occurred. The beautiful day was succeeded by a cloudy evening: neither moon nor stars were visible, and as they passed through the avenue leading to the house, under the branches of magnificent old trees, large drops of rain began to fall. The light which shone through the open door revealed camp-chairs still standing on the lawn, and children's toys were scattered over the veranda. The boy's rough feet as he carried in her trunk annihilated the face of a smart French doll, and Miss Featherstone's dress caught on, and was torn by, a nail in a dilapidated rocking-horse. The light came from a picturesque-looking lamp which hung from an arch in the centre of a broad, low hall. She rang the bell: the sound reverberated through the house, yet no one came. The boy, who had stood the trunk on end, growing impatient, rang again: they heard voices, hubbub and confusion, children's cries, servants summoned, a man speaking very volubly in French. Then very imperfect English sentences were shouted in a kind of despair. The door was divided in the middle, with a large brass knocker as an appendage to the upper half. Miss Featherstone, growing anxious and impatient, sounded this vigorously, which brought a

maid, who had evidently quite lost her head, to the door.

"This is Mrs. Pinckney's?" said the young girl in prompt, cheerful tones. "I am Miss Featherstone, the governess, whom Mrs. Pinckney expects."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the servant in an absent, distracted manner.

"Marie!" shrieked the French voice in shrill tones of alarm and anger.

"Please, miss, I must go. Do come in and sit down: I'll send somebody—"

"Marie! Marie!—Where is that *vilaine femme*?"

At the second summons she fled, leaving Miss Featherstone and the boy, standing with her trunk on his shoulders, on the threshold.

The young girl walked in, sat down in a large leathern chair, and was taking out her purse to pay her driver when a little fat man, with a very red face and bushy black hair, came flying through the hall, carrying a child in his arms. He was followed by two or three sobbing children and the girl whom Miss Featherstone had already seen. "My dear mees," he said, never stopping until he reached the governess, "see this leetle enfant, this cher petit Henri. He has already one contortion—spasm—what you call it?—and I fear he goes to have one other. Ma chère mademoiselle, have you some experience? Is it that you know what we shall do?"

The child lay pale and unconscious in the arms of the distressed little foreigner. Miss Featherstone tore off her gloves; her purse, unheeded, fell on the floor; she led the way into the nearest room, which proved to be the dining-room, the helpless group following. "Bring a tub of hot water for his feet," she said in calm, decided tones. She was seated, and had taken the child in her arms.—"Now, monsieur—to the Frenchman—" will you be kind enough to give me some ice from that pitcher on the sideboard behind you?"

She drew a delicate little handkerchief from her pocket, and, putting pieces of ice in it, held it to the child's head. "Some one," she continued, "take off his shoes and stockings."

Her composure restored a degree of

order, although no one seemed to have recovered their senses sufficiently to obey her as to the child's shoes. The boy who had acted as her driver knelt down and proceeded to accomplish it. When the poor little feet were up to the knees in hot water and the child was evidently reviving, she said, "The doctor should be sent for immediately. As this boy has a horse and wagon at the door, it would be best to send him. What is the name of your family physician?"

"Doctor Harris."

"You know where he lives?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, very well."

"Stop a moment: some one write a line, so that there shall be no mistake."

The foreigner flung up his hands with a gesture of despair. "It is so difficile for me to write l'Anglais—" he began.

With the child lying on her left arm she opened her bag with her right—the little driver, the most collected person besides herself of the party, holding it up to her—found a scrap of paper and a pencil and wrote a brief, urgent appeal to the physician to come immediately, mentioning that the mother was from home, and signing herself "Laura Featherstone, governess."

Sooner than she would have believed possible Doctor Harris appeared: he came in his own gig, the little driver who had been so active in the events of the evening vanishing entirely from the scene, and, as it was afterward remembered, in the confusion without his *douceur*.

Doctor Harris, a comparatively young man, was cheerful and reassuring. "There will probably be no recurrence of the convulsions," he said, examining the child, who was sleeping tranquilly in the young girl's arms; "but what was the exciting cause? what has he been eating?"

"I find him with a grand heap of the raisins and the nuts," replied the French tutor excitedly. "Madame goes to town this morning and takes la bonne pour s'en servir—le pauvre enfant est abandonné, voilà tout!" Gesticulating with much vehemence, he sat down at the conclusion as if exhausted by his efforts.

"What has been done for the child?" asked the physician in a cautious whisper.

The little Frenchman rose; his eyes flashed; he waved his fat, short arms toward Miss Featherstone: "Cette chère mademoiselle, she is one angel from the sky: she do it all," with increased animation and violence—"ice for his head, hot water for his feet. I could not tink, I was so *accablé*."

This vehement declamation not being calculated to ensure the patient's slumbers, Doctor Harris ordered the little fellow to be undressed and put to bed immediately. "I should like to see you, my dear young lady, when you are at leisure," he said as Miss Featherstone rose, and still with the child in her arms, and was following the maid to the nursery: "I have directions to leave in case of a recurrence. However, I don't think there will be any return of the convulsions," he added.

The maid, reduced to helplessness by terror, looked on while Miss Featherstone undressed the sleeping boy. She laid him in the bed, ordered the servant to sit by his side until her return, put the candle on the floor so that it would not shine in his face, and went out to meet the doctor.

"Who will be with the child during the night?" was his first query.

"*Hélas!* I do not know," cried the foreigner with a gesture of despair.

"If there is no one else to take care of him I will," replied the young girl cheerfully.

"It is *infâme!*" said the tutor.—"Cette chère mademoiselle has but arrived: she is weary. *Parbleu!* she must be hungry. Why not somebody tink of dis?—My dear mees, have you had dinner? Non? *J'en étais sûr,*" with a groan.

Mr. Brown—for that was the tutor's very English name—was so dramatic in the expression of his good feeling that Miss Featherstone could not repress a smile as she turned to the physician, and, taking out her pencil and a little memorandum-book, said, "If you'll give me directions, Doctor Harris, I think that I'm perfectly competent to take care of the child."

Doctor Harris, who was gallant and a bachelor, made a whispered remonstrance referring to her fatigue, but she replied

gravely, "I am in perfect health, and it never makes me ill to sit up with a sick person: I have had experience." Some painful remembrance evidently agitated her, for her voice suddenly failed.

They were interrupted by the sound of carriage-wheels rolling rapidly up the avenue.

"Voici madame!" cried Mr. Brown, who flew to the door to hand Mrs. Pinckney out.

He had taken the earliest opportunity to enlighten her as to the child's illness, for they heard her exclaim, "I know it: oh, I have heard of it! Where is the doctor?"

Mrs. Pinckney was tall and slight: she had blonde hair, large, beautiful eyes—they were blue—and regular features. In short, she was exceedingly pretty: so thought Doctor Harris, and he made many salaams before her.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, rushing up to him and grasping his arm, "is there any danger? Tell me, is there any danger?"

"Not the slightest, ma'am," he replied promptly.

She wouldn't be reassured: "But why not? Convulsions are so serious, they are so terrible! I had a relative who was ruined for life by epilepsy: he was a handsome fellow, but he lost good looks, mind, everything. Oh, Doctor Harris, don't tell me that my poor little Harry is to have epilepsy!" She had the art of puckering her forehead into a thousand wrinkles, yet looking lovely in spite of it.

"I certainly shall not tell you anything of the kind," said the doctor with a reassuring smile, "for it wouldn't be true; but who is the relative who had epilepsy?"

"Oh, a nephew of my husband, and he had a dreadful fall. He fell out of a second-story window: it was in the country, and rather a low house, but it finished him, poor fellow! Oh, doctor, sit down: I am tired to death, and this news has so upset me! Will you assure me, upon your honor, that my child will never have epilepsy?"

"Sincerely, Mrs. Pinckney, I don't think there is the least danger; but you must be careful as to what he eats. Nuts

and raisins are not a particularly wholesome diet for a child three years old."

She looked about inquiringly, and did not seem the least surprised as her eye fell on Miss Featherstone.

The tutor, still irate from his alarm, exclaimed, "You take la bonne, madame. I am occupy with mes élèves: then I am not in his care."

Mrs. Pinckney, who was not an irritable woman, took no notice of this implied reproach: "What is to be done with him to-night, Doctor Harris? Can you sleep here?" As he shook his head, "You'll come the first thing in the morning? Oh, doctor, can I go to bed and sleep comfortably? Do you assure me that there is not the slightest danger of a recurrence of those dreadful spasms?"

When the distressed mother spoke of sleeping comfortably a smile, which all his admiration for the fair widow could not restrain, flickered over Doctor Harris's face: "I was about to give this young lady"—and he turned to Miss Featherstone—"directions for the night, as we didn't expect you home: she has been very kind and efficient, and was going to take care of the child; but now—"

He was interrupted by Mrs. Pinckney crossing the room, seizing Miss Featherstone's hand and kissing her with effusion: "My dear Miss Featherstone—your name is Featherstone, is it not?—I have no words to thank you sufficiently."

"Oh, the chère mees!" burst forth the little Frenchman. "I was so full of frighten I not know what to do, which way to turn myself; and she, so calm, so *smooth*," he said, hesitating for a word, and apparently discomfited when he found it—"she take the helm, she issue the orders: every one obey, and the child is saved." After this peroration he glanced around as if for applause.

"I was about to say," resumed Doctor Harris, "that, now that the nurse has returned, Miss Featherstone, who has been travelling all day, had better have some dinner and be sent to bed."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mrs. Pinckney; "and now that I'm so much relieved I'd like some dinner myself.—Mr. Brown, do you know what pros-

pects there are of our having any dinner?"

The tutor shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands with a deprecatory gesture: "I know not, my dear madame. Les enfants et moi, we have our dinner at two o'clock: we did not comprehend that madame would return to-night," as a happy apologetic afterthought.

Mrs. Pinckney glanced at a little watch which she took from her belt: "Twelve o'clock, but the servants probably have not gone to bed."—She rang the bell. "Mary," to a maid who entered, "tell the cook to make some tea and send in cold chicken or beef—whatever is left from dinner."

"I think the fire is out, Mrs. Pinckney," the servant hesitatingly replied.

"Oh, no matter: let her get a few chips and make a fire: I *must* have my tea."—Doctor Harris rose. "Oh, doctor, don't go until you have taken one more look at my darling."

The nursery was on the same floor. Mrs. Pinckney insisted on kissing the child, much to the physician's annoyance. He checked her, and carefully refrained from talking himself while in the room. As he was taking leave at the front door she repeated, "Now, doctor, you're sure I can be comfortable—that I can go to bed and go to sleep? Tell me positively"—and she looked earnestly in his face—"that the child will never have another convulsion."

He laughed, and bent an admiring tender gaze on the pretty mother, who stood appealingly before him: "My dear Mrs. Pinckney, I cannot swear positively that Harry will never have another convulsion, particularly if he is allowed to eat nuts and raisins *ad libitum*: however, with ordinary care I don't think it at all probable."—"Is it possible," he reflected as he drove home, "that I want to marry that woman, selfish and inconsiderate as she is? Why, she would have let the governess, a perfect stranger, sit up with the child if I hadn't interfered! She is awfully pretty, though. I can't help liking her: then, her money would be a comfortable addition to my professional emoluments."

Although the hot, strong tea was very grateful in her exhausted condition, this, with the very excitements of the day, kept Miss Featherstone awake the brief remainder of the night. She breakfasted the following morning with the children and their tutor. To her great surprise, little Harry, looking pale and wan, was at the table.

"Madame is too ill to rise," Mr. Brown announced in his very best English, "and the *bonne* is attending her. Will this dear mees take the head of the table and us oblige by pouring out the coffee?"

Miss Featherstone cheerfully acceded, and left her own breakfast cooling while she coaxed and consoled the little invalid, who was quite fretful after his last night's experiences. She was making an attempt to eat something herself when Mrs. Pinckney sent for her, and, as there was no one to take care of the child, she carried him in her arms to his mother's room.

"Good-morning, Miss Featherstone;" and she devoured the curly-headed boy with kisses. Mrs. Pinckney, reclining on large pillows, looked prettier than ever. No degree of negligence affected her appearance: her light, curling, slightly-dishevelled hair and delicate, clear skin were the more attractive under conditions which would be fatal to many women. "Sit down, Miss Featherstone.—Adèle!" calling to the nurse, "you must take dear little Harry away: I want to talk to Miss Featherstone. Be very careful of him: don't let him eat or over-fatigue himself. And, Adèle, after lunch come and help me dress: I think I should feel better for a drive.—Don't you think I should feel better for a drive, Miss Featherstone? I'm in miserable health," she added as the door closed on the nurse and child, "I've had so much trouble. I've lost my husband—he died of consumption"—she seized her pocket-handkerchief and began to cry: "I was alone, except for servants, with him at St. Augustine. I think his family were very inconsiderate. I wrote letter after letter, telling them of his condition and begging and imploring them to come to my assistance; but no one came. I had just left

him for a few hours to get a little rest—I was so worn out with anxiety and the responsibility—and he died—alone—with his nurse—" Sobs choked her voice.

Miss Featherstone rose and kissed her: it was a way she had of comforting. Mrs. Pinckney received the caress graciously, and pressed her hand.

"Then my income is not nearly so large as it was," she resumed, "and I'm obliged to practise a great deal of economy. I've discharged my maid, and share the children's nurse with them, and Adèle is growing quite discontented with double duty. I parted with Baptiste also: it was a frightful sacrifice, for he was just a perfect butler. I'm always having economy talked at me by my husband's family, and I hate it!" with a discontented sigh. "I had a house in New York," she continued, "which they urged me to give up. They said I couldn't afford to keep both, and it was better for the children to keep the country-house, and that here on the river it would be easy to get to town. I'm extravagantly fond of going to the theatre and opera, and have had in a great measure to relinquish it. I went even when I was in mourning: the doctors said I must be amused. We'll go sometimes this winter together," she added coaxingly. "Well, now, Miss Featherstone, as to your rôle of governess: I don't feel as if you were to be anything but my nice new friend, you were so kind last night to my dear little Harry. You teach the common English branches and the rudiments of Latin, French and music? Mr. Brown—is it not an odd name for such a thorough Frenchman? but his father was English, although he was born and educated in France—Mr. Brown teaches them Latin and French at present, but I don't know how long I shall keep him; so you'll be relieved of that. I shall want you to act as a friend in the household—I'm so much of an invalid—sit at the head of the table occasionally, and give orders to the servants."

Miss Featherstone looked slightly perplexed. Her duties as governess were mingling in a distracting manner with those of housekeeper.

"The children are so young," Mrs.

Pinckney said apologetically, "they can't be kept at their lessons from morning till night. Rose is eleven, Alfred nine, Dick seven. Harry might possibly learn his alphabet, but I doubt it. You can arrange the hours and studies to suit yourself; and I want you to govern and manage the children—relieve me in that way as much as possible. I hope you'll be very comfortable and happy in my house, Miss Featherstone. If there is anything out of the way in your room or anywhere else, let me know. I'm sure we shall be good friends;" and with a hearty, affectionate kiss she dismissed the governess.

As Miss Featherstone descended the stairs she met Doctor Harris, gallant and gay, with a rose in his buttonhole, followed by the nurse and child, on a visit of reassurance to the fair mother.

Nothing is truer than that homely old proverb, "The lame and the lazy are always provided for;" and Mrs. Pinckney was provided for effectually when she lit upon Miss Featherstone. Just before Christmas the governess was summoned to an interview with Mrs. Pinckney, who was, as usual, in bed: "Oh, my dear Miss Featherstone, I'm in despair—ill again. Christmas coming, and my husband's brother, Colonel Pinckney, is on his way to make us a visit. If there's any one I feel nervous and fidgety before, it is Colonel Pinckney: he seems to look you through and see all your faults and weaknesses: at least, he does mine, and he makes me see them too, which I don't like one bit. I do the best I can: I'm in such miserable health, and have had so much to break me down. Did you ever know any one, dear Miss Featherstone, who had had so much trouble?—my husband's death and all."

The young girl did not reply. Visions of her own lonely home rose before her—her mother fading slowly away under an accumulation of misfortunes; her only brother shot in the Union army; her father sinking into almost a dishonored grave through hopeless liabilities brought on indirectly by the war; she, petted and idolized, the only remaining member of

the family, seeking her daily bread and finding a pittance by working among strangers. She hung her head and had not a word with which to reply.

"I dare say you've had troubles of your own," exclaimed Mrs. Pinckney. "Of course you have, or you wouldn't be here, you dear creature! It is well for me that you are here, though," kissing her affectionately. "Now, everything must be just right when this haughty, fastidious brother-in-law of mine comes. He isn't apt to find fault, but I am conscious that he is secretly criticising my dress, my dinners, the gaucheries of the servants, my moral qualities, even the way I turn my sentences. I shouldn't mind trying to talk my very best English if he were not prying into my motives: it is difficult to be on one's guard in every direction," with a sigh.

"I should think he'd be very disagreeable," said Miss Featherstone.

"No:" the *no* was hesitating. "He is dangerously attractive: at least he attracts me. I'm all the time wondering what he is thinking, which keeps me perpetually thinking of him. He is a Southerner, you know, and was in the army; so you must be very careful, 'my dear mees,' as Mr. Brown says, not to come out with your 'truly loyal' sentiments: he won't like them."

"I don't care whether he likes them or not." Miss Featherstone's face was crimson: it was the first spark of temper she had shown since she came into the house.

Mrs. Pinckney looked at her in surprise, then laughed: "I'm delighted to see something human about you: I thought you were a saint."

"By no manner of means," returned the governess curtly.

"I shall warn Dick not to get upon the subject of the war," was the note that Mrs. Pinckney, inconsequent as she generally was, made of the scene.—"But I'm forgetting why I sent for you," she said aloud. "I want you to go to town and buy Christmas presents and quantities of things to eat and drink. I was going myself, but I never can count upon a day as to being well with any certainty," with

rather an ostentatious sigh. "I've made out a list: there's plenty of money, isn't there?"

Miss Featherstone had the care of the money and accounts: "Yes," hesitatingly; "that is—"

"No matter," interrupted Mrs. Pinckney. "I have accounts at hosts of places. The carriage is ordered to take you to the station: will you be ready, dear, at ten o'clock?"

Miss Featherstone looked at her watch and hurried to her room.

It was snowing when she returned from New York: great flakes fell on her as she stepped, loaded with bundles, out of the carriage. The children met her with joyful whoops at the front door: "Oh, here's dear little Miss Featherstone, and we know she's got our Christmas presents. —You can't deny it. Hurrah!"

They dragged her into the dining-room, where the table, decked with flowers, was handsomely arranged for dinner. A blazing wood-fire roared on the hearth: in front of it stood a tall, handsome man with a military air. He was dark, with brilliant eyes, a certain regularity of features, and, as his passport declared, his hair was dark brown and curly. Colonel Pinckney looked haughty and impenetrable, as his sister-in-law had described him. Mrs. Pinckney, exquisitely dressed, reclined in a large chair by the corner of the fireplace: she held up a pretty fan to screen her face from the heat, and was talking gayly to her brother-in-law. At a table in a corner Mr. Brown, by the light of a large lamp, was endeavoring, with great difficulty, to read an English paper.

"Oh, mamma, see poor little Miss Featherstone loaded down with boxes and bundles!" shrieked the children, dragging her up to the fire.

"Dear children, do go and get Adèle to take them," said their mother.—"Here, Mary," to a servant who entered, "carry these packages up to my dressing-room.—There are more in the carriage?" in reply to a remark of Miss Featherstone.—"Adèle," to her maid, who stood at the door, "bring in everything you find in the carriage."

Two or three weeks passed, and Colonel Pinckney made no sign of departure. In spite of his unsocial tendencies, he drove and dined out with his sister-in-law, for many nice people chose this winter to remain at their country-houses. He took long walks by himself, and made inroads into the school-room, for he was very fond of the children. Mrs. Pinckney was less frequently indisposed, and exerted herself in a measure to entertain him. She never, by any accident, occupied herself, and was one morning lying back in a large chair by a coal-fire in the library, her little idle hands resting on her lap, when Colonel Pinckney, who had been examining the books on the shelves which lined the room, assumed his usual position, with his back to the fire, and startled his sister-in-law by exclaiming, "Where did you get your white slave, Virginia?"—Mrs. Pinckney looked bewildered—"this young girl who fills so many places in the house? She appears to be nurse, housekeeper, governess and maid-of-all-work in one."

"My dear Dick, what do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Pinckney with some indignation. "Do you think I impose upon Miss Featherstone? I love her dearly. Then my delicate health, and you know I'm obliged to be economical."

Colonel Pinckney made a movement of impatience and almost disgust. "How much do you pay her?" he abruptly exclaimed, turning his flashing eyes upon his companion.

"How angry you look! how you frighten me!" said Mrs. Pinckney, who had a trick of coming out with everything she thought. "I pay her"—and she stammered—"two hundred dollars a year."

"The devil!" he exclaimed. "I beg your pardon, Virginia, but I can hardly believe it. What an absurd compensation for all that girl does! Why, one of your dresses frequently costs more than that: I see your bills, you know."

"I'm very sorry you do if this is the use you make of your knowledge," replied Mrs. Pinckney in an injured tone. "She is in mourning, and does not require many dresses: besides, Richard, no one preaches economy to me more than you

do. I'm sick of the very word," petulantly.

"What position, really, is she supposed to occupy?"

"She is the governess," said Mrs. Pinckney in a sulky tone.

"Now listen, Virginia. I have seen that young girl darning stockings in the school-room and at the same time hearing the children's lessons; I have seen her arrange the dinner-table, with the children clinging to her skirts; I have seen her with the keys, giving out the stores; I know she keeps your accounts; and I can readily comprehend where those clear, well-expressed letters came from, although signed by you, which I have frequently received in my character of guardian and executor."

"You certainly don't think I meant to deceive you as to the letters?"

"Oh no," replied her brother-in-law: "I don't think you in the least deceitful, Virginia;" and in his own mind reflected, "'Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.'"

Nobody likes hypocrisy, to be sure, but Mrs. Pinckney did not take the trouble to veil her peccadilloes. Easy and indolent as she was, being now thoroughly roused by his thinly-veiled contempt, she endeavored to be disagreeable in her turn. With the most innocent air in the world she exclaimed, "I declare, Dick, I believe you're in love with Miss Featherstone, although you like fair women—"

"And she is dark," he interrupted.

"Regular features—"

"And her dear little nose is slightly *rebrousée*; but you cannot deny, Virginia, that she has a most captivating air."

"I'm fond of her, but I do not think her captivating." Mrs. Pinckney was now thoroughly out of temper. She was not naturally envious, but she could be roused to envy. "And so you're in love with her?" satirically.

"How can I help it?" he returned with a mocking air. "She has magnificent eyes, a bewildering smile: then she has that *je ne sais quoi*, as our foreign friend would say. There is no defining it, there

is no assuming it. To conclude, I consider Miss Featherstone dangerously attractive."

"Just what I told her you were," returned Mrs. Pinckney, who saw he was trying to tease her, and had recovered by this time her equanimity. In spite of his phlegm he looked interested. "You'd better take care and make no reference to the war, for she is furiously loyal, I can tell you," said Mrs. Pinckney, recalling the conversation. "Since when have you been in love with her?"

"From the very first moment I saw her, when she entered the dining-room, her cheeks brilliant from the cold, her lovely eyes, blinded by the light, peering through their long lashes, a little becoming embarrassment in her air as she saw your humble servant—laden down with your bundles, and your children, as usual, clinging to her skirts."

"Dick, how disagreeable you are!" and Mrs. Pinckney began to pout again.

"We are all her lovers," he maliciously continued—"all the men here—Doctor Harris, Mr. Brown and—" he bowed expressively.

"Doctor Harris?" exclaimed his sister-in-law. This defection cut her to the heart.

"The day my namesake and godchild, little Dick, was ill I went to the nursery, as in duty bound: you know how fond I am of that child. There was Miss Featherstone, not the nurse, interested and concerned, sitting by the patient. There was Doctor Harris, interested and absorbed with Miss Featherstone. His looks were unmistakable: I saw it at a glance. And as for Mr. Brown, he raves about this 'dear mees' or 'cette chère mademoiselle' by the hour together. She carried his heart by storm the first time he saw her, as she did mine."

"How far does your admiration lead you? Do you wish any assistance from me?"

"As you please: I am indifferent," he returned, shrugging his shoulders. "Seriously, Virginia—I say this in my character of guardian and adviser-general to the family—I think what you give her is a beggarly pittance in return for all she

does, and I suggest that you raise her salary."

Miss Featherstone, although prejudiced at first against Colonel Pinckney, grew by degrees to like him. His manner to her was grave and respectful; he carried off the children, quite conveniently sometimes, when she was almost worn out with fatigue; and the air of friendly interest with which his dark eyes rested upon her was in a manner comforting. Their little interviews, although she was unconscious of it, gave zest to her life.

One cold morning, as she sat before breakfast with little Harry on her lap, warming his hands before the dining-room fire, Colonel Pinckney exclaimed, "Miss Featherstone, did you have the care of that child last night?"

"Yes," as she pressed the fat little hands in hers.

"And dressed him this morning?"

"Why, yes. Colonel Pinckney, excuse me: why shouldn't I?"

"Virginia is the most selfish human being I ever knew in my life," he burst forth. "You, after working like a slave during the day, cannot even have your night's rest undisturbed. I'll speak to her, and insist upon it that this state of things shall not continue any longer."

Miss Featherstone looked annoyed: "Mr. Pinckney"—she never would, if she remembered it, call him "Colonel"—"I beg that you will do nothing of the kind. Mrs. Pinckney is quite ill with a cold: she can scarcely speak above a whisper, and she required Adèle's services during the night. I volunteered—it was my own arrangement—sleeping with the child," eagerly.

"Oh yes," he returned, "you are remarkably well suited to each other—you and Virginia: you give, and she takes," sarcastically. "Listen, Miss Featherstone. I have known that woman twelve years—it is exactly twelve years since my unfortunate brother married her—and in all that time I never knew her consider but one human being, and that was herself."

"Indeed, you're very much mistaken, Colonel—that is, Mr.—Pinckney, as far as I am concerned. Mrs. Pinckney is really very kind to me. I am exceed-

ingly fond of her, but I cannot bear to see things going wrong, and when I can I make them right. Mrs. Pinckney is in delicate health."

"That's all nonsense," he interrupted. "She spends her time studying her sensations. If she were poor she'd have something better to do. I think you are doing wrong morally, Miss Featherstone. You are encouraging her in idleness and selfishness by taking her duties and bearing them on your young shoulders.—Now, Harry, come here," to that small individual, who slowly and unwillingly descended from the governess's lap: "leave Miss Featherstone, my young friend, to pour out the coffee and eat her own breakfast. Adèle is with mamma, is she? Well, Uncle Dick will give Harry his breakfast."

The cold was intense the following day, yet Miss Featherstone, well muffled up, was on her way to the hall-door, where the sleigh was waiting to take her to the station.

"Forgive me," exclaimed Colonel Pinckney, who waylaid her, much to her annoyance, "but what are you going to do for the family now?"

"I am going to New York to get a cook," she replied with a decided air.

"Do you know the state of the thermometer?"

"I don't care anything about it," with some obstinacy, tugging at the button of her glove.

"But I do," he said. "Now, Miss Featherstone, while I'm here I am master of the house, and if it's necessary to go to town it's I that am going—to use Pat's vernacular—and not you. Give me directions, and I'll follow them implicitly."

"So Dick went, did he?" said Mrs. Pinckney. She was propped up in bed with large pillows: Miss Featherstone, still in her bonnet, sat by her side.

"Yes: it was very kind, for I don't know what would have become of the children all day, poor things! and you sick."

Mrs. Pinckney glanced searchingly at her. "Dick is very kind when he pleases, and exceedingly efficient," returned the

invalid: "I've no doubt he'll bring back a capital cook."

"I had a great prejudice against Mr. Pinckney," said Miss Featherstone, slowly smoothing out her gloves, "but I confess it has vanished, there is something so straightforward and manly about him; and he certainly is very kind."

"He does not flatter you at all?"

"Oh no; and that is one reason I like him. I detest the gallant, tender manner which many men affect toward women."

"Doctor Harris, for instance?"

"Well, Doctor Harris, for instance," returned Miss Featherstone, smiling, and blushing a little.

"Doctor Harris has certainly made love to her, and Dick as certainly hasn't. I wonder—oh, how I wonder!—whether he was in earnest the other day?" Her large blue eyes were fixed scrutinizingly on the governess, although she thought, not said, these things. "He thinks you do a great deal too much in the house, and was quite abusive to me about it: he actually swore when he discovered the amount of your salary. Now, my dear Miss Featherstone, you may name your own price: I'll give you anything you ask, for no amount of money can represent the comfort you are to me."

"I don't want one cent more than I at present receive," replied the governess, kissing her fondly.

A few days after Colonel Pinckney—a self-constituted committee, apparently, for the prevention of cruelty to governesses—surprised Miss Featherstone in the school-room. She was seated before the fire in a low chair, little Harry, who was fretful from a cold, lying on her lap, the other children clustered around her. As he softly opened the door he heard these words: "'Blondine,' replied the fairy Bienveillante sadly, 'no matter what you see or hear, do not lose courage or hope.'" As she told the story in low, drowsy tones she was also mending the heel of a little stocking.

"It is abominable!" the colonel cried: "you are worn out with fatigue: I hear it in your voice. I called you a 'white slave' to Virginia: nothing is truer. You've to-

Vol. XXVI.—22

day given out supplies from the store-room, you were in the kitchen a long time with the new cook, you set the lunch-table—don't deny it, for I saw you—besides taking care of the children and hearing their lessons."

"While Mrs. Pinckney is ill this is absolutely necessary," she returned with decision: "of course it makes some confusion having a new cook—"

"Children," he interrupted, "this séance is to be broken up: scamper off to Adèle to get ready: I'll ask mamma to let you drive to the station in the coupé to meet Mr. Brown: there will certainly be room for such little folks.—And as to you, Miss Featherstone, as head of the house *pro tem*. I order you to put on your hat and cloak and walk in the garden for a while with me: the paths are quite hard and dry."

"Mamma! mamma! we are to drive to the station: Uncle Dick says so," shrieked the children, breaking up a delicious little doze into which Mrs. Pinckney had fallen while Adèle sat at her sewing in the darkened room.

"Is Uncle Dick going with you?"

"No, he is going to walk in the garden with Miss Featherstone."

Mrs. Pinckney felt quite cross: "He is positively insolent, ordering things about in this way, interrupting my nap and all. What, under Heaven, should I do without her if he is in earnest about Miss Featherstone?"

If she could have heard what Colonel Pinckney was saying in the garden she would have been still crosser.

"I want to enlighten you a little as to my fair sister-in-law," he began after a few commonplaces.

"Oh, please don't, Colonel Pinckney"—unconsciously she was sliding into the "Colonel." "I'd much rather you wouldn't. I think—" and she hesitated.

"What do you think?"

"Why"—and she looked embarrassed—"I am afraid I shall not love Mrs. Pinckney as well if you analyze and show up all her little weaknesses. We could none of us bear it," she continued warmly. "Remember that line—

Be to her faults a little blind.

I like to love people, and feel like a woman in some novel I've read: 'Long and deeply let me be beguiled with regard to the infirmities of those I love.'

"You're an angel!" he cried.

Miss Featherstone looked startled and annoyed.

Colonel Pinckney, with much self-possession, recovered himself immediately. "We all know it," he continued jestingly—"Mr. Brown, the children, servants and all; but, in spite of this, you shall not be imposed upon. Now, I wish to give you a résumé of Mrs. Pinckney's life—"

"Oh, Colonel Pinckney! when we are under her roof!"

"It is a shelter bought with my father's money," he returned. "But you must and shall hear me: it is necessary. She is the incarnation of selfishness: in a young person it could go no further. One can pardon anything rather than selfishness. She entirely exhausted our charity during poor Harry's long illness. She travelled with every comfort that money could give: she had her maid, Harry had his man, the children were left with my mother. One winter they went to Nassau, the next to the south of France: from both places she wrote such despairing letters that my poor old father and mother were nearly beside themselves. It was like the explosion of a bomb-shell in the household when a letter came from Virginia. Sometimes I used to read and suppress them: they were filled with shrieks and lamentations. Harry was in a rapid decline; the mental torture was more than she could bear; some one must come immediately out to her, etc. The first winter my eldest brother went, to the serious injury of his business: he is a lawyer. I went when they were in Europe, my wound not yet healed. By George! Harry looked in better health than I: every one thought I was the invalid. The doctor was called in immediately, who said I had endangered my life by the expedition. I found out my lady had been to balls and on excursions all the time she was writing those harrowing letters."

"Is it possible," said Miss Featherstone,

"that you think Mrs. Pinckney is false—that she deliberately tells untruths?"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted Colonel Pinckney. "She loves to complain and make herself an object of sympathy. Poor Harry, of course, had a constant cough, and whenever he took cold all his distressing symptoms were aggravated: then she'd write her letters. By the time they were received he would be pretty well again. You can see for yourself what she is: she sends for Doctor Harris, has Adèle sleep on a mattress on the floor in her room, leaving little Harry to keep you awake all night—a fine preparation for the drudgery of the next day—then toward evening she rises, makes a beautiful toilette, and drives with me several miles to a dinner-party. Not a month ago, you remember, this occurred when we went to Judge Lawrence's. To go back to my poor brother: let me tell you what happened from her crying wolf so often. The next winter they went to St. Augustine: we live in Virginia, you know. A few weeks after their arrival the alarming letters began and continued to appear. I took it upon myself to suppress most of them, for really I had grown scarcely to believe a word she said with regard to her husband, and, as I am sanguine, thought poor Harry would overcome the disease, as our father had before him, and live to a good old age. One morning, however, a telegram came: he was dead!" Colonel Pinckney could scarcely speak. Recovering himself a little, he continued in husky tones: "He died alone with his nurse: Virginia, taking care of herself as usual, was in another room asleep."

"I wonder what they are talking about?" thought Mrs. Pinckney, twisting her pretty neck in all directions so she could see them from her bed. Their two heads were close together: he was speaking earnestly, and Miss Featherstone's eyes were on the ground.

Mrs. Pinckney dressed and went down to dinner, although she had not quite recovered the use of her voice. "Dick," she whispered, "it was a fine move, your sending the children away this afternoon, so that you could have Miss Featherstone all to yourself. Did you come to the point?"

"No, but I will one of these days: I am preparing her mind," he added mischievously.

As time went on a vague uneasiness seized the young governess. She imagined Mrs. Pinckney was growing cool in her manner toward her: certainly, Doctor Harris, who was constantly at the house, was becoming importunate in his attentions. Once she looked up suddenly at as prosaic a place as the dinner-table. Colonel Pinckney was gazing both ardently and admiringly upon her. "Certainly I must be losing my senses to imagine these men in love with me: it's preposterous."

Mr. Brown put the matter at rest, as far as he was concerned, for one day, as she returned from a walk, he accosted her on the veranda, and with a series of the most violent grimaces and gesticulations, his eyes flashing, his face working in every possible direction, he told her that he was *désolé*: his life depended upon her. He was so odd and absurd in his avowal that she burst out laughing: then, as she beheld an indignant, inquiring expression on his honest red countenance, she grew frightened, sank on a seat and wept hysterically. This encouraged him: he sat down beside her and exclaimed, "Dear mees"—and he peered at her blandly—"your life is empty: so is mine. Let it be for me—oh, so beautiful!"—and he spread out his little hands with rapture—"to comfort and console one heavenly existence, *ensemble*." He placed a hand on each stout knee and gazed benignly down upon her.

She hung her head as sheepishly as if she returned the little foreigner's affection—afraid of wounding him, she was speechless—when at this unlucky moment Colonel Pinckney, coming suddenly round the house, walked up the steps. She saw him glance at her—Mr. Brown's back was toward him—and a smile he evidently couldn't restrain stole over his face.

"Oh, Mr. Brown, I'm so sorry!" she found courage at length to say. "You are very kind—you've always been kind to me from the moment I entered the house—but indeed you must never speak

on this subject again." She shook hands with him in her embarrassment, apparently as a proof of friendship, then ran into the house.

"Virginia, what do you think has happened to me?" cried Colonel Pinckney, bursting into his sister-in-law's room, which he seldom invaded. "Yesterday, as I came up the steps, I surprised Mr. Brown, who was offering himself—bad English, poverty and all—to Miss Featherstone. This minute—by George!—I stumbled into the dining-room, and there is Doctor Harris going through the same performance."

"Sit down and tell me all about it," exclaimed Mrs. Pinckney, her curiosity overcoming her pique.

"Each time," continued Colonel Pinckney, "the lover's back was turned toward me, while I had a most distinct view of Miss Featherstone, who was blushing, hanging her head and looking as distressed as possible, poor little soul!"

"Why! won't she accept the doctor?" said Mrs. Pinckney with animation.

"It didn't look like it. I couldn't hear what he said, but his back had a hopeless expression. Did you know that she came from one of the best families in Philadelphia, that most aristocratic of cities, and that they were very wealthy? Her only brother was killed in the war, and she is the sole unfortunate survivor."

"She might do many a worse thing than marry Doctor Harris: he is well educated and a gentleman."

"She could do a better thing, and that is to marry me," exclaimed the colonel. "I'm going to give her a chance, and will tell you the result immediately. I wonder who'll stumble in upon my wooing?" and with mirthful eyes he darted out of the room.

"I never knew a man so changed," soliloquized Mrs. Pinckney. "He used to be haughty and reserved: now he talks a great deal, uses slang expressions and romps and plays with the children like any ordinary mortal. One can never tell whether he is in earnest or not. I don't believe he'd have told me if he'd really meant to offer himself."

A day or two afterward Miss Feather-

stone had occasion to go to town. It was exceedingly inconvenient, for she was needed everywhere as usual, but gloves and boots must be replenished, even by impecunious heroines. As she came down Colonel Pinckney handed her into the carriage and followed her. She felt a little annoyed, but supposed he was driving only to the station: however, he sent the coachman home, and when the cars came up he entered and took his seat beside her.

"You look depressed, Miss Featherstone: I hope that my going to New York meets with your approbation? I've been neglecting a thousand necessary matters, and the pleasure of your company to-day gave me the necessary incentive."

He was so frank as to his motives that Miss Featherstone laid aside her reserve in a measure, and became communicative. "Everything has changed, Colonel Pinckney," she said with a sigh. "Mrs. Pinckney has grown decidedly cool, and I think you have opened my eyes so that I don't love her quite as much as I did. I am sorry: I should rather have been blind. Then—" She paused, feeling that her confidences must go no further.

"Then," he continued, "it makes it very embarrassing that the tutor and family physician should both have fallen in love with you."

"I think of leaving," she continued, neither admitting nor contradicting his assertion. "Forgive me: you have spoken from the best motives, but I think you have made trouble," she added hesitatingly. "Mrs. Pinckney is now continually on the alert to prevent my working; she will no longer let little Harry sleep in my room; she orders the dinner for the first time since I've been in the house; the children are swooped off by Adèle as soon as their school-hours are over; and everything is odd, strange and uncomfortable. I think I must go away. I wrote an advertisement to put in the papers: perhaps you could do it for me?" she said timidly: "I dread going to the offices."

"Certainly," he replied courteously, and put it in his pocket.

Colonel Pinckney appeared to share her

depression, and he sat for some time silent: then he said in an agitated voice, "It will be a sorrowful day for that house when you leave it: I never knew such a transformation as you have effected. Until this winter my only associations with it have been of dirt, gloom and disorder: the children were neglected and fretful, the dinners shocking and ill served; and this with an army of servants and money spent *ad libitum*. Now, on the contrary, the rooms are fresh, cheerful and agreeable; there are pleasant odors, bright fires, attractive meals; the children perfect both in appearance and manner; and all this owing to the influence—perhaps I ought to say labors—of one young, inexperienced girl. I've always imagined I disliked efficient women: I've changed my mind. When I was young a fair, indolent creature, always well dressed and smiling, was my beau ideal: now a brunette, bright and energetic—some one who never thinks of herself, but is making everybody else happy and comfortable—this is my present divinity." He smiled tenderly upon her.

Miss Featherstone endeavored to shake off her embarrassment. He was a frank, kind-hearted man, entirely unlike his sister-in-law's idea of him, with an exaggerated gratitude for her exertions in his brother's family. She would not be so silly as to imagine every man was being transformed into a lover. "You are kinder to me than I deserve," she said, then changed the conversation.

She expected to meet him as she took the train to return, but he was nowhere to be seen. He did not even appear when the train stopped, and she had a solitary drive to the house.

"Did you know that Dick had gone?" said Mrs. Pinckney at the dinner-table, levelling scrutinizing glances from her lovely blue eyes.

"No," answered the governess with sudden depression and embarrassment: "he said nothing about leaving this morning. You know Colonel Pinckney went to New York in the train that I did."

"You didn't see him after your arrival?"

"No: he put me on a car and left me."

"I suspect it was an after-thought," said

Mrs. Pinckney. "I had a telegram, directing me to send on his travelling-bag by express: the rest of his luggage was to be left until further orders.—Is it possible that she has refused him?" thought Mrs. Pinckney behind her fan. She was occupying her usual seat by the fire: Miss Featherstone was in a low chair, with Harry on her lap, the other children hanging about her. She was telling them a story, but they were not as well entertained as usual. The young governess was unlike herself to-night, and little touches, dramatic effects and gay inflections of the voice were lacking.

A month passed, and nothing had been heard from Colonel Pinckney. "He might have written just one line," said his sister-in-law querulously. She was in her favorite position, propped up by pillows on the bed, Miss Featherstone at her side waiting to receive orders, for gradually all her old duties had been permitted to slip back into her willing hands. "Certainly he seemed to enjoy himself when he was here; yet not one line of thanks or remembrance have I received. I heard," she said mysteriously, "that Dick was very devoted to Miss Livingstone at Saratoga last summer—there's no end to the women who have been in love with *him*: perhaps this sudden move has something to do with her. Nothing but a great emergency can excuse him," petulantly.

That day, for the first time, the children wearied Miss Featherstone, and she carried them in a body to Adèle, saying that she had a violent headache and was going out in the garden for a walk. As she paced slowly up and down the tears fell over her pale cheeks. The only window from which she could be seen was Mrs. Pinckney's, and that lady, she knew, was too much absorbed in her own sensations to give her a thought. "How I despise myself!" she murmured, "how degraded I am in my own eyes! Can I ever recover my self-respect? I'm so miserable that I should like to die because Colonel Pinckney has left the house, and"—she hesitated—"because his sister-in-law thinks he was drawn away by Miss Livingstone. Oh!"—and she groaned

and clasped her hands frantically together—"and all this agony for a man who has never uttered a word of love to me!" Here a remembrance of his whole air and manner rather contradicted this thought. "Everything wearies me: I am actually impatient of the children, and when Mrs. Pinckney wails and complains I can scarcely listen with decency. I want to burst out upon her and say, 'You silly, tiresome woman! you have had your dream of love and your husband; you have still four dear children; you have a home, plenty of money, hosts of friends, besides youth and good looks; while I am—oh, how desolate!'"

This imaginary attack upon Mrs. Pinckney seemed to comfort her somewhat, for she dried her tears and tried to form a plan of action: "He evidently didn't put my advertisement in the paper, for I've looked in vain for it. I must go away where I shall never see Colonel Pinckney again. I'll stifle, throttle, this miserable love, and endeavor once more to be enduring and courageous."

Just then the house-door opened: some one walked down the veranda steps and came rapidly in her direction.

"I have been looking everywhere for you," cried Colonel Pinckney; and he seized both her hands: "no one seemed to know where you had gone."

The bright color rose in her cheeks, and in spite of her resolve her eyes beamed with delight. She murmured inarticulately that she had told Adèle, then relapsed into silence.

"I have to implore your forgiveness for neglecting to obey as to the advertisement, but the truth is—" and he hesitated—"I have a plan. It may not meet with your concurrence," he added, "but I wished to submit it before you made other and irrevocable arrangements."

"You have thought of some position for me?" she forced herself to say, all the bloom and delight vanishing from her face.

"Yes. I know an individual who wants precisely such a person as you are, for—a wife."

"Colonel Pinckney!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Do forgive me, dear Miss Featherstone. I am such a confounded poltroon"—and he seized her hands again—"that I dare not risk my fate; but that person is"—and he looked down upon her, his heart beating so violently that he could scarcely speak—"that person is—myself!"

Of what happened then Mrs. Pinckney, roused by her brother-in-law's return, was cognizant, for actually, in the open air, with her blue eyes bent eagerly upon them, he clasped the governess in his arms. "It is a fact accomplished!" cried the fair widow with a sigh, and sank back upon her pillows.

THE HOME OF THE GENTIAN.

THERE is a lonesome hamlet of the dead
 Spread on a high ridge, up above a lake—
 A quiet meadow-slope, unfrequented,
 Where in the wind a thousand wild flowers shake.

But most of all, the delicate gentian here,
 Serenely blue as the sweet eyes of Hope,
 Doth prosper in th' untroubled atmosphere,
 Where wide its fringed eyelids love to ope.

You cannot set a foot upon the ground
 On warm September noons, in this old croft,
 But there some satiny blossom crushed is found,
 Swift springing up to look again aloft.

Prized! sung of poets! sought for singly where
 Adventurous feet may hardly dare to climb!
 Here, scattered lavishly and without care,
 In all the sweet luxuriance of their prime.

Ah! how the yellow-thighed, brown-coated bee
 Dives prodigally into those blue deeps
 Of glistening, odorless satin fair to see,
 And soon forgetting wherefore, tranced, sleeps!

And how the golden butterflies skim over,
 And poise, all fondly, on these lifted lips,
 Leaving the riches of the sweet red clover
 For the blue gentians' fine and fairy tips!

Beautiful wildlings, proud, refined and shy!
 Mysteries ye are, have been, and yet shall be:
 The secrets of your being in ye lie,
 And no man yet hath found their hidden key.

Might we not laugh at our world's vaunted lore,
 For ever boasting, "This, and this, I know"?
 Not all the science of its hard-won store
 Can make one single fringed gentian grow.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

NEWPORT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THERE is a magnetism in places which has as strong and subtle a potency as that which belongs to certain persons. Newport, Rhode Island, is not an inapt example of the class of which I speak. The wonderful mildness of the air, coupled with its exhilarating qualities; the fertility of the soil, which throws tropical vegetation over the stern realism of crag and precipice; the mixture of the wildest features of Nature with its softest and most intoxicating influences,—all these anomalies, unexplained even by the proximity of the itself inexplicable Gulf Stream, combine to form a perfect and most desirable whole. Nor is this description over-colored or the offshoot of the latter-day caprice that has made of the place a fashionable resort. The very name of the State suggests that of a classic island famed for its atmosphere; and as Verrazano, writing in 1524, compares Block Island to Rhodes, it is possible that hence arose its title. Neal in 1717, and the Abbé Robin in 1771, both speak of Newport as the Paradise of New England, and endorse its Indian appellation, Aquidneck, or the Isle of Peace. Berkeley, dean of Derry, who came here in 1729 full of zealous but utopian plans of proselytism, writes of it that "the climate is warmer than Italy, and far preferable to Bermuda" (his original destination). Indeed, it is to the good man's enthusiasm for Newport that we owe his burst of poetical prophecy, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

If the staid and reverend Berkeley, he whom Swift, writing to Lord Carteret, recommends as "one of the first men in the kingdom for learning and virtue," and of whom Pope exclaims, "To Berkeley every virtue under heaven," found here this fascination, what wonder that more excitable pilgrims of Latin blood made of it a Mecca? The French particularly came often to Newport in early colonial days, and have left jottings of their stay and the pleasure it afforded

them. Monsieur de Crèvecoeur visited it in 1772, and found delight in its natural beauties. He notes the bay and harbor, the approach to which he considers remarkably fine, and admires the acacia and plane trees which line the roads, all of which, unfortunately, were destroyed during the Revolution. The young attaché of the French legation of to-day, who chafes at the diplomatic duties which delay his shaking off the dust of Washington for the delights of Newport, hardly comprehends how much heredity has to do with his appreciation of it. He does not stop to think, as he sips his post-prandial coffee at Hartman's window, of the line of French chivalry that a century ago made their favorite promenade by the spot where he now sits. His mind, running on Mrs. A——'s ball or Mrs. B——'s lawn-tennis, is far from dreaming of the irresistible De Lauzun, the gallant De Fersen, a fugitive from the love of a queen, but destined to serve her as lackey in her need, the two handsome Viosmenils, the baron Cromot du Bourg, the duc de Deux-Ponts, or any of the brilliant cortège of a bygone day. But what memories the mere enumeration of their names brings up! Rank and valor were the heritage of all of them, an heroic but unhappy end the fate of most. Who can say that the aroma of their presence does not still linger round the old town, up and down the narrow streets where they passed with gay jests and clanking sword, or in the quaint mansions, still peeping out from behind century-old hedges, where they left the record of their graces in the heart of their host and of their loves on his window-pane? What can be pleasanter than for the American pen to linger over the page of history that chronicles the generous sympathy which brought this fine flower of France to our shores? Where is the heart, even in our cynical nineteenth century, which holds enthusiasm an anachronism, that does not thrill at

the recollection of the chivalry that quitted the luxury and revels of Versailles to dare the dangers of an ocean-voyage (then no ten-day pleasure-trip) for a cause that still hung in the balances of success? Viewed practically, the help offered was even more deserving of praise. The French are not an adventurous nation: they are not fond of travelling. Hugo says Paris is the world, and to the average Frenchman it embodies the world it comprises: it *is* the world. Expatriated, he would rather dwell, like the poet, on a barren island within sight of the shores of France than seek or find new worlds to conquer. It must therefore be conceded that the sentiment which brought us our allies in 1780 was a hearty one, nor had they encouragement from the example of others; for, although La Fayette, young and full of ardor, had fired the hearts of his compatriots, and made it the fashion to help us even before the alliance in 1778, yet the expedition of that year under the comte d'Estaing had been an utter failure. There was, however, a strong incentive which brought the young nobles of the time to us, and that was the one which the old philosopher declared to be at the bottom of every case—a woman. In this particular instance the prestige was heightened by the fact that she was also a queen. Marie Antoinette was then at the zenith of her beauty and power. The timid, shrinking dauphiness, forced to the arms of an unwilling husband, himself a mere cipher, had expanded into a fascinating woman, reigning triumphantly over the court and the affections of her vacillating spouse. The birth, after years of wedlock, of several children completed her conquest and gave her the dominion she craved, and she now threw her influence unreservedly into the balance for the American colonies, little dreaming she was therein laying the first stone toward her own ruin.

On the 6th of February, 1778, the treaty between the United States and France was signed, followed in July of the same year by a declaration from the king protecting neutral ships, although bound for hostile ports and carrying contraband

goods. Meanwhile, on the 13th of April, the French fleet had sailed from Toulon under the command of D'Estaing, who had with him on the Languedoc, his flagship, a regularly appointed envoy, Girard de Rayneville, who had full power to recognize the independence of the States, Silas Deane, one of the American commissioners, and such well-known officers as the comte de la Motte-Piquet, the Bailli de Suffren, De Guichen, D'Orvilliers, De Grasse and others. The history of this first expedition is a short and disastrous one. The voyage was long, owing to the ships being unequally matched in speed, and it was ninety days after leaving Toulon before they anchored in Delaware Bay. D'Estaing had hoped to surprise Lord Howe, who was guarding the mouth of the Delaware to strengthen the position of Sir Henry Clinton at Philadelphia, but when the fleet arrived Clinton had evacuated Philadelphia, and was in the harbor of New York. Here the French admiral followed him, but, finding no pilots at Sandy Hook willing to take him over the bar, he on Washington's recommendation proceeded to Rhode Island to cooperate with Sullivan, who was in command of the army there, which was divided into two brigades under Generals Greene and La Fayette. On the 29th of July, 1778, the French fleet appeared off Newport, to the delight of the inhabitants, who were suffering from the English occupation, and saw in prospect an end to their troubles. But, alas! their joy was premature. Sullivan was so slow in moving that the moment for action was lost. Lord Howe, having received reinforcements, appeared off Point Judith, where D'Estaing tried to meet and give him battle; but a hurricane coming up, both fleets were obliged to spend their energies in saving themselves from destruction, and before the storm passed the French ships were so scattered that all hope of success had to be abandoned. D'Estaing found himself on the 13th of August separated from his convoy, and his ship, *Le Languedoc*, bereft of rudder and masts, forced to an encounter with three English vessels. His fleet rallied round him, but it was too late after a disastrous action

to do anything but repair damages: in fact, Lord Howe had already reached Sandy Hook. D'Estaing appeared off Newport on the 20th to announce that he should be obliged by instructions to go to Boston for provisions and water, and thus ended the first visit of the French to Newport, to the dismay of the inhabitants. Sullivan criticised D'Estaing severely, but was obliged by La Fayette to retract: indeed, it is a question whether the fault of failure lay in Sullivan's procrastination or in want of judgment on the part of the French commander, who nevertheless, on his return to France, interested himself to induce the government to send out twelve thousand men to America. La Fayette also, through his friendship with Vergennes, exerted himself toward the same end, the proposition being not unfavorably received by the government, which merely demurred as to the number of troops required. Before leaving France, however, La Fayette had secured full consent to the expedition, and on him devolved the grateful task of bearing to Congress and Washington the news of the co-operation of that country. The fleet was prepared at Brest, and was placed under Admiral de Ternay, the command of the troops being given to the comte de Rochambeau, not through court favor, but in consideration of the affection of the army for him.

Jean Baptiste de Vimeur, comte de Rochambeau and marshal of France, was born in Vendôme in 1725. At sixteen he served under the *maréchal de Broglie*, was afterward aide to the duc d'Orléans, and distinguished himself in the battles of Crevelt, Minden, Closterkamp and Corbach, being seriously wounded several times. A thorough soldier, Rochambeau possessed not only courage, but a clear, practical eye, accompanied by foresight and judgment. His memoirs show him to have taken more kindly to the camp than the court, and outside of war to have been fond of the sports of a country gentleman. His appearance in Trumbull's picture of the surrender of Cornwallis shows us more of a Cincinnatus than of an Alexander. He was reserved in his manner, even

with his officers, and De Fersen, writing to his father, complains of it, acknowledging, however, that it was shown less with him than with others. Later on he does Rochambeau justice, and says: "His example had its effect on t'ie army, and the severe orders he gave restrained everybody and enforced that discipline which was the admiration of the Americans and of the English who witnessed it. The wise, prudent and simple conduct of M. de Rochambeau has done more to conciliate America to us than the gain of four battles."

With this representative soldier of his time came so fine a showing of the noblesse of France, fresh from the most brilliant court of Europe, that they are worth a short description. They are interesting, if from nothing else, from the fact that they are the men who appear on the page of history one day steeped in the enervating luxury and intrigue of Versailles and Marly, the next fighting and dying with the courage of the lion-hearted Henri de la Rochejaquelin in Vendée, leaving as an epitaph on their whole generation the words of the Chouan chief, "Allons chercher l'ennemi! Si je recule, tuez moi; si j'avance, suivez moi; si je meurs, vengez moi!" Never even in Napoleon's campaigns, where each man had as incentive a name and fortune to carve, was there such a race of soldiers as these same aristocrats.

First and foremost, let us mention Armand Louis de Gontaut, duc de Lauzun, the duc de Biron of the Vendée. He was the gayest gallant of the time, and whether with the Polish princess Czartoriski, the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury—George III.'s admiration as he saw her making hay at Holland House—Mesdames de Stainville and de Coig and the rollicking actresses of the *Comédie Française*, or Mrs. Robinson (the prince of Wales's "Perdita"), seems to have had universal success. We except the record that gives him the love of Marie Antoinette. To him was entrusted in this expedition the legion that bore his name, with Count Arthur Dillon as coadjutor. The *maréchals-de-camp* were the two brothers Viosmenil, celebrated for their beauty,

and the marquis de Chastelleux, a member of the Institute and possessed of some literary merit. He had written a piece called *La Félicité publique*, which drew from the wits of the day the following epigram :

À Chastelleux la place académique :
Qu' a-t-il donc fait ? Un livre bien conçu.
Vous l'appelez *La Félicité publique* ;
Le public fut heureux, car il n'en a rien su.

He printed twenty-four impressions of his travels in America by the aid of a printing-press on the squadron, the first record of a book having been published privately in the colonies. The aides of De Rochambeau were the handsome Swede Count de Fersen, the marquis de Vauban, Charles de Lamette (who fought a famous duel in the Bois de Boulogne with the duc de Castries), De Dumas and De Laubedières : De Tarli was intendant. The list of officers comprised such historic names as those of the marquis de Laval-Montmorenci, the duc de Deux-Ponts (colonel of the regiment raised in Alsace that bore his name), his two brothers, Vicomte de Chartres, De Custine, D'Olonne, De Montesquieu and the vicomte de Noailles. The last named had, as ambassador to England, the task entrusted to him of bearing to Lord Weymouth the news of the French alliance with America.

The fleet which appeared off Newport on the 11th of July, 1780, comprised seven ships of the line—De Duc de Bourgogne, Neptune, Conquérant, Provence, Eveillé, Jason and Ardent—the frigates Surveillante, Amazone and Gentile, the corvette Fantasque (which was a hospital-ship) and the cutter La Guêpe. There were thirty-two transports with the expeditionary corps of five thousand men. Admiral de Ternay, wisely profiting by D'Estaing's experience, lost no time in reaching his destination. He was welcomed by the sight of the French flag planted both on Point Judith and Newport Point, this being the signal agreed on with La Fayette that all was well. Only a few days later he would have been intercepted by an English squadron, Admiral Graves having sailed from Portsmouth early in the season, intending to

prevent the French reaching Newport, but his plans were deranged by the bad weather. The squadron entered the beautiful harbor of Newport with flying flags and pennons bright with the golden fleur-de-lys of France.

From the earliest days of the colony Newport had taken a prominent place in its history. Its natural advantages had early singled it out for both commercial and social distinction. One of the first governors, Coddington, was its original settler. An openly-avowed freedom from prejudice was among the first declared principles of Rhode Island. Quakers and Jews were gladly received, and while the former brought with them the temperance and moderation peculiar to their tenets, the latter grafted on Newport commerce the spirit of enterprise which made the town celebrated in colonial annals for its prosperity and importance. The Jewish merchants were men of good origin, fine presence and character. They were many of them of high birth in Spain and Portugal, and they have bequeathed to posterity a record of stately hospitality and unblemished integrity. The names of Lopez, Riviera, Seixas and Touro are honored and respected still in their former home, and the fine arch that towers over the gay promenade of to-day gives entrance to their last resting-place, so solemn and so majestic a home of the dead that it drew from the Nestor of American poets a stirring apostrophe to the manes of the dead sons of Israel. The fine harbor and bay of Newport soon attracted commerce from all nations, which heaped its wharves with riches and made princes and magnates of its merchants—a position they seemed born to sustain. The Overings, Bannisters, Malbones and Redwoods kept open house and exercised lavish hospitality—witness, as told by the Newport *Herald* of June 7, 1766, the story of Colonel Godfrey Malbone's feast on the lawn of his burning mansion, so fine an edifice that its cost had been a hundred thousand dollars in 1744; but the house taking fire at the time he had invited guests to dinner, he thus feasted rather than disappoint them, and all through the long summer night they held

high revel and pledged each other in jovial toasts while the flames of the burning building illumined these Sardanapalian orgies. Year after year added to the importance of this city by the sea: year after year the Indies poured into its warehouses the riches with which Newport, out of its abundance, dowered New York, Boston and Hartford and ornamented and enriched the stately homes of its merchants. There is, however, one blot on its scutcheon—one which darkens the picture of this prosperity and the means that helped make it—and that is the slave-trade. Yes, the town which was to give birth to William Ellery Channing was one of the first to become interested in this baleful traffic. It is true it was denounced by the Legislature, which as early as 1652 made it penal to hold slaves, yet statistics show that between 1730 and 1752 the return cargoes of all ships from the West Indies consisted of them. The slave-trade of Newport bore fruit in other evils. At this time there were no less than forty distilleries at work, and this rum, exported to Africa, bought and brought home the human freight. However, in 1774 the importation was prohibited, and all male children born after 1784 were declared to be free.

Nowhere was there a more courtly and elegant society than in Newport. The rules of etiquette were rigorously adhered to, and there was no jesting on so sacred a topic as the honor and respect due to those whom the good rector of Trinity was wont to allude to as moving in higher spheres. De Ségur a year or two later says of it: "Other parts of America were only beautiful by anticipation, but Rhode Island was complete. Newport, well and regularly built, contained a numerous population, whose happiness was indicated by its prosperity. It offered delightful circles composed of enlightened men and modest and handsome women, whose talents heightened their personal attractions." To-day, Newport is the rendezvous of the best society of the land. Handsome women and clever men meet and greet there, but can the society be more distinguished than, from this description, it must have been a century ago? We

wonder if the stately dames who in the eighteenth century held court here would quite approve of the *laissez-aller* of modern intercourse. The youth of to-day, whose highest praise for his fair partner of the cotillon is often that she is "an awfully good fellow," has little kinship with his ancestor, who used to wait at the street-corner to see the object of his devotion go by under the convoy of her father and mother and a couple of faithful colored footmen, thinking himself happy meanwhile if his divinity gave him a shy glance. The gay girl of the period, who scampers in her pony chaise down the avenue from one engagement to the other, and whose most sacred confidence is apt to be that she adores horses and loves "pottering about the stable," is, with all her charms, quite different from the blushing little beauty of 1780, who in powdered hair, quilted petticoat and high, red-heeled shoes gave her lover a modest little glance at the street-corner, thinking it a most delicious and unforeseen bit of romance to have a lover at all. But other times other manners, and nineteenth-century men and women are no doubt as charming in their way as were our pretty ancestresses and their gallants of a century ago.

The prosperity of Newport received a check from the Revolution. The English occupation resulted in a vandalism that destroyed the fine mansions, turned public buildings, and even Trinity Church, into barracks for the soldiers and stables for their horses, laid waste the country, cut down the trees and obliterated the landmarks. Thus the French found it, and they were welcomed as possible deliverers and defenders from the English rule. Rochambeau and his staff reached Newport in the frigate *Hermione* on the afternoon of the 11th of July, and the next day the troops were landed, many of them being ill and all in need of rest after the long voyage and cramped quarters. The forts were put in possession of the French, who proceeded to remodel them into a better condition to resist a siege. General Heath, hearing at Providence the news of the arrival of the fleet, came down to Newport to greet Rocham-

beau, whom he met on shore, going afterward on board the Duc de Bourgogne to see the admiral, who in return saluted the town with thirteen guns. On the evening of the 12th Rochambeau dined with General Heath, a grand illumination of the town taking place afterward, and each day saw some new festivity to welcome the guests who had made the American cause their own. The army had been stationed across the island guarding the town, the right toward the ships and the left upon the sea, Rochambeau thus carefully covering the position of his vessels by the batteries. Everything was *en fête*. The people were delighted with the manners and courtly polish of the French. Robin says of the discipline insisted on at Newport, "The officers employed politeness and amenity, the common soldiers became mild, circumspect and moderate." The French at Newport were no longer the frivolous race, presumptuous, noisy, full of fatuity, they were reputed to be. They lived quietly and retired, limiting their society to their hosts, to whom every day they became dearer. These young nobles of birth and fortune, to whom a sojourn at court must have given a taste for dissipation and luxury, were the first to set an example of frugality and simplicity of life. They showed themselves affable, popular, as if they had never lived but with men who were on an equality. Every one was won, even the Tories, and their departure saddened even more than their arrival had alarmed. Rochambeau also alludes to the discipline of the army, and says: "It was due to the zeal of the generals and superior officers, and above all to the goodwill of the soldiers. It contributed not a little to make the State of Rhode Island acquiesce in the proposition I made it, to repair at our expense the mansions which the English had mutilated, so that they might serve as barracks for the soldiers if the inhabitants would lodge the officers. We spent twenty thousand crowns in repairing the houses, and left in the place many marks of the generosity of France toward its allies."

We have before us an old plan of Newport in 1777, and a list of the officers'

hosts. We find the general quartered at 302 New lane, corner of Clark and Mary streets. Its proprietor, William Hunter, was president of the Eastern Navy Board at Boston and an earnest upholder of the rights of the colonies. The gallant and all-conquering Lauzun was at the widow Deborah Hunter's, No. 264 Thames street. Mrs. Hunter was the mother of two charming daughters, whom Lauzun eulogizes in his journal. His praise has been often quoted, yet it is worth repeating, as it shows this Lovelace in a new and pleasing light. He says: "Mrs. Hunter is a widow of thirty-six who has two daughters, whom she has well brought up. She conceived a friendship for me, and I was treated like one of the family. I passed my time there. I was ill, and she took care of me. I was not in love with the Misses Hunter, but had they been my sisters I could not have been fonder of them." The two Viosmenils and their aides were at Joseph Wanton's, in Thames street. The Wantons had been governors of Rhode Island from 1732: Joseph Wanton was the last governor under the Crown. He is described as wearing a large white wig with three curls—one falling down his back and one forward over each shoulder. De Chasteloux lodged with Captain Maudsly, at No. 91 Spring street; De Choisy at Jacob Riviera's in Water street; the marquis de Laval and the vicomte de Noailles at Thomas Robinson's, in Water street; the marquis de Custine, the commander of the regiment Saintonge, at Joseph Durfey's, 312 Griffin street; Colonel Malbone entertained Lieutenant-Colonel de Querel at No. 83 Thames street; while Colonel John Malbone was the host of the commandant Desandrouins, the colonel of the engineers, at No. 28 of the same street; William Coggeshall of No. 135 Thames street had the baron de Turpin and De Plancher for guests; De Fersen and the marquis de Darnas were at the house of Robert Stevens, and De Laubedières and Baron de Closen at that of Henry Potter, both in New lane; Madame McKay, 115 Lewis street, quartered De Lintz and Montesquieu; Joseph Antony, at 339 Spring street, Dumas; and Edward Haz-

ard, of 271 Lewis street, the two D'Olonnes. Admiral de Ternay was much on his ship, but lodged at Colonel Wanton's in Water street; his captains, De la Chaise and Des-touches, were at Abraham Redwood's, 78 Thames street.

On the 21st of July, Admirals Graves and Arbuthnot arrived off the harbor with eleven vessels—one of ninety, six of seventy-four, three of sixty-four, and one of fifty guns. The following day the number was increased to nineteen, and from this time the French squadron was effectually blockaded in Newport. Although doubt seems to have been felt by some as to the good intentions of the French army, the general feeling on their arrival was one of joy. On Sunday, the 15th, the intelligence became known in Philadelphia, where Congress was then sitting. Washington ordered the soldiers to wear a black-and-white cockade as a symbol of the alliance, the American cockade being black and the French white, but seems withal to have felt nervous and impatient for some decisive action. He sent La Fayette to Newport to urge Rochambeau to make an attack on New York, but the latter replied that he expected from the admiral de Guichen, who commanded the West India squadron, five ships of war, and declined to take any steps until his army was in better condition. La Fayette, who was young and full of ardor, was hardly pleased with Rochambeau's caution, but apologized for his impetuosity on the ground of disliking to see the French troops shut up in Newport while there was so much to be done. To this Rochambeau replied that he had an experience of forty years, and that of fifteen thousand men who had been killed and wounded under his orders he could not reproach himself with the loss of a single person killed on his account. He desired, however, a personal interview with Washington—a request which from some reason the commander-in-chief did not seem anxious to grant. There was at times a coolness in the relations between Rochambeau and Washington, arising perhaps from a different estimate of La Fayette; but the cloud, if there was any, was never very percep-

tible or of any long duration. On the 21st of August a committee of the General Assembly of the State, at that time in session at Newport, presented Rochambeau and De Ternay with a formal address of welcome. De Rochambeau's reply was full of manliness and good-will. He said, "The French troops are restrained by the strictest discipline, and, acting under General Washington, will live with the Americans as their brethren. I assure the General Assembly that as brethren not only my life, but the lives of the troops under my command, are entirely devoted to their service." This frank avowal dissipated a fear felt by some that the French might have some ulterior motive in coming to the assistance of the colonies.

It is not to be supposed that the belles of Newport were indifferent to the advent of these fascinating French paladins, or that the gallant Gauls were unmoved by the beauty and grace of the Newport women. With one accord they joined in admiration of their fair hostesses, not only for their charms of face and figure, but for the purity and innocence of their characters, which made a deep impression on these Sybarites, accustomed as they were to the atmosphere of intrigue and vice peculiar to the French court of the day. We find the record of this enthusiasm in the letters and journals of the officers, but for a picture of the special belles of the time there is none more correct than that furnished by the prince de Broglie and the comte de Ségur, who visited Newport the following year. They note particularly Miss Champlin, the daughter of a rich merchant who lived at No. 119 Thames street. Mr. Champlin had large shipping interests, which he managed with great enterprise. At his house De Broglie was introduced by De Vauban, who as aide to De Rochambeau had met all the Newport notables, and the prince writes: "Mr. Champlin was known for his wealth, but more for the lovely face of his daughter. She was not in the room when we entered, but appeared a moment after. She had beautiful eyes, an agreeable mouth, a lovely face, a fine figure, a pretty foot, and the

general effect was attractive. She added to these advantages that of being charmingly *coiffée* in the Paris style, besides which she spoke and understood our language." Of the Hunters, Lauzun's hostesses, De Broglie says: "The elder, without being regularly handsome, had a noble appearance and an aristocratic air. She was graceful, intellectual and refined. Her toilette was as finished as Miss Champlin's, but she was not as fresh, in spite of what De Fersen said. The younger, Nancy Hunter, is not so modish, but a perfect rosebud. Her character is gay: she is always laughing, and has beautiful teeth—a thing not common in America." But Vauban, who on this occasion acted as master of ceremonies, promised the prince a greater treat for the morrow, and took him on that day to a house on the corner of Touro street and the Park, where they found a serious and silent old gentleman, who received them without compliment or raising his hat and answered their questions in monosyllables. The lively Frenchmen would have made a short visit had not the door opened and a young girl entered; and here De Broglie's own raptures must speak: "It was Minerva herself who had exchanged her warlike vestments for the charms of a simple shepherdess. She was the daughter of a Shaking Quaker. Her headdress was a simple cap of fine muslin plaited and passed round her head, which gave Polly the effect of the Holy Virgin." Yes, this was Polly Lawton (or Leighton), the very pearl of Newport beauties, of whom the prince says in continuation: "She enchanted us all, and, though evidently a little conscious of it, was not at all sorry to please those whom she graciously called her friends. I confess that this seductive Lawton appeared to me a *chef-d'œuvre* of Nature, and in recalling her image I am tempted to write a book against the finery, the factitious graces and the coquetry of many ladies whom the world admires." Ségur says: "She was a nymph rather than a woman, and had the most graceful figure and beautiful form possible. Her eyes appeared to reflect as in a mirror the meekness and

purity of her mind and the goodness of her heart." Polly chides the count, according to the rules of her faith, for coming in obedience to the king, against the command of God, to make war. "What could I reply to such an angel?" says the entranced Frenchman, "for she seemed to me a celestial being. Certainly, had I not been married and happy in my own country I should, while coming to defend the liberty of the Americans, have lost my own at the feet of Polly Lawton." We fear the comtesse de Ségur would hardly have relished her lord's raptures over the pretty Quakeress, and would have quite approved of Rochambeau's order which sent him back to his post.

Among this bevy of Continental beauties, to whom we may add the names of the lovely Miss Redwood—to whose charms sailors in the street would doff their hats, holding them low till she had passed—the two Miss Ellerys, Miss Sylvén, Miss Brinley, Miss Robinson and others, it is not wonderful that the French officers bore patiently the enforced blockade. They indulged in constant festivities, to which they invited their fair enslavers. A deputation of Indians, numbering nineteen and consisting of members of the Tuscarora, Caghnawgas and Oneida tribes, visited the camp on the 2d of August. They were cordially received by Rochambeau, who gave them a dinner at which they were reported to have behaved well. After dining with General Heath they performed their waltz, which was a novel and interesting sight to the French officers. As a return for this entertainment the French army gave a grand review, preceded by firing of cannon. The sight must have been a fine one. The regiments were among the flower of European chivalry, some of them of historical celebrity, such as the regiment of Auvergne, whose motto was "*Sans tache*," and one of whose captains, the famous D'Assas, is said to have saved a whole brigade at the expense of his life, crying, as he saw the enemy approaching on his unsuspecting comrades, "À moi Auvergne! voilà les ennemis!" and fell dead. The uniforms of the troops

were most effective. The officers wore white cockades and the colors of their regiments faced with white cloth. The Bourbonnais regiment was in black and red, Saintonge in white and green, Deux-Ponts in white; the Soissonais wore pink facings and grenadier caps with pink and white plumes, while the artillery were in blue with red facings. The savages were delighted with the pageant, but in spite of its splendor expressed more astonishment at seeing trees loaded with fruit hanging over tents which the soldiers had occupied for months than at anything else. They took their departure in September, being presented with blankets and other gifts by Rochambeau.

Perhaps the finest display was that which celebrated the French king's birthday on Friday, the 25th of August. The ships were decorated with the flags of all nations during the day and brilliantly illuminated at night. High mass was celebrated on the flag-ship, after which a number of salutes were fired. The town joined in the festivity. The bells of Trinity were rung and the inhabitants decorated their houses with flags. The autumn was spent in agreeable pastimes, but with the approach of winter it became necessary to put the army into comfortable quarters. The houses which Rochambeau had offered to repair were ready, and the regiments were installed in them; the State-House, which had been used as a hospital by the English, was put to the same use by the French; and an upper room in it was fitted up as a chapel, where masses were said for the sick and dying by the abbé de Glesnon, the chaplain of the expedition. The list of the dead was soon to include no less a person than Admiral de Ternay. He was taken ill of a fever early in December, and brought on shore to the Hunter house, where he died on the 15th, being buried with great pomp in Trinity churchyard on the following day. The coffin was carried through the streets by sailors: nine priests followed, chanting a requiem for the departed hero. The tomb placed over the remains by order of Louis XVI. in 1785 having become injured by the ravages of time, the United States gov-

ernment in 1873, with the co-operation of the marquis de Noailles, then French minister, had it moved into the vestibule of the church, placing a granite slab over the tomb. One of Rochambeau's aides ascribes the admiral's death to chagrin at having let five English ships escape him in an encounter.

The winter passed slowly. Rochambeau ordered a large hall to be built as a place of meeting for his officers, but it was not completed until nearly spring. Meanwhile, the Frenchmen gave occasionally a handsome ball to the American ladies, such as that of which, in January, the officers of the regiment De Deux-Ponts were the hosts, and one given by the handsome Viosmenils on the anniversary of the signing of the treaty of alliance, February 6, 1781. But the crowning festivity of the French stay in Newport took place in March, when Washington visited it for the purpose of witnessing the departure of an expedition comprising part of the French fleet under Destouches, which was to co-operate with La Fayette on the Chesapeake. The barge of the French admiral was sent for the American chief, and he crossed the bay from the Connecticut shore, landing at Barney's Ferry on the corner of Long Wharf and Washington street. The sight must have been an imposing one—the beautiful harbor of Newport full of stately ships of war and gay pleasure-craft, the French troops drawn up in a close line, three deep, on either side from the ferry-house up Long Wharf and Washington street to Clarke street, where it turned at a right angle and continued to Rochambeau's head-quarters, while the inhabitants, wild with enthusiasm, crowded the wharves and quays to see the two commanders meet. Both were men of fine and stately presence: Washington was in the full prime of his imposing manhood, the very picture of a nation's chief; the French marshal was covered with brilliant decorations, and stood with doffed hat to welcome the hero of Valley Forge. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated, and, as at that time many of the people were very poor, the town council ordered that candles should be distributed to all who

were not well off enough to buy them, so that every house might have lights in its windows. The procession on this occasion was led by thirty boys bearing candles fixed on staffs: Washington and De Rochambeau followed, and behind them came a concourse of citizens. The night was clear and there was not a breath to fan the torches. The brilliant cortège marched through the principal streets, and then returned to the Vernon house, corner of Clarke and Mary streets, where Washington and Rochambeau were quartered. Washington waited on the doorstep until all the officers and his friends had entered the house, and then turning to the boys who had acted as torch-bearers thanked them for their services. It may be believed that these young patriots felt well repaid. The French officers were much impressed with the looks and bearing of the American chief. De Fersen, writing to his father, says: "His fine and majestic countenance, at the same time honest and sweet, answers perfectly to his moral qualities. He has the air of a hero. He is very reserved and speaks little, but is polite and frank. There is an air of sadness about him which is not unbecoming, but renders him more interesting." A few evenings after the French gave a grand ball to Washington, which he opened with the beautiful Miss Champlin, at whose house he had taken tea on that evening. The gallant Frenchmen seized the instruments from the band and themselves played the music of the minuet "A Successful Campaign" for a couple representing so much beauty and valor. The entertainment was given in Mrs. Cowley's assembly-rooms in Church street, and Desoteux, aide-de-camp to Baron Viosmenil, had charge of the decorations. An eye-witness says of the ball: "The room was ornamented in an exceeding splendid manner, and the judicious arrangement of the various decorations exhibited a sight beautiful beyond expression, and showed the great taste and delicacy of M. de Zoteux, one of Viosmenil's aides. A superb collation was served, and the ceremonies of the evening were conducted with so much propriety and elegance that they gave the highest satisfaction."

Perhaps it would be interesting to the participants of the gay Newport cotillions of to-day to know the names of the dances with which the company regaled themselves a hundred years ago. They were "The Stony Point" (so named in honor of General Wayne), "Miss McDonald's Reel," "A Trip to Carlisle," "Freemason's Jig" and "The Faithful Shepherd." As Benoni Peckham, the fashionable hair-dresser of the day, advertises in the Newport *Mercury* a "large assortment of braids, commodes, cushions and curls for the occasion," we may guess that the belles of Newport made elaborate toilettes. One of them, writing to a friend in New York, speaks of a dress she had worn at some festivity which probably was not unlike many at Washington's ball. "I had," she says, "a most stiff and lustrous petticoat of daffodil-colored lutestring, with flowered gown and sleeves lined with crimson. My cap was of gauze raised high in front, with doublings of red and bows of the same, and was sent me direct by the bark Fortune from England." So it seems the Newport beauties did not disdain the exports of the mother-country they were at war with. A few nights later the citizens gave a ball in honor of the two heroes.

The visit of the French to Newport terminated soon after this fête. Washington and Rochambeau, it is said, planned in the Vernon house an attack on New York, and in May the vicomte de Rochambeau brought to his father from France the news of the sailing from Brest, under Admiral de Grasse, of a large squadron laden with supplies and reinforcements. The restrictions imposed on him by De Sartines were removed, and the new ministry sent him full powers to act. He therefore determined upon an immediate move, for his troops were becoming demoralized through long inactivity. After a conference with Washington at Weathersfield a summer campaign was resolved upon, and, returning to Newport, Rochambeau proceeded to make arrangements for it. The troops began to move on the 10th of June, almost a year from the date of their arrival. A farewell dinner was given on the Duc de Bourgogne

to which about sixty Newport people were asked. The next day the whole army left camp and marched to Providence, so ending a sojourn which, although not productive of positive advantage, will long remain a brilliant page in the history of Newport.

A few words on the after fate of these gay Frenchmen. The story is not a bright one. The times that tried men's souls were at hand, and many of them fell victims. The comte de Rochambeau, made a marshal by Louis XVI., narrowly escaped death under Robespierre. In 1803 Napoleon gave him a pension and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor: he died in 1807. Lauzun perished on the scaffold, sentenced by the Tribunal in January, 1794. The night before his death he was calm, slept and ate well. When the jailer came for him he was eating his breakfast. He said, "Citizen, permit me to finish." Then, offering him a glass, he said, "Take this wine: you need strength for such a trade as you ply." D'Estaing, on his return from America, was commander at Grenada. He became a member of the Assembly of Notables, but being suspected by the Terrorists was guillotined on the 29th of April, 1793. The vicomte de Rochambeau was killed at the battle of Leipsic; Berthier became military confidant to Napoleon, was made marshal of France and murdered at Bamberg; the comte de Viosmenil was made marshal at the Restoration; his brother the marquis was wounded and died, defending the royal family; the comte de Darnas, who helped their flight, barely escaped with his life; Fersen was killed in a riot at Stockholm; the comte Christian de Deux-Ponts was captured by Nelson while on a boat-excursion at Porto Cavallo: Nelson generously released him on learning who he was; Desoteux, the master of ceremonies of the Newport assembly, became the celebrated Chouan chief in Vendée; Dumas was president of the Assembly, general of division, fought at Waterloo and took a high rank in the constitutional monarchy of 1830. With what interest and sympathy must the Newport belles have watched the career of their quondam

VOL. XXVI.—23

admirers! How must the tragic fate of some of them have saddened friendly hearts beyond the ocean they had once traversed as deliverers! The lot of the fair danseuses of the French balls at Newport was in most cases the ordinary one, and yet the record of their loves and their graces leaves a gracious fragrance amid their former haunts in the city by the sea. In the old streets and peeping from the quaint latticed windows we can with a little imagination see their graceful figures and fair faces, or find in the Newport drawing-rooms their pictured likenesses on the wall or in the persons of their descendants, often no less piquante and attractive than the dames of 1780. Miss Champlin married, and until lately her grandson was living in the old house, the home of five successive generations; her brother, Christopher Champlin, married the beautiful Miss Redwood; one of the Miss Ellerys took for a husband William Channing and became the mother of a famous son; her granddaughter was the wife of Washington Allston; the Miss Hunters married abroad—one the comte de Cardignan, the other Mr. Falconet, a Naples banker.

We pass over the sad fate of Newport for years following the Revolution—the misery and dilapidation that succeeded its former prosperity. We turn from the picture which a later French traveller, Brissot de Warville, draws of its poverty and desolation in 1788 to look at the renaissance, the rejuvenation that rescued this historic spot from oblivion. To-day lines of villas and stately mansions have uplifted themselves on the avenues, and gay crowds throng the streets. The shadowy forms of a past generation may still haunt the scenes of their former triumphs, but must rejoice over the life and light that nineteenth-century revels have dowered them with. The world rolls on, and brings in its course new actors, new scenes, a new drop-curtain, but men and women are always men and women. The loves, hopes, fears, disappointments or triumphs of to-day,—these, if nothing else, link us to a past generation. The idler on the club piazza, if not a Lauzun or Fersen, may no doubt arouse himself as nobly

in a grand question of right or wrong (have we not seen it in our own generation?), unsheathe his sword and become, like Lytton's hero, "now heard of, the first on the wall:" the pretty belle of the afternoon fête, may she not have the same heart of steel and a spirit as true as that of some eighteenth-century ancestress? There is room, then, even in this historic spot, for the gay modern cor-

tége, for the life, the light, the prosperity and pleasure which embalm old memories and keep a centennial on the shrines where the youth and chivalry of a century ago lived, loved and have left the subtle odor of past adventure to add a mysterious but not unlovely fragrance to present experience.

FRANCES PIERREPONT NORTH.

STUDIES IN THE SLUMS.

V.—DIET AND ITS DOINGS.

LATER and more scientific investigations have tended to confirm the truth of the rather broad statement made by Buckle in his *History of Civilization*, that rice and potatoes have done more to establish pauperism than any and all causes besides. A food easily procured, sufficiently palatable to ensure no dissatisfaction, and demanding no ingenuity of preparation, would seem the ideal diet, the promised rest for weary house-keepers and anxious political economists; but the latter class at least have found their work made double and treble by the results of such diet, while social reformers—above all, the advocates of total abstinence—are discovering that till varied and savory food and drink are provided the mass of the people will and must crave the stimulant given by alcoholic drinks.

National dietaries and their results on character and life, fascinating as the investigation is, have no place in the present paper, the design of which is simply to show the existing state of the food-question among the poor. Of these, poor Irish form far the larger proportion, a German or French pauper being almost an anomaly. Thrift seems the birthright of both the French and German peasant, as well as of the middle class, and their careful habits, joined to the better rate of wages in America, soon make them pros-

perous and well-to-do citizens. It is in the tenement-houses that we must seek for the mass of the poor, and it is in the tenement-houses that we find the causes which, combined, are making of the generation now coming up a terror in the present and a promise of future evil beyond man's power to reckon. They are a class apart, retaining all the most brutal characteristics of the Irish peasant at home, but without the redeeming light-heartedness, the tender impulses and strong affections of that most perplexing people. Sullen, malicious, conscienceless, with no capacity for enjoyment save in drink and the lowest forms of debauchery, they are filling our prisons and reformatories, marching in an ever-increasing army through the quiet country, and making a reign of terror wherever their footsteps are heard. With a little added intelligence they become Socialists, doing their heartiest to ruin the institutions by which they live. The Socialistic leader knows well with what he deals, and can sound every chord of jealousy and suspicion and revenge lying open to his touch. On the rich lies the whole responsibility of want and disease and crime. Equalize property, and these three dark shadows flee fast before the sunshine of prosperity. Character, intelligence, common decencies and common virtues have nothing to do with pres-

ent conditions, and the ardent leveller of class-distinctions counts as his enemy any one who seeks to give the poor a truer knowledge of how far their earnings may be made to go toward securing better food or less pestilent homes.

Yet foul air and overcrowding would be less fatal in their results were food understood. The well-filled stomach gives strange powers of resistance to the body, and nothing shows this more strongly than the myriad cases of children and infants who are taken from the tenement-houses to the sanitariums at Bath or Rock-away. A week or two of pure air and plenty of milk gives a look almost of health to children who have been brought there often with glazed eyes and pinched, ghastly little faces. Air has meant half, but many mothers have been persuaded to give milk or oatmeal porridge instead of weak tea and bread poisoned with alum, and have found the child's strength become a permanent and not temporary fact.

That these children are alive at all, that fatherhood and motherhood are allowed to be the right of drunkards and criminals of every grade, is a problem whose present solution passes any human power, but which all lovers of their kind must sooner or later face. In the mean time the children are with us, born to inheritances that tax every power good men and women can bring to bear. Hopeless as the outlook often seems, salvation for the future of the masses lies in these children. Not in a teaching which gives them merely the power to grasp at the mass of sensational reading, which fixes every wretched tendency and blights every seed of good, but in a practical training which shall give the boys trades and force their restless hands and mischievous minds to occupations that may ensure an honest living, while the girls find work from which, with few fortunate exceptions, they are still debarred.

The American distaste for domestic service seems to be shared in even greater degree by the children of foreigners born in this country and to a certain extent Americanized. The mothers have usually been servants, and still "go out

to days' work," but, no matter how numerous the family, such life for any daughter is despised and discouraged from the beginning. Work in a bag-factory or any one of the thousand, but to the employés profitless, industries of a great city is eagerly sought, and hardships cheerfully endured which if enforced by a mistress would lead to a riot. To be a shop-girl seems the highest ambition. To have dress and hair and expression a frowsy and pitiful copy of the latest Fifth Avenue ridiculousness, to flirt with shop-boys as feeble-minded and brainless as themselves, and to marry as quickly as possible, are the aims of all. Then come more wretched, thriftless, ill-managed homes, and their natural results in drunken husbands and vicious children; and so the round goes on, the circle widening year by year till its circumference touches every class in society, and would make our great cities almost what sober country-folk believe them—"seas of iniquity."

Happily, to know an evil is to have taken the first step in its eradication. The work only recently begun—the past five years having seen its growth from a very humble and insignificant beginning to its present promising proportions—holds the solution of at least one equation of the problem. To have made cooking and industrial training the fashion is to have cleared away at a leap the thorny underbrush and tangled growth on that Debatable Ground, the best education for the poor, and to find one's feet firmly set in a way leading to a Promised Land to which every believer in the new system is an accredited guide. That cooking-schools and the knowledge of cheap and savory preparation of food must soon have their effect on the percentage of drunkards no one can question; but with them, save indirectly, this present paper does not deal, its object being rather to show what "daily bread" means to the lower classes of New York, the same showing applying with almost equal force to the working poor of any large town throughout the country. Knowledge of this sort must come from patient waiting and watching as one can, rather than from any systematized observation. The poor resent bitter-

ly, and with justice, any apparent interference or spying, and only as one comes to know them well can anything but the most outside details of life be obtained. In the matter of food there is an especial touchiness and testiness, every woman being convinced that to cook well is the birthright of all women. I have found the same conviction as solidly implanted in far higher grades of society, and it may be classed as one of the most firmly-seated of popular delusions that every woman keeps house as instinctively and surely when her time comes as a duck takes to water.

Such was the faith of Norah Boylan, tenant of half the third floor in a tenement-house whose location need not be given—a "model tenement-house," six stories high and swarming from basement to attic, forty children making it hideous with the screaming and wrangling of incessant fights, while in and over all rested the penetrating, sickening "tenement-house smell," not to be drowned by steam of washing or scent of food. Norah's tongue was ready with the complaint all tongues made in 1878—hard times; and she faced me now with hands on her hips and a generally belligerent expression: "An' shure, ma'am, you know yourself it's only a dollar a day he's been earnin' this many a day, an' thankful enough to get that, wid Mike overhead wearin' his tongue out wid askin' for work here an' there an' everywhere. An' how'll we live on that, an' the rint due reg'lar, an' the agent poppin' in his ugly face an' off wid the bit o' money, no matter how bare the dish is? Bad cess to him! but I'd like to have him hungered once an' know how it feels. If I hadn't the washin' we'd be on the street this day."

"What do you live on, Norah?"

"Is it 'live'? Thin I could hardly say. It's mate an' petatys an' tea, an' Pat will have his glass. He's sober enough—not like Mike, that's off on his sprees every month; but now we don't be gettin' the same as we used. Pat says there's that cravin' in him that only the whiskey 'll stop. It's tin dollars a month for the rooms, an' that's two an' a half a week steady; an' there's only seven an' a half

left for the five mouths that must be fed, an' the fire an' all, for I can't get more'n the four dollars for me washin'. It's the mate you must have to put strength in ye, an' Pat would be havin' it three times a day, an' now it's but once he can; an' that's why he's after the whiskey. The children an' meself has tay, an' it's all that keeps us up."

"How do you cook your meat, Norah?"

Norah looked at me suspiciously: "Shure, the bit we get don't take long. I puts it in the pan an' lets it fry till we're ready. Poor folks can't have much roastin' nor fine doin's. An' by that token it's time it was on now, if you won't mind, ma'am. The children 'll be in from school, an' they must eat an' get back."

"I am going in a few moments, Norah. Go right on."

Norah moved aside her boiler, drew a frying-pan from her closet, put in a lump of fat and laid in a piece of coarse beef some two pounds in weight. A loaf of bread came next, and was cut up, the peculiar white indicating plainly what share alum had had in making the lightness to which she called my attention. A handful of tea went into the tall tin teapot, which was filled from the kettle at the back of the stove.

"That isn't boiling water, is it?" I ventured.

"It'll boil fast enough," Norah answered indifferently as she pulled open the draughts, and soon had the top of the stove red hot. The steak lay in its bed of fat, scorching peacefully, while the tea boiled, giving off a rank and herby smell.

"Pat doesn't get home to dinner, then, Norah?"

"There's times he does, but mostly not. They'd like a hot bite an' sup, but it's too far off. There's five goes from here together, an' a pailful for each—bread an' coffee mostly, an' a bit o' bacon for some. It's a hot supper I used to be gettin' him, but the times is too hard, an' we're lucky if we can have our tea an' bread, an' molasses maybe for the children. Many's the day I wish myself back in old Ireland."

As she talked the children came rushing up the stairs, Norah the second, pale-

faced and slender, leading the way ; and I took my leave, burning to speak, yet knowing it useless. Fried boot-heel would have been as nourishing and as toothsome as that steak, and boiled boot-heel as desirable and far less harmful a drink, yet any word of suggestion would have roused the quick Irish temper to fever-heat.

"It's Norah can cook equal to myself," Norah had said with pride as she emptied the black and smoking mass into a dish ; and these methods certainly cannot be said to be difficult to follow.

There is no conservatism like the conservatism of ignorance, yet in this case want of knowledge there certainly was not. Norah had lived for two years before her marriage with a family the mistress of which had taught her patiently and indefatigably till she became able to set a fairly-cooked meal upon the table, but the knowledge acquired then seemed to have been laid aside as having no connection with her own life. I have seen the same thing—though, happily, only in exceptional cases—among educated Indians, girls who had spent years in the schools at Faribault or under the direct training of missionaries reverting on marriage to old wigwam habits, and content to eat the parched corn and boiled dog of their early experience. The same law holds in full force among many of the Irish, who, no matter how well trained or how exacting in their demand for varied food while servants, quickly lose the desire, and allow only a certain fixed order from which it is wellnigh impossible to move them.

In this case, tolerably well-to-do at first, hard times had brought them to this swarming tenement-house, from the various rooms of which, as I passed down the stairs, came the same odor of burning fat and the rank steam of long-boiled coffee or tea. My errand had been to find the address of a little shop-girl, a niece of Norah's, a child who had been educated at one of the ward schools, and whom no power could induce to take a place as waitress or chambermaid. To stand twelve or fourteen hours behind the counter of a Grand street store met

her ideas of gentility and of personal freedom far better than yielding to the requirements of a mistress ; and the six dollars a week went in cheap finery till the hard times forced her to make it part of the family fund. Then sore trouble came. The father had died, the mother was in hospital, from which she was never likely to come out, and Katy, thrown utterly on her own resources, had found her six dollars all inadequate to the demands her habits made, and, frightened and perplexed, went from one cheap boarding-house to another, four or five girls clubbing together to pay for the wretched room they called home, and still striving to keep up the appearance necessary for their position. Cheap jewelry, banged hair and a dress modelled after the latest extremity of fashion were the ambition of each and all, but neither jewelry nor puffs and ruffles had been sufficient to keep off the attack of pneumonia through which these same girls had nursed her, sitting up turn by turn at night, and taking her duty by day that the place might still be kept open for her.

Katy's cheeks were flushed and an ominous cough still lingered, but she spoke cheerfully : "It's my last day in : I can go to-morrow. It's the beef-tea has done it, I do believe. Did you know Maria brought it to me every day ? I don't know what I'll do without it."

"Learn to make it yourself, Katy."

"Me?" and Katy laughed incredulously. "When would I get time ? and what would I make it on ? We don't have a fire but Sundays, and only a show of one then. And I don't want it, either : I ain't used to it."

"What do you live on, Katy?"

"Why, we did have breakfast and tea here—coffee and meat for breakfast, and bread and butter and tea for supper. I get a cream-cake or some drop-cakes for dinner, but for a good while I've just paid a dollar a week for my share of the room, and bought something for breakfast—'most always a pie. You can get a splendid pie for five cents, and a pretty good one for three ; and it's plenty too. That's the way the girls in the bag-factory do. They don't get but three dollars a week,

and it takes seventy-five cents for their room, so they haven't got anything for board. Mary Jones says she's settled on pie, because it stays by better'n anything, and once in a while she goes down to Fulton Market and has some coffee. I do too, but it spoils you for next day. You keep thinking how'd you'd like a cup when the chills go crawling all over you, but it's no use."

"Couldn't it be made in the store? The girls could club together, and it would cost much less than your pies and candy. The gas is always burning, and you could have a little water-boiler."

"You don't know much about stores to think that. Why, Mr. Levy watches like a cat to see we don't eat peanuts or candy: we're fined if he catches us. I've a good mind to take board at the 'Home,' only I should hate to be bossed 'round, and you can't get in very often, either, it's so crowded. But I don't mind so much now, for you see"—Katy's pale cheeks grew pink—"Jim and I don't mean to wait long. He has ten dollars a week, and we can manage on that. He says he's 'most poisoned with the stuff his boarding-house keeper gives him, and he wants me to keep house. I just laugh. That's a servant-girl's work: 'tain't mine."

The old story. I had seen "Jim," and knew him as rather a sensible-looking young fellow for an East Side clerk in a cheap store. What sort of future could lie before them? What help could come from this untrained child, herself helpless and with too limited intelligence to understand what demand the new life made upon her? and could any way be found to open her eyes and make her desire better knowledge?

Busy with this always fresh problem, I had come to a side street leading to the market from which two or three small groceries draw their supplies, and stopped for a moment to look at the flabby, half-decayed vegetables, the coarse beef and measly-looking pork from which comes the sickly, heavy smell preceding positive putrefaction.

"Look away! Get the sense of it all," said a brisk voice behind me—a voice I knew well as that of one who gave days,

and often nights, to work in these very streets. "Did you see that tall woman with the big basket and a face like a chimney-swallow? She runs a boarding-house 'round on Madison street, and this is the stuff she feeds them on. Poor wretch! She has a drunken husband and three drinking sons. She means well, would like to do better by her boarders, but there is rent and gas and wear and tear of all sorts, and she buys bob veal and stale fish and rotten vegetables and alum bread, trying to make the ends meet. I've been there and tasted the messes that come to her table, and I would drink too if forced to live on them. She's got sense, a little—enough not to fly in a rage when I told her the food was enough to make a drunkard of every man in the house. 'I can't help it,' she said, crying. 'I've only just so much money, and the girl spoils most of what I do get.'—'Cook yourself,' I said.—'I can't,' she answered: 'I don't know any better than the girl. I'll do anything you say.' I am not a cook: I could not tell her anything. 'Go to cooking-school,' I said: 'it'll pay you.'—'I've neither time nor money,' she said; and there it ended. What's to be done? I've just come round the market. It is dinner-time, and I think every other man was eating pie. The same money might have bought him a bowl of strong soup or a plate of savory and nourishing stew, if there had been anybody with sense enough to provide it. Up and down, in and out, wherever I go, I see that cooks are the missionaries needed. Come in here a moment."

I followed up the steps of a "Home" for sailors, planned to give them a refuge from the traps known as "sailors' boarding-houses." The long dining-room we entered was spotlessly clean, and some thirty men were dining. I looked for a moment as my friend spoke with some one sitting at the head of the table, then passed out.

"You saw," he said, "plenty of food, and all clean as a whistle, but what sort? Steak fried to a crisp, soggy potatoes, underdone cabbage and pork, bread rank with alum, and coffee whose only merit

is warmth. Those men are filled, but not fed. The bread alone is condensed dyspepsia. In an hour the weaker stomachs will have what they call 'a gone-ness.' They will crave something, and poor R— will have half a dozen of them half drunk or wholly so on his hands by night. He will pray and exhort, and bundle them up to the Mission if he can, and cry as he tells me how they will give way and yield to the devil whether or no. And so it goes. Women must get hold of this thing. It's the first item in your temperance crusade, and till the people have better food there is no law or influence that can make them give up drinking. I wouldn't if I were they."

Here the talk ended. My impetuous friend disappeared around a corner, and I went my way, a little surer than before of the fact which was already so distinct a belief it needed no new foundations, that better food will and must mean better living. Hard times are pass-

ing, but none the less is there still the imperative demand for wider knowledge of what food those hard-earned dollars shall buy. Philanthropists may urge what reforms they will—less crowding, purer air, better sanitary regulations—but this question of food underlies all. The knowledge that is broad enough to ensure good food is broad enough to mean better living in all ways; and not till such knowledge is the property of all women can we look for the "emancipation" from some of the deepest evils that curse the life of woman in the slums and out. Toward that end all women who long to help, yet see no outlook, may work, and with its full recognition will come the day for which we wait—a day whose faint dawn even now flushes the east and gives promise, dim yet sure, of the slowly-nearing light, holding even when most clouded the certainty of

Purer manners, nobler laws.

HELEN CAMPBELL.

DELECTATIO PISCATORIA.

THE UPPER KENNEBEC.

FROM the great mere set round with sunbright mountains
 Full born the river leaps,
 Dashing the crystal of a thousand fountains
 Down its romantic steeps.

'Tis now a torrent whose untamed endeavor
 Is eager for the sea,
 Angry that rock or reef should hinder ever
 Its frantic liberty.

Then, for a space, a lake and river blended,
 It sleeps with tranquil breast,
 As if its haste and rage at last were ended,
 And all it sought was rest.

In spicy woodpaths by its rapids straying,
 I hear, with lingering feet,
 Its liquid organ and the treetops playing
 Te Deums strangely sweet.

I break the covert: pictured far emerges
 On the enraptured sight
 The arrowy flow, green isles, a cascade's surges,
 Foam-flaked in rosy light,

Still pools, and purples of the sleepy sedges,
 The skyward forest-wall,
 Old sorrowing pines and hazy mountain-ledges,
 And soft blue over all.

O golden hours of summer's precious leisure!
 From care and toil apart
 Fresh drawn, I taste the angler's gentle pleasure
 With friend of equal heart.

Trout leap and glitter, and the wild duck flutters
 Where beds of lilies blow:
 A loon his long, weird lamentation utters,
 And Echo feels his woe.

We see in hemlock shade the reedy shallow,
 Where, screened by dusky leaves,
 The guileless moose comes down to browse and wallow
 On still balsamic eves.

The great blue heron starts as if we sought her,
 On pinions of surprise,
 And to our lure the darlings of the water
 In pink and crimson rise.

Still gliding on, how throng the sweet romances
 Of Youth's enchanted land!
 A lordly eagle, as our bark advances,
 Glares on us, sad and grand.

Onward we float where mellow sunset glory
 Streams o'er the lakelet's breast,
 And every ripple tells a golden story
 Of the transfigured west.

Onward, into the evening's calm and beauty,
 To camp and sleep we go:
 Thrice bless'd are lives, in tasks of love and duty,
 That end in such a glow!

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

THE RUIN OF ME.

(TOLD BY A YOUNG MARRIED MAN.)

I AM Poverty scuffling about in old shoes and rubbers. I was one of those who, at a good salary, think up smart things to put around in the corners of the *Chicago Times*. When every newspaper, from the London *Punch* down, was making jokes about Elihu Burritt's *Sanskrit for the Fireside*, it was I who beat them all by saying in solid nonpareil, "The best way to learn Sanskrit is to board in a family of Sanskriters." It was I who said, "Let the Communists carry pistols: they may shoot each other;" and, "Sara Bernhardt's children are articles of *virtu*."

O quam me delectat Sara Bernhardt! I love such diversified, such picturesque gifts. Sculpture, painting, acting, writing! This is why I loved Lydia, who was an adept at numberless arts and accomplishments. She was a brunette with a clear, cream-tinged skin, red cheeks, rolling black eyes, ripe velvety lips, and hair of a beautiful hue and rich lustre—raven black, yet purple as the pigeon's wing in the sun. I believe it is true that dark people belong to the pre-historic races: centuries of sunlight are fused in their glowing complexion. Blondes are beautiful—both the rosy ones with pinkish eyelids and warm golden locks, and the pale ones with ash-colored hair, gray eyes and dark brows and lashes—but a florid brunette excels them all.

In seeing Lydia you would make the mistake that you usually make in judging girls: entering among them, you think their attitudes proclaim their traits. For instance, you take the most giggling one for a simpleton, but afterward learn that she is a good scholar and has accepted the Greek chair in a Western college, and looking again you see she has a strong frame, a capable head and large bright eyes. Lydia dressed in the mode, wore the high-heeled shoes that give such a dainty look to the foot and gait, and came into a room with a great effusion

of fashionableness; yet she was not in the least what she seemed. She had a great deal of what is more pleasing than mere appearance, and that is character. She was ambitious and energetic. She did tating when she did nothing else—said it concealed her lack of repose and liability to fidget. She was able to draw *la quintessence de tout*: she could make a mountain-spring of a mole-hill. She also had a touch of temper: those who are perfectly amiable are nothing else.

I was a youth blue-eyed and fair of face, tall, thin and having a complying spirit that has been— But let me not anticipate. The race after fashion ever wearied me—I shall stop early at some standing-collar or heavy-neckcloth period—and I never cared much for money—could live with it or without it, desiring "this man's art or that man's scope" rather than his cash. There is such a great majority of poor folks, I expected to be one of them; still, I had a taste for honesty, asked favors of nobody, considered the least debt a degradation, and thought myself better than most rich people. I was of the family and the religion of Plato, who peddled oil to pay his expenses while travelling in Egypt.

We discover in others what they most wish to hide: therefore I early discovered that Lydia's mother, who had a large girl-family, and who knew that the supply of some one to love greatly exceeds the demand, was anxious to secure me as a son-in-law. I was glad of it, for, let poets and novelists say what they will, the young fellow who marries with the approval of friends drifts happily on, while the rash boy who weds against the good sense of his elders is dragged bleeding along a rough way. So I married Lydia, and began life in gladness and content. I liked her family and they liked me. It puzzles me to see how the English mother-in-law, who is a grum-voiced, dogmatic and belligerent

person with a jointure to bequeath, came to be engraved on our literature. The inoffensive delicacy of an American elderly woman forbids her the rôle of her British sister. Our mother-in-law troubles are mostly confined to our low foreign population. Neither have we a character similar to the silly, spiteful, dried-up old maid of English literature and its American imitations, our spinsters being generally stout and jolly personages and rather over-fond of children. My mother-in-law was very nice, and we were the best of friends.

Rich relations, as a general thing, are abominable: the mere possession of one sometimes makes a person disagreeable. Show the person with a rich cousin the most secluded cot among mountains, and, "Oh, you should see my cousin's house on Michigan Avenue!" is the reply; or a beautiful room speaking the noble quality of its occupant, and, "Call that nice? You should see my cousin's house on Michigan Avenue!" is remarked. But Lydia's rich relations, the Stenes of Chicago, appeared to be exceptions. They were very clannish people, fond of their own kin to the last degree. They came from Michigan, and were of the old colony stock, regular Yankee-Doodle folks, the older ones and many of the younger ones still using New England idioms and quaint phrases that came long ago from the East—yes, from the hols of old England's Suffolk perhaps. You could not persuade one of them to call jelly anything but "jell" or a repast anything but a "meal of victuals," and they said "dooty" and "roomor" and "noos" and "dawg," and sometimes would pop out "his'n" and "her'n." Several of the Stenes had been in business thirty years in metropolitan Chicago, yet they spoke in the twang of a Yankee hill-country. The women of the family were famous housekeepers—too neat to keep a cat lest there might be a cat hair on the carpet, and never liking visitors unless there was a dreadful note of preparation, and then they received grandly. To show Lydia their good-will, they gave her profuse wedding-presents and a splendid trousseau. On my side I bought a

neat cottage, paying cash down—all the money I had. It was one of a square of cottages principally occupied by young married people having plenty of children, and a joyous crew they were. Our street had a broad roadway and flagged sidewalks edged with neat turf in which fine trees were growing, and was lined with beautiful homes of varied architecture, suggesting charming interiors. A row of tall, "high-stoop" New York houses with dark stone trimmings stood next to a row of English basements of tuck-pointed brick, and next to them was a range of houses of light, cheerful Joliet stone, with awnings at the windows and carriage-steps as clean as gravestones. Then came an old cottage fixed up nobly, then a comfortable old wooden mansion, then a splendid dwelling in the style of the fifteenth century, and after that the palace of a railway grandee. Here and there on a corner stood a Gothic church. All day well-dressed people trod our pavements and beautiful carriages rolled by our windows. Our cottage was my ideal of perfection: it had few rooms, but those spacious. We had no sitting-room. Let me see: what does that word suggest to my mind? A table heaped with stale newspapers, a stand piled with sewing, a darned carpet, scratched furniture and fly-specked wall-paper.

Lydia's presents filled our house. All were Eastlake and in good taste, the colors sage-green, pumpkin-yellow and ginger-brown, dashed with splashes of peacock feathers and Japanese fans. The vases were straddle-legged and pot-bellied Asiatic shapes. Dragons in bronze and ivory, sticky-looking faïence and glittering majolica, stood in the corners. Silk embroideries representing the stork—a scrawny bird with a scalp-lock at the back of its neck, looking like a mosquito when flying—and porcelain landscapes out of drawing, like a child's first attempts, peopled by individuals with the expression of having their hair pulled, hung 'twixt our dados and friezes. Lydia's young-lady friends gave her their works in oil or water-colors done in a fine, free-hand style that may one day form a school of its own. Our Chicago girls are people

of *nous*. Their talk is "fluent as the flight of a swallow:" their manners are delightful—American manners must be excellent, so many Englishmen marry American girls. Their playing makes us glad the seven poor strings of the old musicians have been multiplied to seven times seven: no Chicago girl is a musician unless she has the masters at her finger-tips. And they are readers too. You would suppose, judging from the papers, that our Chicagoans are inordinately fond of reading about the indiscretions of rustic wives, and are given to a perusal of the news in startling headlines; but such is not the fact. We are great readers of the distinguished magazines and of first-rate books, and our taste for art is keen. When we go abroad we don't care so much for mountains and rivers—they are like potatoes and pork to a man who is visiting: we have them at home—but we *are* after art. Ruskin says no people can be great in art unless it lives among beautiful natural objects; which is hard on us Chicago folks. If we had any mountainous or rocky tracts we should not live in them. If we possessed a Mount Vesuvius we should use it for getting up bogus eruptions to draw tourists to our hotels, and we should tap the foot of the mountain to draw off the lava for our streets.

Lydia's finery had a subduing effect upon me, who had bounded my aspirations to what was distinctly within my grasp—namely, things

Plain, but not sordid—though not splendid, clean.

Lydia was an expert housekeeper. "I love a little house that I can clean all over," said she. She would have liked a Roman villa made of polished marble, that could be scrubbed from top to bottom, or a house of the melted and dyed cobblestones that some genius has promised to give us. Her china-closet was a picture, with platters in rows and cups hanging on little brass hooks under the shelves. Our whole house was exquisite, and became quite renowned for its elegance and charm. Lydia's exuberant vitality was attractive: her relations and friends liked to come there. Some of our friends were

of the high, haughty, tone-y sort, which would have been well enough if we had not incurred debts in our housekeeping.

What and how great the merit and the art
To live on little with a thankful heart!

Lydia's rich uncle, Nathan Stene, gave us a bookcase that caused my heart to sink with an appalling premonition at its first appearance, it was so huge and high. How we got it into our parlor without cutting off the top and bottom words cannot explain. That bookcase was my first step toward ruin. I had a good many books—not of scientific but of delightful literature, the best works of the best authors—and my books were as shabby as Charles Lamb's library. There never were such dilapidated volumes as my De Quinceys. Lydia had *Young Mrs. Jardine* and lots of other

Stickjaw pudding that tires the chin,
With the marmalade spread ever so thin;

and her books were new-looking. She said mine looked disgustingly dirty in our new bookcase, so I had them rebound; and this was my next step toward ruin. Lydia wanted a long peacock-feather duster to dust the top of the bookcase. I bought that. Our only long tablecloth was a damask, engarlanded and diapered and resplendent with a colored border warranted to wash. I had to buy napkins to go with it. I bought a butter-knife to match a solid silver butter-dish, and a set of individual salt-spoons to match salt-cellars, and nut-picks and crackers to match something else. Moreover, there was a magnificent opera-glass that required to be matched with theatre-going—*not* as I was wont to go, in an old overcoat having its pockets stuffed with old playbills. But why enumerate?

On the strength of her wedding-presents Lydia became a gladiatrix in the arena of society. She already belonged to three clubs: she joined four more—a Private Theatrical, a History of Art, a Conversation and a Suffrage Club. I myself belong to but one, the Cremation Club—am an officer in that: I split kindlings. As the bordered tablecloth was suitable for lunch-parties, Lydia entertained her friends at an hour when I was

about town looking up paragraphs, but I have no doubt she carried it off bravely, and their discussions were as important as those of a poultry convention on the question of feathers or no feathers on chickens' legs.

At this time I found that great feasts make small comforts scarce. Often, on coming home and finding Lydia out, I had Ionic hours alone, when I refreshed myself with the great shouting, cheering and laughter of the Greek armies and people that gladden our dull hearts even now, and for want of anything better I regaled myself on the feasts offered by Machaon (first Scotchman) in the *Iliad*, and by Nestor, on the table with azure feet and in the goblet with four handles and four feet, with gold turtles drinking at the brim from the handles. Or I supped with Achilles while Patroclus turned the meat on the bed of wide, glowing embers and the tent brightened in the blaze. Once, when I was seeking something for that newspaper bore, *Woman's Sphere*, I lunched with the Suffragists. Each character of the Suffrage Club was as clear as a figure cut on a sapphire. The president, a matron of sixty wearing waving gray hair and dressed in black, with plenty of white lace under her chin, had the air of a woman used to command a large family and accustomed to plenty of money and to good society. Her voice was the agreeable barytone of her years, its thin tones entirely gone, and her good English was like gentle music: nevertheless, an occasional strong tone or gesture revealed her determined will. The Suffragists were handsomely dressed, were self-possessed and appreciative of each other's company, and were of all ages, one being a plain young girl quietly looking on and enjoying the world more than a self-wrapped belle is capable of doing.

But to my tale, which is to me more absorbing than *Rob Roy*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Boots at the Swan* combined. Of all our visitors I preferred Uncle Nathan Stene. Not that I liked him personally. He was the typical rich man: I should know he was rich wherever I met him. There are thousands like him:

they despise me utterly. Uncle Nathan had a scorn for poor people. He disdained whole States that gave him a bad market, and regarded young fellows who smoke and go to the theatre as beggars' dogs. He was of middle height, with reddish complexion, sandy hair and eyebrows, quick, sharp gray eyes, and features of a short, clean, close aquiline cut, with thin, dry lips—a man of iron, pig iron. When young he might have been facetious, but he had concentrated his energies entirely on money, till there was nothing left to go in other directions, and his humor was now as sombre as the grin of a hanged man. He had self-conceit, which is a talent when combined with some other qualities. Doctor Johnson's observation, that to make money requires talents, is true: a dull man cannot do it. Uncle Nate had to remember thirty thousand articles in his business of wholesale druggist. He was a perfect devil-fish for sucking the goodness from every business he was concerned in—banking, railroading, and so on. He belonged to the Chicago Board of Trade, and was particularly useful in getting those fellows in Indianapolis on a string, sending the wheat up, up, until the Hoosiers had made a few hundred thousands, and then, when they thought they were going to make millions, letting it down and scooping them. My habit of listening intently to Uncle Nate's telegraphic style of talk caused him to like me. I resembled King Lear: I talked with those who were wise, and said little, and Nathan's aphorisms about trade and politics made good paragraphs when boiled down to the crisp cracklins.

While I worked and Lydia entertained we were waltzing like the wind down to ruin. No use to cry, "Ho! great gods! Hilloa! you're wanted here!" On we went.

Worrying over pecuniary affairs gradually sapped my mind. To lose one's eyes or all one's relations, or to be bitten by a mad dog, will not unhide the brain so completely as pecuniary anxiety. My paragraphs, spite of Nate's verbum saps., lost their originality. I resigned my post on the *Times*. I became the collector on

commission of certain rents of Uncle Nathan's. Whoso collects rents in Chicago tenements should know how to box or else to run: I could do neither. I got little or nothing out of the devils and devillets, my respected uncle's tenants. He had a genius for the despatch of business: I had none; therefore he concluded I was an ass, and wondered how he came to be pleased with me. Oh, 'tis a good thing to know what you can do, and to do that, and know what you cannot do, and leave that alone. Dull as weeds of Lethe was my task. 'Twas terrible! I thought it would never end. No greater misery could be imagined than what I, endured in Nathan's service.

One morning of those days I picked up a note in Lydia's writing hastily scrawled as follows: "I have discovered your retreat: I must see you. At seven o'clock wave the lamp three times across the window if all is well."

In my undecided way I pinned the note to the blue silk pincushion on Lydia's dressing-case. I had a sudden jealous suspicion of an acquaintance of ours, a furiously - striking English traveller—"Bone-Boiler to the Queen" or something—who had a long, silky, sweeping moustache blowing about in the wind, and parted his hair "sissy." But I went to work all the same.

That day Uncle Nate was a worse screw than ever. "How is it you never hit a clam?" asked he.

"Your tenants have nothing, so I get nothing," I replied.

"Nonsense! They must have something. Drunken loafers are driving about in livery-rigs everywhere—sure sign of prosperity."

"Your people are not out," I said.

"They sit around the house reading yesterday's newspapers."

"They can't get work," said I.

"Everybody that wants to work is in the ditch now-a-days: *that I know*," said the old man.

"Some are sick."

"They are well enough to walk three miles to a brewery after a free drink."

"Some are too young to work."

"Hah! what's the use of having a par-

cel of young ones to be poor relations to the rest of the world?" asked he.

"Some are positively starving," said I.

"What of that? You have to let them starve. Five hundred thousand starved in India last year, a country overrun with sacred snakes and animals of all sorts that they might have eaten. Three millions starved in China, and they tore up their English railway, the only thing that could save them. What are you going to do about it? Starving! Bet they are wallowing in the theatre every night," said Nathan.

"The theatre with Lawrence Barrett! I wish they might see anything so elevating. Perhaps *Othello* might make some impression on them, such a stupendous temperance lecture it is!" I groaned.

"If *you* would leave the theatre alone you wouldn't be quite so short as you are now," asserted Uncle Nate, almost popping open with contempt.

"'Short,' man! 'Short' in your throat!" shouted I, forgetting myself.

"Yes, short; and it's my opinion you've shorted me in this business."

I could not kick our uncle out of his premises, so I got out myself, not to return; and I left in debt to him as well as to the rest of the world. I went homeward. Though it was August, a cold wind blew from the lake, whipping the large, flapping leaves of the castor-bean plants in the front yards to rags. I quaffed the lake in the wet wind. "No wonder," I thought, "we're three parts water: our world is." A young fellow on the street-car platform smoked a cigar that smelled like pigweed, cabbage-stalks and other garden rubbish burning, and made me sick. He enjoyed it, though: in fact, all, including the street-car driver himself, were on that day more than usually engaged in the intense enjoyment of being Chicagoans. All but me, miserable. The very windows and pavements of our streets, being clean and cold, sent a chill to my bones.

When I reached home Lydia was pinning on her habergeon, her neck-armor of ribbons and lace, before the mirror. "What is this?" I asked, pointing to

the suspicious note, still pinned to the cushion.

"That's the note that has to be found in my room in the play of *Lost in London*," she answered, turning the great lamps of her eyes on mine.

As I had nothing to say to this, I went and lay down on the sofa before the parlor-fire. Though a grate in January is a poor affair—I never knew any human being who really depended on one in winter to speak in praise of it—on a cool August day it is delicious. I fell into a warm doze before the fire, then into a series of agreeable naps. When Lydia said supper was ready I did not want any, and at bedtime I was too stiff to move easily.

After this, during several weeks, my bedchamber became to me a place full of sweet dreams and rest and quiet breathing. Luxurious indifference, a pleasure in hearing the crickets in the grass of the midsummer gardens, and voices talking afar—a satisfaction in seeing the polished walnut, marble and china and plenteous linen towels of my washstand, my altar to Hebe, and in seeing through a window,

While day sank or mounted higher,
The light, aerial gallery, golden railed,
Burn like a fringe of fire

on some remote palace of the city. These and other sensations of malarial fever occupied me for a while. In half dreams I then enjoyed the minutest details of life in an old farm-house that had been my home, or walked through a picture-gallery I had once frequented, seeing each picture strangely perfect and splendidly limned. Light diet and keeping quiet—which every Westerner knows to be the cure of this fever—cured me. I came forth looking like a *swairth*, one of those words marked "obs." in the dictionary—means phantom of a person about to die. It ought to be revived; so here goes—*swairth*.

Leadен before, my eyes were dross of lead.

I was pale and lank, but things had settled themselves in my mind: I had gone back to my old ideas of honor and freedom; my mind was made up.

"Well, Lydia," said I, "you wanted to manage: you were bound to wear the breeches. As you make your pants, so you must sit in them."

"You awful man!" said she.

"Now I will manage," said I.

"Indeed! Nothing would please me better," said she.

"I will sell our house and all that's in it, and get out of debt," said I.

"You mean to be one of the lower classes and wear old rags," she exclaimed.

"We have no class-distinctions but the Saving Class and the Wasting Class. I shall be of the first class. As to clothes, they are despicable," I replied.

"People who despise clothes can't get any."

"Well, I've done all I'm going to do toward developing the West, which consists in getting into debt, as far as I can see."

When an able woman submits she submits completely. Lydia put our house in order. I filled the streets with dodgers advertising our sale. I have not been a paragraphist for nothing: the sale was a success. I paid a part of my debts, and gave notes for the rest that will keep my future poor. I started in again on the *Times*' city force. To board I hate: it's a chicken's life—roosting on a perch, coming down to eat and then going back to roost. So I got a little domicile in "The Patch." When the teakettle has begun to spend the evening the new cheap wall-paper, the whitewash and the soapsuds with which the floor has been scrubbed emit peculiar odors.

"It smells poor-folksy here," says Lydia.

"All the better!" say I.

MARY DEAN.

SHORT STUDIES IN THE PICTURESQUE.

ALTHOUGH our American climate, with its fierce and pitiless extremes of temperature, will never give the lush meadows and lawns of moist England, yet in the splendid and fiery lustres of its autumn forests, in its gorgeous sunsets and sunrises and in the wild beauty of its hills and mountains there is that which makes an English Midland landscape seem tame in comparison. The rapid changes of temperature in summer and the sudden rising of vast masses of heated air produce cloud-structures of the most imposing description, especially huge, irregular cumulus clouds that float in equilibrium above us like colossal icebergs, airy mountain-ranges or tottering battlemented towers and "looming bastions fringed with fire."

Yon clouds are big with flame, and not with rain,
Massed on the marvellous heaven in splendid pyres,
Whereon ethereal genii, half in pain
And half in triumph, light their mystic fires.

The brilliant deep-blue Italian skies of the Middle and Southern States are full of poetry, and will repay the most careful and prolonged study. I have seen, far up in the zenith, silvery fringes of cirrus clouds forming and melting away at the same moment and in the same place, ethereal and evanescent as a dream, easel-studies of Nature. Sometimes the clouds take the form of most airily-delicate brown crape, "hatchelled" on the sky in minute lines and linings. Now the sky looks like a sweet silver-azure ceiling, the blue peeping here and there through tender masses of silver frosting. The skies of the New England coast States are filled, during a large part of spring, summer and autumn, with a white and dreamy haze, and do not produce cloud-phenomena on such an imposing scale as the more brilliant skies of the interior. I shall never forget a vast and glowing sunset-scene I once witnessed in the Ohio Valley. It lasted but a few moments, but what a spectacle! The setting sun was throwing his golden light

over the intensely green earth, and suffusing the irregular masses of clouds now with a tender rosy light and now with delicate saffron. All along the eastern horizon extended a black-blue cloud-curtain of about twenty degrees in height, across which played the zigzag gold of the lightning. Overhead hung the gigantic ring of a complete rainbow (a rare phenomenon), looking like the iridescent rim of some vast sun that had shot from its orbit and was rapidly nearing our earth. In the north the while slept the sweet blue sky in peace. What a phantasmagoria of splendor, "the magic-lantern of Nature"! What a rich contrast of color!—the black and the gold, the green, saffron, rose and azure, and the whole crowned with a rainbow garland of glowing flowers. I felt assured that no sunset of Italy or Greece could fling upon the sky more costly pictures than these.

The delicacy and accuracy of touch exhibited in *The Scarlet Letter* and in *Oldport Days* can hardly be appreciated to the full by those who are unacquainted with certain mellow and crumbling towns and hamlets of the New England coast, especially of the warm south coast. Soft mists rise in summer like "rich distilled perfumes" from the warm Gulf Stream off Long Island Sound and drift landward in invisible airy volumes. Suddenly, as at a given signal, the sky becomes troubled, grows dun: trembling dew-specks glisten upon the leaves, and in a few moments the gray fog starts out of the air on every side and clings to tree, crag and house like shroud to corpse. It is this warm moisture that gives to the south-coast hamlets their mellow tint. I have especially in mind at this moment one romantic village whose stout old yeoman elms hold their protecting foliage-shields over many a gray mansion as rich in tradition as the House of the Seven Gables, and only awaiting the touch of some wizard hand to become immortal.

ized. The prevailing tint of these old houses, and of everything that a lichen can take hold of, is a sage-gray. There seems to be something in the sea-breezes unusually favorable to the growth of lichens, and they hold high carnival everywhere, growing in riotous exuberance on every tree and rock and fence. I saw whole board fences so thickly tufted and bearded with a rich, particolored mosaic of lichens that from base-board to cope-board there was scarcely a square foot of the original wood to be seen. On any hazy Indian-summer afternoon, if you look down the wide, irregular main street, lined with its mighty elms and gambrel-roofed houses, all seems wrapped in a dim gray atmosphere of antiquity, like that surrounding Poe's House of Usher, only not ghostly as that is. It is a strange *je ne sais quoi* that eludes description, as if houses and trees stood at the bottom of a sea of visible heat.

Whatever of picturesqueness an English hamlet has, this American one has. It has its wealthy hereditary aristocracy, its small farmers or squires and its peasants, its ruins and haunted houses, its traditions of savages and of the great men who have honored it with their presence. The town, moreover, is set off by a framework of the most enchanting and varied scenery—river, streamlet, ocean, lighthouse, hills with flower-and-grass-tufted crags, and forests, while on any summer's day one may see, far away and "sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill," some neighboring village with its graceful spire of purest white gleaming and flaming in the hot sunshine, like marble set in a foil of malachite.

A window of my room looked out upon a crystal stream that wound down through the salt-meadows to the sea, and twice a day, under the influence of the seemingly-mysterious systole and diastole of the tides, spread out into a wide-glittering lake and anon crept back again into its sinuous bed. This water was as fickle and wanton and many-mooded as a coquettish girl. Now its translucent glassy surface is unruffled by a single wrinkle, and in its brilliant depths every minutest feature of yonder drifting hay-

barge is weirdly mirrored. I look out again, and the face of the water is working with rage under the lashing of the wind: at the same time its face seems white with fear, and its ghostly arms are tossing, now in defiance and now in piteous appeal. But now, as I gaze, the winds in their uncouth gambols tear a huge rent in the cloud-tent they had raised over the earth, and in the sweet blue beyond appears the calm and smiling face of the sun. Before its glance the wind-phantoms slink away in fear and the now quiet streamlet smiles through its tears.

The stiff formality and the ridiculous solemnity of the old Puritan times still linger about these secluded New England hamlets. But each winter a huge Christmas tree is set up in the church of the village I have mentioned, and loaded with presents. The winter I was there I went to see the distribution. Recollecting the delightful Christmas days of my own childhood, I was anticipating great pleasure. Of course I was going to look in on a scene of childish joy, of shouting and laughing, and eating of candy and popcorn in unlimited quantities. Memories of the stories of Hans Andersen and the Grimm brothers were floating through my mind as I crunched the crisp snow under my feet on my way to the church. I remembered the rapture of those Christmas mornings at home, when we children stole down stairs by candlelight to the warm room filled with the aromatic perfume of the Christmas tree, that stood there resplendent with presents from old Santa Claus—Noah's arks, mimic landscapes, dolls, sleds, colored cornucopias bursting with bonbons, and especially those books of fairy-tales from whose rich creamy pages exhaled a most divine and musty fragrance. Ah, the memory of our childhood's hours! what is it but that enchanted lake of the Arabian tale, from whose quiet depths we are ever and anon drawing up in our nets some magic colored fish? Well, I reached the church. The children, dressed in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, were sitting in the high-backed pews in solemn silence, while a reverend gentleman was delivering a solemn exhortation to gratitude and good-

ness. Another followed. "Very well, gentlemen," thought I, "but now please to retire and give up the field to these children." But no. The superintendent of the Sunday-school now advanced: the children marched up one by one, as their names were called, and received their presents from him. Some of them came very near grinning (poor things!), but in general they looked as if they were going to their execution. When all was done *the meeting was dismissed!*

Sauntering through the streets of this village, and making note of the quaint idiosyncrasies and irregularities of character and manner displayed by its humbler folk, I thought of the sentiment which Thoreau so exquisitely expresses in his *Week*: "The forms of beauty fall naturally around him who is in the performance of his proper work, as the curled shavings drop from the plane and borings cluster round the auger." Picturesqueness characterizes the New England white laborer, as it does the Southern black laborer: especially is this true of those who have emigrated from Europe when of adult age, and have been unable to lay aside the picturesque features of their Old-World life.

One winter evening I discovered, a few miles from the village, one of this class: he was, on the whole, the strangest human being whom it has ever been my fortune to meet. About dusk I found myself some distance away from the village, near the great bridge that spans the river where it debouches into the sea. The water was heaving in long, slow swells. A deep silence had fallen over the earth. The evening red was reflected in the sea in rich blood dye, while the colored lights of the bridge and the lighthouse glowed and burned in the deep, here writhing along the waves like long golden and crimson sea-serpents, and there shooting down long streamers of light into the waves, to serve, I fancied, as hanging lamps for that vast black, star-bespangled abyss of the sky, that weird sunken dome, that inverted world, over which the water lay stretched out like thin, translucent red glass, and to look down into whose immeasurable and

VOL. XXVI.—24

dizzy depths thrilled me both with pleasure and a kind of terror—that vague feeling of pain which the sublime always excites in the mind.

I crossed the bridge and wandered along the opposite side of the river by a lonely path. Suddenly I saw smoke curling up from a small recess of the beach. It was a full mile from any human habitation known to me, and I hesitated for a moment about advancing upon such a place at dusk, especially as the winter was one of the gloomiest in the period of our long financial depression. However, I decided to go on. Several overturned fishing-boats lay upon the beach, with a net drying upon one of them. A few clamshells were scattered about, and near the door of a small cabin lay a pile of split kindlings. The cabin was considerably smaller in size than an English railway-carriage, and nestled under the overhanging bank of the river. No human being was visible at first. But presently I detected by the red glow of his pipe a man in the interior of the cabin. I sat down on a boat, not venturing to approach nearer and beard the old lion in his lair. But on his inviting me to come in I went up to the door. It was, however, only a meaningless form of speech that led him to say "Come in," for it would hardly have been possible to get into a cabin only five feet wide, with the man himself sitting by a large rusty stove right over against the door. He placed a bootjack in the doorway for me to sit down upon. There was no window in the cabin. Firkins of fish were piled up along the sides of the interior, and in the dim background I saw a rude framework covered with straw which served as a bed.

And now for the human being there. The most noticeable peculiarity about the strange old hermit was an enormous wen which hung down from the front part of his neck. This wen was fully as large as a man's head. Long yellow hair hung over his shoulders, and a huge red beard reached to the middle of his breast—

His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind.

His moustache alone showed signs of

the scissors: he had there cleared a path through the russet jungle of his beard, that an entrance might be had to the inner man. The eyes that looked out from this thicket of hair had not that hard, dangerous, angry look that experience of such persons had taught me to expect, but they expressed loneliness. He told of the high tides of the month of January in a certain year, when the water rose so as to enter his cabin and ponderous cakes of ice were knocking and grinding against its sides in the night. We talked of fish. He spoke of fyke-nets and drag-nets and warp-lines, and of eel-spearing through the ice. He took especial delight in telling me how the snow in winter was swept away from his door in a clean circle by the broom of some friendly wind. "It is the wind that does it," said he with touching naïveté. It almost seemed to the poor old man's lonely heart like a special favor on the part of the wind, like a tender feeling and relenting on the part of the icy-hearted winter wind for him in his solitude and sadness as he lay there cast out on the desolate shore of the world, deformed and shattered in health—

Gleich einer Leiche
Die grollend ausgeworfen das Meer—

"Like a corpse which the bellowing sea has cast out."

Strange life! O utter barrenness of existence! A pipe, a fire, fish, rags and a bed of straw. God pity thee! God pity thee, thou poor stricken deer! Take heart, man, take heart! Be brave, and dash away the bitter tear. Look up from the lowly cabin-door into the solemn night with its golden-burning stars, and even the loosened harp-strings of thy shattered old frame will vibrate and tremble to the eternal melodies that thrill through the mystic All: "God is in his heaven."

Dickens and Hawthorne have each written of canal-life in America, the one in a satirico-humorous way, the other sympathetically. People side with one or the other according as their disposition is active and restless or indolent and epicurean. I fight under the banner of Hawthorne in defence of the canal. The following sketch of one of the old pictu-

resque Pennsylvania canals may be called a vignette, for it is a fragment without definite border or setting. But admirers of Dickens are respectfully requested to note that it is no mere fancy sketch of a poetic mind, but was drawn from Nature, every bit of it.

The first and most novel sensation I experienced was that of the quiet and seemingly mysterious gliding movement of the boat. Ever and anon we passed through a lock. How strange and thrilling the feeling, to stand on the deck and see yourself slowly sinking into the great mossy box, and then to see the great valves of the lock slowly open, disclosing what seemed a new land and fresh vistas of green landscape! It was like the opening of the gates of the future (I pleased myself with fancying) to my triumphant progress. Gate after gate swung back its ponderous valves: I was Habib advancing from isle to isle of the enchanted sea. I uttered the word of power, and the huge unwieldy gates of opposition swung back with sullen and unwilling deference, compelled to respect the talisman I held. But hark! Hear the sweet notes of the supper-horn floating through the cool gloom of twilight as the tired reapers trudge home with their grain-cradles swung over their shoulders. Listen to the tinkling mule-bells on the tow-path, see the bright crimson tassels of the bridles, and the gayly-decorated boats, their cabin-roofs adorned with pots of herbs and flowers.

As we glide down the canal, ever and anon we see some empty returning boat (called "light boat" in the technical canal phrase) rounding a curve before us. It comes nearer: the horses walk the same tow-path: how *are* the boats to pass without confusion? Ah, the riddle is solved. Our captain (who holds the helm while the boy, his assistant, is down in the cabin preparing supper) calls out suddenly, at the last moment, "Whoa!" The well-trained horses instantly stop; the momentum of the boat carries it on; the rope slackens, disappears in the water, except at the two ends; the approaching horses step over it, and the approaching boat glides over it. When the approach-

ing "light boat" has passed nearly or entirely over the rope our captain shouts to his horses to go on: the rope tightens, and all is as before.

The parts of the canal lying between the locks are called "levels." On long levels we could often see one or two boats far ahead of us and going in the same direction. Nothing could be prettier than the thin blue streamer of wood-smoke trailing out from the stovepipe of the cabin-roof against the bright green of the foliage along the banks. It told us the cheery news that the fragrant coffee or tea was a-making in the cozy little cabin below. And now, when supper is done, the captain brings up his guitar and plays sweet plaintive airs as we glide through the quiet evening shadows. Night deepens: the stars come out one by one, and are reflected in the smooth dark water below in dreamy, dusky splendor. We brush the dew from the heavy foliage as we pass along. Lithe alders and heavy vines trail in the cool flood, and the fresh evening air is filled with grateful harvest-scents and the perfume of unseen flowers. And now our pretty painted lamp-board is fixed in its place in the bow. The bright lamp throws its rich golden splendor before us. The lamp is hid from us by the board which holds it. We stand behind in the dark, and watch the overhanging sprays of foliage making strange, grotesque shadows that move fantastically and sport and clutch and writhe like wanton fiends, while the solid banks of foliage themselves, reflected in the water below, look, one fancies, like hanging gardens in the weird world to which the water is but a window, and far, far down upon whose dusky floor the flowers are golden stars.

The canal over which I am now conducting my readers is one of the oldest in the country. For many miles it is cut out of the solid rock, following the windings of the river and clinging close to the contours of the hills. The particolored rocks jut out in great square blocks, which, in summer, are usually tufted with grass or flowers. There is an indescribable air of coziness and safety

about the amphibious life one leads on such a canal. You can here snap your fingers at the terrors of the cruel water. Here the mocking waves cannot "curl their monstrous heads" as on the sea, when with blind fury they dash against the helpless ship their ponderous and shapeless forms, while sailors and passengers alike are every moment expecting the final stroke that shall sink them beneath the waves. On the canal you cannot be drowned, on the canal you cannot be wrecked. The shore is so delightfully near! You exult in the friendly companionship of the rocky wall that towers above you, and in the assuring presence of the flowers and shrubs that cling there or reach out to you their thin elvish hands. You feel that here untamed Nature (that great wolf) cannot get her claws upon you. Upon this thread of water you are soothed by the thought that you are under the friendly and beneficent protection of man.

About nine or ten o'clock each evening the boats tie up at some lock. At all of these locks there are refreshment-stands and neat taverns of which the traveller must avail himself, since there are no accommodations for visitors on the boats. On the fourth day, wishing to vary my experience, I boarded another boat. Her deck was the very model of neatness. Verily the spirit of either a Yankee housewife or a Dutch vrow must have presided over that boat and tyrannized over the poor wretches who managed it. Black Care seemed to sit continually upon their brows. They were living scrubbing-brushes. They were scrub-mad. From morn to dewy eve they scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed, and doubtless in their dreams they still scrubbed on. The crew consisted of a man and his wife, their boy and an old uncle of the boy. I found, to my delight, that the boy was a very communicative young gentleman, flowing freely in talk without any pumping on my part. The various quaint technical phrases which I learned from him shall now be imparted to the reader. The *berme*, or *heel-path*, is the side of the canal opposite the tow-path; *basins* are small coves in the canal where

boats may lie over; *stop-lock*, a sort of quay; the *bit*, a timber-head at the bow of the boat. *Snub her!* is a phrase of command, meaning, "Tie the boat to a post on the bank." *Pipe-poles* are steering-poles. The *stern pile* (of coal on this canal) is in a large crib near the stern and just in front of the cabin, and is placed in this particular part of the long and unwieldy boat in order to make her obey the helm better. *Timber-heads* project above the deck to "snub" lines on. *Tow-posts* are short upright posts near the bow, to which the tow-line is fastened. The *combings* are the pieces the hatches rest on and surround the hold in an oval form. The *wale-plank* is the edge of the deck, projecting out over the water like a welt around the entire circumference of the boat.

It may surprise many persons to learn that on the tablelands of the Alleghany Mountains there are still thousands of square miles of virgin forests of hemlock and pine through which roam bears and deer in considerable numbers. The hemlock trees are rapidly succumbing, however, to the axe of the lumberman and the bark-peeler. Bark-peeling is the great industry there, almost every mountain-hollow along the lines of the few rail-ways that have penetrated the region in Pennsylvania having its tannery in active operation. This tanning business, by the way, is in a very prosperous condition, owing to the foreign demand for the liquor extracted from the bark as well as to the steadiness of the leather market. There is a primitive freshness in the life of the mountaineers and lumbermen of the Alleghanies like that of the mining regions of the far West. There is a sprinkling of Canadians among the lumbermen, and as a whole they are the most honest, good-natured, childlike set of men in existence. They are the true priests of those high and dim-green temple-aisles—priests of Nature one might call them. The cabins of the bark-peelers are made of rough, sweet-smelling hemlock planks. The smell of the hemlock bark is fresh and tonical, and appetizing in the highest degree. The men eat fabulous quantities

of food: some require five meals a day. I well remember my first meal in a mountain hemlock shanty. Imagine a long table of unpainted boards with X-shaped legs, and along each side of the table benches for seats. Let there be upon the table three large bowls of black sugar, here and there towering stacks of white bread (the slices an inch thick at least), and beside each cover a teacup and saucer, a huge bowl filled to the brim with steaming-hot apple-sauce, together with a bowl of the same dimensions containing beans. Now blow the supper-horn, and hearken to the far halloo from the mountain-side. Twenty blowzed and bearded men, ravenous and wild-eyed with hunger, presently file into the room. They sit down: there is an awful and solemn silence—they are evidently impressed with the momentous importance of the occasion. You find your face growing long; you think of funerals; make a timid and humble remark which you hope will be acceptable and within the range of their comprehension. No answer: you evidently have their pity. No word breaks the sullen silence, except an occasional request to pass something, uttered with an effort as if the speaker had the lock-jaw. The meal is bolted with frightful rapidity, generally in five or six minutes. I remember that I was considerably scared and dazed, on my first acquaintance with these mountain-fauns, at seeing such a systematic snatching and grabbing, such a ferocious plying of knives and forks and rattling of cups, by those huge-limbed, brawny, whiskered fellows.

It is difficult to describe the perennial beauty of the hemlock trees, with their dark, rich foliage-masses and aromatic odor. It seems a sacrilege to destroy them so ruthlessly. When stripped of their bark and stained with the dark-red sap, they look like fallen giants spoiled of their armor, lying there prone and white-naked, as if there had been a battle of the giants and the gods. These giants were perfumed, it seems. Their huge green plumes are now withered and torn, and their red blood oozes slowly from their bodies in thin and trickling streams. You think of Ossian's heroes, of Thor

and his hammer, of the Anakim or of the steeple-high Brobdnagian cavalry, and almost expect to hear groans issuing from the colossal trunks that cumber the ground on every side.

Everything is on a large scale in these mighty forests. The horizon of your life noiselessly widens, rolls gradually back into immeasurable distances, and "deepens on and up." There is elasticity and stretch in your thoughts. If you have read Richter, his towering, godlike dreams of time and eternity here find their fit interpretation. He had his Fichtelgebirge, and you have your hemlock mountains. Life seems heroic once more: you exult in existence, and fondly think that here you could be happy for ever. To live far away from the cruel, hurrying world in a sweet little hamlet you wot of, sunk in the heart of the mountains at the bottom of a

deep, mossy mountain-chalice—a chalice of richest chasing and filled with the pure wine of God, the mountain-air; to live there during the long summer days; to stand in the flush of dawn with bared head and inhale the fragrance of the dew-drenched grass and the scarlet balsams; to walk with hushed step through the wide forests, communing with the powerful sylvan spirits that labor there, watching with what miraculous delicacy of touch their unseen fingers weave the rich fantastic shrouds of fern and moss that deck the dead and fallen trees or anon give to the living their faint and mottled tints of green and gray;—to live thus through the summer hours, and through autumn, winter, spring watch the unrolling of the gorgeous scroll of Time,—this, you think, were living to some purpose! WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE PARIS SALON OF 1880.

THE Salon (official) catalogue contains this year 696 pages. There are 3957 paintings exhibited; 2085 designs, sketches in charcoal and water-colors; 30 engravings on stone, etc.; 111 designs for architecture; 46 specimens of lithography; 701 pieces of sculpture; 305 eaux-fortes; and 54 specimens of monumental art—in all 7280 objects. Though we all thought last year that the number of paintings exhibited was immense, this year the number is 917 more. Alas for the poor critics! How many an additional ache that implies for them! Still, as we have a cozy reading-room at the Palais de l'Industrie—an innovation of this season for the benefit of those who get tired of looking at the pictures and wish to "take a rest"—the weary critic may enter and take a seat (if he can find one unoccupied, which is highly improbable), and there write out his "notes," as I am doing at this moment.

While standing in front of a charming picture by Dagnan-Bouveret (*Un Accident*), I felt a soft arm brush gently against mine, and glancing down recognized the capricious Sara Bernhardt. Yes, Sara was there, leaning on the arm of Mr. Stevens, the Belgian painter who is credited with finishing Sara's paintings, and followed by her son Maurice and a little retinue of admirers, mostly young men—artists and actors—and stared at with persistency by all who saw her pass. "There goes Bernhardt!" "Did you see Bernhardt?" were the remarks on all sides. Her head, which bore itself as if quite unaware that a suit for three hundred and fifty thousand francs damages was suspended over it like the sword of Damocles, was covered with a mass of rich auburn-colored hair. She is as changeable as a chameleon in the matter of her hair: I never see her twice with the same colored *chevelure*.

The Salon this year contains at least

four *good*—one might almost say *great*—pictures. Of these four, the one to which popular opinion seems to award the *grande médaille d'honneur*, is Bastien-Lepage's *Jeanne d'Arc*. This large painting (3 $\frac{1}{2}$ mètres by 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ mètres) represents the Maid at the moment when, seeing the vision of the Virgin, she is inspired to go forth and save her country. A peasant-girl, strong and muscular, she leans against a tree, her face uplifted to heaven and aglow with a noble inspiration. The cottage in the background, the trees and weeds in the middle distance, the distribution of light and the subdued tones of this impressive picture, are all excellent. Some critics object to the artist's perspective, but I fancy that is a bit of hypercriticism.

Then comes Fernand Cormon's *Flight of Cain*, suggested by Victor Hugo's lines :

Lorsqu' avec ses enfants couverts de peaux de bêtes,
Échevelé, livide au milieu des tempêtes,
Caïn se fut enfui de devant Jéhovah.

This canvas is one of the largest in the Salon—4 by 7 mètres. The chief figures are grandly painted and the whole picture is very impressive.

Alphonse Alexis Morot's *Good Samaritan* is an exceedingly strong picture. The Samaritan is represented holding upon his own beast the poor maltreated Jew and walking by his side. The figure-painting is wonderful in its vigor and *verve*.

The fourth picture is Alexandre Cabanel's *Phèdre*. The source of the artist's inspiration was the well-known passage from Euripides: "Consumed upon a bed of grief, Phèdre shuts herself up in her palace, and with a thin veil envelops her blonde head. It is now the third day that her body has partaken of no nourishment: attacked by a concealed ill, she longs to put an end to her sad fate." Phèdre, as she lies wishing only for death as a surcease of sorrow, gazed upon with solicitude by her pitying attendants, is a vivid picture of all-consuming grief. The decorative work of the bed and the wall is chaste and classic.

Of the minor pictures, that of Dagnan-Bouveret, *Un Accident*, is one of the best. It is indeed a rare picture in the excel-

lence of its execution in every detail. A boy has been badly wounded in the wrist by some accident, and the surgeon is engaged in dressing the injured part. The dirty foot of the boy as it peeps out beneath the chair, shod in a rough sabot which fails to conceal its grime, the bowl standing on the table half full of blood and water while the wrist is now being skilfully bandaged by the surgeon, whose operations are watched with great solicitude by the group of sympathetic relatives,—all these features give a living interest to this painting which is unusual. The red, grimy hands of the old mother of the boy are very faithfully painted. The expression on the lad's face of heroic endurance and a determination not to cry in any case is touching.

As for Mademoiselle Sara Bernhardt's *La Jeune Fille et la Mort*—a veiled skeleton coming up behind a young girl and touching her on the shoulder—it would attract little attention if it had not been signed by the flighty (and lately *fleeing*) actress. The verses underneath the picture are the best part of it :

La Mort glisse en son rêve, et tout bas :
" Viens," dit elle,
" L'Amour c'est l'éphémère, et je suis l'immortelle."

The great names—Meissonier, Gérôme, Munkacsy, Madrazo, Berne-Bellecour, Détaillé, De Neuville, Rosa Bonheur, Flameng, etc.—are conspicuous this year by their absence from the catalogue of the Salon. It is whispered that the reason Munkacsy does not exhibit is because the administration of the Beaux-Arts saw fit to place the pictures by foreign artists separately in the *Galérie des Étrangers*. An "impressionist" artist-friend of mine—Miss Cassatt, the sister of Vice-President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—says that the reason these distinguished artists do not exhibit any more is that they are disgusted with the way in which the Salon is conducted by Edmond Turquet, the present sous-secrétaire aux Beaux-Arts, and the very unfair acts committed in the awarding of medals, admission of pictures, etc.

M. Jean Jacques Henner's *La Fontaine* is a true Correggio in delicacy and

clearness of tone. His treatment of the flesh is peculiar, and much envied by many a Paris artist. In this picture the nymph, leaning over the fountain, is dressed in a very inexpensive costume—in fact, the same fashion that Mother Eve introduced into Eden. There in the placid water the beautiful creature contemplates the reflection of her face, and seems to breathe, with all her being, those charming lines of Lafenestre:

Heure silencieuse, où la nymphe se penche
Sur la source des bois qui lui sert de miroir,
Et rêve en regardant mourir sa forme blanche
Dans l'eau pâle où descend le mystère du soir.

Gustave Jacquet's *Le Minuet* is one of those pictures which fascinate and draw us back again and again. A rarely-beautiful girl is dancing the minuet, surrounded by a group of her friends, beautiful blonde girls and a fair-haired young man. The costumes are perfectly exquisite, yet there is not too much *chiffonnerie* in the picture. There is a remarkable effect of depth in the painting of the figure of the dancing girl, especially at the feet and at the bottom of her skirt. Perhaps the only criticism that could fairly be passed upon M. Jacquet's picture is that there is too much of mere "prettiness" about his principal figures.

A curious feature in this year's exhibition is that there are three pictures of the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday, two of which are hung in the same room. There are also three paintings representing a scene from Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*, "L'enfant avait reçu deux balles dans la tête." The child is represented in Henry Gervex's picture as being lifted up by his friends, who are examining the poor little wounded, bleeding head. It is powerful in composition and a very thrilling, realistic picture. The other two representations of this subject are by Paul Langlois and Paul Robert.

Gustave Courtois's *Dante and Virgil in Hell: The Circle of the Traitors to their Country*, is a picture very much studied by all the artists who visit the Salon because of its strange landscape, its wonderful effect of the glacial formations and its marvellous effects of color. Benjamin

Constant's *Les Derniers Rebelles* is one of the best efforts of this artist, so fruitful in scenes drawn from Morocco and Egyptian life. He has depicted the sultan going forth in great splendor from the gates of the city of Morocco, surrounded by his army and courtiers, and before him are brought, either dead or alive, all the principal chiefs of the revolted tribes. There is much that is noble in the composition, and the coloring is perfect.

The arrangement of the pictures this year is not altogether satisfactory to the artists. A radical change has been made—grouping all the *hors-concours* men by themselves, and all the foreigners by themselves, and crowding about one thousand pictures out of doors into the corridors which run around the garden of the Palais de l'Industrie. A friend of mine saw a French artist mount a step-ladder and deliberately cut out of the frame his picture and carry it away with him, because it was so badly hung.

The *Illustrated Catalogue* of the Salon is a somewhat remarkable work. It is specially noticeable for the very curious English translations of the titles of some of the paintings. For instance, the title of Gabriel Boutel's picture, *Bonne à tout faire*—a soldier seated with a baby in his arms—is rendered, *Maid for anything* (!). *Prière à Saint Janvier* is rendered *Prayer at Saint Januarius*. *Le Cabaret du Pot d'Étain* is translated *The Tavern of the Brass POT* (instead of *Pewter Mug*). Ed. Morin's *Promenade en Marne* is *A Fris on the Marne!* Our friend from Boston, Edwin Lord Weeks, is mentioned as "LORD" Edwin Weeks! But the best of all is *La Cruche cassée*, translated *The Broken PIG!* The title of another picture is (in the catalogue) *Good-bye, Sweet hart!*

Out of the 3957 oil paintings exhibited, our country is represented by 113 pictures, the productions of 83 Americans. Then we claim 13 of the aquarelle painters, and there are in addition 11 natives of the United States who exhibit designs in charcoal, *sanguine*, *gouache*, and paintings on either porcelain or faïence; also 7 sculptors—in all, 114 of our compatriots

whose works are in the present Salon. New York claims the lion's share of these artists, 40 being accredited to that State. Of the remainder, 18 are from Boston, 13 from Philadelphia, 6 from New Orleans, 3 from Chicago, 2 from Toledo, 2 from San Francisco, etc. etc.

I think it will be generally admitted that the only really strong pictures exhibited by the American artists are John S. Sargent's portrait of Madame Pailleron (wife of the author of *L'Étincelle*) and his *Fumée d'Ambre Gris*; Henry Mosler's *Toilette de Noce*; D. R. Knight's *Une Halte*; Miss Gardner's *Priscilla the Puritan*; F. A. Bridgman's *Habitation Arabe à Biskra*; Charles E. DuBois's *Autumn Evening on Lake Neuchâtel*; and Edwin L. Weeks's *Embarkment of the Camels and Gateway of an Old Fondak in the Holy City of Sallée* (Morocco)—both of which were sold immediately after the opening. Of course there are several other good pictures by our compatriots, and some that possess great merit. But the ones indicated above are the only ones which (excepting Picknell's two landscapes, *Sur le Bord du Marais* and *La Route de Concarneau*) have called forth any special notice from French critics or in any way attracted much of the public attention thus far. Mr. Sargent is a surprise and a wonder to even his master, Carolus Duran, whose portrait, painted by Sargent, attracted great attention in the Salon of last year and received an "honorable mention." He has painted this year a full-length in the open air, producing a very sunny, strong out-door effect. The hands attract much praise, but opinions vary as to the face. His *Fumée d'Ambre Gris* represents a woman of Tangiers engaged in perfuming her clothing with the fumes from a lamp in which ambergris is burning. The white robes of the woman set off against a pearly-gray background, the rising smoke, the curiously-tinted finger-nails of the woman, and the rich rug on which the lamp stands, combine to make a very notable and curious picture.

Miss Elizabeth J. Gardner of New Hampshire has two excellent pictures in the Salon—*Priscilla the Puritan* and

The Water's Edge. They are both well hung, as indeed are most of our American artists' contributions to this exhibition. Out of the 111 pictures in oils sent in by the Americans, I can recall 46 which are hung "on the line," and there may be even more. This is certainly treating our countrymen very fairly. Miss Gardner's *Au Bord de l'Eau* represents two young girls standing at the edge of a pond, the one reaching down to pluck a water-lily, and the other supporting her by clasping her waist. There is great purity in the tones of this picture, and, though lacking somewhat in action, the coloring and drawing are both admirable.

The most notable piece of statuary in the Salon, the work of an American, is Saint-Gaudens's statue of Admiral Farragut. Mr. Saint-Gaudens, who is a native of New York, received about two years ago from one hundred gentlemen of that city, who had subscribed the necessary funds, a commission to make a statue of the great sailor. It is to be placed in Madison Square, New York. The pedestal is to be of granite, having at its base a large seat, on the back of which will be an inscription mentioning the important events in the life of the hero. The statue, of bronze, represents Farragut in a standing posture, a little larger than life-size. It is now being cast, and will be ready to be placed in position within two months. Mr. Saint-Gaudens is now at work on a statue of Richard Robert Randall, the founder of the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, in front of which institution this statue is to be placed. This sculptor has also nearly completed his cast of the figures intended to ornament the mausoleum of Ex-Senator E. D. Morgan (of New York), about to be erected at Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Saint-Gaudens intends removing his atelier from Paris to New York in June, and will hereafter be permanently located in that city, where he will be an important addition to the art-movement in our own country.

The catalogue numbers, names and birthplaces of the Americans who exhibit this year are here given:

OIL PAINTINGS.

103. Audra, Rosémond Casimir, New Orleans, La.
 127. Bacon, Henry, Boston, Mass.
 139. Baird, William, Chicago.
 142, 143. Baker, Miss Ellen K., Buffalo.
 193. Bayard, Miss Kate, New York.
 220, 221. Beckwith, Arthur, New York.
 329. Bierstadt, Albert, New York.
 344. Bispham, Henry C., Philadelphia, Pa.
 355, 356. Blackman, Walter, Chicago.
 362. Blashfield, Edwin H., New York.
 380. Boggs, Frank Myers, New York.
 490, 491. Bridgman, Frederic D., Alabama.
 519, 520. Brown, Walter Francis, Rhode Island.
 742. Cheret-Lauchame de Gavarmy, J. L., New Orleans.
 823, 824. Coffin, Wm. Anderson, Allegheny City.
 841. Collins, Alfred Q., Boston, Mass.
 844. Comans, Mrs. Charlotte B., New York.
 855. Conant, Miss Cornelia, New York.
 866. Copeland, Alfred Bryant, Boston.
 890. Correja, Henry, New York.
 893, 894. Corson, Miss Helen, Philadelphia.
 933, 934. Cox, Kenyon, Warren, O.
 965, 966. Daniel, George, New York.
 1009. Davis, John Steeple, New York.
 1089. Delpoit, J. S., New York.
 1132, 1133. Deschamps, Mme. Camille, New York.
 2096. DeLancey, William, New York.
 1155. Dessommes, Edmond, New Orleans.
 1161. Desvarreux-Larpenteur, Jas., St. Paul, Minn.
 1199. Dillon, Henry, San Francisco, Cal.
 1234, 1235. Dubois, Charles Edward, New York.
 1381. Faller, Miss Emily, New York.
 1426. Flaeg, Charles Noël, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 1537, 1538. Gardner, Miss Elizabeth J., New Hampshire.
 1559. Gault, Alfred de, New Orleans, La.
 1569, 1570. Gay, Walter, Boston.
 1614. Gilman, Ben Ferris, Salem, Mass.
 1693, 1694. Gregory, J. Eliot, New York.
 1796. Harrison, Thomas Alexander, Philadelphia.
 1799, 1800. Healy, George P. A., Boston.
 1801, 1802. Heaton, Augustus G., Philadelphia.
 1835, 1836. Herpin-Masserias, Madame Marguerite, Boston, Mass.
 1851, 1852. Hilliard, William H., Boston.
 1853. Hinckley, Robert, Boston.
 1859. Hlasko, Miss Annie, Philadelphia.
 387. Jones, Bolton, Baltimore, Md.
 2011. Knight, Daniel Ridgeway, Philadelphia.
 2337. Lippincott, William H., Philadelphia.
 2364. Loomis, Chester, Syracuse, N. Y.
 2513. Mason, Louis Gage, Boston.
 2556, 2557. May, Edward Harrison, New York.
 2666. Mitchell, John Ames, New York.
 2730. Morgan, Charles W., Philadelphia.
 2738. Mortimer, Stanley, New York.
 2739, 2740. Mosler, Henry, Cincinnati, O.
 2741. Moss, Charles E., Charloe, Kansas (?).
 2742, 2743. Moss, Frank, Philadelphia.
 2765. Mowbray, Henry S., Alexandria, Egypt (of American parentage).
 2780. Neal, David, Lowell, Mass.
 2789. Nicholls, Burr H., Buffalo, N. Y.
 2823. Obermiller, Miss Louisa, Toledo, O.
 2878, 2879. Parker, Stephen Hills, New York.
 2895. Pattison, James William, Boston. (Mr. Pattison exhibits also an aquarelle.)
 2944. Perkins, Miss Fanny A., New York.
 3014, 3015. Picknell, W. L., Boston, Mass.
 3147, 3148. Ramsey, Milne, Philadelphia.
 3177. Reilly, John Louis, New York.
 3284. Robinson, Theodore, Irasburg.
 3428, 3429. Sargent, John S., Philadelphia.
 3525. Shonborn, Lewis, Nemora.
 3578. Stone, Miss Marie L., New York.
 3579. Strain, Daniel, Cincinnati, O.
 3584. Swift, Clement.
 3606. Tekka, Madame E., Boston, Mass.
 3695. Tuckerman, Ernest, New York.
 3697. Tuttle, C. F., Ohio.
 5850. Vogel, Miss Christine, New Orleans.
 3879. Walker, Henry, Boston.
 3891, 3892. Weeks, Edwin Lord, Boston.
 3900, 3901. Welch, Thaddeus, Laporte, Ind.
 3908, 3909. Williams, Frederic D., Boston.
 3921. Woodward, Wilbur W., Indiana.
 3923. Wright, Marian Lois.

DESIGNS, AQUARELLES, PORCELAINS, ETC.

4101. Berend, Edward, New York.
 4182, 4183. Boker, Miss Orleana V., New York.
 4187, 4188. Boni, Mrs. Marie Louise.
 4370. Chauncey, Mrs. Lucy, New York.
 4399, 4400. Clark, George, New York.
 4462. Crocker, Miss Sallie S., Portland, Me.
 4474, 4475. Dana, Charles E., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 4578. Dixey, Mrs. Ellen S., Boston.
 4586. Donohoe, Eliza, Buffalo, N. Y.
 4686. Faquani, Miss Nina, New York.
 4688. Faller, Miss Emily, New York.
 4855. Goodridge, Miss S. M.
 4867. Greatorex, Miss Eleanor E., New York.
 4868, 4869. Greatorex, Miss Kathleen, New York.
 4927. Hardie, Robert G.
 4953. Heuston, Miss Emma L., Sacramento, Cal.
 5384. Merrill, Mrs. Emma F. R., New York.
 5396. Mezzara, Mrs. Rosine, New York.
 5562. Pering, Miss Cornelia.
 5914. Tompkins, Miss Clementina, Washington.
 6008, 6009. Volkmar, Charles, Baltimore.
 6015. Walker, Miss Sophia A.
 6028. Wheeler, Miss Mary, Concord.
 6029, 6030. Whidden, W. M., Boston.

SCULPTURE.

6081. Bartlett, Paul, New Haven.
 6136. Boyle, John, Philadelphia.
 6276. Donoghue, John, Chicago.
 6312, 6313. Ezekiel, Moses, Richmond.
 6371. Gould, Thomas Ridgway, Boston.
 6534. Mezzara, Joseph, New York.
 6661, 6662. Saint-Gaudens, Augustus, New York.
 J. J. R.

A PLOT FOR AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

IN Hawthorne's *American Note-Book*, among his memoranda, into which he conscientiously put every scrap and detail which might be useful in his writings, is an allusion to the "Grey Property Case," a lawsuit which held the Pennsylvania courts for more than half a century, and turned upon a curious story which will be new to some readers and may have slipped from the recollection of others. It belongs to the history of Mifflin, Juniata county, first settled by Scotch-Irish colonists in

1749. Two of the four men who claimed some land and built a fort had the name of Grey, and the narrative concerns the younger of these two brothers, John Grey. One morning in August, 1756, he left his wife and children at the fort and set out on an expedition to Carlisle. He was returning when he had an encounter with a bear, and was detained on the mountain-road for several hours. This probably preserved his life, for when he reached the settlement he found that the fort had just been burned by the Indians, and that every person in it had either been killed or taken prisoner. Among the latter were Grey's wife and his child, a beautiful little girl of three years old. Grey was an affectionate husband and father, and he was almost heartbroken by this catastrophe. Fired with longing for revenge, he joined Colonel Armstrong's expedition in September against the Indian settlement at Kittanning on the Ohio, with some hope that his wife and child might be found among the captives whom, it was rumored, the Indians had carried there. Colonel Armstrong's onslaught was successful: he succeeded in burning the village, killed about fifty savages and rescued eleven white prisoners. Grey gained no information, however, about his family, and, sick and exhausted by the disappointment and the fatigues of the campaign, went home to die. He left a will bequeathing one-half of his farm to his wife and one-half to his child if they returned from captivity. In case his child should never be given up or should not survive him, he gave her half of the estate to his sister, who had a claim against him, having lent him money.

The rumor was true that the Indians had first carried Mrs. Grey and her little daughter to Kittanning, but afterward, for greater security, they were given over to the French commander at Fort Duquesne. They were confined there for a time, then carried into Canada. About a year later Mrs. Grey had a chance to escape. She concealed herself among the skins in the sledge of a fur-trader, and was thus able to elude pursuit. She left her child behind her in captivity, and after passing through a variety of adventures returned

to Tuscarora Valley, and, finding her husband dead, proved his will and took possession of her half of his property. Grey's sister was disposed to assert her claim to the other portion, but Mrs. Grey always maintained that her little daughter Jane was alive, and would sooner or later, after the French and Indian wars were ended, be released and sent back. In 1764 a treaty was made with the Indians enforcing a general surrender of all their white captives. A number of stolen children were brought to Philadelphia to be identified by their friends and relations, and Mrs. Grey (who in the mean time had married a Mr. Williams) made the journey to this city in the hope of claiming her little daughter Jane. Seven years had passed since Mrs. Williams had seen the child, who might be expected to have grown out of her remembrance. But, even taking this into consideration, there seemed at first to be none of the children who in the least respect answered the description of the lost girl. Mrs. Grey probably longed to find her daughter for affection's sake. But there was besides a powerful motive to induce her, inasmuch as she wished to get possession of the other half of her husband's property, which must otherwise be forfeited to his sister, Mrs. James Grey. One of the captive children, apparently about the same age as the lost Jane, had found no one to recognize her. Mrs. Williams determined to take this girl and substitute her for her own, and put an end to Mrs. James Grey's claim. She did so, and brought up the stranger for her own child. The Grey property thus passed wholly into the possession of Mrs. Williams. The girl grew up rough, awkward and ugly, incapable of refinement and even gross in her morals. She finally married a minister by the name of Gillespie.

Meanwhile, the heirs of Mrs. James Grey had gained some sort of information which led them to suspect that the returned girl was no relation of their uncle John Grey, and in 1789 they brought a lawsuit to recover their mother's half of the property. By this time endless complications had arisen. Mrs. Williams was

dead: her half of her first husband's farm had been bequeathed to her second husband's kindred, and was now in part held by them and in part had been bought by half a dozen others. The supposed daughter, Mrs. Gillespie, had died, as had her husband, and their share had passed to his relations. It had become almost impossible for the most astute lawyers to find beginning, middle or end to the claims which were set forth. Plenty of evidence was collected to show that Mrs. Williams had substituted a stranger for her own child, and the decision finally rested on this, and the property was given up to the heirs of Mrs. James Grey. This did not happen, however, until 1834, when few or none of the original litigants remained.

The real little Jane Grey, so it was said, was brought up in a good family who adopted her, and afterward married well and had children, residing near Sir William Johnson's place in Central New York.

L. W.

THE MISERIES OF CAMPING OUT.

MY DEAR COUSIN LAURA: So you are thinking about camping out, and want my opinion as to whether the spot we chose for our trout-fishing in June is a suitable place for ladies to go? I should give a decided negative. My brother takes his wife and his sister usually, although he fortunately left them at home last time. I think they must have to "make believe" a good deal to think it fun. I am certain that had they been with us they would have been forced to exercise their largest powers of imagination. We set out in fine weather, but entered the woods in a driving snowstorm, and enjoyed a forty-six-mile drive over a road that has, I must say this for it, not been known to be so bad for years. We came back in a pelting rain. We made our camp in a snowstorm, and the wood was wet and would not burn, and our tent was damp and would not dry. We fished in a boat on the lake, swept by cold winds until we were chilled to the bone and our hands were so stiff we could not hold the rods. My brother had a "chill" the first night in camp. I had indigestion

from eating things fried in pork fat from the first meal until I got a civilized repast at Frank's house in New York. I was bounced sore. My nose was peeled by sun and cold. My lips were decorated by three large cold-sores. My hands bled constantly from a combination of chap and sunburn. I made up my mind if I ever got safely out of those woods it would be several years at least before I could be persuaded to enter them again. The scenery *is* lovely, but one cannot enjoy it. The fishing *is* good, but it is hard work, and my own opinion is that there is altogether "too much pork for a shilling" in the whole business. Talk about being "ten miles from a lemon"! Try forty-six miles from a lemon over a corduroy road. At first we had cold weather, hence no black flies or mosquitos. When warm weather came on again we had both of them, and our experience was that the snowstorm was preferable. The black flies made the day unendurable, and the mosquitos made the night as well as the day a wasting misery. We had them everywhere—in the hut, in the tent, at the table, on the lake, in the woods. No smudge or lotion discourages them; oil of tar is their delight, camphor they revel in; buzzing, singing, biting continually are their pastime. They are a galling curse—a nuisance which no words can describe. A lady *might* go through all this if she had perfect health and the endurance under punishment of a prize-fighter. Your party may travel all those weary miles and strike a fortunate week of pleasant weather, but you may, and more likely will, have a week when it will rain dismally straight through without stopping. We found, on looking up the statistics, that in an average season out of every twenty-two days eighteen will always be stormy, lowering and dismal. No, don't camp out unless you can make up your mind beforehand to every kind of discomfort and inconvenience to mar all that is beautiful and all that is pleasing. I speak of course of the localities I have known in my three several attempts. *They say* it is different in other parts of the region. But when you have plank

roads and first-class hotels and all the modern conveniences, I don't call that going into the woods and camping out. The real thing is not very much fun except in the retrospect, when you can thank your stars that you got out alive. For the greater part it is a snare and a delusion. But if you still pine for the forests and streams and the free out-of-door life, I don't wish to discourage you, and you know I never give advice.

Your affectionate cousin, F. G.

UNREFORMED SPELLING.

A LITTLE note has come to me which gives an entertaining glimpse of the average ability of a class. "John Stubbs × his mark" is obviously "low-water mark," but there are levels between that and high-school possibilities which we cannot often measure. The note is written on fair white paper and had a white envelope. The writer is American, the wife of a fisherman, and about thirty years old, though the handwriting is like that of the old ladies of our grandmothers' time. It is given of course, in the full sense, *literatim*, and is offered for the encouragement—or the despair—of the Spelling Reform Association. The little touch of pathos makes one read with respect:

Dear Madam

June the 2.

Will you pleas to enclose the 100 dollars in an envelope, so that the little boy wont loose it: the little dog was too years old the first of May: and my babey too the 24 of April, they have always ben together and he is verey intelegent inthead and you can learn him eneything you would wish to fealing asuared he will receive everey kindness you have the best wishes of Mrs. Hattie —.

Perhaps it is well to add, the "100" means ten. The hero is a black Skye, long-haired, plume-tailed and soft-eyed. What his views were upon removal from the back alley of his youth to a well-appointed though by no means luxurious home he never said, but his investigation was comically thorough, winding up in dumb amaze at the discovery of himself in a long mirror. His experience of

feminine humanity being limited to the variety that rolls its sleeves above its elbows and comports itself accordingly, he bitterly resented good clothes, transferred his affections to the housemaids, and only much coaxing and much sugar could win his heart for his new mistress.

"The little boy" had dubbed him "Penny," which hardly suited his silken attire and his little haughty, imperious ways; so, though the children will still call him "Penny-wise" and "Four Farthings," the mistress finds nothing less than "Pendenis" due to his dignity. C. B. M.

OUR NEW VISITORS.

I SHOULD like to have Mr. Burroughs or some of our naturalists write one of their pleasant papers and explain the mystery of the wood-thrush's advent in our gardens and upon our lawns. Until a year ago the wood-thrush was not one of the birds which ever raised its note in our pleasure-grounds. We heard them in the woods, and looked at them, when we intruded upon their privacy, with that sort of shyness with which we watch strangers. We knew their "wood-notes wild," and admired their plumage, but they did not inspire the same feeling as their cousin the robin. But a year ago all at once here was the thrush. Nobody could tell when he came, how he came or why he came. It seemed an accident, for there was but one pair: it was as if through innocence or ignorance, instead of building their nests in their old chosen haunts, they had wandered away and lost themselves in the spacious grounds of a gentleman's country-seat. They had no dismay, no doubts, however: they took possession of the lawn with the utmost boldness. They were rarely out of sight, hopping from morning until night about the turf, flying from tree to tree with their impulsive movements, more graceful than the robins. They were never silent, uttering perpetually their mellow flute-like cry and singing their simple but ecstatic melody.

That was last year; and this year, 1880, the thrushes are everywhere in this Connecticut village by the Sound. Their orange-and-tawny backs gleam in the

sunshine from morning until night. There are numbers of them. Their manners are very marked. They have quite the air of conquerors. All the other birds yield them precedence, and they positively domineer over the pugnacious little English sparrow, who is content to keep in the background and watch his chance when feeding-time comes.

And of all the curious things about them, what seems most inexplicable is their tameness. They have no mistrust, but eye you with an intelligent, knowing look while bringing their young to feed within half a dozen feet of you. They

perch on the croquet-arches in the midst of a noisy game. They sing directly over your head with the utmost spirit and vivacity, hardly ceasing all the forenoon, and again bursting out toward evening and maintaining their song until every other bird's lay is hushed in the twilight. White of Selborne would have delighted in such a freak on the part of these pretty gay strangers, who have left secluded swampy haunts, the deep dells where the blackberries twine and the daisies and clover blossom, for our close-cut lawns and elm- and willow-shaded nooks. A. T.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Alexander Pope. By Leslie Stephen. (English Men-of-Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

The interest of this series, which increases rather than diminishes—as one might have feared would be the case—with each succeeding volume, lies very much in the fact that the list of writers, almost as long and varied as that of the subjects, is a representative one. It comprises men who have won distinction in different departments—as novelists, historians, scholars, scientific expounders—but who here meet in the common field of biographical criticism and work together under the same limitations and conditions. Hence their performances give us not so much a measure of their individual powers as of the tone of thought and intellectual depth of the class to which they belong. However diverse their abilities and special fields of observation or research, their general range of knowledge, methods of study and ideas of life are very much the same. They are collectively “men of culture,” as the writers of Queen Anne’s time were “wits,” and it is the qualities associated with that term, rather than any distinct gifts or characteristics, that are here called into play. Mr. Trollope’s *Thackeray* was perhaps an exception—a black spot on the otherwise immaculate whiteness. In a different way the

general effect would have been still more seriously impaired if Mr. Ruskin’s co-operation had been invited. The outcroppings of a vulgar egotism might indicate a substratum necessary to be taken into account, but it would have been a clear loss of labor to follow the leadings of any eccentric vein. One might wonder at the absence of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the high priest of culture; but we have to remember that Mr. Arnold is solicitous to stand apart, that he holds up ideals which he is careful to inform us are not those of his time, and that he is fastidious in selecting a point of view where he cannot be jostled, with perspectives to which no vision but his own can accommodate itself. His culture may represent that of the future, but certainly does not typify that of the present.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, on the contrary, might very well stand as a type of his class both in its positive and negative qualities. He, more than any of his confrères, is a product of culture. Unlike the greater number of them, he has no special talent, or pet object of enthusiasm, or erratic tendencies. He is a trained critic, and is “nothing if not critical.” His coolness is a real coolness, not the effect of any “toning down” for the occasion, as we may suspect to have been the case with Mr. Froude and Mr. Goldwin Smith. His knowledge is accurate, his judgments are sound,

his taste is seldom at fault, his style is faultless and colorless, he never attempts what he is unable to do well and without any appearance of strain. Though he may have given more attention to the literature of the eighteenth century than to that of any other period, one feels that he might safely have been entrusted with the preparation of any volume of this series. It was probably from a sense of fitness, not by mere chance, that he was selected to write the initial volume, which pitched the key for those that were to follow, and that so far he is the only writer who has been called upon for a second contribution.

His task in the present instance has been much less easy and simple than that which he before undertook. In the case of Johnson he had only to select and condense from material so copious and authentic as left no question of fact or problem of criticism unsettled. Pope's career, on the other hand, after all the research that has been spent upon it, is full of obscurities; his character, while it invites, seems to evade, analysis; even his rank and exact position in literature cannot be said to be conclusively determined. It is needless to say that Mr. Stephen has been diligent and skilful in examining and summarizing whatever facts relating to his subject have been brought to light by recent or early investigation; that he weighs all the evidence with strict impartiality, and, when it is insufficient, is content to suspend judgment without resorting to conjecture; or that his views both on points of conduct and literary questions, if not marked by any striking originality, show clear and vigorous thinking and are stated in a way that provokes no impatience or captious dissent. The interest of the narrative is well sustained, and the general impression left by it that of a report made by an expert on documents that needed to be thoroughly sifted in order that the issues which had been raised might be succinctly set forth and fully apprehended. Further than this Mr. Stephen does not pretend to go. His report is preliminary, not final. No matter previously left uncertain is here determined. Instead of an added knowledge, we are only made more sensible of our former ignorance. Pope's figure, far from coming more distinctly into view, seems to have receded and grown more vague. Certain traits have perhaps been made more noticeable than before, but those essential elements of character which would define, ex-

plain, reconcile, and enable us to conceive the combination as a unit, have eluded observation.

This is, of course, a natural result of the gaps and contradictions in the evidence, the lack especially of those minute details which are not only necessary links, but often the most suggestive features, in a record of facts or delineation of character. And if it be urged that a deeper insight would have in some measure supplied this deficiency, the answer can only be that we have no right to expect from any man the exercise of powers which he does not possess or affect to possess—powers which, in a case like this, would need to be of the finest and rarest kind. We may, however, fairly regret that Mr. Stephen has not availed himself of a resource that lay within his reach for making the accessories of his picture more brilliant and effective, with the possible incidental result of throwing a stronger light on the principal figure. Whatever else may be debated about Pope, no one would deny that he was pre-eminently the man of his time—not only its most conspicuous figure, but the very embodiment of its ideals. He suited it and it suited him. Hence the fulness and in a certain sense perfection of his work, the fact that he has given his name to an epoch as well as a school, and consequently the important place which he still retains in the history of literature. Men who were certainly not his inferiors in intellectual power lived in the same age, partook of its influence and contributed to its achievements; but they were not so thoroughly at home in it: their best qualities were stunted, rather than developed, by its soil and atmosphere. Dryden, one may safely say, would have been greater had he lived earlier, Fielding had he lived later. But one cannot imagine Pope thriving in any other air or producing equal work under different influences. The qualities most esteemed by his contemporaries he possessed in a superlative degree; his limitations were common to the society in which he moved, and neither he nor it was conscious of them as such; consequently, what would have been impediments to a different nature were to his means of free and spontaneous action. And not only does he represent the ideas of his age, but he depicted its types and manners. In this respect he is the link between the comic dramatists and the novelists, between Congreve and Fielding. The wits, the beaux,

the fine ladies, the Grub Street drudges of the reign of Anne, whatever be the fidelity or other merits of the portraits, are more familiar to us in the satires of Pope than as reflected in any other mirror. For these reasons Pope is one of the last men who can be studied to advantage from a single point of view or in a detached position. We need to understand not only his personal relations but his general affinities with the men and events of his time—of that world, at least, of which he was the centre. True, the period is better known to readers generally than almost any other. But it is not a copious accumulation of facts or a labored analysis—for which there would have been no space—that we miss in Mr. Stephen's book, but such groupings and irradiating touches as might have given us a vivid glimpse, if only a glimpse, of the whole field. Yet in lamenting that this much is not given us we are perhaps making the mistake before noticed, of demanding from a given source what it could not supply. We are driven back, therefore, on the reflection how much the slightest things in art depend on inspiration, on original power—how immeasurable the distance is between the man of culture and the man of genius.

Samuel Lover: A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By Andrew James Symington. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The memory of so genial and popular a writer as Lover ought to be kept as green as possible, and Mr. Symington has done well to embody his *Loveriana* in a short life of the Irish humorist. The new material brought forth is slender, consisting simply of a few letters and ten short poems, not of his best; but it was worth publishing, and Mr. Symington has the advantage, in treating of Lover, of writing from personal knowledge. He has rather slurred over the earlier part of Lover's career, apparently from a fear of trespassing on the preserves of a longer biography previously published; which is a pity, as his sketch will have most interest for readers who come fresh to the subject. Even those whose curiosity in regard to the writer has not been stirred by reading his works may get a very good idea of them from the selections printed here. The book is not a critical study: it enters into no details or analysis of Lover's character. It is simply a hurried outline of his life, interspersed with songs and

stories which go a good way to make up for the meagreness of personal anecdote, and ending with some friendly letters and short notes written by Lover during the last few years of his life and addressed to Mr. Symington. Most of these letters were written in poor health from the Isle of Wight or Jersey, to which places he was sent by the doctors. They are not of the brilliant or gossipy order, but they are admirable in their good colloquial English and cheerful, unaffected style. Lover was a man of great activity of mind, combined with warm affections. His life-story was not very romantic, but it was a wholesome and pleasant one. When young he was deeply attached to an English girl, with whom, though they were separated (Mr. Symington does not say from what cause), he maintained through life a warm friendship. The young lady married, and Lover consoled himself and was married twice, each time, it appears, very happily. His letters contain many little domestic allusions, reporting his own occupations and those of "the good little wife" at their fireside in Kent or away at the shore, where they look back with regret to their own country-house. Lover had a warm attachment to home, the house as well as the inmates. "I cannot tell you," he writes from the Isle of Wight, "how much I have been put off my balance by my exile from my own house. For a time one is willing to make, for health's sake, a sacrifice of domestic comfort and give up the pleasant habits one can indulge in in one's own home; but to lead for months and months a lodging-house life is very miserable: it benumbs the best of our faculties; the edge of enjoyment is blunted. Music is sweeter within the compass of your own walls; the book is pleasanter taken from the familiar shelf of your own library; in one's own studio the habit of happy occupation has made an atmosphere that has a charm in it."

Gifted with a rare variety of talents, Lover heartily enjoyed the exercise of each, and found his chief pleasure in their development. He worked incessantly at painting, writing or musical composition—worked for love of the work, not from uneasy effort or outside pressure. In this respect he presents a happy contrast to his fellow-countryman and brother-humorist Charles Lever, whose biography, published some months ago, left a painful impression on the mind in its view of a man of genuine talent and attractive qualities living in a feverish way and writing

constantly against his inclination, too often below his powers. As writers the two stand side by side. Lover had more versatility of talent, taking him partly outside the field of literature. He made the most of his powers: nothing which he has written gives the idea that he might have done it better. He was a poet, which Lever was not, and had an easy command of versification and language. His songs, while they show no high poetic qualities, are excellent of their kind, and his facility in turning an impromptu verse is shown in this scrap from the book before us in praise of a friend and physician:

When'er your vitality
Is feeble in quality,
And you fear a fatality
May end the strife,
Then Dr. Joe Dickson
Is the man I would fix on
For putting new wicks on
The lamp of life.

In his stories Lover relied less on drollery of incident and indulged more in play upon words than Lever, but the humor of both is essentially of the same kind and drawn from the same source. Compared with much of our American humor, it has a spontaneousness, and above all a lovable quality, that ours lacks. The boy who has laughed over *Lorrequer* and *Handy Andy* is apt to look back at them not merely with amusement, but with a feeling of *camaraderie* and even tenderness. He has laughed with them as well as at them—has somehow gained through the laughter a glimpse of the writer which inspires liking and respect.

New England Bygones. By E. H. Arr.
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

E. H. Arr has produced a very pleasant book by a simple effort of memory. By letting the mind's eye travel back carefully and vigilantly over the scenes of a youth passed in a rural part of New England, and taking notes of its journey, she has made a graphic picture of life in that corner of the country forty years ago. Not a few men and women who were "raised" there have carried away, bit for bit, the same reminiscences, so exactly does one New England landscape resemble another, in details of foreground at least. The same description of orchard, stone walls or old well will fit any farm in Maine or Massachusetts, and fond recollection sniffs the same odor of sputtering doughnuts through the kitchen-door, whether it carries one back

to the Green hills or the White. Recollections are alike, but impressions differ, one class of minds retaining the sense of bareness and gloom which is so continually insisted upon in some New England books, and others, as in the book before us, dwelling lovingly upon the wholesome flavor, pungent yet mellow, which gives New England country life a distinctive charm unlike anything else either in this or the mother-country. Even the Sunday is pleasant to look back upon to E. H. Arr; which is probably one instance of the fact that retrospective pleasure is sometimes totally disproportionate to present enjoyment.

The author is more successful in her treatment of landscape than of figures. Her village people are shown too much under one aspect: she possesses none of the humor which dares to take the most opposite traits, the grotesque and the beautiful alike, and blend them in a sound, artistic whole. Her characters are evidently drawn from life, but we miss the many little touches which would make them alive. An essay on "Old Trees" contains some of the best work in the book, with its charming sketch of an old orchard, bringing to view the twisted trees and even the irregularities of the ground, and to the palate a sharp after-taste of yellowing apples picked up from tufts of matted grass. After all, the New England of the writer's bygones does not differ essentially from the New England of to-day, though a more vivid study of life would perhaps have brought out more contrasts between the two.

Books Received.

- Homo Sum: A Novel. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.
- Unto the Third and Fourth Generation: A Study. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
- Allaooddeen, a Tragedy, and Other Poems. By the author of "Constance," etc. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
- Third-Term Politics: A Lecture. By Horace White. New York: Independent Republican Association.
- The American Cyclist. By Charles E. Pratt. Illustrated. Boston: Press of Rockwell & Churchill.
- Alva Vine; or, Art versus Duty. By Henri Gordon. New York: American News Company.

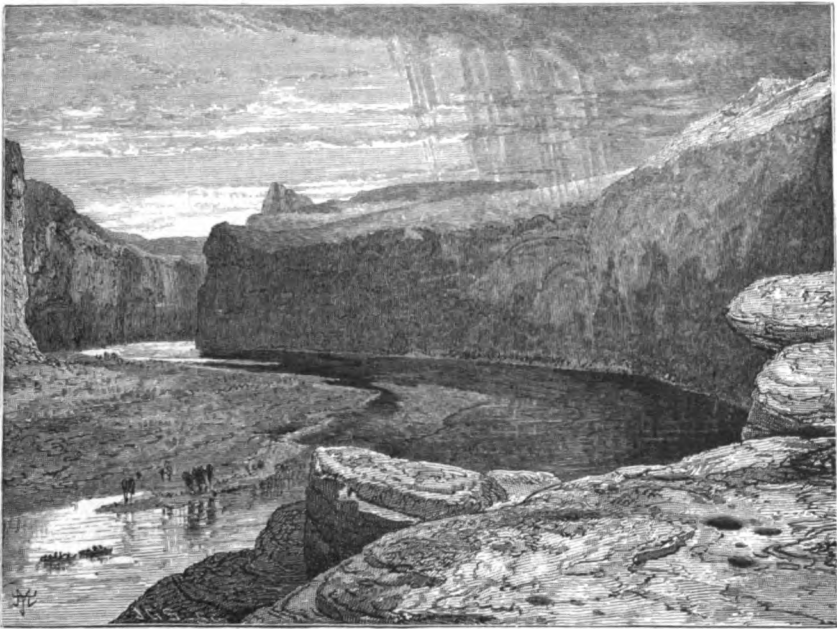
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1880.

A CHAPTER OF AMERICAN EXPLORATION.



GLEN CAÑON.

THOSE adventurous gentlemen who derive exhilaration from peril, and extract febrifuge for the high pressure of a too exuberant constitution from the difficulties of the Alps, cannot find such peaks as the Aiguille Verte and the Matterhorn, with their friable and precipitous

cliffs, among the Rocky Mountains. The geological processes have been gentler in evolving the latter than the former, and in the proper season summits not less elevated nor less splendid or comprehensive than that of the Matterhorn, upon which so many lives have been de-

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fiantly wasted, may be attained without any great degree of danger or fatigue. All but the apex may often be reached in the saddle. The *bergschrand* with its fragile lip of ice, the *crevasse* with its treacherous bridges, and the *avalanche* which an ill-timed footstep starts with overwhelming havoc, do not threaten the explorer of the Western mountains; and ordinarily he passes from height to height—from the base with its wreaths of evergreens to the zone where vegetation is limited to the gnarled dwarf-pine, from the foot-hills to the basin of the crisp alpine lake far above the life-limits—without once having to scale a cliff, supposing, of course, that he has chosen the best path. The trail may be narrow at times, with nothing between it and a gulf, and it may be pitched at an angle that compels the use of "all-fours;" but with patience and discretion the ultimate peak is conquered without rope-ladder or ice-axe, and the vastness of the world below, gray and cold at some hours, and at others lighted with a splendor which words cannot transcribe, is revealed to the adventurer as satisfaction for his toil.

But, though what may be called the pure mountain-peaks do not entail the same perils and difficulties as the members of the Alpine Club discover in Italy, France, Switzerland and Germany, the volcanic cones and cañon-walls of the West have an unstable verticality which, when it is not absolutely insurmountable, is more difficult than the top of the Matterhorn itself; and though the various expeditions under Wheeler, Powell, King and Hayden have not had Aiguilles Vertes to oppose them, they have been confronted by obstacles which could only be overcome by as much courage as certain of the clubmen have required in their most celebrated exploits. Indeed, nothing in the journals of the Alpine Club compares in the interest of the narrative or the peril of the undertaking with Major Powell's exploration of the cañons of the Colorado, which, though its history has become familiar to many readers through the official report, gathers significance in contrast with all other Western expeditions, and

stands out as an achievement of extraordinary daring.

The Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green Rivers. The Grand has its source in the Rocky Mountains five or six miles west of Long's Peak, and the Green heads in the Wind River Mountains near Fremont's Peak. Uniting in the Colorado, they end as turbid floods in the Gulf of California, a goal which they reach through gorges set deep in the bosom of the earth and bordered by a region where the mutations of Nature are in visible process. In all the world there is no other river like this. The phenomenal in form predominates: the water has grooved a channel for itself over a mile below the surrounding country, which is a desert uninhabited and uninhabitable, terraced with long series of cliffs or *mesa-fronts*, verdureless, voiceless and unbeautiful. It is a land of soft, crumbling soil and parched rock, dyed with strange colors and broken into fantastic shapes. Nature is titanic and mad: the sane and alleviating beauty of fertility is displaced by an arid and inanimate desolateness, which glows with alien splendor in evanescent conditions of the atmosphere, but which in those moments when the sun casts a fatuous light upon it is more oppressive in its influence upon the observer than when the blaze of high noon exposes all of its unyielding harshness. To the feeling of desolation which comes over one in such a region as this a quickened sense and apprehension of the supernatural are added, and we seem to be invaders of a border-land between the solid earth and phantasy. Nature is distraught; and so much has man subordinated and possessed her elsewhere that here, where existence is defeated by the absolute impossibility of sustenance, a poignant feeling of her imperfection steals over us and weighs upon the mind.

Perhaps no portion of the earth's surface is more irremediably sterile, none more hopelessly lost to human occupation, and yet, an eminent geologist has said, it is the wreck of a region once rich and beautiful, changed and impoverished by the deepening of its draining streams—the most striking and suggestive ex-

ample of over-drainage of which we have any knowledge. Though valueless to the agriculturist, dreaded and shunned by the emigrant, the miner and the trapper,

the Colorado plateau is a paradise to the geologist, for nowhere else are the secrets of the earth's structure so fully revealed as here. Winding through it is the pro-



SWALLOW CAVE, GREEN RIVER.

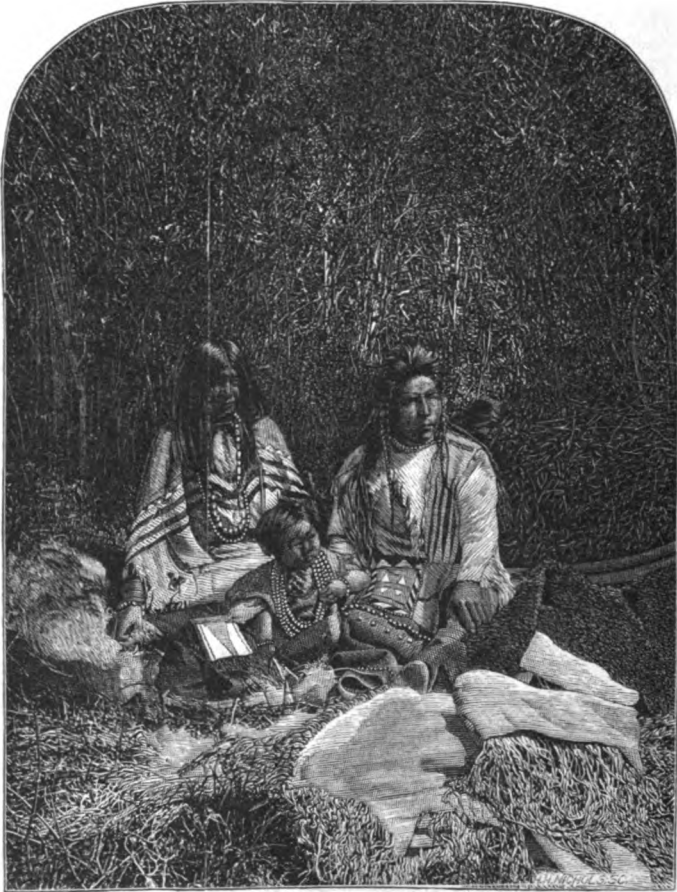
found chasm within which the river flows from three thousand to six thousand feet below the general level for five hundred miles in unimaginable solitude and gloom, and the perpendicular crags and precipices

which imprison the stream exhibit with unusual clearness the zoological and physical history of the land.

It was this chasm, with its cliffs of unparalleled magnitude and its turbulent

waters, that Major Powell explored, and no chapter of Western adventure is more interesting than his experiences. His starting-point was Green River City, Wyoming Territory, which is now reached from the East by the Union Pacific Railway. On the second morning out from

Omaha the passengers find themselves whirling through sandy yellowish gullies, and, having completed their toilettes amid the flying dust, they emerge at about eight o'clock in a basin of gigantic and abnormal forms, upon which lie bands of dull gold, pink, orange and vermilion. In



INDIANS NEAR FLAMING GORGE (SAI-AR AND FAMILY).

some instances the massive sandstones have curious architectural resemblances, as if they had been designed and scaled on a draughting-board, but they have been so oddly worked upon by the elements, by the attrition of their own disintegrated particles and the intangible carving of water, that while one block stands out as a castle embattled on a lofty precipice,

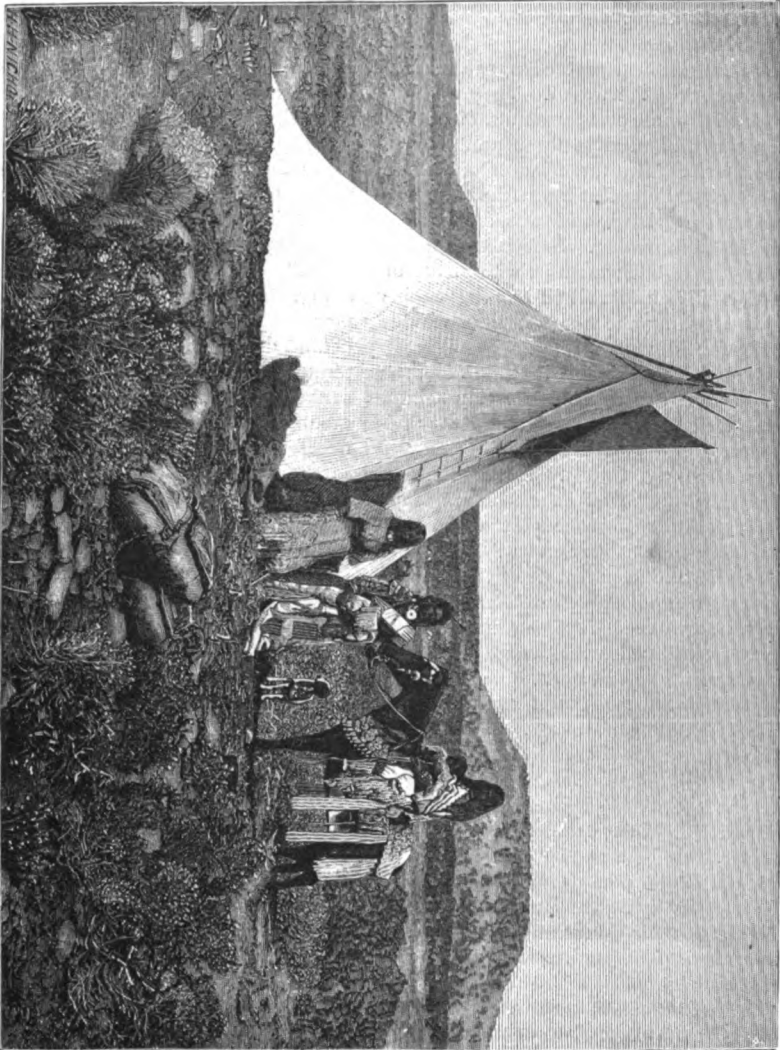
another looms up in the quivering air with a quaint likeness to something neither human nor divine. This is where the Overland traveller makes his first acquaintance with those erosions which are a characterizing element of Western scenery. A broad stream flows easily through the valley, and acquires a vivid emerald hue from the shales in its bed, whence its

name is derived. Under one of the highest buttes a small town of newish wooden buildings is scattered, and this is ambitiously designated Green River City, which, if for nothing else, is memorable

to the tourist for the excellence of the breakfast which the tavern-keeper serves.

But it was from here, on May 28, 1869, that Major Powell started down the cañon on that expedition from which the few

INDIAN LODGE NEAR FLAMING GORGE.



miners, stock-raisers and tradespeople who saw his departure never expected to see him return alive. His party consisted of nine men—J. C. Sumner and William H. Dunn, both of whom had been trappers and guides in the Rocky Moun-

tains; Captain Powell, a veteran of the civil war; Lieutenant Bradley, also of the army; O. G. Howland, formerly a printer and country editor, who had become a hunter; Seneca Howland; Frank Goodman; Andrew Hall, a Scotch boy; and

"Billy" Hawkins, the cook, who had been a soldier, a teamster and a trapper. These were carefully selected for their reputed courage and powers of endurance. The boats in which they travelled were four in number, and were built upon a model which, as far as possible, combined strength to resist the rocks with lightness for portages and protection against the over-wash of the waves. They were divided into three compartments, oak being the material used in three and pine in the fourth. The three larger ones were each twenty-one feet long: the other was sixteen feet long, and was constructed for speed in rowing. Sufficient food was taken to last ten months, with plenty of ammunition and tools for building cabins and repairing the boats, besides various scientific instruments.

Thus equipped and in single file, the expedition left Green River City behind and pulled into the shadows of the phenomenal rocks in the early morning of that May day of 1869. During the first few days they had no serious mishap: they lost an oar, broke a barometer-tube and occasionally struck a bar. All around them abounded examples of that natural architecture which is seen from the passing train at the "City"—weird statuary, caverns, pinnacles and cliffs, dyed gray and buff, red and brown, blue and black—all drawn in horizontal strata like the lines of a painter's brush. Mooring the boats and ascending the cliffs after making camp, they saw the sun go down over a vast landscape of glittering rock. The shadows fell in the valleys and gulches, and at this hour the lights became higher and the depths deeper. The Uintah Mountains stretched out in the south, thrusting their peaks into the sky and shining as if ensheathed with silver. The distant pine forests had the bluish impenetrability of a clear night-sky, and pink clouds floated in motionless suspense until, with a final burst of splendor, the light expired.

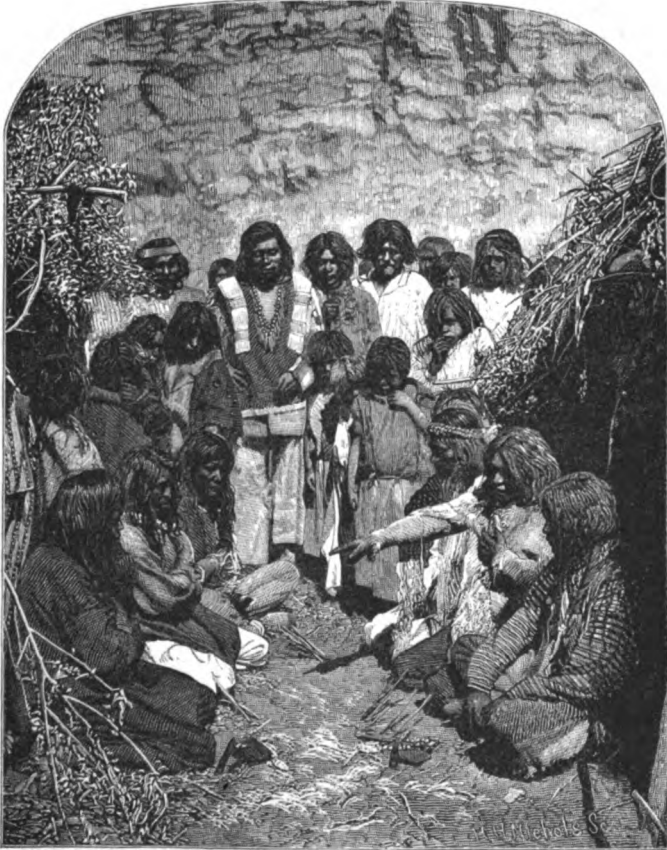
At the end of sixty-two miles they reached the mouth of Flaming Gorge, near which some hunters and Indians are settled. Flaming Gorge is a cañon bounded by perpendicular bluffs, banded

with red and yellow to a height of fifteen hundred feet, and the water flowing through it is a positive malachite in color, crossed and edged with bars of glistening white sand. It leads into Red Cañon, and in 1869 it was the gateway to a region which was almost wholly unknown. An old Indian endeavored to deter Major Powell from his purpose. He held his hands above his head, with his arms vertical, and, looking between them to the sky, said, "Rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh; water-pony (boat) heap buck. Water catch 'em, no see 'em squaw any more, no see 'em Injin any more, no see 'em pappoose any more." The prophecy was not encouraging, and with some anxiety the explorers left the last vestige of civilization behind them. Below the gorge they ran through Horseshoe Cañon, which describes an elongated letter U in the mountains, and several portages became necessary. The cliffs increased a thousand feet in height, and in many places the water completely filled the channel between them; but occasionally the cañon opened into a little park, from the grassy carpet of which sprang crimson flowers on the stems of pear-shaped cactus-plants, patches of blue and yellow blossoms, and a fragrant *Spiraea*.

As often as a rapid was approached Major Powell stood on the deck of the leading boat to examine it, and if he could see a clear passage between the rocks he gave orders to go ahead, but if the channel was barricaded he signalled the other boats to pull ashore, and landing himself he walked along the edge of the cañon for further examination. If still no channel could be found, the boats were lowered to the head of the falls and let down by ropes secured to the stem and stern, or when this was impracticable both the cargoes and the boats were carried by the men beyond the point of difficulty. When it was decided to run the rapids the greatest danger was encountered in the first wave at the foot of the falls, which gathered higher and higher until it broke. If the boat struck it the instant after it broke she cut through it, and the men had all they could do to

keep themselves from being washed overboard. If in going over the falls she was caught by some side-current and borne against the wave "broadside on," she was

capsized — an accident that happened more than once, without fatal results, however, as the compartments served as buoys and the men clung to her and were



INDIANS GAMBLING.

dragged through the waves until quieter water was reached. Where these rapids occur the channel is usually narrowed by rocks which have tumbled from the cliffs or have been washed in by lateral streams; but immediately above them a bay of smooth water may usually be discovered where a landing can be made with ease.

In such a bay Major Powell landed one day, and, seeing one of the rear boats making for the shore after he had given his signal, he supposed the others would follow her example, and walked along the

side of the cañon-wall to look for the fall of which a loud roar gave some premonition. But a treacherous eddy carried the boat manned by the two Howlands and Goodman into the current, and a moment later she disappeared over the unseen falls. The first fall was not great—not more than ten or twelve feet—but below the river sweeps down forty or fifty feet through a channel filled with spiked rocks which break it into whirlpools and frothy crests. Major Powell scrambled around a crag just in time to see the boat strike

one of these rocks, and, rebounding from the shock, careen and fill the open compartment with water. The oars were dashed out of the hands of two of the crew as she swung around and was carried down the stream with great velocity, and immediately after she struck another rock amidships, which broke her in two and threw the men into the water. The larger part of the wreck floated buoyantly, and seizing it the men supported themselves by it until a few hundred feet farther down they came to a second fall, filled with huge boulders, upon which the wreck was dashed to pieces, and the men and the fragments were again carried out of Major Powell's sight. He struggled along the scant foothold afforded by the cañon-wall, and coming suddenly to a bend saw one of the men in a whirlpool below a large rock, to which he was clinging with all possible tenacity. It was Goodman, and a little farther on was Howland tossed upon a small island, with his brother stranded upon a rock some distance below. Howland struck out for Goodman with a pole, by means of which he relieved him from his precarious position, and very soon the wrecked crew stood together, bruised, shaken and scared, but not disabled. A swift, dangerous river was on each side of them and a fall below them. It was now a problem how to release them from this imprisonment. Sumner volunteered, and in one of the other boats started out from above the island, and with skilful paddling landed upon it. Together with the three shipwrecked men he then pushed up stream until all stood up to their necks in water, when one of them braced himself against a rock and held the boat while the three others jumped into her: the man on the rock followed, and all four then pulled vigorously for the shore, which they reached in safety. Many years before an adventurous trapper and his party had been wrecked here and several lives had been lost. Major Powell named the spot Disaster Falls.

The cliffs are so high that the twilight is perpetual, and the sky seems like a flat roof pressed across them. As the worn men stretched themselves out in their blankets

they saw a bright star that appeared to rest on the very verge of the eastern cliff, and then to float from its resting-place on the rock over the cañon. At first it was like a jewel set on the brink of the cliff, and as it moved out from the rock they wondered that it did not fall. It did seem to descend in a gentle curve, and the other stars were apparently in the cañon, as if the sky was spread over the gulf, resting on either wall and swayed down by its own weight.

Sixteen days after leaving Green River City the explorers reached the end of the Cañon of Lodore, which is nearly twenty-four miles long. The walls were never less than two thousand feet high except near the foot. They are very irregular, standing in perpendicular or overhanging cliffs here, terraced there, or receding in steep slopes broken by many side-gulches. The highest point of the wall is twenty-seven hundred feet, but the peaks a little distance off are a thousand feet higher. Yellow pines, nut pines, firs and cedars stand in dense forests on the Uintah Mountains, and clinging to moving rocks they have come down the walls to the water's edge between Flaming Gorge and Echo Park. The red sandstones are lichened over, delicate mosses grow in the moist places and ferns festoon the walls.

A few days later they were upset again, losing oars, guns and barometers, and on July 18th they had only enough provisions left for two months, though they had supplied themselves with quantities which, barring accidents, should have lasted ten months. On July 19th the Grand Cañon of the Colorado became visible, and from an eminence they could follow its course for miles and catch glimpses of the river. The Green, down which they had come so far, bears in from the north-west through a narrow, winding gorge. The Grand comes in from the north-east through a channel which from the explorer's point of view seems bottomless. Away to the west are lines of cliffs and ledges of rock, with grotesque forms intervening. In the east a chain of eruptive mountains is visible, the slopes covered with pines, the summits coated with snow and the gulches



HORSESHOE CAÑON.

H. H. NICHOLS. SC.

flanked by great crags. Wherever the men looked there were rocks, deep gorges in which the rivers were lost under cliffs, towers and pinnacles, thousands of strangely-carved forms, and mountains blending with the clouds. They passed the junction of the Grand and Green, and on July 21st they were on the Colorado itself. The walls are nearly vertical, and the river is broad and swift, but free from rocks and falls. From the edge of the water to the brink of the cliffs is nearly two thousand feet, and the cliffs are reflected on the quiet surface until it seems to the travellers that there is a vast abyss below them. But the tranquillity is not lasting: a little way below this space of majestic calm it was necessary to make three portages in succession, the distance being less than three-quarters of a mile, with a fall of seventy-five feet. In the evening Major Powell sat upon a rock by the edge of the river to look at the water and listen to its roar. Heavy shadows settled in the cañon as the sun passed behind the cliffs, and no glint of light remained on the crags above, but the waves were crested with a white that seemed luminous. A great fall broke at the foot of a block of limestone fifty feet high, and rolled back in immense billows. Over the sunken rocks the flood was heaped up into mounds and even cones. The tumult was extraordinary. At a point where the rocks were very near the surface the water was thrown up ten or fifteen feet, and fell back in gentle curves as in a fountain.

On August 3d the party traversed a cañon of diversified features. The walls were still vertical in places, especially near the bends, and the river sweeping round the capes had undermined the cliffs. Sometimes the rocks overarched: again curious narrow glens were found. The men explored the glens, in one of which they discovered a natural stairway several hundred feet high leading to a spring which burst out from an overhanging cliff among aspens and willows, while along the edges of the brooklet there were oaks and other rich vegetation. There were also many side-cañons with walls nearer to each other above than below, giving them the character of grottoes;

and there were carved walls, arches, alcoves and monuments, to all of which the collective name of Glen Cañon was given.

One morning the surveyors came to a point where the river filled the entire channel and the walls were sheer to the water's edge. They saw a fall below, and in order to inspect it they pulled up against one of the cliffs, in which was a little shelf or crevice a few feet above their heads. One man stood on the deck of the boat while another climbed over his shoulders into this insecure foothold, along which they passed until it became a shelf which was broken by a chasm some yards farther on. They then returned to the boat and pulled across the stream for some logs which had lodged on the opposite shore, and with which it was intended to bridge the gulf. It was no easy work hauling the wood along the fissure, but with care and patience they accomplished it, and reached a point in the cliffs from which the falls could be seen. It seemed practicable to lower the boats over the stormy waters by holding them with ropes from the cliffs; and this was done successfully, the incident illustrating how laborious their progress sometimes became.

The scenery was of unending interest. The rocks were of many colors—white, gray, pink and purple, with saffron tints. At an elbow of the river the water has excavated a semicircular chamber which would hold fifty thousand people, and farther on the cliffs are of softly-tinted marble lustrously polished by the waves. At one place Major Powell walked for more than a mile on a marble pavement fretted with strange devices and embossed with a thousand different patterns. Through a cleft in the wall the sun shone on this floor, which gleamed with iridescent beauty. Exploring the cleft, Major Powell found a succession of pools one above another, and each cold and clear, though the water of the river was a dull red. Then a bend in the cañon disclosed a massive abutment that seemed to be set with a million brilliant gems as they approached it, and every one wondered. As they came closer to it they saw many

springs bursting from the rock high overhead, and the spray in the sunshine forms the gems which glitter in the walls, at the base of which is a profusion of mosses, ferns and flowers. To the place above where the three portages were necessary

the name of Cataract Cañon was given; and they were now well into the Grand Cañon itself. The walls were more than a mile in height, and, as Major Powell says, a vertical altitude like this is not easily pictured. "Stand on the south



THE HEART OF CATARACT CAÑON.

steps of the Treasury Building in Washington and look down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol Park, and measure this distance overhead, and imagine cliffs to extend to that altitude, and you will understand what I mean," the explorer has written; "or stand at Canal street in New York and look up Broadway to Grace Church, and you have about the distance; or stand at the Lake street bridge in Chicago and look down to the Central

Dépôt, and you have it again." A thousand feet of the distance is through granite crags, above which are slopes and perpendicular cliffs to the summit. The gorge is black and narrow below, red and gray and flaring above.

Down these gloomy depths the expedition constantly glided, ever listening and ever peering ahead, for the cañon is winding and they could not see more than a few hundred yards in advance. The view

changed every minute as some new crag or pinnacle or glen or peak became visible; but the men were fully engaged listening for rapids and looking for rocks. Navigation was exceedingly difficult, and it was often necessary to hold the boats

the walls. The oars were useless, and each crew labored for its own preservation as its frail vessel was spun round like a top or borne with the speed of a locomotive this way and that.

While they were thus uncontrollable the boats entered a rapid, and one of them was driven in shore, but as there was no foothold for a portage the men pushed into the stream again. The next minute a reflex wave filled the open compartment and water-logged her: breaker after breaker rolled over her, and one capsized her. The men were thrown out, but they managed to cling to her, and as they were swept down the other boats rescued them.

Heavy clouds rolled in the cañon, filling it with gloom. Sometimes they hung above from wall to wall and formed a roof: then a gust of wind from a side-cañon made a rift in them and the blue heavens were revealed, or they dispersed in patches which settled on the crags, while puffs of vapor issued out of the smaller gulches, and occasionally formed bars across the cañon, one above another, each opening a different vista. When they discharged their rains little rills first trickled down the cliff, and these soon became brooks: the brooks grew into creeks and tumbled down through innumerable cascades, which added their music to the roar of the river. As soon as the rain ceased rills, brooks, creeks and cascades disappeared, their birth and death being equally sudden.

Desolate and inaccessible as the cañon is, many ruins of buildings are found perched upon ledges in the stupendous cliffs. In some instances the mouths of caves have been walled in, and the evidences all point to a race for ever dreading and fortifying itself against an invader. Why did



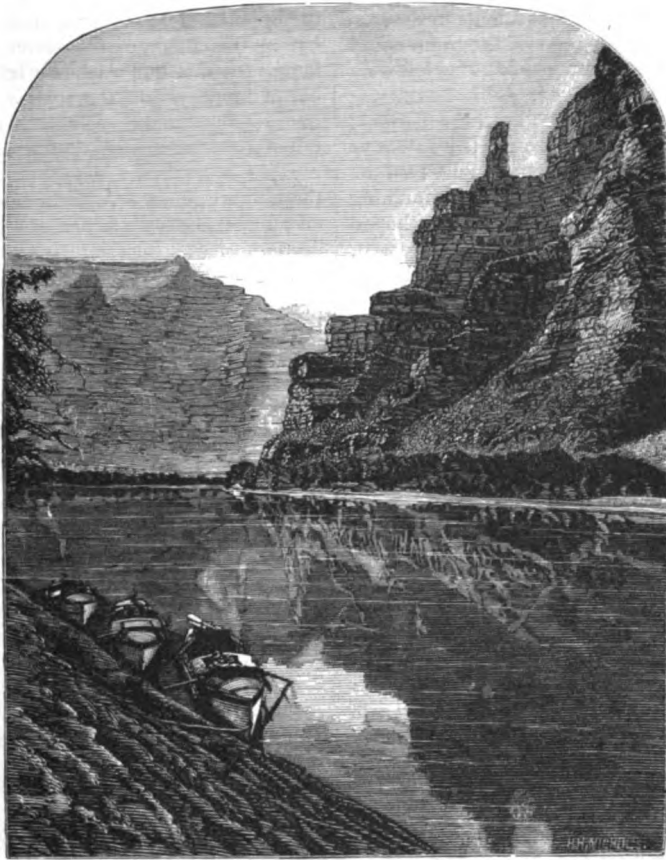
MARY'S VEIL, A SIDE CAÑON.

from ledges in the cliffs as the falls were passed. The river was very deep and the cañon very narrow. The waters boiled and rushed in treacherous currents, which sometimes whirled the boats into the stream or hurried them against

buildings are found perched upon ledges in the stupendous cliffs. In some instances the mouths of caves have been walled in, and the evidences all point to a race for ever dreading and fortifying itself against an invader. Why did

these people chose their embattlements so far away from all tillable land and sources of subsistence? Major Powell suggests this solution of the problem: For a century or two after the settle-

ment of Mexico many expeditions were sent into the country now comprised in Arizona and New Mexico for the purpose of bringing the town-building people under the dominion of the Spanish



LIGHTHOUSE ROCK IN THE CAÑON OF DESOLATION.

government. Many of their villages were destroyed, and the inhabitants fled to regions at that time unexplored; and there are traditions among the existing Pueblos that the cañons were these lands. The Spanish conquerors had a monstrous greed for gold and a lust for saving souls. "Treasure they must have—if not on earth why, then, in heaven—and when they failed to find heathen temples bedecked with silver they propitiated Heaven by seizing the heathen themselves.

There is yet extant a copy of a record made by a heathen artist to express his conception of the demands of the conquerors. In one part of the picture we have a lake, and near by stands a priest pouring water on the head of a native. On the other side a poor Indian has a cord around his throat. Lines run from these two groups to a central figure, a man with a beard and full Spanish panoply. The interpretation of the picture-writing is this: 'Be baptized as this saved

heathen, or be hanged as this damned heathen.' Doubtless some of the people preferred a third alternative, and rather than be baptized or hanged they chose to be imprisoned within these cañon-walls."

The rains and the accidents in the rapids had seriously reduced the commissary by this time, and the provisions left were more or less injured. The bacon was uneatable, and had to be thrown away: the flour was musty, and the saleratus was lost overboard. On August 17th the party had only enough food remaining for ten days' use, and though they hoped that the worst places had been passed, the barometers were broken, and they did not know what descent they had yet to make. The canvas which they had brought with them for covering from Green River City was rotten, there was not one blanket apiece for the men, and more than half the party were hatless. Despite their hopes that the greatest obstacles had been overcome, however, on the morning of August 27th they reached a place which appeared more perilous than any they had so far passed. They landed on one side of the river, and clambered over the granite pinnacles for a mile or two without seeing any way by which they could lower the boats. Then they crossed to the other side and walked along the top of a crag. In his eagerness to reach a point where he could see the roaring fall below, Major Powell went too far, and was caught at a point where he could neither advance nor retreat: the river was four hundred feet below, and he was suspended in front of the cliff with one foot on a small projecting rock and one hand fixed in a little crevice. He called for help, and the men passed him a line, but he could not let go of the rock long enough to seize it. While he felt his hold becoming weaker and expected momentarily to drop into the cañon, the men went to the boats and obtained three of the largest oars. The blade of one of them was pushed into the crevice of a rock beyond him in such a manner that it bound him across the body to the wall, and another oar was fixed so that he could stand upon it and

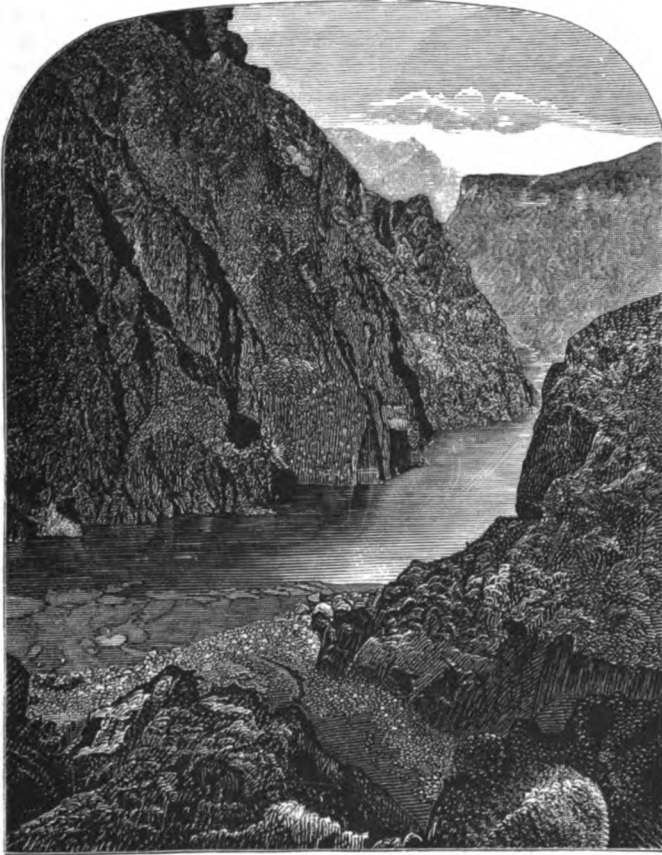
walk out of the difficulty. He breathed again, but had felt that cold air which seems to fan one when death is near.

Another hour was spent in examining the river, but a good view of it could not be obtained, and they once more went to the opposite side. After some hard work among the cliffs they discovered that the lateral streams had washed a large number of boulders into the river, forming a dam over which the water made a broken fall of about twenty feet, below which was a rapid beset by huge rocks for two or three hundred yards. This was bordered on one side by a series of sharp projections of the cañon-walls, and beyond it was a second fall, ending in another and no less threatening rapid. At the bottom of the latter an immense slab of granite projected fully halfway across the river, and upon the inclined plane which it formed the water rolled with all the momentum gained in the falls and rapids above, and then swept over to the left. The men viewed the prospect with dismay, but Major Powell had an insatiable desire to complete the exploration. He decided that it was possible to let the boats down over the first fall, then to run near the right cliff to a point just above the second fall, where they could pull into a little chute, and from the foot of that across the stream to avoid the great rock below. The men shook their heads, and after supper—a sorry supper of unleavened flour and water, coffee and rancid bacon, eaten on the rocks—the elder Howland endeavored to dissuade the leader from his purpose, and, failing to do so, told him that he with his brother and Dunn would go no farther. That night Major Powell did not sleep at all, but paced to and fro, now measuring the remaining provisions, then contemplating the rushing falls and rapids. Might not Howland be right? Would it be wise to venture into that maelstrom which was white during the darkest hours of the night? At one time he almost concluded to leave the river and to strike out across the table-lands for the Mormon settlements. But this trip had been the object of his life for many years, looked forward to and dreamed of, and to leave

the exploration unfinished when he was so near the end, to acknowledge defeat, was more than he could reconcile himself to.

In the morning his brother, Captain Powell, Sumner, Bradley, Hall and Hawkins promised to remain with him, but the Howlands and Dunn were fixed

in their determination to go no farther. The provisions were divided, and one of the boats was left with the deserters, who were also provided with three guns: Howland was also entrusted with duplicate copies of the records and with some mementos the voyagers desired to have sent to friends and relatives should they not



GRANITE WALLS.

be heard of again. It was a solemn parting. The Howlands and Dunn entreated the others not to go on, telling them that it was obvious madness; but the decision had been made, and the two boats pushed out into the stream.

They glided rapidly along the foot of the wall, grazing one large rock, and then they pulled into the falls and plunged

over them. The open compartment of the major's boat was filled when she struck the first wave below, but she cut through the upheaval, and by vigorous strokes was drawn away from the dangerous rock farther down. They were scarcely a minute in running through the rapids, and found that what had seemed almost hopeless from above was really

less difficult than many other points on the river. The Howlands and their companion were now out of sight, and guns were fired to indicate to them that the passage had been safely made and to induce them to follow; but no answer came,

cañon from the left, and immediately below the river broke over two falls, beyond which it rose in high waves and subsided in whirlpools. The boats hugged the left wall for some distance, but when the men saw that they could not descend on this



CAÑON IN ESCALANTE BASIN.

and after waiting two hours the descent of the river was resumed.

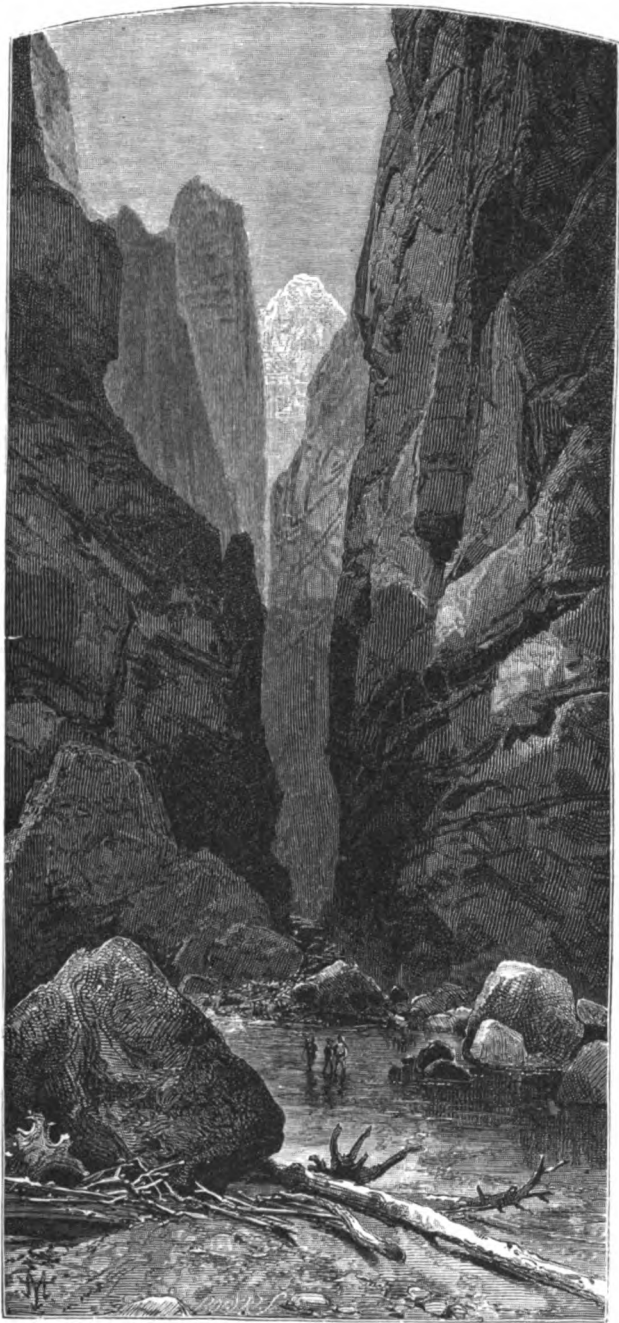
A succession of falls and rapids still had to be overcome, and in the afternoon the explorers were once more threatened with defeat. A little stream entered the

side they pulled up stream several hundred yards and crossed to the other. Here there was a bed of basalt about one hundred feet high, which, disembarking, they followed, pulling the boats after them by ropes. The major, as usual, went ahead, and discovered that it would be impossible to lower the boats from the cliff; but the men had already brought one of them to the brink of the falls and had secured her by a bight around a crag. The other boat, in which Bradley had remained, was shooting in and out from the cliffs with great violence, now straining the line by which she was held, and now whirling against the rock as if she would dash herself to pieces. An effort was made to pass another rope to Bradley, but he was so preoccupied

that he did not notice it, and the others saw him take a knife out of its sheath and step forward to cut the line. He had decided that it was better to go over the falls with her than to wait for her to be completely wrecked against

the rocks. He did not show the least alarm, and as he leaned over to cut the rope the boat sheered into the stream, the stern-post broke and he was adrift. With perfect composure he seized the large scull-oar, placed it in the stern row-lock and pulled with all his strength, which was considerable, to turn the bow down stream. After the third stroke she passed over the falls and was invisible for several seconds, when she reappeared upon a great wave, dancing high over its crest, then sinking between two vast walls of water. The men on the cliff held their breath as they watched. Again she disappeared, and this time was out of sight so long that poor Bradley's fate seemed settled; but in a moment more something was noticed emerging from the water farther down the stream: it was the boat, with Bradley standing on deck and twirling his hat to show that he was safe. He was spinning round in a whirlpool, however, and Sumner and Powell were sent along the cliff to

Vol. XXVI.—26



PA-RU-NU-WEAP CAÑON.

see if they could help him, while the major and the others embarked in the remaining boat and passed over the fall. After reaching the brink they do not remember what happened to them, except that their boat was upset and that Bradley pulled them out of the water. Powell and Sumner joined them by climbing along the cliff, and, having put the boats in order, they once more started down the stream.

On the next day, August 29th, three months and five days after leaving Green River City, they reached the foot of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the passage of which had been of continuous peril and toil, and on the 30th they ended their exploration at a ranch, from which the way was easy to Salt Lake City. "Now the danger is over," writes Major Powell in his diary; "now the toil has ceased; now the gloom has disappeared; now the firmament is bounded only by the horizon; and what a vast expanse of constellations can be seen! The river rolls by us in silent majesty; the quiet of the camp is sweet; our joy is almost ecstasy. We sit till long after midnight talking of the Grand Cañon, talking of home, but chiefly talking of the three men who left us. Are they wandering in those depths, unable to find a way out? are they searching over the desert-lands above for water? or are they nearing the settlements?"

It was about a year afterward that their fate became known. Major Powell was continuing his explorations, and having passed through Pa-ru-nu-weap (or Roaring Water) Cañon, he spent some time among the Indians in the region beyond,

from whom he learned that three white men had been killed the year before. They had come upon the Indian village starving and exhausted with fatigue, saying that they had descended the Grand Cañon. They were fed and started on the way to the settlements, but they had not gone far when an Indian arrived from the east side of the Colorado and told of some miners who had killed a squaw in a drunken brawl. He incited the tribe to follow and attack the three whites, who no doubt were the murderers. Their story of coming down the Grand Cañon was impossible—no men had ever done that—and it was a falsehood designed to cover their guilt. Excited by a desire for revenge, a party stole after them, surrounded them in ambush and filled them with arrows. This was the tragic end of Dunn and the Howland brothers.

Little need be added. The unflinching courage, the quiet persistence and the inexhaustible zeal of Major Powell enabled him to achieve a geographical exploit which had been deemed wholly impracticable, and which in adventurousness puts most of the feats of the Alpine Club in the shade. But the narrative may derive a further interest from one other fact concerning this intrepid explorer, whom we have seen standing at the bow of his boats and guiding them over tempestuous falls, rapids and whirlpools, soaring among the crags of almost perpendicular cañon-walls and suspended by his fingers from the rocks four hundred feet above the level of the river: Major Powell is a one-armed man!

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOR an instant every one seemed paralyzed and transfixed in the position into which upon Jonathan's entrance they had started. Then a sudden rush was made toward the door, which several of the strongest blocked up, while Adam called vainly on them to stand aside and give the chance of more air. Joan flew for water, and Jerrem dashed it over Jonathan.

There was a minute of anxious watching, and then slowly over Jonathan's pallid face the signs of returning animation began to creep.

"Now, stand back—stand back from him, do!" said Adam, fearing the effect of so many faces crowding near would only serve to further daze his scared senses.—"What is it, Jonathan? what is it, lad?" he asked, kneeling down by him.

Jonathan tried to rise, and Adam motioned for Barnabas Tadd to come and assist in getting him on his feet.

"Now, sit down there," said Adam, "and put your lips to this, and then tell us what's up."

Jonathan cowered down as he threw a hasty glance round, the meaning of which was answered by a general "You knows all of us, Jonathan, don't ee?"

"Iss," said Jonathan, breaking into a feeble laugh, "but somehows I'd a rinned till I'd got 'em all, as I fancied, to my heels, close by."

"And where are they, then?" said Adam, seizing the opportunity of getting at the most important fact.

"Comin' long t' roadway, man by man, and straddled on to their horses' backs. They'm to take 'ee all, dead or livin', sarch by night or day. Some o' 'em is come all the ways fra Plymouth, vowin' and swearin' they'll have blid for blid, and that if they can't pitch 'pon he who fired to kill their man every sawl aboard the Lottery shall swing gallows-high for un."

A volley of oaths ran through the room, Joan threw up her arms in despair, Eve groaned aloud.

Suddenly there was a movement as if some one was breaking from a detaining hand. 'Twas Jerrem, who, pushing forward, cried out, "Then I'll give myself up to wance: nobody sha'n't suffer 'cos o' me. I did it, and I wasn't afeared to do it, neither, and no more I ain't afeared to answer for it now."

The buzz which negatived this offer bespoke the appreciation of Jerrem's magnanimity.

Adam alone had taken no part in it: turning, he said sternly, "Do we risk our lives together, then, to skulk off when danger offers and leave one to suffer for all? Let's have no more of such idle talk. While things promised to run smooth you was welcome to the boast of havin' fired first shot, but now every man aboard fired it; and let he who says he didn't stand out and say it now."

"Fair spoke and good sense," said the men.

"Then off with you, each to the place he thinks safest.—Jerrem and you, father, must stay here. I shall go to the mill, and, Jonathan, for the night you'd best come along with me."

With little visible excitement and but few words the men began to depart, all of them more or less stupefied by the influence of drink, which, combined with this unexpected dash to their hopes and overthrow of their boastings, seemed to rob them of all their energy. They were ready to do whatever they were asked, go wherever they were told, listen to all that was said, but anything beyond this was then impossible. They had no more power of deciding, proposing, arranging for themselves, than if they had been a flock of sheep warned that a ravenous wolf was near.

The one necessary action which seemed to have laid hold upon them was that they must all solemnly shake hands; and

this in many cases they did over and over again, repeating each time, with a warning nod of the head, "Well, mate, 'tis a bad job o' it, this," until some of the more collected felt it necessary to interfere and urge their immediate departure: then one by one they stole away, leaving the house in possession of its usual occupants.

Adam had already been up stairs to get Uncle Zebedee—now utterly incapable of any thought for himself—safely placed in a secret closet which was hollowed in the wall behind the bed. Turning to Jerrem as he came down, he said, "You can manage to stow yourself away; only mind, do it at once, so that the house is got quiet before they've time to get here."

"All right," said Jerrem doggedly, while Joan slid back the seat of the settle, turned down a flap in the wall, and discovered the hole in which Jerrem was to lie concealed. "There! there ain't another hid-in-place like that in all Polperro," she said. "They may send a whole regiment o' sodgers afore a man among 'em 'ull pitch on 'ee there, Jerrem."

"And that's the reason why I don't want to have it," said Jerrem. "I don't see why I'm to have the pick and choice, and why Adam's to go off to where they've only got to search and find."

"Well, but 'tis as he says," urged Joan. "They may ha' got you in their eye already. Come, 'tis all settled now," she continued persuasively; "so get 'longs in with 'ee, like a dear."

Jerrem gave a look round. Eve was busy clearing the table, Adam was putting some tobacco into his pouch. He hesitated, then he made a step forward, then he drew back again, until at last, with visible effort, he said, "Come, give us yer hand, Adam." With no affectation of cordiality Adam held out his hand. "Whatever comes, you've spoke up fair for me, and acted better than most would ha' done, seein' that I've let my tongue run a bit too fast 'bout you o' late."

"Oh, don't think I've done any more for you than I should ha' done for either one o' the others," said Adam, not willing to accept a feather's weight of Jerrem's gratitude. "However," he added, trying to force himself into a greater show of

graciousness, "here's wishin' all may go well with you, as with all of us!"

Not over-pleased with this cold reception of his advances, Jerrem turned hastily round to Joan. "Here, let's have a kiss, Joan," he said.

"Iss, twenty, my dear, so long as you'll only be quick 'bout it."

"Eve!"

"There! nonsense now!" exclaimed Joan, warned by an expression in Adam's face: "there's no call for no leave-takin' with Eve: her 'll be here so well as you."

The words, well-intentioned as they were, served as fuel to Adam's jealous fire, and for a moment he felt that it was impossible to go away and leave Jerrem behind; but the next instant the very knowledge of that passing weakness was only urging him to greater self-command, although the effort it cost him gave a hardness to his voice and a coldness to his manner. One tender word, and his resolve would be gone—one soft emotion, and to go would be impossible.

Eve, on her part, with all her love re-awakened, her fears excited and her imagination sharpened, was wrought up to a pitch of emotion which each moment grew more and more beyond her control. In her efforts to keep calm she busied herself in clearing the table and moving to and fro the chairs, all the time keenly alive to the fact that Joan was hovering about Adam, suggesting comforts, supplying resources and pouring out a torrent of wordy hopes and fears. Surely Adam would ask—Joan would think to give them—one moment to themselves? If not she would demand it, but before she could speak, boom on her heart came Adam's "Good-bye, Joan, good-bye." What can she do now? How bear this terrible parting? In her efforts to control the desire to give vent to her agony her powers of endurance utterly gave way. A rushing sound as of many waters came gurgling in her ears, dulling the voice of some one who spoke from far off.

"What are they saying?" In vain she tried to catch the words, to speak, to move: then, gathering up all her strength, with a piercing cry she tried to break the spell. The room reeled, the ground be-

neath her gave way, a hundred voices shrieked good-bye, and with their clamor ringing in her ears Eve's spirit went down into silence and darkness. Another minute, and she was again alive to all her misery: Joan was kneeling beside her, the tears streaming from her eyes.

"What is it? Where's Adam?" exclaimed Eve, starting up.

"Gone," said Joan: "he said 'twas better to, 'fore you come to yourself agen."

"Gone! and never said a word?" she cried. "Gone! Oh, Joan, how could he? how could he?"

"What would 'ee have un do, then?" said Joan sharply. "Bide dallyin' here to be took by the hounds o' sodgers that's marchin' 'pon us all? That's fine love, I will say." But suddenly a noise outside made them both start and stand listening with beating hearts until all again was still and quiet: then Joan's quick-roused anger failed her, and, repenting her sharp speech, she threw her arms round Eve's neck, crying, "Awh, Eve, don't 'ee lets you and me set 'bout quarrellin', my dear, for if sorrow ain't a-drawin' nigh my name's not Joan Hocken. I never before felt the same way as I do to-night. My spirits is gived way: my heart seems to have falled flat down and died within me, and, be doing what I may, there keeps soundin' in my ears a nickety-knock like the tappin' on a coffin-lid."

CHAPTER XXXI.

SINCE the night on which Jonathan's arrival had plunged the party assembled at Zebedee Pascal's into such dismay a week had passed by—seven days and nights of terror and confusion.

The determined manner in which the government authorities traced out each clew and tracked every scent struck terror into the stoutest hearts, and men who had never before shrunk from danger in any open form now feared to show their faces, dared not sleep in their own houses, nor, except by stealth, visit their own families. At dead of night, as well as in the blaze of day, stealthy descents would be made upon the place, the houses sur-

rounded and strict search made. One hour the streets would be deserted, the next every corner bristled with rude soldiery, flinging insults and imprecations on the feeble old men and defenceless women, who, panic-stricken, stood about vainly endeavoring to seem at their ease and keep up a show of indifference.

One of the first acts had been to seize the Lottery, and orders had been issued to arrest all or any of her crew, wherever they might be found; but as yet no trace of them had been discovered. Jerrem and Uncle Zebedee still lay concealed within the house, and Adam at the mill, crouched beneath corn-bins, lay covered by sacks and grain, while the tramp of the soldiers sounded in his ears or the ring of their voices set his stout heart quaking with fear of discovery. To men whose lives had been spent out of doors, with the free air of heaven and the fresh salt breeze of the sea constantly sweeping over them, toil and hardship were pastimes compared to this inactivity; and it was little to be wondered at that for one and all the single solace left seemed drink. Drink deadened their restlessness, benumbed their energies, made them forget their dangers, sleep through their durance. So that even Adam could not always hold out against a solace which helped to shorten the frightful monotony of those weary days, dragged out for the most time in solitude and darkness. With no occupation, no resources, no companion, ever dwelling on self and viewing each action, past and present, by the light of an exaggerated (often a distorted) vision, Adam grew irritable, morose, suspicious.

Why hadn't Joan come? Surely there couldn't be anything to keep Eve away? And if so, might they not send a letter, a message or some token to show him that he was still in their thoughts? In vain did Mrs. Tucker urge the necessity of a caution hitherto unknown: in vain did she repeat the stories brought of footsteps dogged, and houses watched so that their inmates dare not run the smallest risk for fear of its leading to detection. Adam turned a deaf ear to all she said, sinking at last down to the conclusion that he could endure such suspense no longer,

and, come what might, must the next day steal back home and satisfy himself how things were going on. The only concession to her better judgment which Mrs. Tucker could gain was his promise to wait until she had been in to Polperro to reconnoitre; for though, from having seen a party of soldiers pass that morning, they knew some of the troop had left, it was impossible to say how many remained behind nor whether they had received fresh strength from the opposite direction.

"I sha'n't give no more o' they than I sees the wisdom of," reflected Mrs. Tucker as, primed with questions to ask Joan and messages to give to Eve, she securely fastened the doors preparatory to her departure. "If I was to tell up such talk to Eve her'd be piping off here next minit or else sendin' back a pack o' silly speeches that 'ud make Adam mazed to go to she. 'Tis wonderful how took up he is with a maid he knows so little of. But there! 'tis the same with all the men, I b'lieve—tickle their eye and good-bye to their judgment." And giving the outer gate a shake to assure herself that it could not be opened without a preparatory warning to those within, Mrs. Tucker turned away and out into the road.

A natural tendency to be engrossed by personal interests, together with a life of narrowed circumstances, had somewhat blunted the acuteness of Mrs. Tucker's impressionable sensibilities, yet she could not but be struck at the change these last two weeks had wrought in the aspect of the place. The houses, wont to stand open so that friendly greetings might be exchanged, were now closed and shut; the blinds of most of the windows were drawn down; the streets, usually thronged with idlers, were all but deserted; the few shops empty of wares and of customers. Calling to her recollection the frequent prophetic warnings she had indulged in about these evil days to come, Mrs. Tucker's heart smote her. Surely Providence had never taken her at her word and really brought a judgment on the place? If so, seeing her own kith and kin would be amongst the most to suffer, it had read a very wrong meaning in her words; for it stood to reason when

folks talked serious-like they didn't always stop to measure what they said, and if a text or two o' Scripture sounded seemly, 'twas fitted in to help their speech out with, not to be pulled abroad to seek the downright meanin' o' each word.

Subdued and oppressed by these and like reflections, Mrs. Tucker reached Uncle Zebedee's house, inside which the change wrought was in keeping with the external sadness. Both girls looked harassed and careworn—Joan, now that there was no further occasion for that display of spirit and bravado which before the soldiers she had successfully contrived to maintain, utterly broken down and apathetically dejected; Eve, unable to enter into all the difficulties or sympathize in the universal danger, ill at ease with herself and irritable with all around her. In her anxiety to hear about Adam—what message he had sent and whether she could not go to see him—she had barely patience to listen to Mrs. Tucker's roundabout details and lugubrious lamentations, and, choosing a very inopportune moment, she broke out with, "What message has Adam sent, Mrs. Tucker? He's sent a message to me, I'm sure: I know he must have."

"Awh, well, if you knaws, you don't want to be told, then," snorted Mrs. Tucker, ill pleased at having her demands upon sympathy put to such sudden flight. "Though don't you think, Eve, that Adam hasn't got somethin' else to think of than sendin' love-messages and nonsense o' that sort? He's a good deal too much took up 'bout the trouble we'm all in for that.—He hoped you was' all well, and keepin' yer spirits up, Joan."

"Poor sawl!" sighed Joan: "I 'spects he finds that's more than he can do."

"Ah, you may well say that," replied Mrs. Tucker, casting a troubled look toward her daughter's altered face. "Adam's doin' purtty much the same as you be, Joan—frettin' his insides out."

"He's fretting, then?" gasped Eve, managing to get the words past the great lump which seemed to choke her further utterance.

"Frettin'," repeated Mrs. Tucker with severity. "But there! why should I?"

she added, as if blaming her sense of injury. "I keeps forgettin' that, compared with Joan, Eve, you'm nothin' but a stranger, as you may say; and, though I dare say I sha'n't get your thanks for saying it, still Adam could tell 'ee so well as me that fresh faces is all very well in fair weather, but in times of trouble they counts for very little aside o' they who's bin brought up from the same cradle, you may say."

Eve's swelled heart could bear no more. This sense of being set aside and looked on as a stranger was a gall which of late she had been frequently called upon to endure, but to have it hinted at that Adam could share in this feeling toward her—oh, it was too much, and rising hastily she turned to run up stairs.

"Now, there's no call to fly off in no tantrums, Eve," said Mrs. Tucker; "so just sit down now and listen to what else I've got to say."

But Eve's outraged love could hide itself no longer: to answer Joan's mother with anything like temper was impossible, and, knowing this, her only refuge was in flight. "I don't want to hear any more you may have to say, Mrs. Tucker;" and though Eve managed to keep under the sharpness of her voice, she could not control the indignant expression of her face, which Mrs. Tucker fully appreciating, she speeded her departure by the inspiring prediction that if Eve didn't sup sorrow by the spoonful before her hair was gray her name wasn't Ann Tucker.

"Awh, don't 'ee say that," said Joan. "You'm over-crabbit with her, mother, and her only wantin' to hear some word that Adam had sent to her ownself."

"But, mercy 'pon us! her must give me time to fetch my breath," exclaimed Mrs. Tucker indignantly, "and I foaced to fly off as I did for fear that Adam should forestall me and go doin' somethin' foolish!"

"He ain't wantin' to come home?" said Joan hurriedly.

"Iss, but he is, though. And when us see they sodgers go past I thought no other than he'd a set off then and there. As I said to un, 'Tis true you knows o'

they that's gone, but how can 'ee tell how many's left behind?'"

Joan shook her head. "They'm all off," she said: "every man of 'em's gone; but, for all that, Adam mustn't come anighst us or show his face in the place. 'Tis held everywhere that this move is nothin' but a decoy to get the men out o' hidin', and that done, back they'll all come and drop down on 'em."

"Well, then, I'd best go back to wanst," cried Mrs. Tucker, starting up, "and try and put a stop to his comin', tho' whether he'll pay any heed to what I say is more than I'll answer for."

"Tell un," said Joan, "that for all our sakes he mustn't come, and say that I've had word that Jonathan's lurkin' nigh about here some place, so I reckon there's somethin' up; and what it is he shall know so soon as I can send word to un. Say *that* ought to tell un 'tisin't safe to stir, 'cos he knows that Jonathan would sooner have gone to he than to either wan here."

"Well, I'll tell un all you tells me to," said Mrs. Tucker with a somewhat hopeless expression; "but you know what Adam is, Joan, when he fixes his mind on anythin'; and I've had the works o' the ward to keep un from comin' already: he takes such fancies about 'ee all as you never did. I declare if I didn't know that p'r'aps he's a had more liquor than he's used to take o' times I should ha' fancied un light-headed like."

"And so he'll be if you gives much sperrit to un, mother," said Joan anxiously: "'tis sure to stir his temper up. But there!" she added despondingly, "what can anybody do? 'Tis all they ha' got to fly to. There's Jerrem at it fro' mornin' to night; and as for uncle, dear sawl! he's as happy as a clam at high watter."

"Iss, I reckon," said Mrs. Tucker: "it don't never matter much what goes wrong, so long as uncle gets his fill o' drink. I've said scores o' times uncle's joy 'ud never run dry so long as liquor lasted."

"Awh, well," said Joan, "I don't know what us should ha' done if there'd ha' bin no drink to give 'em: they'd ha' bin more than Eve and me could manage, I can tell 'ee. Nobody but our ownselfs,

mother, will ever know what us two maidens have had to go through."

"You've often had my thoughts with 'ee, Joan," said Mrs. Tucker, her eyes dimmed by a rush of motherly sympathy for all the girls must have suffered; "and you can tell Eve (for her'll take it better from you than from me) that Adam's always a-thinkin' of her, and begged and prayed that she wudn't forget un."

"No fear o' that," said Joan, anxious that her mother should depart; "and mind now you say, no matter what time 'tis, directly I've seen Jonathan and knows 'tis safe for we somebody shall bring un word to come back, for Eve and me's longin' to have a sight of un."

Charged with these messages, Mrs. Tucker hastened back to the mill, where all had gone well since her departure, and where she found Adam more tractable and reasonable than she had had reason to anticipate. He listened to all Joan's messages, agreed with her suspicions and seemed contented to abide by her decision. The plain, unvarnished statement which Mrs. Tucker gave of the misery and gloom spread over the place affected him visibly, and her account of the two girls, and the alteration she had seen in them, did not tend to dispel his emotion.

"As for Joan," she said, letting a tear escape and trickle down her cheek, "'tis heart-breakin' to look at her. Her's terrible wrapped up in you, Adam, is Joan—more than, as her mother, I cares for her to awn to, seein' how you'm situated with Eve."

"Oh, Eve never made no difference 'twixt us two," said Adam. Then, after a pause, he asked, "Didn't Eve give you no word to give to me?"

"Well, no," said Mrs. Tucker: then, with the determination to deal fairly, she added quickly, "but her was full o' questions about 'ee, and that 'fore I'd time to draw breath inside the place." Adam was silent, and Mrs. Tucker, considering the necessity for further explanation removed by the compromise she had made, continued: "You see, what with Jerrem and uncle, and the drink that goes on, they two poor maidens is kept

pretty much on the go; and Eve, never bein' used to no such ways, seems terrible harried by it all."

"Harried?" repeated Adam, with ill-suppressed bitterness, "and well she may be; still, I should ha' thought she might have managed to send, if 'twas no more than a word, back to me."

CHAPTER XXXII.

UNDER the plea that, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Jonathan might still possibly put in an appearance, Adam lingered in his aunt's cheerful-looking kitchen until after the clock had struck eleven: then he very reluctantly got up, and, bidding Mrs. Tucker and Sammy good-night, betook himself to the mill-house, in which, with regard to his greater safety, a bed had been made up for him.

Adam felt that, court it as he might, sleep was very far from his eyes, and that, compared to his own society and the torment of thought which harassed and racked him each time he found himself alone, even Sammy Tucker's company was a boon to be grateful for. There were times during these hours of dreary loneliness when Adam's whole nature seemed submerged by the billows of love—cruel waves, which would toss him hither and thither, making sport of his hapless condition, to strand him at length on the quicksands of fear, where a thousand terrible alarms would seize him and fill him with dread as to how these disasters might end. What would become of him? how would it fare with Eve and himself? where could they go? what could they do?—questions ever swallowed up by the constantly-recurring, all-important bewilderment as to what could possibly have brought about this dire disaster.

On this night Adam's thoughts were more than usually engrossed by Eve: her form seemed constantly before him, distracting him with images as tempting and unsatisfying as is the desert spring with which desire mocks the thirst of the fainting traveller. At length that relaxation of strength which in sterner natures takes the place of tears subdued Adam, a soft-

ened feeling crept over him, and, shifting his position so that he might rest his arms against the corn-bin near, a deep-drawn sigh escaped him.

"Hist!"

Adam started at the sound, and without moving turned his head and looked rapidly about him. Nothing was to be seen: with the exception of the small radius round the lantern all was darkness and gloom.

"Hist!" was repeated, and this time there was no more doubt but that the sound came from some one close by.

A clammy sweat stood on Adam's forehead, his tongue felt dry and so powerless that it needed an effort to force it to move.

"Who's there?" he said.

"'Tis me—Jonathan."

Adam caught up the lantern, and, turning it in the direction whence the voice came, found to his relief that the rays fell upon Jonathan's face. "Odds rot it, lad!" he exclaimed, "but you've gived me a turn! How the deuce did you get in here? and why didn't ye come inside to the house over there?"

"I've a bin scrooged down 'tween these 'ere sacks for ever so long," said Jonathan, trying to stretch out his cramped limbs: "I reckon I've had a bit o' a nap too, for the time ha'n't a took long in goin', and when I fust come 'twasn't altogether dark."

"'Tis close on the stroke o' twelve now," said Adam. "But come, what news, eh? Have ye got hold o' anything yet? Are they devils off for good? Is that what you've come to tell me?"

"Iss, they's off this time, I fancy," said Jonathan; "but 'twasn't that broffed me, though I should ha' comed to tell 'ee o' that too."

"No? What is it then?" demanded Adam impatiently, turning the light so that he could get a better command of Jonathan's face.

"'Twas 'cos o' this," said Jonathan, his voice dropping to a whisper, so that, though the words were trembling on his lips, his agitation and excitement almost prevented their utterance: "I've found it out—all of it—who blowed the gaff 'pon us."

Adam started forward: his face all but touched Jonathan's, and an expression of terrible eagerness came into his eyes.

"'Twas she!" hissed Jonathan—"she—her from London—Eve;" but before the name was well uttered Adam had thrown himself upon him and was grasping at his throat as if to throttle him, while a volley of imprecations poured from his mouth, denouncing the base lie which Jonathan had dared to utter. A moment more, and this fit of impotent rage over, he flung him violently off, and stood for a moment trying to bring back his senses; but the succession of circumstances had been too much for him: his head swam round, his knees shook under him, and he had to grasp hold of a beam near to steady himself.

"What for do 'ee sarve me like that, then?" muttered Jonathan. "I ain't a-tellin' 'ee no more than I've a-heerd, and what's the truth. Her name's all over the place," he went on, forgetful of the recent outburst and warming with his narration. "Her's a reg'lar bad wan; her's a-carr'ed on with a sodger-chap so well as with Jerrem; her's a—"

"By the living Lord, if you speak another word I'll be your death!" exclaimed Adam.

"Wa-al, and so you may," exclaimed Jonathan doggedly, "if so be you'll lave me bide 'til I'se seed the end o' she. Why, what do 'ee mane, then?" he cried, a sudden suspicion throwing a light on Adam's storm of indignation. "Her bain't nawthin' to you—her's Jerrem's maid: her bain't your maid? Why," he added, finding that Adam didn't speak, "'twas through the letter I carr'ed from he that her'd got it to blab about. I wishes my hand had bin struck off"—and he dashed it violently against the wooden bin—"afore I'd touched his letter or his money."

"What letter?" gasped Adam.

"Wa-al, I knaws you said I warn't to take neither wan; but Jerrem he coaxes and persuades, and says you ain't to know nawthin' about it, and 'tain't nawthin' in it, only 'cos he'd a got a letter fra' she to Guernsey, and this was t' answer; and then I knawed, 'cos I seed em, that they was sweetheartin' and that, and—"

"Did you give her that letter?" said Adam; and the sound of his voice was so strange that Jonathan shrank back and covered close to the wall.

"Iss, I did," he faltered: "leastwise, I given un to Joan, but t'other wan had the radin' in it."

There was a pause, during which Adam stood stunned, feeling that everything was crumbling and giving way beneath him—that he had no longer anything to live for, anything to hope, anything to fear. As, one after another, each former bare suggestion of artifice now passed before him clothed in the raiment of certain deceit, he made a desperate clutch at the most improbable, in the wild hope that one falsehood at least might afford him some ray of light, however feeble, to dispel the horrors of this terrible darkness.

"And after she'd got the letter," he said, "what—what about the rest?"

"Why 'twas this way," cried Jonathan, his eyes rekindling in his eagerness to tell the story: "somebody dropped a bit of paper into the rendezvous winder, with writin' 'pon it to say when and where they'd find the Lottery to. Who 'twas did it none knows for sartin, but the talk's got abroad 'twas a sergeant there, 'cos he'd a bin braggin' aforehand that he'd got a watch-sale and that o' her'n'."

"Her'n'?" echoed Adam.

"Iss, o' Eve's. And he's allays a-showin' of it off, he is; and when they axes un questions he doan't answer, but he dangles the sale afront of 'em and says, 'What d'ee think?' he says; and now he makes his brag that he shall hab the maid yet, while her man's a-dancin' gallus-high a top o' Tyburn tree."

The blood rushed up into Adam's face, so that each vein stood a separate cord of swollen, bursting rage.

"They wasn't a-manin' you, ye know," said Jonathan: "'twar Jerrem. Her's played un false, I reckon. Awh!" and he gave a fiendish chuckle, "but us'll pay her out for't, woan't us, eh? Awnly you give to me the ticklin' o' her ozel-pipe;" and he made a movement of his bony fingers that conveyed such a hideous embodiment of his meaning that Adam, overcome by horror, threw up his arms with

a terrible cry to heaven, and falling prone he let the bitterness of death pass over the love that had so late lain warm at his heart; while Jonathan crouched down, trembling and awestricken by the sight of emotion which, though he could not comprehend nor account for, stirred in him the sympathetic uneasiness of a dumb animal. Afraid to move or speak, he remained watching Adam's bent figure until his shallow brain, incapable of any sustained concentration of thought, wandered off to other interests, from which he was recalled by a noise, and looking up he saw that Adam had raised himself and was wiping his face with his handkerchief. Did he feel so hot, then? No, it must be that he felt cold, for he shivered and his teeth seemed to chatter as he told Jonathan to stoop down by the side there and hand him up a jar and a glass that he would find; and this got, Adam poured out some of its contents, and after tossing it off told Jonathan to take the jar and help himself, for, as nothing could be done until daylight, they might as well lie down and try and get some sleep. Jonathan's relish for spirit once excited, he made himself tolerably free of the permission, and before long had helped himself to such purpose that, stretched in a heavy sleep, unless some one roused him he was not likely to awake for some hours to come.

Then Adam got up and with cautious movements stole down the ladder, undid the small hatch-door which opened out on the mill-stream, fastened it after him, and leaping across stood for a few moments asking himself what he had come out to do. He didn't know, for as yet, in the tumult of jealousy and revenge, there was no outlet, no gap, by which he might drain off any portion of that passionate fire which was rapidly destroying and consuming all his softer feelings. The story which Jonathan had brought of the betrayal to the sergeant, the fellow's boasts and his possession of the seal Adam treated as an idle tale, its possibility vanquished by his conviction that Eve could have had no share in it. It was the letter from Jerrem which was the damning proof in Adam's eyes—the proof by which

he judged and condemned her; for had not he himself seen and wondered at Jerrem's anxiety to go to Guernsey, his elation at finding a letter waiting him, his display of wishing to be seen secretly reading it, and now his ultimate betrayal of them by sending an answer to it?

As for Jerrem—oh he would deal with him as with a dog, and quickly send him to that fate he so richly deserved. It was not against Jerrem that the depths of his bitterness welled over: as the strength of his love, so ran his hate; and this all turned to one direction, and that direction pointed toward Eve.

He must see her, stand face to face with her, smite her with reproaches, heap upon her curses, show her how he could trample on her love and fling her back her perjured vows. And then? This done, what was there left? From Jerrem he could free himself. A word, a blow, and all would be over: but how with her? True, he could kill the visible Eve with his own hands, but the Eve who lived in his love, would she not live there still? Ay; and though he flung that body which could court the gaze of other eyes than his full fathoms deep, the fair image which dwelt before him would remain present to his vision. So that, do what he would, Eve would live, must live. Live! Crushing down on that thought came the terrible consequences which might come of Jonathan's tale being told—a tale so colored with all their bitterest prejudices that it was certain to be greedily listened to; and in the storm of angry passion it would rouse everything else would be swallowed up by resentment against Eve's baseness; and the fire once kindled, what would come of it?

The picture which Adam's heated imagination conjured up turned him hot and cold; an agony of fear crept over him; his heart sickened and grew faint within him, and the hands which but a few minutes before had longed to be steeped in her blood now trembled and shook with nervous dread lest a finger of harm should be laid upon her.

These and a hundred visions more or less wild coursed through Adam's brain

as his feet took their swift way toward Polperro—not keeping along the open road, but taking a path which, only known to the inhabitants, would bring him down almost in front of his own house.

The night was dark, the sky lowering and cloudy. Not a sound was to be heard, not a soul had he seen, and already Adam was discussing with himself how best, without making an alarm, he should awaken Joan and obtain admittance. Usually bars and bolts were unknown, doors were left unfastened, windows often open; but now all would be securely shut, and he would have to rely on the possibility of his signal being heard by some one who might chance to be on the watch.

Suddenly a noise fell upon his ear. Surely he heard the sound of footsteps and the hum of voices. It could never be that the surprise they deemed a possibility had turned out a certainty. Adam crouched down, and under the shadow of the wall glided silently along until he came opposite the corner where the house stood. It was as he feared. There was no further doubt. The shutters were flung back, the door was half open, and round it, easing their tired limbs as best they might, stood crowded together a dozen men, the portion of a party who had evidently spread themselves about the place.

Fortunately for Adam, the steps which led up to the wooden orrel or balcony—at that time a common adornment to the Polperro houses—afforded him a tolerably safe retreat, and, screened here, he remained a silent watcher, hearing only a confused murmur and seeing nothing save an occasional movement as one and the other changed posts and passed in and out of the opposite door. At length a general parley seemed to take place: the men fell into rank and at a slow pace moved off down the street in the direction of the quay. Adam looked cautiously out. The door was now closed. Dare he open it? Might he not find that a sentinel had been left behind? How about the other door? The chances against it were as bad. The only pos-

sible way of ingress was by a shutter in the wall which overlooked the brook and communicated with the hiding-place in which his father lay secreted. This shutter had been little used since the days of press-gangs. It was painted in so exact an imitation of the slated house-wall as to defy detection, and to mark the spot to the initiated eye a root of house-leek projected out below and served to further screen the opening from view. The contrivance of this shutter-entrance was well known to Adam, and the mode of reaching it familiar to him: therefore if he could but elude observation he was certain of success.

The plan once decided on, he began putting it into execution, and although it seemed half a lifetime to him, but very few minutes had elapsed before he had crossed the road, ran waist-high into the brook, scaled the wall and scrambled down almost on top of old Zebedee, who, stupefied by continual drink, sleep and this constant confinement, took the surprise in a wonderfully calm manner.

"Hist, father! 'tis only me—Adam."

"A' right! a' right!" stammered Zebedee, too dazed to take in the whole matter at once. "What is it, lad, eh? They darned galoots ha'n't a tracked 'ee, have 'em? By the hooky! but they'm givin' 't us hot and strong this time, Adam: they was tramping 'bout inside here a minit ago, tryin' to keep our sperrits up by a-rattlin' the bilboes in our ears. Why, however did 'ee dodge 'em, eh? What's the manin' o' it all?"

"I thought they was gone," said Adam, "so I came down to see how you were all getting on here."

"Iss, iss, sure. Wa-al, all right, I s'pose, but I ha'n't a bin let outside much: Joan won't have it, ye know. Poor Joan!" he sighed, "her's terrible moody-hearted 'bout 't all; and so's Eve too. I never see'd maids take on as they'm doin'; but there! I reckon 'twill soon be put a end to now."

"How so?" said Adam.

"Wa-al, you mustn't know, down below, more than you'm tawld," said the old man with a significant wink and a jerk of his head, "but Jerrem he let me

into it this ebenin' when he rinned up to see me for a bit. Seems one o' they sodger-chaps is carr'in' on with Eve, and Jerrem's settin' her on to rig un up so that her'll get un not to see what 'tain't maned for un to look at."

"Well?" said Adam.

"Iss," said Zebedee, "but will it be well? That's what I keeps axin' of un. He's cock sure, sertain, that they can manage it all. He's sick, he says, o' all this skulkin', and he's blamed if he'll go on standin' it, neither."

"Oh!" hissed Adam, "he's sick of it, is he?" and in the effort he made to subdue his voice the veins in his face rose up to be purple cords. "He'd nothing to do with bringing it on us all? it's no fault of his that the place is turned into a hell and we hunted down like a pack o' dogs?"

"Awh, well, I dawn't know nuffin 'bout that," said old Zebedee, huffily. "How so be if 'tis so, when he's got clane off 'twill be all right agen."

"All right?" thundered Adam—"how all right? Right that he should get off and we be left here?—that he shouldn't swing, but we must stay to suffer?"

"Awh, come, come, come!" said the old man with the testy impatience of one ready to argue, but incapable of reasoning. "'Tain't no talk o' swingin', now: that was a bit o' brag on the boy's part: he's so eager to save his neck as you or me either. Awnly Jonathan's bin here and tawld up summat that makes un want to be off to wance, for he says, what us all knows, without he's minded to it you can't slip a knot round Jonathan's clapper; and 'tain't that Jerrem's afeared o' his tongue, awnly for the keepin' up o' pace and quietness he fancies 'twould be better for un to make hisself scarce for a bit."

Adam's whole body quivered as a spasm of rage ran through him; and Zebedee, noting the trembling movement of his hands, conveyed his impression of the cause by bestowing a glance, accompanied with a pantomimic bend of his elbow, in the direction of a certain stone bottle which stood in the corner.

"Did Jonathan tell you what word 'twas he'd brought?" Adam managed to say.

"Noa: I never cast eyes on un. He warn't here 'bove a foo minits 'fore he slipped away, none of 'em knows where or how. He was warned not to go anighst you," he added after a moment's pause; "so I reckon you knows no more of un than us does."

"And Eve and Joan? were they let into the secret?" asked Adam; and the sound of his harsh voice grated even on Zebedee's dulled ears.

"Iss, I reckon," he said, half turning, "'cos Eve's got to do the trick: her's to bamfoozle the sodger.—Odds rot it, lad!" he cried, startled at the expression which leaped into Adam's haggard face, "what's come to 'ee that you must turn round 'pon us like that? Is it the maid you's got a spite agen? Lors! but 'tis a poor stomach you's got to'rds her if you'm angered by such a bit o' philanderin' as I've tawld 'ee of. What d'ee mane, then?" he added, his temper rising at such unwarrantable inconsistency. "I've knowed as honest women as ever her is that's a done that, and more too, for to get their men safe off and out o' way—iss, and wasn't thought none the wus of, neither. You'm growed mighty fancikul all to wance 'bout what us is to do and what us dussn't think o'. I'm sick o' such talk. 'Taint nawthin' else fra' mornin' to night but Adam this and Adam that. I'm darned if 'tis to be wondered at if the maid plays 'ee false: by gosh! I'd do the trick, if I was she, 'fore I'd put up with such fantads from you or either man like 'ee. So there!"

Adam did not answer, and old Zebedee, interpreting the silence into an admission of the force of his arguments, forbore to press the advantage and generously started a fresh topic. "They's a tawld 'ee, I reckon, 'bout the bill they's a posted up, right afore the winder, by the Three Pilchards," he said. "Iss," he added, not waiting for an answer, "the king's pardon and wan hunderd pound to he who'll discover to 'em the man who 'twas fired the fatal shot. Wan hunderd pound!" he sneered. "That's a fat lot, surely; and as for t' king's pardon, why 'twudn't lave un braithin'-time to spend it in—not if he war left here,

'twudn't. No fear! Us ain't so bad off yet that either wan in Polperro 'ud stink their fingers wi' blid-money. Lord save un! sich a man 'ud fetch up the devil hisself to see un pitched head foremost down to bottom o' say, which 'ud be the end I'd vote for un, and see it was carr'd out too—iss, tho' his bones bore my own flesh and blid 'pon 'em, I wud;" and in his anger the old man's rugged face grew distorted with emotion.

But Adam neither spoke nor made comment on his words. His eyes were fixed on mid-air, his nostrils worked, his mouth quivered. Within him a legion of devils seemed to have broken loose, and, sensible of the mastery they were gaining over him, he leaped up and with the wild despair of one who catches at a straw to save him from destruction, it came upon him to rush down and look once more into the face of her whom he had found so fair and proved so false.

"What is it you'm goin' to do, then?" said Zebedee, seeing that Adam had stooped down and was raising the panel by which exit was effected.

"Goin' to see if the coast's clear," said Adam.

"Better bide where you be," urged Zebedee. "Joan or they's sure to rin up so soon as 'tis all safe."

But Adam paid no heed: muttering something about knowing what he was about, he slipped up the partition and crept under, cautiously ascertained that the outer room was empty, and then, crossing the passage, stole down the stairs.

The door which led into the room was shut, but through a convenient chink Adam could take a survey of those within. Already his better self had begun to struggle in his ear, already the whisper which desire was prompting asked what if Eve stood there alone and— But no, his glance had taken in the whole: quick as the lightning's flash the details of that scene were given to Adam's gaze—Eve, bent forward, standing beside the door, over whose hatch a stranger's face was thrust, while Joan, close to the spot where Jerrem still lay hid, clasped her two hands as if to stay the breath which longed to

cry, "He's free!" . . . The blow dealt, the firebrand flung, each evil passion quickened into life, filled with jealousy and mad revenge, Adam turned swiftly round and backward sped his way.

"They'm marched off, ain't 'em?" said old Zebedee as, Adam having given the signal, he drew the panel of the door aside. "I've a bin listenin' to their trampin' past.—Why, what's the time, lad, eh?—must be close on break o' day, ain't it?"

"Just about," said Adam, pushing back the shutter so that he might look out and see that no one stood near enough to overlook his descent.

"Why, you bain't goin' agen, be 'ee?" said Zebedee in amazement. "Why, what for be 'ee hikin' off like this, then—eh, lad?—Lord save us, he's gone!" he exclaimed as Adam, swinging himself by a dexterous twist on to the first ledge, let the shutter close behind him. "Wa-al, I'm blamed if this ain't a rum start! Summat gone wrong with un now. I'll wager he's a bin tiched up in the bunt somehow, for a guinea; and if so be, 'tis with wan o' they. They'm all sixes and sebens down below; so I'll lave 'em bide a bit, and hab a tot o' liquor and lie down for a spell. Lord send 'em to know the vally o' pace and quietness! But 'tis wan and all the same—

Friends and faws,
To battle they gaws;
And what they all fights about
Nawbody knows."

It was broad daylight when Joan, having once before failed to make her uncle hear, gave such a vigorous rap that, starting up, the old man cried, "Ay, ay, mate!" and with all speed unfastened the door.

Joan crept in and some conversation ensued, in the midst of which, as the recollection of the events just past occurred to his mind, Zebedee asked, "What was up with Adam?"

"With Adam?" echoed Joan.

"Iss: what made un start off like he did?"

Joan looked for a minute, then she lifted the stone bottle and shook its contents. "Why, whatever be 'ee tellin' up?" she said.

"Tellin' up? Why, you seed un down below, didn't 'ee? Iss you did now."

Completely puzzled what to think, Joan shook her head.

"Lor' ha' massy! don't never tell me he didn't shaw hisself. Why, the sodgers was barely out o' doors 'fore he comes tumblin' in to shutter there, and after a bit he says, 'I'll just step down below,' he says, and out he goes; and in a quarter less no time back he comes tappin' agen, and when I drawed open for un by he pushes, and 'fore I could say 'Knife' he was out and clane off."

"You haven't a bin dreamin' of it, have 'ee?" said Joan, her face growing pale with apprehension.

"Naw, 'tis gospel truth, every ward. I've a had a toothful of liquor since, and a bit o' caulk, but not a drap more."

"Jerrem's comin' up into t'other room," said Joan, not wishing to betray all the alarm she felt: "will 'ee go into un there the whiles I rins down and says a word to Eve?"

"Iss," said the old man, "and I'll freshen mysen up a bit with a dash o' cold watter: happen I may bring some more o' it to my mind then."

But, his ablutions over and the whole family assembled, Zebedee could throw no more light on the subject, the recital of which caused so much anxiety that Joan, yielding to Eve's entreaties, decided to set off with all speed for Crumplehorne.

"Mother, Adam's all right? ain't he here still, and safe?" cried Joan, bursting into the kitchen where Mrs. Tucker, only just risen, was occupied with her household duties.

"Iss, please the Lord, and, so far as I knaws of, he is," replied Mrs. Tucker, greatly startled by Joan's unexpected appearance. "Why, what do 'ee mane, child, eh? But there!" she added starting up, "us'll make sure to wance and know whether 'tis lies or truth we'm tellin'.—Here, Sammy, off ever so quick as legs can carry 'ee, and climber up and fetch Adam back with 'ee."

Sammy started off, and Joan proceeded to communicate the cause of her uneasiness.

"Awh, my dear, is that all?" exclaimed Mrs. Tucker, at once pronouncing sentence on poor old Zebedee's known failing: "then my mind's made easy agen. There's too much elbow-crookin' 'bout that story for me to set any hold by it."

"Do 'ee think so?" said Joan, ready to catch at any straw of hope.

"Why, iss; and for this reason too. I—"

But at this moment Sammy appeared, and, without waiting for him to speak, the two women uttered a cry as they saw in his face a confirmation of their fears. "Iss, 'tis every ward true: he's a gone shure 'nuf," exclaimed Sammy; "but by his own accord, I reckon, 'cos there ain't no signs o' nothin' bein' open 'ceptin 'tis the hatch over by t' mill-wheel."

"Awh, mother," cried Joan, "what-ever can be the manin' of it? My poor heart's a sinkin' down lower than iver. Oh Lord! if they should ha' cotched un, anyways!"

"Now, doan't 'ee take on like that, Joan," said Mrs. Tucker. "'Tis like temptin' o' Providence to do such like. I'll be bound for't he's safe home amongst afore now: he ain't like wan to act wild and go steppin' into danger wi' both his eyes wide open."

The possibility suggested, and Joan was off again, back on her way to Polperro, too impatient to wait while her mother put on her bonnet to accompany her.

At the door stood Eve, breathless expectation betraying itself in her every look and gesture. Joan shook her head, while Eve's finger, quick laid upon her lip, warned her to be cautious.

"They're back," she muttered as Joan came up close: "they've just marched past and gone down to the quay."

"What for?" cried Joan.

"I don't know. Run and see, Joan: everybody's flocking that way."

Joan ran down the street, and took her place among a mob of people watching with eager interest the movements of a soldier who, with much unnecessary parade and delay, was taking down the bill of reward posted outside the Three Pilchards. A visible anticipation of the effect about to be produced stirred the small red-coated company, and they wheeled round so as to take note of any sudden emotion produced by the surprise they felt sure awaited the assembly.

"Whatever is it, eh?" asked Joan, trying to catch a better sight of what was going on.

"They'm stickin' up a noo reward, 't seems," said an old man close by. "'Tain't no—"

But the swaying back of the crowd carried Joan with it. A surge forward, and then on her ear fell a shrill cry, and as the name of Jerrem Christmas started from each mouth a hundred eyes seemed turned upon her. For a moment the girl stood dazed, staring around like some wild animal at bay: then, flinging out her arms, she forced those near her aside, and rushing forward to the front made a desperate clutch at the soldier. "Speak! tell me! what's writ there?" she cried.

"Writ there?" said the man, startled by the scared face that was turned up to him. "Why, the warrant to seize for murder Jerrem Christmas, living or dead, on the king's evidence of Adam Pascal."

And the air was rent by a cry of unutterable woe, caught up by each voice around, and coming back in echoes from far and near long after Joan lay a senseless heap on the stones upon which she had fallen.

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEVEN WEEKS A MISSIONARY.

THE sights of Honolulu had not lost their novelty—the tropical foliage of palm, banana, bread-fruit, monkey-pod and algaroba trees; the dark-skinned, brightly-clad natives with flowers on their heads, who walked with bare feet and stately tread along the shady sidewalks or tore through the streets on horseback; the fine stone or wooden residences with wide cool verandas, or humbler native huts surrounded by walls of coral-rock instead of fences; the deep indigo-blue ocean on one hand and the rich green mountains on the other, dripping with moisture and alternately dark and bright with the gloom of clouds and the glory of rainbows, still wore for me their original freshness and interest—when I received an urgent request to come to Waialua, a little village on the other side of the island. My host, to whom the note was addressed, explained to me that there was a mission-school at that place, a seminary for native girls. It was conducted by Miss G—, the daughter of one of the missionaries who first came to the Hawaiian Islands fifty years before. She had been sent to this country to be educated, like most of the children of the early missionaries, and had returned to devote herself to the mental, moral and physical welfare of the native girls—a task which she was now accomplishing with all the fervor, devotion and self-sacrifice of a Mary Lyon.

At this juncture she had forty-five girls, from six to eighteen, under her care, and but one assistant. The English teacher who had assisted her for several years had lately married, and the place was still vacant. She wrote to my host, saying that she had heard there was a teacher from California at his house, and begging me, through him, to come and help her a few weeks. I signified my willingness to go, and in a few days Miss G—, accompanied by a native girl, came on horseback to meet me and conduct me to Waialua. A gentleman of Honolulu,

his sister and a native woman called Maria, who were going to Waialua and beyond, joined us, so that our party consisted of six. We were variously mounted, on horses of different appearance and disposition, and carried our luggage and lunch in saddle-bags strapped on behind. Maria's outfit especially interested me. It was the usual costume for native women, and consisted of a long flowing black garment called a *holoku*, gathered into a yoke at the shoulders and falling unconfined to her bare feet. Around her neck she wore a bright red silk handkerchief, and on her head a straw hat ornamented with a *lei*, or wreath of fresh, fragrant flowers, orange or jasmine. Men, women and children wear these wreaths, either on their heads or around their necks. Sometimes they consist of the bright yellow *ilimu*-flowers or brilliant scarlet pomegranate-blossoms strung on a fibre of the banana-stalk—sometimes they are woven of ferns or of a fragrant wild vine called *maile*. Maria was seated astride on a wiry little black horse, and instead of slipping her bare feet into the stirrups she clasped the irons with her toes. Besides her long, flowing black dress she wore a width of bright red-flowered damask tied around her waist, caught into the stirrup on either side and flowing a yard or two behind.

Waialua, our destination, was about a third of the way around the island, but the road, instead of following the sea-coast all the way, took a short cut across an inland plateau, so that the distance was but twenty-seven miles. We started about one o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when the streets are least frequented, and rode past the shops and stores shaded with awnings, past the bazaars where sea-shells and white and pink coral are offered for sale, through the fish-market where shellfish and hideous-looking squid and bright fish, colored like rainbows or the gayest tropical parrots, lay on little tables or floated in

tanks of sea-water. Men with bundles of green grass or hay for sale made way for us as we passed, and the fat, short-legged dogs scattered right and left.

Although it was December, the air was warm and balmy, tree and fruit and flower were in the glory of endless summer, and the ladies seated on verandas or swinging in hammocks wore white dresses. For one who dreads harsh, cold winters the climate of Honolulu is perfection. At the end of King street we crossed a long bridge over the river, which at that point widens out into a marsh bordered by reeds and rushes. Here we saw a number of native canoes resting on poles above the water. They were about twenty feet long and quite narrow, being hollowed out of tree-trunks. An outrigger attached to one side serves to balance them in the water. A fine smooth road built on an embankment of stone and earth leads across this marsh to a strip of higher land near the sea where the prison buildings stand. They are of gray stone, with miniature towers, surrounded by a wall capped with stone, the whole surmounted by a tower from which waves the Hawaiian flag. In front is a smooth lawn where grow century-plants and ornamental shrubs, including the India-rubber tree. It is much finer than the so-called palace of the king, a many-roomed, one-story wooden cottage in the centre of the city, surrounded by a large grassy yard enclosed by a high wall.

The land beyond the marshes is planted in *taro* and irrigated by a network of streams. *Taro* is the principal article of food used by the natives: the root, which looks somewhat like a gray sweet potato, is made into a paste called *poi*, and the tops are eaten as greens. The plant grows about two feet high, and has an arrow-shaped leaf larger than one's hand. Like rice, it grows in shallow pools of water, and a patch of it looks like an undated garden. As we passed along we saw half-clad natives standing knee-deep in mud and water pulling the full-grown plants or putting in young ones. Reaching higher ground, we cantered along a hard, smooth road bordered with

short green grass. On either side were dwellings of wood surrounded by broad-leaved banana trees, with here and there a little shop for the sale of fruit. This is a suburb of Honolulu and is called *Kupalama*. We met a number of natives on horseback going into town, the men dressed in shirts and trousers of blue or white cotton cloth, the women wearing the long loose gowns I have described.

At last we reached the open country, and started fairly on our long ride. On our left was the ocean with "league-long rollers thundering on the reef:" on our right, a few miles away, was a line of mountains, divided into numerous spurs and peaks by deep valleys richly clothed in tropical verdure. The country about us was uncultivated and generally open, but here and there were straggling lines of low stone walls overgrown with a wild vine resembling our morning-glory, the masses of green leaves starred with large pink flowers. The *algaroba*, a graceful tree resembling the elm, grew along the roadside, generally about fifteen feet high. In Honolulu, where they are watered and cared for, these trees attain a height of thirty or forty feet, sending forth long swaying branches in every direction and forming beautiful shade trees. Now and then we crossed water-courses, where the banks were carpeted with short green grass and bordered with acacia-bushes covered with feathery leaves and a profusion of yellow ball-shaped flowers that perfumed the air with their fragrance. The view up and down these winding flower-bordered streams was lovely. We rode for miles over this monotonous country, gradually rising to higher ground. Suddenly, almost at our very feet, a little bowl-shaped valley about half a mile in circumference opened to view. The upper rim all around was covered with smooth green grass, and the sides were hidden by the foliage of dark-green mango trees, light-green *kukui*, bread-fruit and banana. Coffee had formerly been cultivated here, and a few bushes still grew wild, bearing fragrant white flowers or bright red berries. Through the bottom of the valley ran a little stream, and on its banks were three or four grass huts beneath tufts of

tall cocoanut palms. Several scantily-clad children rolled about on the ground, and in the shade of a tamarind tree an old gray-headed man was pounding taro-root. The gray mass lay before him on a flat stone, and he pounded it with a stone pestle, then dipped his hands into a calabash of water and kneaded it. A woman was bathing in the stream, and another stood at the door of one of the huts holding her child on her hip.

We passed through three other deep valleys like this, and in every case they opened suddenly to view—hidden nests of tropical foliage and color. The natives were seated in circles under the trees eating poi, or wading in the stream looking for fish, or lounging on the grass near their huts as though life were one long holiday.

Now we entered a vast sunburnt plain overgrown with huge thorny cactus twelve or fifteen feet high. Without shade or water or verdure it stretched before us to distant table-lands, upholding mountains whose peaks were veiled in cloud. The solitude of the plain was rendered more impressive by the absence of wild creatures of any kind: there were no birds nor insects nor ground-squirrels nor snakes. The cactus generally grew in clumps, but sometimes it formed a green prickly wall on either side of the road, between which we had to pass as between the bayonets of sentinels. Wherever the road widened out we clattered along, six abreast, at full speed. Maria, the native woman, presented a picturesque appearance with her black dress and long flowing streamers of bright red. She was an elderly woman—perhaps fifty years old—but as active as a young girl, and a good rider. She had an unflinching fund of good-humor, and talked and laughed a great deal. My other companions, with the exception of the native girl, were children of early missionaries, and enlivened the journey by many interesting incidents of island life. At last we crossed the cactus desert, ascended an eminence, and then sank into a valley grand and deep, shut in by walls carved in fantastic shape by the action of water. Our road was a narrow pathway, paved with stone,

that wound down the face of the cliff. The natives call this place *Ki-pa-pa*, which signifies "paved way."

As we were making the descent on one side we saw a party of natives on horseback winding down on the opposite. First rode three men, single file, with children perched in front of them, then three or four women in black or gay-colored holokus, then a boy who led two pack-mules laden with large baskets. All wore wreaths of ferns or flowers. When we met they greeted us with a hearty "*Aloha!*" ("Love to you!"), and in reply to a question in Hawaiian said that they were going to Honolulu with fresh fish, bananas and oranges.

We climbed the rocky pathway rising out of the valley, and found ourselves on the high table-land toward which we had shaped our course. It was smooth as a floor and covered with short rich grass. Instead of a broad road there were about twenty parallel paths stretching on before us as far as we could see, furrowed by the feet of horses and pack-mules. Miles away on either side was a line of lofty mountains whose serrated outlines were sharply defined against the evening sky. Darkness overtook us on this plateau, and the rest of the journey is a confused memory of steep ravines down whose sides we cautiously made our way, torrents of foaming water which we forded, expanses of dark plain, and at last the murmur of the ocean on the reef. After reaching sea-level again we passed between acres and acres of taro-patches where the water mirrored the large bright stars and the arrow-shaped leaves cast sharp-pointed shadows. We rode through the quiet little village of Waialua, sleeping beneath the shade of giant pride-of-India and kukui trees, without meeting any one, and forded the Waialua River just where it flows over silver sands into the sea. As we paused to let our horses drink I looked up at the cluster of cocoanut palms that grew upon the bank, and noticed how distinctly each feathery frond was pencilled against the sky, then down upon the placid river and out upon the gently murmuring sea, and thought that I had never gazed upon a

more peaceful scene. Little did I think that it would soon be associated with danger and dismay. Beyond the river were two or three native huts thatched with grass, and a little white cottage, the summer home of Princess Lydia, the king's sister. Passing these, we rode over a smooth green lawn glittering with large bright dewdrops, and dismounted in front of the seminary-gate. The large white-washed brick house, two stories and a half high, with wide verandas around three sides, looks toward the sea. In front of it is a garden filled with flowers and vines and shrubbery, the pride and care of the school-girls. There are oleander trees with rose-colored blossoms, pomegranate trees whose flowers glow amid the dark-green foliage like coals of fire, and orange and lime trees covered with fragrant white flowers, which the girls string and wear around their necks. Besides roses, heliotrope, geraniums, sweet-pea, nasturtium and other familiar flowers, there are fragrant Japanese lilies, and also plants and shrubs from the Micronesian Islands. On one side is a grove of tamarind and kukui-nut trees, mingled with tall cocoanut palms, which stretches to the deep, still river, a few rods away: on the other is the school-house, a two-story frame, painted white, shaded by tall pride-of-India trees and backed by a field of corn. My room opened on a veranda shaded with kukui trees, and as the "coo-coo-ee coo-coo-ee" of the doves in the branches came to my ears I thought that the trees had received their name from the notes of the doves, but afterward learnt that *kukui* in the Hawaiian language meant "light," and that the nuts, being full of oil, were strung on bamboo poles by the natives and used as torches.

The morning after my arrival I saw the girls at breakfast, and found them of all shades of complexion from deep chocolate-brown to white. Their glossy black hair, redolent of cocoanut oil, was ornamented with fresh flowers, and their bright black eyes danced with fun or languished with sullen scorn. The younger ones were bright and happy in their expression, but the older ones seemed already to realize the curse that rests upon their

decaying race, and to move with melancholy languor, as if brooding over it in stifled rebellion or resigned apathy. Some would be called beautiful anywhere: they were graceful in form, had fine regular features and lovely, expressive eyes; others were attractive only on account of their animation; while one comical little negro girl, who had somehow got mixed with the Malay race, was as ugly as a Hottentot, and a veritable imp of darkness, as I afterward learned, so far as mischief was concerned. The girls were dressed in calico, and wore no shoes or stockings. When they had eaten their beef and poi, and we had finished our breakfast, each girl got her Hawaiian Testament and read a verse: then Miss G——, the principal, offered prayer in the same language. When this was over the routine work of the day began. Some of the older girls remained in the dining-room to put away the food, wash the dishes and sweep the floor; one went to the kitchen to wash the pots and pans; and the younger ones dispersed to various tasks—to sweep and dust the parlor, the sitting-room or the school-room, to gather up the litter of leaves and branches from the yard and garden-paths, or to put the teachers' rooms in order. The second floor and attic, both filled with single beds covered with mosquito-netting, were the girls' dormitories. Each girl was expected to make her own bed and hang up her clothes or put them away in her trunk. A *luna*, or overseer, in each dormitory superintended this work, and reported any negligence on the part of a girl to one of the teachers.

Miss G—— was the life and soul of the institution—principal and housekeeper and accountant, all in one. She had a faithful and devoted assistant in Miss P——, a young woman of twenty-two, the daughter of a missionary then living in Honolulu. My duties were to teach classes in English in the forenoon and to oversee the sewing and some departments of housekeeping in the afternoon. Miss P—— had the smaller children, Miss G—— taught the larger ones in Hawaiian and gave music-lessons.

The routine of the school-room from

nine to twelve in the forenoon and from one till four in the afternoon was that of any ordinary school, except that the girls who prepared the meals were excused earlier than the others. One day in the week was devoted to washing and ironing down on the river-bank and in the shade of the tamarind trees.

The girls had to be taught many things besides the lessons in their books. At home they slept on mats on the floor, ate poi out of calabashes with their fingers and wore only the holoku. Here they were required to eat at table with knife and fork and spoon, to sleep in beds and to adopt the manners and customs of civilization. Now and then, as a special privilege, they asked to be allowed to eat "native fashion," and great was their rejoicing and merrymaking as they sat, crowned with flowers, on the veranda-floor and ate poi and raw fish with their fingers, and talked Hawaiian. They were required to talk English usually until the four-o'clock bell sounded in the afternoon. From that until supper-time they were allowed to talk native, and their tongues ran fast.

On Wednesday afternoons the girls went to bathe in the river, and on Saturday afternoons to bathe in the sea. It usually fell to my lot to accompany them. The river, back of the house a few rods, had steep banks ten or fifteen feet high and a deep, still current. The girls would start to run as soon as they left the house, race with each other all the way and leap from the bank into the river below. Presently their heads would appear above water, and, laughing and blowing and shaking the drops from their brown faces, they would swim across the river. The older girls could dive and swim under water for some distance. They had learned to swim as soon as they had learned to walk. They sometimes brought up fish in their hands, and one girl told me that her father could dive and bring up a fish in each hand and one in his mouth. The little silver-fish caught in their dress-skirts they ate raw. The girls were always glad when the time came to go swimming in the sea, for they were very fond of a green moss which grew on the

reef, and the whole crowd would sit on rocks picking and eating it while the spray dashed over them.

Waialua means "the meeting of the waters," or, literally, "two waters," and the place is named from the perpetual flow and counterflow of the river and the ocean tide. The river pours into the sea, the sea at high tide surges up the river, beating back its waters, and the foam and spray of the contending floods are dashed high into the air, bedewing the cluster of cocoanut palms that stand on the bank above watching this perpetual conflict. In calm weather and at low tide there is a truce between the waters, and the river flows calmly into the sea; but immediately after a storm, when the river is flooded with rains from the mountains and the sea hurls itself upon the reef with a shock and a roar, then the antagonism between the meeting waters is at its height and the clash and uproar of their fury are great.

Sometimes we went on picnic excursions to places in the neighborhood—to the beach of Waiamea, a mile or two distant, where thousands of pretty shells lay strewn upon the sand and branches of white coral could be had for the picking up, or to the orange-groves and indigo-thickets on the mountain-sides, where large sweet oranges ripened, coming back wreathed with ferns and the fragrant vine maile.

But we had plenty of oranges without going after them. For half a dollar we could buy a hundred large fine oranges from the natives, who brought them to the door, and we usually kept a tin washing-tub full of the delicious fruit on hand. A *real* (twelve and a half cents) would buy a bunch of bananas so heavy that it took two of us to lift it to the hook in the veranda-ceiling, and limes and small Chinese oranges grew plentifully in the front yard. Of cocoanuts and tamarinds we made no account, they were so common. Guavas grew wild on bushes in the neighborhood, and made delicious pies. For vegetables we had taro, sweet potatoes and something that tasted just like summer squash, but which grew in thick, pulpy clusters on a tree. The taro

was brought to us just as it was pulled, roots and nodding green tops, and of the donkey who was laden with it little showed but his legs and his ears as his master led him up to the gate. Another old man furnished boiled and pounded taro, which the girls mixed with water and made into poi. He brought it in large bundles wrapped in broad green banana-leaves and tied with fibres of the stalk. He had two daughters in the school, and always inquired about their progress in their studies. One day, happening to look out of the front door, I saw him coming up the garden-walk. He had nothing on but a shirt and a *malo* (a strip of cloth) about his loins: the *malo* was all that the natives formerly wore. Neither the girls who were weeding their garden, nor the other teachers who were at work in the parlor, seemed to think that there was anything remarkable in his appearance. He talked with Miss G—— as usual about the supply of taro for the school, and inquired how his girls were doing. When he was going away she said, "Uncle, why do you not wear your clothes when you come to see us? I thought you had laid aside the heathen fashion." He replied that he had but one suit of clothes, and that he must save them to wear to church, adding that he was anxious to give his daughters an education, and must economize in some way in order to pay for their schooling.

The fuel needed for cooking was brought down from the mountains by the native boy who milked the cows for us and took Calico, Miss G——'s riding horse, to water and to pasture. One day, when one of the girls had started a fire in the stove, a fragrance like incense diffused itself through the house. Hastening to the kitchen, I pulled out a half-burned piece of sandal-wood and put it away in my collection of shells and island curiosities. A few days afterward an old native man named Ka-hu-kai (Sea-shore), who lived in one of the grass huts near the front gate, came to sell me a piece of fragrant wood of another kind. He had learned that I attached a value to such things, and expected to get a good price. He inquired for the *wahine haole* (foreign wo-

man), and presented his bit of wood, saying that he would sell it for a dollar. I declined to purchase. He walked down through the garden and across the lawn, but paused at the big gate for several minutes, then retraced his steps. Holding out the wood again, he said, "This is my thought: you may have it for a real." I gave him a real, and he went away satisfied.

Every Sunday we crossed the bridge that spanned Waialua River near the ford, and made our way to the huge old-fashioned mission-church, which stood in an open field surrounded by prickly pears six or eight feet high. The thorny prickly pears were stiff and ungraceful, but a delicate wild vine grew all over them and hung in festoons from the top. While Pai-ku-li, the native minister, preached a sermon in Hawaiian, I, not understanding a word, looked at the side pews where the old folks sat, and tried to picture the life they had known in their youth, when the great Kamehameha reigned. In the pew next to the side door sat Mr. Sea-shore, straight and solemn as a deacon, and his wife, a fat old woman with a face that looked as if it had been carved out of knotty mahogany, but which was irradiated with an expression of kindness and good-nature. She wore a long black holoku, and on her head was perched a little sailor hat with a blue ribbon round it, which would have been suitable for a girl six or eight years old, but which looked decidedly comical and out of place on Mrs. Sea-shore. She was barefooted, as I presently saw. Two or three times during the sermon a red-eyed, dissipated-looking dog with a baked taro-root in his mouth had come to the door, and seemed about to enter, but Mrs. Sea-shore, without disturbing the devotions, had kept him back by threatening gestures. But when the minister began to pray and nearly every head was bowed, the dog came sneaking in. Mrs. Sea-shore happened to raise her head, and saw him. Drawing back her holoku, she extended her bare foot and planted a vigorous kick in his ribs, exclaiming at the same time in an explosive whisper, "Hala palah!" ("Get out!" or

"Begone!") The dog went forth howling, and did not return.

A few days later Miss G——'s shoulder was sprained by a fall from her horse, and she sent for Mrs. Sea-shore. The old woman came and *lomi-lomi*-ed the shoulder—kneaded it with her hands—until the pain and stiffness were gone, then extracted the oil from some kukui-nuts by chewing them and applied it to the sprain. All the time she kept up a chatter in Hawaiian, talking, asking questions and showing her white teeth in hearty, good-humored laughs. In answer to the questions I put to her through Miss G——, she told us much about her early life, the superstitions and *taboos* that forbade men and women to eat together and imposed many meaningless and foolish restrictions, and about her children, who had died and gone to Po, the great shadowy land, where, as she once believed, their spirits had been eaten by the gods. We formed quite a friendship for each other, and she came often to see me, but would not come into the house any farther than the veranda or front hall, and there, refusing our offer of a chair, she would sit on the floor. I spoke of going to see her in return, but she said that her house was not good enough to receive me, and begged me not to come. Just before I left Waialua she brought a mat she had woven out of the long leaves of the pandanus or screw pine, a square of *tappa*, or native cloth, as large as a sheet, made from the bark of a tree, and the tappa-pounder she had made it with (a square mallet with different patterns cut on each of the four faces), and gave them to me. I offered her money in return, but she refused it, saying she had given the things out of *aloha*, or love for me. On my return to Honolulu I got the most gorgeous red silk Chinese handkerchief that could be found in Ah Fong and Ah Chuck's establishment and sent it to her, and Miss G—— wrote me that she wore it round her neck at church every Sunday.

One of my duties was to go through the dormitories the last thing at night, and see that the doors were fastened and that the girls had their mosquito-netting properly arranged, and were not sleeping with

their heads under the bedclothes. A heathen superstition, of which they were half ashamed, still exercised an influence over them, and they were afraid that the spirits of their dead relatives would come back from Po and haunt them in the night. They would not confess to this fear, but many of them, ruled by it, covered their heads with the bedclothes every night. In my rounds, besides clouds of bloodthirsty mosquitos, I frequently saw centipedes crawling along the floor or wall or up the netting, and sometimes a large tarantula would dart forth from his hiding-place in some nook or corner. The centipedes were often six or seven inches long. They were especially numerous during or immediately after rainy weather. Little gray and green lizards (*mo-o*) glided about the verandas, but they were harmless. Scorpions are common in the islands, but we were not troubled with them. They frequent hot, dry places like sandbanks, and are often found in piles of lumber.

We had fine views of the scenery as we passed to and fro between the main building and the school-house—the sea, fringed with cocoanut palms; the fertile level plain, dotted with trees, on which the village stood; and the green mountains, whose tops were generally dark with rainclouds or brightened with bits of rainbows. It seemed to be always raining in that mysterious mountainous centre of the islands which human foot has never crossed, but it was usually clear and bright at sea-level. After an unusually hard rain we could see long, flashing white waterfalls hanging, like ribbons of silver, down the sides of the green cliffs. From the attic-windows the best view of the bay could be obtained, and it was my delight to lean out of them like "a blessed damosel" half an hour at a time, gazing seaward and drinking in the beauty of the scene. Waialua Bay was shaped like a half moon, the tips of which were distant headlands, and the curve was the yellow, palm-fringed beach. Into this crescent-shaped reach of water rolled great waves from the outside ocean, following each other in regular stately order with a front of milk-white foam

and a veil of mist flying backward several yards from the summit. The Hawaiian name for this place is E-hu-kai (Sea-mist), and it is appropriately named, for the floating veils of the billows keep the surface of the entire bay dim with mist. Gazing long upon the scene, my eyes would be dazzled with color—the intense blue of the sky and the water, the bright yellow of the sand, the dark rich green of the trees, and, looking into the garden below, the flame-scarlet blossoms of the pomegranates, the rose-pink flowers of the oleanders and the cream-white clusters of the limes and oranges.

It seemed a land for poetry, for romance, for day-dreaming, and the transition from the attic-window to the prosaic realities of house- and school-room work was like a sudden awakening. I was destined before leaving the place to have a still more violent awakening to the reality that underlies appearances. Nature in these beautiful islands is fair and lovely, but deceitful. During long months of sunny weather the waves gently kiss the shore, the green slopes smile, the mountains decorate themselves with cloud-wreaths and rainbows; but there comes a dreadful day when the green and flowery earth yawns in horrid chasms, when Mauna Loa trembles and belches forth torrents of blood-red lava, when the ocean, receding from the shore, returns in a tidal wave that sweeps to the top of the palms on the beach and engulfs the people and their homes.

And the human nature here is somewhat similar. The Hawaiians are pleasing in form and feature, graceful, polite, fond of music and dancing and wreathing themselves with flowers, and possess withal a deep fund of poetry, which finds expression in their own names, the names they have bestowed upon waterfalls and valleys and green peaks and sea-cliffs, and in the *meles* or native songs which commemorate events of personal interest or national importance. But they too have their volcanic outbursts, their seasons of fury and destruction. The last public display of this side of their character was on the occasion of the election of the present king. The supporters of

Queen Emma, the defeated candidate, burst into the court-house, broke the heads of the electors or threw them bodily out of the windows, and raised a riot in the streets of Honolulu which was quelled only by the assistance of the crews of the men-of-war then in the harbor—the English ship *Tenedos* and the United States vessels *Portsmouth* and *Tuscarora*.

I come now to the rebellion which broke forth in Waialua school when I had been there three weeks. A month or two before one of the school-girls had died after a brief illness. The old heathen superstition about praying to Death had been revived by the lower class of natives in the place, who were not friendly to the school, and had been transmitted by them to the older girls. While yet ignorant of this I had noticed the scowls and dark looks, the reluctant obedience and manifest distrust, of ten or twelve girls from fifteen to eighteen, the leaders in the school. The younger girls were affectionate and obedient: they brought flowers from their gardens and wove wreaths for us; they lomi-lomi-ed our hands and feet when we were sitting at rest; if they neglected their tasks or broke any of the taboos of the school, it was through the carelessness of childhood. But it seemed impossible to gain the confidence of the older girls.

One day Miss P—, the assistant teacher, received word that her father was quite sick, and immediately set out for Honolulu on horseback. Miss G— and I carried on the work of the school as well as we could. A day or two after Miss P— left a tropical storm burst upon us. It seemed as if the very heavens were opened. The rain fell in torrents and the air was filled with the flying branches of trees. This continued a day and a night. The next day, Sunday, the rain and wind ceased, but sullen clouds still hung overhead, and there was an oppressive stillness and languor in the air. Within, there was something of the same atmosphere: the tropical nature of the girls seemed to be in sympathy with the stormy elements. They were silent and sullen and brooding. The bridge over Waialua

had been washed away, and we could not go to church. The oppressive day passed and was succeeded by a similar one. The older girls cast dark looks upon us as they reluctantly went through the round of school- and house-work. At night the explosion occurred. All the girls were at the usual study-hour in the basement dining - room. It was Miss G——'s turn to sit with them: I was in the sitting-room directly above. Suddenly I heard a loud yell, a sound as of scuffling and Miss G——'s quick tones of command. The next moment I was down stairs. There stood Miss G—— in the middle of the room holding Elizabeth Aukai, one of the largest and worst girls, by the wrist. The girl's head was bent and her teeth were buried in Miss G——'s hand. The heathen had burst forth, the volcanic eruption and earthquake had come. I tried to pull her off, but she was as strong as an ox. Loosening her hold directly and hurling us off, she poured forth a flood of abuse in Hawaiian. She reviled the teachers and all the cursed foreigners who were praying her people to death. The Hawaiian language has no "swear words," but it is particularly rich in abusive and reviling epithets, and these were freely heaped upon us. She ended her tirade by saying, "You shall not pray us to death, you wicked, black-hearted foreigners!" and her companions answered with a yell. Then, snatching up a lamp, they ran up stairs to their sleeping-rooms, screaming and laughing and singing native songs that had been forbidden in the school, and, taking their shawls and Sunday dresses from their trunks, they arrayed themselves in all their finery and began dancing an old heathen dance which is taboo among the better class of natives and only practised in secret by the more degraded class of natives and half-whites.

It sounded like Bedlam let loose. The little girls, frightened and crying, and a half-white girl of seventeen, Miss G——'s adopted daughter, remained with us. We put the younger children to bed in their sleeping-room, which was on the first floor, and held a council together. "One of us must cross the river and bring Pai-

ku-li" (the native minister), said Miss G——. "He is Elizabeth Aukai's guardian—she is his wife's niece—and he can control her if anybody can, and break the hold of this superstition on the girls' minds. Nothing that we can say or do will do any good while they are in this frenzy. Which of us shall go?"

The bridge was washed away; there was no boat; Miss P—— had taken the only horse to go to Honolulu. Whoever went must ford the river. Like Lord Ulin's daughter, who would meet the raging of the skies, but not an angry father, I was less afraid to go than to stay, and volunteered to bring Pai-ku-li.

"Li-li-noe shall go with you," said Miss G——: "she is a good swimmer, and can find the best way through the river."

Just then the whole crowd of girls came screaming and laughing down the stairs, swept through the sitting-room, mocking and insulting Miss G——, then went back up the other flight of stairs, which led to the teachers' rooms and was taboo to the school-girls. They were anxious to break as many rules as possible.

With a lighted lantern hidden between us Li-li-noe and I stole down through the flower-garden and across the lawn. We were anxious to keep the girls in ignorance of our absence, lest they should attempt some violence to Miss G—— while we were gone. Stealing quietly past the grass huts of the natives, we approached the place where the bridge had been, and brought forth our lantern to shed light on the water-soaked path. Just ahead the surf showed through the darkness white and threatening, and beyond was the ocean, dim heaving in the dusk. The clash and roar of the meeting waters filled the air, and we were sprinkled by the flying spray as we stood debating on the river's edge. Li-li-noe stepped down into the water to find, if possible, a place shallow enough to ford, but at the first step she disappeared up to her shoulders. "That will never do," she said, clambering back: "you cannot cross there."

"Can we cross above the bridge?" I asked.

"No: the water is ten feet deep there—it is shallower toward the sea."

"Then let us try there;" and into the water we went, Li-li-noe first. It was not quite waist-deep, and in calm weather there would have been no danger, but now the current of the river and the tide of the inrushing sea swept back and forth with the force of a whirlpool. We had got to the middle when a great wave, white with foam, came roaring toward us from the ocean. Li-li-noe threw herself forward and began to swim. For a moment there were darkness and the roar of many waters around me, and my feet were almost swept from under me. Looking upward at the cloudy sky and the tall cocoanut trees on the bank, I thought of the home and friends I might never see again. The bitter salt water wet my face, quenched the light and carried away my shawl, but the wave returned without carrying me out to sea. Then above the noise of the waters I heard Li-li-noe's voice calling to me from the other shore, and just as another wave surged in I reached her side and sank down on the sand. After resting a few moments we rose and began picking our way toward the village, half a mile distant. Our route led along a narrow path between the muddy, watery road on one side and a still more muddy, watery taro-patch on the other. Without a light to guide our steps, we slipped, now with one foot into the road, now with the other into the taro-patch, and by the time we emerged into the level cactus-field around the church we were covered with mud to our knees.

Pai-ku-li lived nearly a mile beyond the village, but close by the church lived Mrs. W—, whose place I had taken as English teacher in the school. We knocked at her door to beg for a light, and when she found what the matter was she made us come in, muddy and dripping as we were, and put on some dry clothes, while her husband, pulling on his boots, went for Pai-ku-li. She begged me to stay all night, saying that she would not trust her life with the girls at such a time—they might attempt to poison us or to burn the house down—but I thanked her for her hospitality and lighted our lantern, and we started back as soon as Mr. W— returned saying that

Pai-ku-li would come. We listened for the sound of his horse's feet, for we had planned to ride across the river, one at a time, behind Pai-ku-li, but he did not overtake us, and we waited at the river nearly half an hour. One span of the bridge remained, and as we stood on it waiting, listening to the flapping of the cocoanut fronds in the night wind and the hoarse murmuring and occasional roar of the ocean, I thought of that line of Longfellow's—

I stood on the bridge at midnight—

and laughed to myself at the contrast between the poetical and the actual. Still, Pai-ku-li did not come, and, growing anxious on Miss G—'s account, we resolved to cross as we had before. Again we went down into the cold flood, again our light was quenched and our feet nearly swept from under us, but we reached the opposite side in safety. As we crossed the lawn we saw every window lighted, and knew by the sounds of yelling and singing and laughing that the girls were still raving. Miss G— sat quietly in the parlor. She had been up stairs to try to reason with the girls, but they drowned her voice with hooting and reviling. Pai-ku-li came a little later, but he had no better success. He remained with us that night and all the next day. The screaming up stairs continued till two or three o'clock at night, and began again as soon as the first girl woke. Early next morning a fleet messenger started to Honolulu, and just at dusk two gentlemen, the sheriff and Mr. P—, who was Miss G—'s brother-in-law and president of the board of trustees of Waiialua Seminary, rode up on foaming horses. A court was held in the school-room, many natives—a few of the better class who disapproved of the rebellion, and more of the lower class who upheld the rebels—being present as spectators, but no one interrupting the prompt and stern proceedings of Mr. P—. Elizabeth Aukai was whipped on her bare feet and legs below the knee until she burst out crying and begged for mercy and asked Miss G—'s forgiveness for biting her. Then she and the other rebels were

expelled, and the sheriff took them away that night. Those who lived on other islands were sent home by the first schooner leaving Honolulu. Thus ended the rebellion at Waiialua school.

The remaining month of my stay passed in peace and quietness. The need for my assistance was less after the expulsion of so many girls, but I remained in order that Miss G—— might take a short vacation and the rest she so much needed. During her absence Miss P—— and I carried on the school. A few days after the storm a little native boy brought to the seminary the shawl which had been washed from my shoulders the night I went through the river. He had found it lying on the beach half a mile below the ford. It had been washed out to sea and returned again by the waves. After that we called it "the travelled shawl." Every Monday morning the toot of the postman's horn was heard in the village, and one of us immediately went across to get the mail. The bridge being gone, we had to wade the river at the shallowest place, near the sea. When I waded across on such occasions I usually found on the opposite shore a group of half-naked little natives who drew near to watch with silent interest the process of buttoning my shoes with a button-hook. The whole school waded across to church on Sundays.

The population of the village, with the exception of two or three families, was composed of natives and half-whites of the lower class. Heathen superstition mingled with modern vice. In some instances men and women lived together without the ceremony of marriage. Beyond the village the cane-fields began, and beyond them, at the foot of the mountains, lived a better class of natives, moral and industrious. Here, too, were the cane-mills and the residences of the planters. I remember one pretty little cottage with walls of braided grass and wooden roof and floor, surrounded by cool, vine-shaded verandas. It stood in the middle of a cane-plantation, and was the home of an Englishman and his wife, both highly cultivated and genial, companionable people. He was a typi-

cal Englishman in appearance, stout and ruddy, and wore a blue flannel suit and the white head-covering worn by his countrymen in India. She was a graceful little creature with appealing dark eyes, and looked too frail to have ever borne hardship or cruelty, yet she had known little else all her early life. She had been left an orphan in England, and had been sent out to Australia to make her living as a governess. She was thrown among brutal, coarse-mannered people, and received harsh treatment and suffered many vicissitudes of fortune. Finally, her husband met and loved and married her, and lifted her out of that hard life into one which appeared by contrast a heaven of peace and kindness and affection. She often said frankly, "That was the happiest event of my life. I can never be thankful enough to him or love him enough. Sometimes I dream I am back again enduring that dreadful life in Australia, and when I wake and realize that I am here in our own little cottage, thousands of miles from Australia, I am freshly happy and grateful."

Near the foot of the mountains was a Catholic church and a school, round which a little village had grown up. The self-sacrificing efforts of the teachers have been productive of good among the natives, but there seems little hope of any co-operation between the Protestant missionaries and them.

When the time came for me to return to Honolulu, Miss P—— offered to accompany me, and suggested that instead of returning by the way I came we should take the longer way and complete the circuit of the island. As the road lay directly along the sea-coast the entire distance, there was no danger of our losing our way. Miss P—— rode Calico, the missionary steed, and I hired a white horse of Nakaniella (Nathaniel), one of the patrons of the school, choosing it in preference to a bay brought for my inspection the night before we started by a sullen-looking native from the village. When we had gone two or three miles on our way we heard the sound of furious galloping behind us, and looking back saw this native, with a face like a

thunder-cloud, approaching us on his bay horse. Reaching us, he insisted on my dismounting and taking his horse, saying that I had promised to hire it the night before. Miss P——, being able to speak Hawaiian, answered for me without slackening our pace. She said, in reply to his demands, that the wahine haole had not promised to take his horse; that she would not pay him for his time and trouble in bringing over the horse that morning and riding after us; that he might ride all the way to Honolulu with us or go to law about the matter, both of which he threatened. Fuming with wrath, he rode along with us for a mile or two, breathing out threatenings and slaughter in vigorous Hawaiian: then, uttering the spiteful wish, "May your horses throw you and break your necks!" he turned and rode back toward Waialua.

We passed through the ruins of a once-populous village: stone walls bordered the road for a mile or more, and back of them were the stone foundations of native houses and *heiaus* (temples). Pandanus trees, with roots like stilts or props that lifted them two or three feet from the ground, grew inside the deserted enclosures: long grass waved from the chinks and crevices. It was a mournful reminder of the decay of the Hawaiian race. Just beyond the ruined village a sluggish creek flowed into the sea. At the mouth of the valley whence it issued stood two or three native huts. A man wearing a malo was up on the roof of one, thatching it with grass. Riding near, we hailed him and inquired about a quicksand which lay just ahead and which we must cross. He told us to avoid the *makai* side and keep to the *mouka* side. We followed his directions, and crossed in safety. For all practical purposes there are but two directions in the islands—*mouka*, meaning toward the mountains, and *makai*, toward the sea.

We rode all the forenoon over a level strip of grassy open country bordering the sea, with here and there a native hut near a clump of coconuts or a taro-patch. Toward noon we passed fenced pastures in which many horses were grazing, and

came in sight of a picturesque cottage near the shore. Miss G—— had told us that on the lawn in front of this cottage were two curious old stone idols which had been discovered in a fish-pond, and we rode up to the gate intending to ask permission to enter and look at them. A Chinese servant let us in, and the owner, an Englishman who lived here during part of the year, came and showed us the idols, and then invited us inside his pretty cottage and gave us a lunch of bread and butter and guava jelly and oranges. The walls and ceilings were of native wood, of the kinds used in delicate cabinet-work and were polished until they shone. The floor was covered with fine straw matting, and around the room were ranged easy-chairs and sofas of willow and rattan. In one corner stood a piano in an ebony case, and on a koa-wood centre-table were a number of fine photographs and works of art. Hanging baskets filled with blooming plants hung in each window and in the veranda. Altogether, it was the prettiest hermitage imaginable.

Riding along that afternoon through a country much like that we had passed over in the morning, we heard from a native hut the sound of the mournful Hawaiian wail, "Auea! auea!" (pronounced like the word "away" long drawn out). To our inquiry if any one was dead within, a woman answered, "No, but that some friends had come from a distance on a visit." I have frequently seen two Hawaiian friends or relations who had not met for a long time express their emotions at seeing one another again, not by kissing and laughing and joyful exclamations, but by sitting down on the ground and wailing. Perhaps it was done in remembrance of their long separation and of the changes that had taken place during that time. The native mode of kissing consists in rubbing noses together.

Not far from this place we passed a Mormon settlement, a little colony sent out from Utah. The group of bare white buildings was some distance back from the road, and we did not stop to visit them. Near by was a *hou*-tree swamp,

a spongy, marshy place where cattle were eating grass that grew under water. They would reach down until their ears were almost covered, take a mouthful and lift up their heads while they chewed it. Thus far on our journey there had been a level plain two or three miles wide between the sea and the mountains, but here the mountains came close down to the sea, leaving only a little strip of land along the beach. High, stern cliffs with strange profiles, such as a lion, a canoe and a gigantic hen on her nest, frowned upon us as we rode along their base. We passed a cold bubbling spring which had worn a large basin for itself in the rock. It had formerly been the bathing-place of a chief, and therefore taboo to the common people. In one of our gallops along the beach my stirrup-strap broke, and we stopped in front of a solitary hut to ask for a stout string. A squid was drying on a pole and scenting the air with its fishy odors. In answer to our call an old man in a calico shirt came out of the hut, and, taking some strips of *hou*-bark, twisted them into a strong string and fastened the stirrup. I gave him a real, and he exclaimed "Aloha!" with apparently as much surprise and delight as if we had enriched him for life.

We rode through a little village at the mouth of a beautiful green valley, forded a river that ran through it, and passing under more high cliffs came about four in the afternoon to Kahana, our stopping-place for the night. It was a little cluster of houses at the head of a bay or inlet of the sea, where the lovely transparent water was green as grass, and stood in the opening of a valley enclosed by high, steep mountain-walls, with sharp ridges down their sides clothed with rich forests. All around us grew delicate, luxuriant ferns, of which there are one hundred and fifty varieties in the islands. Along the shores of the bay some women were wading, their dresses held above their knees, picking shellfish and green sea-moss off the rocks for supper. We rode up to the cottage of Kekoa, a native minister who had studied under Miss P——'s, father. His half-Chinese, half-native wife was in a grass hut at the back of the

house, and she came immediately to take our horses, saying that her husband was at the church, but would be at home soon. Then opening the door, she told us to go inside and rest ourselves. It was a pretty cottage, with floors and walls of wood and a grass roof. Braided mats of palm and pandanus-leaves were on the floor, and on the walls hung portraits of the Hawaiian royal family and Generals Lee and Grant. It had two rooms—a sitting-room and a bedroom—the first furnished with a table and chairs, the latter with a huge high-posted bedstead with a canopy over it. Altogether, it was much above the common native houses, and was evidently not used every day, but kept for the reception of guests—travelling ministers and the like.

When Kekoa came he welcomed us warmly on account of the attachment he had for Miss P——'s father, and told us to consider the house ours as long as it pleased us to stay. He sent his wife to catch a chicken, and soon set before us on the table in the sitting-room a supper consisting of boiled chicken, rice, baked taro, coarse salt from the bay, and bananas. We overlooked the absence of bread, which the natives know not of, and shared the use of the one knife and fork between us. Our host waited on us, his wife bringing the food to the door and handing it to him. After supper other natives came in, and Miss P—— conversed with them in Hawaiian. Being tired and stiff from my long ride, I went into the next room and lay down on the bed. Mrs. Kekoa came in presently and began to lomi-lomi me. She kneaded me with her hands from head to foot, just as a cook kneads dough, continuing the process for nearly an hour, although I begged her several times to stop lest she should be tired. At the end of that time all sensation of fatigue and stiffness was gone and I felt fresh and well. Kekoa and his wife slept in a grass hut several rods farther up the valley, and Miss P—— and I had the house to ourselves. In the middle of the night we were awakened by the sound of a man talking in through the open window of our room. We both thought for a moment that it

was our persecutor of the morning who had followed us as he had threatened, but it proved to be a native from the head of the valley who wanted to see Kekoa. Miss P—— directed him to the grass hut where our host slept, and he went away, and we were not disturbed again. Next morning we had breakfast like the supper, and asked for our horses. Kekoa and his wife begged us to stay longer, but we could not, and parted from them with much regret. We afterward sent them some large photographs of scenes in Honolulu, and received an affectionate message from them in return. I look back to Kahana as a sort of Happy Valley, and dream sometimes of going back and seeing again its beautiful pale-green bay, its glittering blue sea, its grand mountain-walls clothed in richest verdure, and renewing my acquaintance with its kind-hearted people. Several natives gathered to say good-bye, and two of them rode with us out of the valley and saw us fairly on our way.

We rode past cane-plantations fenced with palm-tree trunks or hedged with huge prickly pear; past thickets of wild indigo and castor bean; through guava-jungles, where we pulled and ate the ripe fruit, yellow outside and pink within; past large fish-ponds that had been constructed for the chiefs in former days; past rice-fields where Chinese were scaring away the birds; past threshing-floors where Chinese were threshing rice; past *kamani* trees (from Tahiti) that looked like umbrellas slanting upward; past a flock of mina-birds brought from Australia; past aloe-plants and vast thickets of red and yellow lantana in blossom, reaching as high as our horses' necks.

We dismounted in front of a little grass hut where we heard the sound of a tappa-pounder, and went to the door. An old native woman, with her arms tattooed with India-ink, was sitting on a mat spread on the ground, with a sheet of moist red tappa lying over a beam placed on the ground in front of her, and a four-sided mallet in her hand. Beside her sat a young half-white girl with a large tortoise-shell comb in her hair and a fat little dog in her arms. We asked if we could come in

and see the tappa. The old woman said "Yes," and displayed it with some pride. She was making it to give to Queen Emma, hence the pains she was taking with the coloring and the pattern. The bark of a shrub resembling our pawpaw tree is steeped in water until it becomes a mass of pulp. Then it is laid on the heavy beam and beaten with the tappa-pounder, and pulled and stretched until it becomes a square sheet with firm edges, about as thick as calico and six or eight feet square. The juice of berries or dye from the bark of trees furnishes the coloring, and the pattern is determined by the figures cut in the tappa-pounder. Some fine mats rolled up in one corner and some braided baskets on the wall were also the work of this tappa-maker.

We passed through several villages as we neared our journey's end, and the scenery grew more interesting. The palm trees on the beach framed views of little islands bathed in sea-mist which lay half a mile or more from the shore. Narrow green valleys with high steep walls, down whose sides flashed bright waterfalls, opened to view one after another on the mouka or inland side. At the mouth of one we saw a twig of *ohia*, or native apple tree, placed carefully between two stones. Some superstitious native had put it there as an offering, that the goddess of that valley might not roll down rocks on him and kill him. The Pali, a stupendous perpendicular cliff four thousand feet high, faces the sea a few miles from Honolulu. We came in sight of it early in the afternoon, and stopped on a grassy knoll near a clear stream to eat our lunch and allow our horses to graze. The hardest part of the whole journey lay immediately before us. A zigzag path has been cut up the face of the cliff, but it is so steep and narrow that carriages cannot pass over it, and it is with much exertion and heavy panting that it can be climbed by man or beast. The face of the cliff is hung with vines and ferns, and at its base grow palms and the rich vegetation of the tropics. It is the grandest bit of scenery on Oahu. We rode our horses to the foot of the Pali: then, out of compassion for them,

dismounted and led them up the long steep path, stopping several times to rest. On the way some natives passed us on horseback, racing up the Pali! At the top we stood a while in silence, gazing at the magnificent prospect spread out below us. We could see miles of the road we had come—silvery-green cane-plantations, little villages with white church-spires, rich groves of palm, kukui and koa, and the sea rising like a dark blue wall all around the horizon. Then we mounted and turned our faces toward Honolulu. On either side were lofty mountain-walls, with perpendicular sides clothed with vivid green and hung with silvery waterfalls. We were entering the city by Nuannu ("Cold Spring") Valley,

the most delightful and fashionable suburb. Here were Queen Emma's residence, set in the midst of extensive and beautiful grounds, the Botanical Gardens; the residence of the American minister, the royal mausoleum and the house and gardens once occupied by Kalumma, a former queen. Crowds of gayly-dressed natives galloped past us as we neared the city, wearing wreaths of fern and flowers. One man carried a half-grown pig in a rope net attached to his stirrup: it looked tired of life. So, under the arching algaroba and monkey-pod trees that shade Nuannu Avenue, and past the royal palms that grace the yards, we rode into beautiful Honolulu.

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

FINDELKIND OF MARTINSWAND: A CHILD'S STORY.

THERE was a little boy a year or two since who lived under the shadow of Martinswand. Most people know, I should suppose, that the Martinswand is that mountain in the Oberinnthal where, several centuries ago, brave Kaiser Max lost his footing as he stalked the chamois and fell upon a ledge of rock, and stayed there, in mortal peril, for thirty hours, till he was rescued by the strength and agility of a Tyrol hunter—an angel in the guise of a hunter, as the chronicles of the time prefer to say. The Martinswand is a grand mountain, being one of the spurs of the greater Sonnstein, and rises precipitously, looming, massive and lofty, like a very fortress for giants, where it stands right across that road which, if you follow it long enough, takes you on through Zirl to Landeck—old, picturesque, poetic Landeck, where Frederic of the Empty Pockets rhymed his sorrows in ballads to his people—and so on, by Bludenz, into Switzerland itself, by as noble a highway as any traveller can ever desire to traverse on a summer's day. The Martinswand is within a mile

of the little burg of Zirl, where the people, in the time of their kaiser's peril, came out with torches and bells, and the Host lifted up by their priest, and all prayed on their knees underneath the gaunt pile of limestone, which is the same to-day as it was then, whilst Kaiser Max is dust. The Martinswand soars up very steep and very majestic, bare stone at its base and all along its summit crowned with pine woods; and on the other side of the road that runs onward to Zirl are a little stone church, quaint and low, and gray with age, and a stone farm-house and cattle-sheds and timber-sheds of wood that is darkly brown from time; and beyond these are some of the most beautiful meadows in the world, full of tall grass and countless flowers, with pools and little estuaries made by the brimming Inn River that flows by them, and beyond the river the glaciers of the Sonnstein and the Selrain and the wild Arlberg region, and the golden glow of sunset in the west, most often seen from here through a veil of falling rain.

At this farm-house, with Martinswand

towering above it and Zirl a mile beyond, there lived, and lives still, a little boy who bears the old historical name of Findelkind. His father, Otto Korner, was the last of a sturdy race of yeomen who had fought with Hofer and Haspinger, and had been free men always.

Findelkind came in the middle of seven other children, and was a pretty boy of nine years old, with slenderer limbs and paler cheeks than his rosy brethren, and tender, dreamy, dark-blue eyes that had the look, his mother told him, of seeking stars in midday—*de chercher midi à quatorze heures*, as the French have it. He was a good little lad, and seldom gave any trouble from disobedience, though he often gave it from forgetfulness. His father angrily complained that he was always in the clouds—that is, he was always dreaming—and so very often would spill the milk out of the pails, chop his own fingers instead of the wood, and stay watching the swallows when he was sent to draw water. His brothers and sisters were always making fun of him: they were sturdier, ruddier and merrier children than he was, loved romping and climbing and nutting, thrashing the walnut trees and sliding down snow-drifts, and got into mischief of a more common and childish sort than Findelkind's freaks of fancy. For indeed he was a very fanciful little boy: everything around had tongues for him, and he would sit for hours among the long rushes on the river's edge, trying to imagine what the wild green-gray water had found in its wanderings, and asking the water-rats and the ducks to tell him about it; but both rats and ducks were too busy to attend to an idle little boy, and never spoke, which vexed him.

Findelkind, however, was very fond of his books: he would study day and night in his little ignorant, primitive fashion. He loved his missal and his primer, and could spell them both out very fairly, and was learning to write of a good priest in Zirl, where he trotted three times a week with his two little brothers. When not at school he was chiefly set to guard the sheep and the cows, which occupation left him very much to himself, so that he had many

hours in the summer-time to stare up to the skies and wonder, wonder, wonder about all sorts of things; while in the winter—the long, white, silent winter, when the post-wagons ceased to run, and the road into Switzerland was blocked, and the whole world seemed asleep except for the roaring of the winds—Findelkind, who still trotted over the snow to school in Zirl, would dream still, sitting on the wooden settle by the fire when he came home again under Martinswand. For the worst—or the best—of it all was that he was Findelkind also.

This was what was always haunting him. He was Findelkind, and to bear this name seemed to him to mark him out from all other children and dedicate him to Heaven. One day three years before, when he had been only six years old, the priest in Zirl, who was a very kindly and cheerful man, and amused the children as much as he taught them, had not allowed Findelkind to leave the school to go home because the storm of snow and wind was so violent, but had kept him until the worst should pass, with one or two other little lads who lived some way off, and had let the boys roast apples and chestnuts by the stove in his little room, and while the wind howled and the blinding snow fell without had told the children the story of another Findelkind, an earlier Findelkind, who had lived in the flesh as far back as 1381, and had been a little shepherd-lad—"just like you," said the good man, looking at the little boys munching their roast crabs—"over there, above Stuben, where Danube and Rhine meet and part." The pass of Arlberg is even still so bleak and bitter that few care to climb there: the mountains around are drear and barren, and snow lies till midsummer, and even longer sometimes. "But in the early ages," said the priest—and this is quite a true tale, which the children heard with open eyes, and mouths only not open because they were full of crabs and chestnuts,— "in the early ages," said the priest to them, "the Arlberg was far more dreary than it is now. There was only a mule-track over it, and no refuge for man or beast; so that wanderers and peddlers,

and those whose need for work or desire for battle brought them over that frightful pass, perished in great numbers and were eaten by the bears and the wolves. The little shepherd-boy, Findelkind—who was a little boy five hundred years ago, remember," added the priest—"was sorely disturbed and distressed to see those poor dead souls in the snow winter after winter, and to see the blanched bones lie on the bare earth unburied when summer melted the snow. It made him unhappy, very unhappy; and what could he do, he a little boy keeping sheep? He had as his wage two florins a year—that was all—but his heart rose high and he had faith in God. Little as he was, he said to himself he would try and do something, so that year after year those poor lost travellers and beasts should not perish so. He said nothing to anybody, but he took the few florins he had saved up, bade his master farewell and went on his way begging—a little fourteenth-century boy, with long, straight hair and a girdled tunic, as you see them," continued the priest, "in the miniatures in the black-letter missal that lies upon my desk. No doubt Heaven favored him very strongly, and the saints watched over him; still, without the boldness of his own courage and the faith in his own heart they would not have done so. I suppose, too, that when knights in their armor and soldiers in their camps saw such a little fellow all alone they helped him, and perhaps struck some blows for him, and so sped him on his way and protected him from robbers and from wild beasts. Still, be sure that the real shield and the real reward that served Findelkind of Arlberg was the pure and noble purpose that armed him night and day. Now, history does not tell us where Findelkind went, nor how he fared, nor how long he was about it, but history *does* tell us that the little barefooted, long-haired boy, knocking so boldly at castle-gates and city-walls in the name of Christ and Christ's poor brethren, did so well succeed in his quest that before long he had returned to his mountain-home with means to have a church and a rude dwelling built, where he lived with six other brave and chari-

table souls, dedicating themselves to St. Christopher, and going out night and day, to the sound of the Angelus, seeking the lost and weary. This is really what Findelkind of Arlberg did five centuries ago, and did so well that his fraternity of St. Christopher twenty years after numbered amongst its members archdukes, prelates and knights without number, and lasted as a great order down to the days of Joseph II. This is what Findelkind in the fourteenth century did, I tell you. Bear like faith in your hearts, my children, and, though your generation is a harder one than his, because it is without faith, yet you shall move mountains, because Christ and St. Christopher will be with you."

Then the good man, having said that, blessed them and left them alone to their chestnuts and crabs and went into his own oratory to prayer. The other boys laughed and chattered, but Findelkind sat very quietly thinking of his namesake all the day after, and for many days and weeks and months this story haunted him. A little boy had done all that, and this little boy had been called Findelkind—Findelkind, just like himself.

It was a beautiful story, and yet it tortured him. If the good man had known how the history would root itself in the child's mind perhaps he would never have told it, for night and day it vexed Findelkind, and yet seemed beckoning to him and crying, "Go, thou, and do likewise!"

But what could he do?

There was the snow, indeed, and there were the mountains, as in the fourteenth century, but there were no travellers lost. The diligence did not go into Switzerland after autumn, and the country-people who went by on their mules and in their sledges to Innspruck knew their way very well, and were never likely to be adrift on a winter's night or eaten by a wolf or a bear.

When spring came Findelkind sat by the edge of the bright pure water amongst the flowering grasses and felt his head heavy. Findelkind of Arlberg, who was in heaven now, must look down, he fancied, and think him so stupid and so selfish sitting there. The first Findelkind

a few centuries before had trotted down on his bare feet from his mountain-pass, and taken his little crook and gone out boldly over all the land on his pilgrimage, and knocked at castle-gates and city-walls in Christ's name and for love of the poor. That was to do something indeed!

This poor little living Findelkind would look at the miniatures in the priest's misal, in one of which there was the fourteenth-century boy with long hanging hair and a wallet and bare feet, and he never doubted that it was the portrait of the blessed Findelkind who was in heaven; and he wondered if he looked like a little boy there or if he were changed to the likeness of an angel.

"He was a boy just like me," thought the poor little fellow; and he felt so ashamed of himself, so much ashamed; and the priest had told him to try and do the same. He brooded over it so much, and it made him so anxious and so vexed, that his brothers ate his porridge and he did not notice it, his sisters pulled his curls and he did not feel it, his father brought a stick down on his back and he only started and stared, and his mother cried because he was losing his mind and would grow daft, and even his mother's tears he scarcely saw. He was always thinking of Findelkind in heaven.

When he went for water he spilt one half; when he did his lessons, he forgot the chief part; when he drove out the cow, he let her munch the cabbages; and when he was set to watch the oven, he let the loaves burn, like great Alfred. He was always busied thinking, "Little Findelkind that is in heaven did so great a thing: why may not I? I ought! I ought!" What was the use of being named after Findelkind that was in heaven unless one did something great too?

Next to the church there is a little stone sort of shed with two arched openings, and from it you look into the tiny church with its crucifixes and relics, or out to great, bold, sombre Martinswand, as you like best; and in this spot Findelkind would sit hour after hour while his brothers and sisters were playing, and look up at the mountains or on to the al-

tar, and wish and pray and vex his little soul most woefully; and his ewes and his lambs would crop the grass about the entrance, and bleat to make him notice them and lead them farther afield, but all in vain. Even the dear sheep he hardly heeded, and his pet ewes Katte and Greta and the big ram Zips rubbed their soft noses in his hand unnoticed. So the summer passed away—the summer that is so short in the mountains, and yet so green and so radiant, with the torrents tumbling through the flowers, and the hay tossing in the meadows, and the lads and lasses climbing to cut the rich sweet grass of the alps. The short summer passed as fast as a dragon-fly flashes by, all green and gold, in the sun; and it was near autumn once more, and still Findelkind was always dreaming and wondering what he could do for the good of St. Christopher; and the longing to do it all came more and more into his little heart, and he puzzled his brain till his head ached.

One autumn morning, whilst yet it was dark, Findelkind made up his mind, and rose before his brothers and stole down stairs and out into the air, as it was easy to do, because the house-door never was bolted. He had nothing with him, he was barefooted, and his school-satchel was slung behind him, as Findelkind of Arlberg's wallet had been five centuries before. He took a little staff from the piles of wood lying about, and went out on to the highroad, on his way to do Heaven's will. He was not very sure—but that was because he was only nine years old and not very wise—but Findelkind that was in heaven had begged for the poor: so would he.

His parents were very poor, but he did not think of them as in want at any time, because he always had his bowlful of porridge and as much bread as he wanted to eat. This morning he had had nothing to eat: he wished to be away before any one could question him.

It was still dusk in the fresh autumn morning; the sun had not risen behind the glaciers of the Stubaythal, and the road was scarcely seen; but he knew it very well, and he set out bravely, saying

his prayers to Christ and to St. Christopher and to Findelkind that was in heaven. He was not in any way clear as to what he would do, but he thought he would find some great thing to do somewhere lying like a jewel in the dust; and he went on his way in faith, as Findelkind of Arlberg had done. His heart beat high, and his head lost its aching pains, and his feet felt light—as light as if there were wings to his ankles. He would not go to Zirl, because Zirl he knew so well, and there could be nothing very wonderful waiting there; and he ran fast the other way. When he was fairly out from under the shadow of Martinswand he slackened his pace, and saw the sun come up on his path and begin to redden the gray-green water; and the early Eilwagen from Landeck, that had been lumbering along all the night, overtook him. He would have run after it and called out to the travellers for alms, but he felt ashamed: his father had never let him beg, and he did not know how to begin. The Eilwagen rolled on through the autumn mud, and that was one chance lost. He was sure that the first Findelkind had not felt ashamed when he had knocked at the first castle-gate.

By and by, when he could not see Martinswand by turning his head back ever so, he came to an inn that used to be a post-house in the old days when men travelled only by road. A woman was feeding chickens in the bright clear red of the cold daybreak. Findelkind timidly held out his hand. "For the poor," he murmured, and doffed his cap.

The old woman looked at him sharply: "Oh, is it you, little Findelkind? Have you run off from school? Be off with you home! I have mouths enough to feed here."

Findelkind went away, and began to learn that it is not easy to be a prophet or a hero in one's own country. He trotted a mile farther and met nothing. At last he came to some cows by the wayside, and a man tending them. "Would you give me something to help make a monastery?" he said timidly, and once more took off his cap.

The man gave a great laugh: "A fine monk you! And who wants more of those lazy drones? Not I."

Findelkind never answered: he remembered the priest had said that the years he lived in were very hard ones, and men in them had no faith. Ere long he came to a big walled house, with turrets and grated casements—very big it looked to him—like one of the first Findelkind's own castles. His heart beat loud against his side, but he plucked up his courage and knocked as loud as his heart was beating. He knocked and knocked, but no answer came. The house was empty. But he did not know that: he thought it was that the people within were cruel, and he went sadly onward with the road winding before him, and on his right the beautiful, impetuous gray river, and on his left the green Mittelgebirge and the mountains that rose behind it. By this time the sun was high: its rays were glowing on the red of the cranberry-shrubs and the blue of the bilberry-boughs; he was hungry and thirsty and tired. But he did not give in for that: he held on steadily. He knew that there was near, somewhere near, a great city that the people called Sprugg, and thither he had resolved to go. By noontide he had walked eight miles, and come to a green place where men were shooting at targets, the tall thick grass all around them; and a little way farther off was a train of people chanting and bearing crosses and dressed in long flowing robes.

The place was the Höttinger Au, and the day was Saturday, and the village was making ready to perform a miracle-play on the morrow. Findelkind ran to the robed singing-folk, quite sure that he saw the people of God. "Oh, take me! take me!" he cried to them—"do take me with you to do Heaven's work!"

But they pushed him aside for a crazy little boy that spoil their rehearsing.

"It was only for Hötting-folk," said a lad older than himself. "Get out of the way with you, liebchen;" and the man who carried the cross knocked him with force on the head by mere accident, but Findelkind thought he had meant it.

Were people so much kinder five cen-

turies before? he wondered, and felt sad as the many-colored robes swept on through the grass and the crack of the rifles sounded sharply through the music of the chanting voices. He went on foot-sore and sorrowful, thinking of the castle-doors that had opened and the city-gates that had unclosed at the summons of the little long-haired boy painted on the missal.

He had come now to where the houses were much more numerous, though under the shade of great trees—lovely old gray houses, some of wood, some of stone, some with frescoes on them and gold and color and mottoes, some with deep-barred casements and carved portals and sculptured figures—houses of the poorer people now, but still memorials of a grand and gracious time. For he had wandered into the quarter of St. Nicholas of this fair mountain-city, which he, like his country-folks, called Sprugg, though the government and the world called it Innsbruck.

He got out upon a long gray wooden bridge, and looked up and down the reaches of the river, and thought to himself maybe this was not Sprugg but Jerusalem, so beautiful it looked with its domes shining golden in the sun, and the snow of the Patscher Kofl and the Brandjoch behind them. For little Findelkind had never come so far before.

As he stood on the bridge so dreaming a hand clutched him and a voice said, "A whole kreutzer, or you do not pass."

Findelkind started and trembled. A kreutzer? He had never owned such a treasure in all his life. "I have no money," he murmured timidly: "I came to see if I could get money for the poor."

The keeper of the bridge laughed: "You are a little beggar, you mean? Oh, very well: then over my bridge you do not go."

"But it is the city on the other side."

"To be sure it is the city, but over nobody-goes without a kreutzer."

"I never have such a thing of my own—never, never," said Findelkind, ready to cry.

"Then you were a little fool to come away from your home, wherever that may

be," said the man at the bridge-head. "Well, I will let you go, for you look a baby. But do not beg: that is bad."

"Findelkind did it."

"Then Findelkind was a rogue and a vagabond," said the taker of tolls.

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, little saucebox! and take that," said the man, giving him a box on the ear, being angry at contradiction.

Findelkind's head drooped, and he went slowly over the bridge, forgetting that he ought to have thanked the toll-taker for a free passage. The world seemed to him very difficult. How had Findelkind done when he had come to bridges? and oh, how had Findelkind done when he had been hungry? For this poor little Findelkind was getting very hungry, and his stomach was as empty as was his wallet.

A few steps brought him to the Goldenes Dachl. He forgot his hunger and his pain, seeing the sun shine on all that gold and the curious painted galleries under it. He thought it was real, solid gold. Real gold laid out on a house-roof, and the people all so poor! Findelkind began to muse, and wonder why everybody did not climb up there and take a tile off and be rich. But perhaps it would be wicked. Perhaps God put the roof there with all that gold to prove people. Findelkind got bewildered. If God did such a thing, was it kind?

His head seemed to swim, and the sunshine went round and round with him. There went by him just then a very venerable-looking old man with silver hair: he was wrapped in a long cloak.

Findelkind pulled at the cloak gently, and the old man looked down. "What is it, my boy?" he asked.

Findelkind answered, "I came out to get gold: may I take it off that roof?"

"It is not gold, child: it is gilding."

"What is gilding?"

"It is a thing made to look like gold: that is all."

"It is a lie, then!"

The old man smiled: "Well, nobody thinks so. If you like to put it so, per-

haps it is. What do you want gold for, you wee thing?"

"To build a monastery and house the poor."

The old man's face scowled and grew dark, for he was a Lutheran pastor from Bavaria. "Who taught you such trash?" he said crossly.

"It is not trash: it is faith."

And Findelkind's face began to burn and his blue eyes to darken and moisten. There was a little crowd beginning to gather, and the crowd was beginning to laugh. There were some soldiers and rifle-shooters in the throng, and they jeered and joked, and made fun of the old man in the long cloak, who grew angry then with the child. "You are a little idolater and a little impudent sinner," he said wrathfully, and shook the boy by the shoulder and went away; and the throng that had gathered round had only poor Findelkind left to tease.

He was a very poor little boy indeed to look at, with his sheepskin tunic and his bare feet and legs, and his wallet that never was to get filled.

"Where do you come from, and what do you want?" they asked.

And he answered with a sob in his voice, "I want to do like Findelkind of Arlberg."

And then the crowd laughed, not knowing at all what he meant, but laughing just because they did not know, as crowds always will do.

And only the big dogs, that are so very big in this country, and are all loose and free and good-natured citizens, came up to him kindly and rubbed against him and made friends; and at that tears came into his eyes and his courage rose, and he lifted his head.

"You are cruel people to laugh," he said indignantly: "the dogs are kinder. People did not laugh at Findelkind. He was a little boy just like me, no better and no bigger, and as poor, and yet he had so much faith, and the world then was so good, that he left his sheep and got money enough to build a church and a hospice to Christ and St. Christopher. And I want to do the same for the poor. Not for myself—no, for the poor. I am

Findelkind too, and Findelkind that is in heaven speaks to me." Then he stopped, and a sob rose again in his throat.

"He is crazy," said the people, laughing, yet a little scared; for the priest at Zirl had said rightly, This is not an age of faith. At that moment there sounded, coming from the barracks, that used to be the Schloss in the old days of Kaiser Max and Mary of Burgundy, the sound of drums and trumpets and the tramp of marching feet. It was one of the corps of jägers of Tyrol going down from the avenue to the Rudolf Platz, with their band before them and their pennons streaming. It was a familiar sight, but it drew the street-throngs to it like magic: the age is not fond of dreamers, but it is very fond of drums. In almost a moment the old dark arcades and the river-side and the passages near were all empty, except for the old women sitting at their stalls of fruit or cakes or toys. They are wonderful arched arcades, like the cloisters of a cathedral more than anything else, and the shops under them are all homely and simple—shops of leather, of furs, of clothes, of wooden playthings, of sweet, wholesome bread. They are very quaint, and kept by poor folks for poor folks, but to the dazed eyes of Findelkind they looked like a forbidden Paradise, for he was so hungry and so heartbroken, and he had never seen any bigger place than little Zirl.

He stood and looked wistfully, but no one offered him anything. Close by was a stall of splendid purple grapes, but the old woman that kept it was busy knitting. She only called to him to stand out of her light.

"You look a poor brat: have you a home?" said another woman, who sold bridles and whips and horses' bells and the like.

"Oh yes, I have a home—by Martinswand," said Findelkind with a sigh.

The woman looked at him sharply: "Your parents have sent you on an errand here?"

"No, I have run away."

"Run away? Oh, you bad boy! Unless, indeed—are they cruel to you?"

"No—very good."

"Are you a little rogue then, or a thief?"

"You are a bad woman to think such things," said Findelkind hotly, knowing himself on how innocent and sacred a quest he was.

"Bad? I? Oh ho," said the old dame, cracking one of her new whips in the air, "I should like to make you jump about with this, you thankless little vagabond! Be off!"

Findelkind sighed again, his momentary anger passing, for he had been born with a gentle temper, and thought himself to blame much more readily than he thought other people were—as, indeed, every wise child does, only there are so few children—or men—that are wise.

He turned his head away from the temptation of the bread- and fruit-stalls, for in truth hunger gnawed him terribly, and wandered a little to the left. From where he stood he could see the long beautiful street of Theresa with its oriels and arches, painted windows and gilded signs, and the steep, gray, dark mountains closing it in at the distance; but the street frightened him, it looked so grand, and he knew it would tempt him; so he went where he saw the green tops of some high elms and beeches. The trees, like the dogs, seemed like friends: it was the human creatures that were cruel.

At that moment there came out of the barrack-gates, with great noise of trumpets and trampling of horses, a group of riders in gorgeous uniforms, with sabres and chains glancing and plumes tossing. It looked to Findelkind like a group of knights—those knights who had helped and defended his namesake with their steel and their gold in the old days of the Arlberg quest. His heart gave a leap, and he jumped on the dust for joy, and he ran forward and fell on his knees and waved his cap like a little mad thing, and cried out, "Oh, dear knights! oh, great soldiers! help me, fight for me, for the love of the saints! I have come all the way from Martinswand, and I am Findelkind, and I am trying to serve St. Christopher like Findelkind of Arlberg."

But his little swaying body and pleading hands and shouting voice and blowing curls frightened the horses: one of them swerved, and very nearly settled the woes of Findelkind for ever and aye by a kick. The soldier who rode the horse reined him in with difficulty: he was at the head of the little staff, being indeed no less or more than the general commanding the garrison, which in this city is some fifteen thousand strong. An orderly sprang from his saddle and seized the child, and shook him and swore at him. Findelkind was frightened, but he shut his eyes and set his teeth, and said to himself that the martyrs must have had very much worse than these things to suffer in their pilgrimage. He had fancied these riders were knights—such knights as the priest had shown him the likeness of in old picture-books—whose mission it had been to ride through the world succoring the weak and weary and always defending the right.

"What are your swords for if you are not knights?" he cried, desperately struggling in his captor's grip, and seeing through his half-closed lids the sunshine shining on steel scabbards.

"What does he want?" asked the officer in command of the garrison, whose staff all this bright and martial array was. He was riding out from the barracks to an inspection on the Rudolf Platz. He was a young man, and had little children himself, and was half amused, half touched, to see the tiny figure of the dusty little boy.

"I want to build a monastery like Findelkind of Arlberg, and to help the poor," said our Findelkind valorously, though his heart was beating like that of a little mouse caught in a trap, for the horses were trampling up the dust around him and the orderly's grip was hard.

The officers laughed aloud; and indeed he looked a poor little scrap of a figure, very ill able to help even himself.

"Why do you laugh?" cried Findelkind, losing his terror in his indignation, and inspired with the courage which a great earnestness always gives. "You should not laugh. If you were true knights you would not laugh: you would

fight for me. I am little, I know. I am very little, but he was no bigger than I, and see what great things he did. But the soldiers were good in those days: they did not laugh and use bad words." And Findelkind, on whose shoulder the orderly's hold was still fast, faced the horses which looked to him as huge as Martinswand, and the swords which he little doubted were to be sheathed in his heart.

The officers stared, laughed again, then whispered together, and Findelkind heard them mutter the word "toll." Findelkind, whose quick little ears were both strained like a mountain-leveret's, understood that the great men were saying amongst themselves that it was not safe for him to be about alone, and that it would be kinder to him to catch and cage him—the general view with which the world regards enthusiasts.

He heard, he understood: he knew that they did not mean to help him, these men with the steel weapons and the huge steeds, but that they meant to shut him up in a prison—him, little free-born, forest-fed Findelkind. He wrenched himself out of the soldier's grip as the rabbit wrenches itself out of the jaws of the trap, even at the cost of leaving a limb behind, shot between the horses' legs, doubled like a hunted thing, and spied a refuge. Opposite the avenue of gigantic poplars and pleasant stretches of grass shaded by other bigger trees there stands a very famous church—famous alike in the annals of history and of art—the church of the Franciscans that holds the tomb of Kaiser Max, though, alas! it holds not his ashes, as his dying desire was that it should. The church stands here, a noble sombre place, with the Silver Chapel of Philippina Wessler adjoining it, and in front the fresh cool avenues that lead to the river and the broad water-meadows, and the grand road bordered with the painted stations of the Cross.

There were some peasants coming in from the country driving cows; some burghers in their carts with fat, slow horses; some little children were at play under the poplars and the elms; great dogs were lying about on the grass: ev-

erything was happy and at peace except the poor throbbing heart of little Findelkind, who thought the soldiers were coming after him to lock him up as mad, and ran and ran as fast as his trembling legs would carry him, making for sanctuary, as in the old bygone days that he loved many a soul less innocent than his had done. The wide doors of the Hof Kirche stood open, and on the steps lay a black and tan hound, watching no doubt for its master and mistress, who had gone within to pray. Findelkind in his terror vaulted over the dog, and into the church tumbled headlong.

It seemed quite dark, after the brilliant sunshine on the river and the grass: his forehead touched the stone floor as he fell, and as he raised himself and stumbled forward, reverent and bareheaded, looking for the altar to cling to when the soldiers should enter to seize him, his uplifted eyes fell on the great tomb.

The tomb seems entirely to fill the church as, with its twenty-four guardian figures round it, it towers up in the twilight that reigns here even at mid-day. There is a stern majesty and grandeur in it which dwarfs every other monument and mausoleum. It is grim, it is rude, it is savage, with the spirit of the rough ages that created it; but it is great with their greatness, it is heroic with their heroism, it is simple with their simplicity.

As the awestricken eyes of the terrified child fell on the mass of stone and bronze the sight smote him breathless. The mailed warriors standing around it, so motionless, so solemn, filled him with a frozen, nameless fear. He had never a doubt but that they were the dead arisen. The foremost that met his eyes were Theodoric and Arthur—the next, grim Rodolf, father of a dynasty of emperors. There, leaning on their swords, the three gazed down on him, armored, armed, majestic, serious, guarding the empty grave, which to the child, who knew nothing of its history; seemed a bier; and at the feet of Theodoric, who alone of them all looked young and merciful, poor little desperate Findelkind fell with a piteous sob, and cried, "I am not mad! Indeed, indeed, I am not mad!"

He did not know that these six figures were but statues of bronze. He was quite sure they were the dead arisen, and meeting there around that tomb on which the solitary kneeling knight watched and prayed, encircled, as by a wall of steel, by these his comrades. He was not frightened: he was rather comforted and stilled, as with a sudden sense of some deep calm and certain help.

Findelkind, without knowing that he was like so many dissatisfied poets and artists much bigger than himself, dimly felt in his little tired mind how beautiful and how gorgeous and how grand the world must have been when heroes and knights like these had gone by in its daily sunshine and its twilight storms. No wonder Findelkind in heaven had found his pilgrimage so fair when, if he had needed any help, he had only had to kneel and clasp these firm mailed limbs, these strong cross-hilted swords, in the name of Christ and of the poor!

Theodoric seemed to look down on him with benignant eyes from under the raised visor, and Findelkind, weeping, threw his small arms closer and closer round the bronzed knees of the heroic figure and sobbed aloud; "Help me! help me! Oh, turn the hearts of the people to me, and help me to do good!"

But Theodoric answered nothing.

There was no sound in the dark, hushed church; the gloom grew darker over Findelkind's eyes; the mighty forms of monarchs and of heroes grew dim before his sight. He lost consciousness and fell prone upon the stones at Theodoric's feet, for he had fainted from hunger and emotion.

When he awoke it was quite evening: there was a lantern held over his head; voices were muttering curiously and angrily; bending over him were two priests, a sacristan of the church and his own father. His little wallet lay by him on the stones, always empty.

"Liebchen, were you mad?" cried his father, half in rage, half in tenderness. "The chase you have led me! and your mother thinking you were drowned! and all the working day lost, running after old women's tales of where they had seen

you! Oh, little fool! little fool! what was amiss with Martinswand that you must leave it?"

Findelkind slowly and feebly rose and sat up on the pavement, and looked up, not at his father, but at the knight Theodoric. "I thought they would help me to keep the poor," he muttered feebly as he glanced at his own wallet. "And it is empty, empty!"

"Are we not poor enough?" cried his father with paternal impatience, ready to tear his hair with vexation at having such a little idiot for son. "Must you rove afield to find poverty to help, when it sits cold enough, the Lord knows, at our own hearth? Oh, little ass! little dolt! little maniac! fit only for a madhouse! talking to iron figures and taking them for real men!—What have I done, O Heaven, that I should be afflicted thus?"

And the poor man wept, being a good, affectionate soul, but not very wise, and believing that his boy was mad. Then, seized with sudden rage once more at thought of his day all wasted and its hours harassed and miserable through searching for the lost child, he plucked up the light, slight figure of Findelkind in his own arms, and with muttered thanks and excuses to the sacristan of the church, bore the boy out with him into the evening air, and lifted him into a cart which stood there with a horse harnessed to one side of the pole, as the country-people love to do, to the risk of their own lives and their neighbors'. Findelkind said never a word: he was as dumb as Theodoric had been to him; he felt stupid, heavy, half blind; his father pushed him some bread, and he ate it by sheer instinct, as a lost animal will do. The cart jogged on, the stars shone, the great church vanished in the gloom of night.

As they went through the city toward the riverside and the homeward way not a single word did his father, who was a silent man at all times, address to him. Only once as they passed the bridge, "Son," he asked, "did you run away truly thinking to please God and help the poor?"

"Truly I did," answered Findelkind with a sob in his throat.

"Then thou wert an ass," said his father. "Didst never think of thy mother's love and of my toil? Look at home."

Findelkind was mute. The drive was very long, backward by the same way, with the river shining in the moonlight and the mountains half covered with the clouds.

It was ten by the bells of Zirl when they came once more under the solemn shadow of grave Martinswand. There were lights moving about the house, his brothers and sisters were still up, his mother ran out into the road, weeping and laughing with fear and joy.

Findelkind himself said nothing. He hung his head. They were too fond of him to scold him or to jeer at him: they made him go quickly to his bed, and his mother made him a warm milk-posset and kissed him. "We will punish thee to-morrow, naughty and cruel one," said his parent. "But thou art punished enough already, for in thy place little Stefan had the sheep, and he has lost Katte's lambs, the beautiful twin lambs! I dare not tell thy father to-night. Dost hear the poor thing mourn? Do not go afield for thy duty again."

A pang went through the heart of Findelkind, as if a knife had pierced it. He loved Katte better than almost any other living thing, and she was bleating under his window motherless and alone. They were such beautiful lambs too!—lambs that his father had promised should never be killed, but be reared to swell the flock.

Findelkind cowered down in his bed and felt wretched beyond all wretchedness. He had been brought back, his wallet was empty, and Katte's lambs were lost. He could not sleep. His pulses were beating like so many steam-hammers: he felt as if his body were all one great throbbing heart. His brothers, who lay in the same chamber with him, were sound asleep: very soon his father and mother also, on the other side of the wall. Findelkind was alone, wide awake, watching the big white moon sail past his little casement and hearing

Katte bleat. Where were her poor twin lambs? The night was bitterly cold, for it was already far on in autumn; the river had swollen and flooded many fields; the snow for the last week had fallen quite low down on the mountainsides. Even if still living the little lambs would die, out on such a night without the mother or food and shelter of any sort. Findelkind, whose vivid brain always saw everything that he imagined as if it were being acted before his eyes, in fancy saw his two dear lambs floating dead down the swollen tide, entangled in rushes on the flooded shore, or fallen with broken limbs upon a crest of rocks. He saw them so plainly that scarcely could he hold back his breath from screaming aloud in the still night and arousing the mourning wail of the desolate mother.

At last he could bear it no longer: his head burned, and his brain seemed whirling round. At a bound he leaped out of bed quite noiselessly, slid into his sheepskins, and stole out as he had done the night before, hardly knowing what he did. Poor Katte was mourning in the wooden shed with the other sheep, and the wail of her sorrow sounded sadly across the loud roar of the rushing river. The moon was still high. Above, against the sky, black and awful with clouds floating over its summit, was the great Martinswand.

Findelkind this time called the big dog Waldmar to him, and with the dog beside him went once more out into the cold and the gloom, whilst his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, were sleeping, and poor childless Katte alone was awake. He looked up at the mountain, and then across the water-swept meadows to the river. He was in doubt which way to take. Then he thought that in all likelihood the lambs would have been seen if they had wandered the river-way, and even little Stefan would have had too much sense to let them go there. So he crossed the road and began to climb Martinswand. With the instinct of the born mountaineer he had brought out his crampons with him, and had now fastened them on his feet: he knew every part and ridge of the

mountains, and had more than once climbed over to that very spot where Kaiser Max had hung in peril of his life.

On second thoughts he bade Waldmar go back to the house. The dog was a clever mountaineer too, but Findelkind did not wish to lead him into danger. "I have done the wrong, and I will bear the brunt," he said to himself; for he felt as if he had killed Katte's children, and the weight of the sin was like lead on his heart, and he would not kill good Waldmar too.

His little lantern did not show much light, and as he went higher upward he lost sight of the moon. The cold was nothing to him, because the clear still air was one in which he had been reared; and the darkness he did not mind, because he was used to that also; but the weight of sorrow upon him he scarcely knew how to bear, and how to find two tiny lambs in this vast waste of silence and shadow would have puzzled and wearied older minds than his. Garibaldi and all his household, old soldiers tried and true, sought all night once upon Caprera on such a quest in vain. If he could only have awakened his brother Stefan to ask him which way they had gone! But then, to be sure, he remembered, Stefan must have told that to all those who had been looking for the lambs from sunset to nightfall. All alone he began the ascent.

Time and again, in the glad spring-time and the fresh summer weather, he had driven his flock upward to eat the grass that grew in the clefts of the rocks and on the broad green alps. The sheep could not climb to the highest points, but the goats did, and he with them. Time and again he had lain on his back in these uppermost heights, with the lower clouds behind him and the black wings of the birds and the crows almost touching his forehead, as he lay gazing up into the blue depth of the sky and dreaming, dreaming, dreaming.

He would never dream any more now, he thought to himself. His dreams had cost Katte her lambs, and the world of the dead Findelkind was gone for ever:

gone all the heroes and knights; gone all the faith and the force; gone every one who cared for the dear Christ and the poor in pain.

The bells of Zirl were ringing midnight. Findelkind heard, and wondered that only two hours had gone by since his mother had kissed him in his bed. It seemed to him as if long, long nights had rolled away and he had lived a hundred years. He did not feel any fear of the dark calm night, lit now and then by silvery gleams of moon and stars. The mountain was his old familiar friend, and the ways of it had no more terror for him than these hills here used to have for the bold heart of Kaiser Max. Indeed, all he thought of was Katte—Katte and the lambs. He knew the way that the sheep-tracks ran—the sheep could not climb so high as the goats—and he knew too that little Stefan could not climb so high as he. So he began his search low down upon Martinswand.

After midnight the cold increased: there were snow-clouds hanging near, and they opened over his head, and the soft snow came flying along. For himself he did not mind it, but alas for the lambs! If it covered them, how would he find them? And if they slept in it they were dead.

It was bleak and bare on the mountain-side, though there were still patches of grass, such as the flocks liked, that had grown since the hay was cut. The frost of the night made the stone slippery, and even the irons gripped it with difficulty, and there was a strong wind rising like a giant's breath, and blowing his small horn lantern to and fro. Now and then he quaked a little with fear—not fear of the night or the mountains, but of strange spirits and dwarfs and goblins of ill repute, said to haunt Martinswand after nightfall. Old women had told him of such things, though the priest always said that they were only foolish tales, there being nothing on God's earth wicked save men and women who had not clean hearts and hands. Findelkind believed the priest; still, all alone on the side of the mountain, with the snowflakes flying round him, he felt a nervous thrill that

made him tremble and almost turn backward. Almost, but not quite, for he thought of Katte and the poor little lambs lost—and perhaps dead—through his fault.

The path went zigzag and was very steep; the Siberian pines swayed their boughs in his face; stones that lay in his path, unseen in the gloom, made him stumble. Now and then a large bird of the night flew by with a rushing sound: the air grew so cold that all Martinswand might have been turning to one huge glacier. All at once he heard through the stillness—for there is nothing so still as a mountain-side in snow—a little pitiful bleat. All his terrors vanished, all his memories of ghost-tales passed away; his heart gave a leap of joy; he was sure it was the cry of the lambs. He stopped to listen more surely. He was now many score of feet above the level of his home and of Zirl: he was, as nearly as he could judge, halfway as high as where the cross in the cavern marks the spot of the kaiser's peril. The little bleat sounded above him, and it was very feeble and faint.

Findelkind set his lantern down, braced himself up by drawing tighter his old leathern girdle, set his sheepskin cap firm on his forehead, and went toward the sound as far as he could judge that it might be. He was out of the woods now: there were only a few straggling pines rooted here and there in a mass of loose-lying rock and slate. So much he could tell by the light of the lantern, and the lambs, by the bleating, seemed still above him.

It does not perhaps seem very hard labor to hunt about by a dusky light upon a desolate mountain-side, but when the snow is falling fast, when the light is only a small circle, wavering yellowish on the white, when around is a wilderness of loose stones and yawning clefts, when the air is ice and the hour is past midnight, the task is not a light one for a man; and Findelkind was a child, like that Findelkind that was in heaven.

Long, very long, was his search: he grew hot and forgot all fear, except a spasm of terror lest his light should burn low and die out. The bleating had quite

ceased now, and there was not even a sigh to guide him; but he knew that near him the lambs must be, and he did not waver nor despair.

He did not pray—praying in the morning had been no use—but he trusted in God, and he labored hard, toiling to and fro, seeking in every nook and behind each stone, and straining every muscle and nerve, till the sweat rolled in a briny dew off his forehead and his curls dripped with wet. At last, with a scream of joy, he touched some soft, close wool that gleamed white as the white snow. He knelt down on the ground and peered behind the stone by the full light of his lantern: there lay the little lambs—two little brothers, twin brothers, huddled close together, asleep. Asleep? He was sure they were asleep, for they were so silent and still.

He bowed over them and kissed them, and laughed and cried, and kissed them again. Then a sudden horror smote him: they were so very still. There they lay, cuddled close, one on another, one little white head on each little white body, drawn closer than ever together to try and get warm. He called to them; he touched them; then he caught them up in his arms, and kissed them again and again and again. Alas! they were frozen and dead. Never again would they leap in the long green grass, and frisk with one another, and lie happy by Katte's side: they had died calling for their mother, and in the long, cold, cruel night only Death had answered.

Findelkind did not weep nor scream nor tremble: his heart seemed frozen, like the dead lambs. It was he who had killed them. He rose up and gathered them in his arms, and cuddled them in the skirts of his sheepskin tunic, and cast his staff away that he might carry them; and so, thus burdened with their weight, set his face to the snow and the wind once more and began his downward way. Once a great sob shook him: that was all. Now he had no fear. The night might have been noonday, the snow-storm might have been summer, for aught that he knew or cared.

Long and weary was the way, and

often he stumbled and had to rest; often the terrible sleep of the snow lay heavy on his eyelids, and he longed to lie down and be at rest, as the little brothers were; often it seemed to him that he would never reach home again. But he shook the lethargy off him and resisted the longing, and held on his way: he knew that his mother would mourn for him as Katte mourned for the lambs. At length, through all difficulty and danger, when his light had spent itself, and his strength had wellnigh spent itself too, his feet touched the old highroad. There were flickering torches and many people and loud cries around the church, as there had been four hundred years before, when the last sacrament had been said in the valley for the hunter-king doomed to perish above. His mother, being sleepless and anxious, had risen long before it was dawn, and had gone to the children's chamber, and had found the bed of Findelkind empty once more.

He came into the midst of the people with the two little lambs in his arms, and he heeded neither the outcries of neighbors nor the frenzied joy of his mother: his eyes looked straight before him and his face was white like the snow. "I killed them," he said; and then two great tears rolled down his cheeks and fell on the little cold bodies of the two little dead twin brothers.

Findelkind was very ill for many nights and many days after that. Whenever he spoke in his fever he always said, "I killed them." Never anything else. So the dreary winter months went by, while the deep snow filled up valleys and meadows and covered the great mountains from summit to base, and all around Mar-

tinswand was quite still, save that now and then the post went by to Zirl, and on the holy days the bells tolled: that was all. His mother sat between the stove and his bed with a sore heart; and his father, as he went to and fro between the walls of beaten snow from the wood-shed to the cattle-byre, was sorrowful, thinking to himself the child would die and join that earlier Findelkind whose home was with the saints.

But the child did not die. He lay weak and wasted and almost motionless a long time, but slowly, as the spring-time drew near, and the snows on the lower hills loosened, and the abounding waters coursed green and crystal-clear down all the sides of the hills, Findelkind revived as the earth did, and by the time the new grass was springing and the first blue of the gentian gleamed on the Alps he was well.

But to this day he seldom plays, and scarcely ever laughs. His face is sad and his eyes have a look of trouble. Sometimes the priest of Zirl says of him to others, "He will be a great poet or a great hero some day." Who knows?

Meanwhile, in the heart of the child there remains always a weary pain that lies on his childish life as a stone may lie on a flower. "I killed them," he says often to himself, thinking of the two little white brothers frozen to death on Martinswand that cruel night; and he does the things that are told him, and is obedient, and tries to be content with the humble daily duties that are his lot, and when he says his prayers at bedtime always ends them so: "Dear God, do let the little lambs play with Findelkind that is in heaven."

OUIDA.

HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

BY the end of July the dispersion of the racing fraternity has become general. Some have gone into the provinces to lead the pleasant life of the château; some are in the Pyrenees, eating trout and *cotelettes d'izard* at Luchon; while those whom the Paris season has quite worn out, or put in what they would call too "high" a condition, are refitting at Mont Dore or else at Vichy, which is the Saratoga of France—with this difference, that nobody goes to Vichy unless he is really ill, and that very few were ever known to get married there. But if our friend the sportsman should happen to have nothing the matter with him, and should know of nothing better to do during the summer than to go where his equine instincts would lead him, he may spend the month of July at least in following what is called "the Norman circuit." This consists of a series of meetings at different places, either on the coast or very near the Channel, in that green land of Normandy which is to France what the blue-grass region of Kentucky is to America—the great horse-raising province of the country. Here the circuit begins with the Beauvais meeting, always largely attended by reason of its proximity to Paris and to the numerous châteaux, all occupied at this season of the year, and in one of which, at Mouchy-le-Chastel, the duc de Mouchy entertains a large and distinguished company. Sunday and Tuesday are the days for races at Beauvais, Monday being given up to pigeon-shooting. Then follow in quick succession the *courses* of Amiens, Abbeville, Rouen, Havre and Caen; and in all these places the daily programme will be found to be a very varied one—too much so, indeed, to suit the taste of the English, whose notions of the fitness of things are offended by the sight of a steeple-chase and a flat-race on the same track. The Normans, on the contrary, finding even this double attraction in-

sufficient, add to it the excitement of a trotting-match in harness and under the saddle. And such trotting! "Allais! marchais!" shouts the starter in good Norman, and away go the horses, dragging their lumbering, rattling Norman carts, guided by equally ponderous Norman peasants, over a track that is sure to be heavy or else too hard—conditions sufficient of themselves to account for the fact that the time made by these provincial trotters has not by any means been reduced to figures like the 2.18 of Dexter or the phenomenal 2.14 of Goldsmith Maid. It is possible, however, that this somewhat primitive condition of things may be gradually bettered by time, and that when American institutions and customs shall have come to be the *mode* in France trotting-races, and perhaps walking-matches and base-ball, will be developed with the rest; but up to the present time, it must be confessed, these various amusements have been regarded by the French public with profound indifference.

I cannot help feeling the most lively regret that trotting-contests should have taken no hold upon the fancy of my countrymen, who would find in their magnificent roads an opportunity for the demonstration of the practical, every-day value of a good trotter far more favorable than any possessed by America. But it seems that no considerations of utility or convenience can prevail against popular prejudices and, above all, the *mode*; and we find even the baron d'Étreilles, official handicapper and starter to the Jockey Club—and therefore an authority—writing this singular paragraph in *Le Sport*: "Trotting-races deserve but little encouragement. The so-called trotting-horse does not, in fact, trot at all. His pace is forced to such a degree of exaggeration as to lose all regularity, at the same time that it is rendered valueless for any practical purpose. The trotter can no more be put to his speed upon an ordinary

road than can the racer himself. By breaking up the natural gait of a horse he is made to attain an exceptional speed, it is true, but in doing so he has contracted an abnormal sort of movement for which it is impossible to find a name. It is something between a trot and a racking pace, and with it a first-rate trotter can make four kilomètres (two miles and a half) in seven minutes and a half, and not much less, whatever may be said to the contrary. I know that certain time-keepers have marked this distance as having been done in seven minutes, but this I consider disputable, to say the least." M. d'Étreilles cites, however, as an exception to his rules, a horse called Rochester, belonging to the Prince E. de Beauvan, which trotted nineteen miles in one hour without breaking or pacing, but when a return bet was proposed, with the distance increased to twenty miles, the owner of Rochester refused.

These assertions of the French authority will appear strange enough to Americans. But we must add that the views of M. d'Étreilles on this subject are by no means universally shared in France. A writer whose practical experience and long observation entitle his opinions to much weight—M. Gayot—goes so far as to say that the American trotters really form a distinct race. "The Northern States of the Union," he writes, "have accomplished for the trotter what England has done for the thoroughbred: by selecting the best—that is to say, the swiftest and the most enduring—and by breeding from these, there has been fixed in the very nature of their progeny that wonderful aptitude for speed which," in direct contradiction to the opinion of M. d'Étreilles, he declares to be "of the greatest practical utility."

The administration of the Haras and the Society for the Encouragement of the Raising of Horses of Half-blood have established special meetings at which trotting-prizes are given. That these are by no means to be despised has been proved by M. Jouben's Norman trotter Tentateur, who last year earned for his owner twenty thousand francs without the bets. There is a special journal, *La France*

Chevaline, which represents the interests of the "trot," and its development has been further encouraged by an appropriation of sixty thousand francs voted this year by the Chamber. A former officer of the Haras has also set up an establishment at Vire for the training of trotters. In 1878 a track was laid out at Maison La-fitte, near Paris, for the trial of trotting-horses, and the government, in the hope that animals trained to this gait would be sent to Paris from other countries during the great Exhibition if sufficient inducement were offered, awarded a sum of sixty-two thousand francs to be given in premiums. Six races took place on the principal day of the trials. These were in harness to two- and four-wheeled wagons, and two of the matches were won by Normans, two by English horses and two by horses from Russia of the Orloff breed. America was, unfortunately, not represented. As to the public, it took little interest in the event, notwithstanding its novelty: the few persons who had come to look on soon grew tired of it, and after the fourth race not a single spectator was left upon the stands.

The marquis de MacMahon, brother of the marshal, used to say that the gallop was the gait of happy people, the natural movement of women and of fools. "The three prettiest things in the world," wrote Balzac, "are a frigate under sail, a woman dancing and a horse at full run." I leave these opinions, so essentially French, to the judgment of Americans, and turn to another point of difference in the racing customs of the two countries.

In France the practice of recording the *time* of a race is looked upon as childish. The reason given is, that horses that have run or trotted separately against time will often show quite contrary results when matched against each other, and that the one that has made the shortest time on the separate trial will frequently be easily beaten on the same track by the one that showed less speed when tried alone. However this may be, it appears that the average speed of running races in France has increased since 1872. At that time it was one minute and two to three seconds for one thousand mètres (five fur-

longs); for two thousand mètres (a mile and a quarter), 2m. 8 to 10s.; for three thousand mètres (one mile seven furlongs), 3m. 34 to 35s.; for four thousand mètres (two miles and a half), 4m. 30 to 35s. The distance of the Prix Gladiateur (six thousand two hundred mètres or three and three-quarter miles one furlong)—the longest in France—is generally accomplished in 8m. 5 to 6s., though Mon Étoile has done it in 7m. 25s. But the mean speed, as we have said, has been raised since 1872, as it has been in America.

But let us come back to our Norman circuit, which this digression about time and trotting interrupted at Rouen. The sleepy old mediæval town on this occasion rouses itself from its dreams of the past and awakens to welcome the crowd of Norman farmers who come flocking in, clad for the most part in the national blue blouse, but still bearing about their persons those unmistakable though quite indescribable marks by which the turfman can recognize at a glance and under any costume the man whose business is with horses. Every trade and calling in life perhaps may be said to impart to its followers some distinguishing peculiarity by which the brethren of the craft at least will instinctively know each other; and amongst horse-fanciers these mysterious signs of recognition are as infallible as the signals of Freemasonry. As one penetrates still farther into Normandy on his way to the Caen races—which come off a few days after those at Rouen—one becomes still more alive to the fact that he is in a great horse-raising country. It is indeed to the departments of Calvados and the Orne beyond all other places that we owe those fine Norman stallions of which so many have been imported into America. In the Pin stud, at the fairs of Guibray and of Montagne, one may see the descendants of the colossal Roman-nosed horses of Merlerault and Contentin which used to bear the weight of riders clad in iron, and which figure at a later day in the pictures of Van der Meulen. The infusion of English blood within the present century, and particularly during the Second Empire, has profoundly modified the character of the ani-

mal known to our ancestors: the Norman, with the rest of the various races once so numerous in France, is rapidly disappearing, and it will not be very long before two uniform types only will prevail—the draught-horse and the thoroughbred.

The race-course at Caen is one of the oldest in France, having been established as long ago as 1837. The most important events of its programme are the Prix de la Ville (handicap), with premium and stakes amounting to twenty or twenty-five thousand francs, on which the heaviest bets of the intermediate season are made, and the Grand St. Léger of France, which before the war took place at Moulins, and which is far from being of equal importance with the celebrated race at Doncaster whose name it bears. The site of the track at Caen is a beautiful meadow upon the banks of the Orne, very long and bordered with fine trees, but unfortunately too narrow, and consequently awkward at the turns.

By the rules of the Société colts of two years are not allowed to run before the first of August, and as the Caen races take place during the first week of this month, they have the first gathering of the season's crop of two-year-olds—an event which naturally excites the curiosity of followers of the turf. The wisdom and utility of subjecting animals of this age to such a strain upon their powers have been much discussed, and good judges have strongly condemned the precocious training involved, as tending to check the natural development of the horse, and sometimes putting a premature end to his career as a racer. In England these races have been multiplied to abuse. There are signs of a reaction, however, in France, where several owners of racing-stables, following the example set by M. Lupin, have found their advantage in refusing to take part in the pernicious practice. For, after all, these first trials really prove nothing at all. They are found to furnish no standard by which any accurate measure can be taken of the future achievements of the horse. In fact, if one will take the trouble to examine the lists of winners of these two-year-old criterions, as they are

called, he will find but very few names that have afterward become illustrious in the annals of the turf.

The races of Caen over, their followers take themselves some few leagues farther upon their circuit, to attend the meeting at Cabourg, one of those pretty little towns, made up of about a hundred villas, four hotels, a church and a casino, that lie scattered along the Norman coast like beads of a broken necklace. Living is dear in these stylish little out-of-the-way places, and this naturally keeps away the more plebeian element that frequents the great centres. About the fifteenth of August begins the week of races at Déauville, the principal event of the Norman circuit, bringing together not unfrequently as many as a hundred and sixty horses, and ranking, in fact, as third in importance in all France, the meetings at Longchamps and Chantilly alone taking precedence of it. It is to the duc de Morny that Déauville owes the existence of its "hippodrome," but the choice of this bit of sandy beach, that seemed to have been thrown up and abandoned by the sea like a waif, cannot be called a happy one. It may be, however, that the duke's selection of the site was determined by its proximity to the luxuriant valley of the Auge, so famous for its excellent pasturage and for the number of its stables. The Victor stud belonging to M. Aumont, that of Fervacques, the property of M. de Montgomery, and the baron de Rothschild's establishment at Meautry, are all in the immediate neighborhood of Déauville; but even these advantages do not compensate for the unfavorable character of the track, laid out, as we have said, upon land from which the sea had receded, and which, as might have been expected, was sure to be hard and cracked in a dry season. To remedy this most serious defect, and to bring the ground to its present degree of excellence, large sums had to be expended. The aspect of the race-course to-day, however, is really charming. A rustic air has been given to the stands, the ring, even to the stables that enclose the paddock, but it is a rusticity quite compatible with elegance, like

that of the pretty Norman farm in the garden of Trianon. The purse for two-year-olds used to be called, under the Empire, the Prix Morny, but this name was withdrawn at the same time that the statue of the duke, which once stood in Déauville, was pulled down.

Our Norman circuit comes to a close with the races at Dieppe, which finished last year on the 26th of August. Dieppe was celebrated during the Empire for its steeple-chases, which were run upon a somewhat hilly ground left almost in its natural state—a very unusual thing in France. The flat- and hurdle-races which have succeeded to these since the war are not of sufficient importance to detain us.

Returning from this agreeable summer jaunt, in which the pleasures of sea-bathing have added a zest to the enjoyment of the race-course, the followers of the turf will seek, on coming back to Paris in the early days of September, the autumn meetings at Fontainebleau and at Longchamps. But they will not find the paddock of the latter at this season of the year bustling with the life and fashion that gave it such brilliancy in the spring, and the "return from the races" is made up of little else than hired cabs drawn by broken-down steeds. It is just the period when Paris, crowded with economical strangers, English or German—the former on their return, perhaps, from Switzerland, the latter enjoying their vacation after their manner—mourns the absence of her own gay world. The *haute gomme*—the swells, the upper ten—are still in the provinces. They have left the seaside, it is true—it was time for that—but the season in the Pyrenees is not over yet, and Luchon and Bigone will be full until the middle of September, and not before the month is ended will Biarritz give up her pleasure-seekers. The opening of the shooting season on the first Sunday of September has scattered the sportsmen throughout the twenty-five or thirty departments in which there is still left a chance of finding game. But the best shooting is in the neighborhood of Paris, in the departments of Seine-et-Marne and Seine-et-Oise—at Grosbois

with the prince de Wagram; at St. Germain-les-Corbeil on the estate of M. Darblay; at Bois-Boudran with the comte de Greffuhle; or at the château of the baron de Rothschild at Ferrières; and the numerous guests of these gentlemen may, if they are inclined, take a day to see the Omnium or the Prix Royal Oak run between two *battues aux faisans*. The Omnium is the most important of the handicaps: it is the French Cæsarewitch, though with a difference. The distance of the latter is two miles and two furlongs, that of the Omnium but a mile and a half. The value of the stakes is generally from twenty-five to thirty thousand francs. As its name would indicate, this race, by exception to the fundamental principle of the Jockey Club, is open to horses of every kind, without regard to pedigree, above the age of three years. A horse that has gained a prize of two thousand francs after the publication of the weights is handicapped with an overweight of two kilogrammes and a half (a trifle over five pounds); if he has gained several such, with three kilos; if he is the winner of an eight-thousand-franc purse, he has to carry an overweight of four kilos, or one of five kilos if he has won more than one race of the value last mentioned. The publication of the weights takes place at the end of June, when the betting begins. Heavy and numerous are the wagers on this important race, and as the prospects of the various horses entered change from time to time according to the prizes gained and the overweights incurred, the quotation naturally undergoes the most unlooked-for variations. A lot of money is won and lost before the real favorites have revealed themselves; that is to say, before the last week preceding the race. The winner of the Omnium is hardly ever a horse of the first rank, and the baron d'Étreilles undertakes to tell us why. The object of the handicap, he says, being to equalize the chances of several horses of different degrees of merit, the handicapper is in a manner obliged to make it next to impossible for the first-rate horses to win; otherwise, the owners of the inferior animals, seeing that they had no chance, would prefer to pay

forfeit, and the harmony, as it were, of the contest—the even balancing of chances, which is of the very essence of the handicap—would be lacking. On the other hand, the handicapper cannot bring the chances of the really bad horses up to the mean average, no matter how much he may favor them in the weights, and thus it nearly always turns out that the Omnium, like every other important handicap, is won by a horse of the second class, generally a three-year-old, whose real merits have been hidden from the handicapper. This concealment is not so difficult as it might seem. There are certain owners who, when they have satisfied themselves by trials made before the spring races that they have in their stables a few horses not quite good enough to stand a chance in the great contests, but still by no means without valuable qualities, prefer to reserve them for an important affair like the Omnium, on which they can bet heavily and to advantage, especially if they have a "dark horse," or one that is as yet unknown. Otherwise, to what use could these second-rate horses be put? If one should run them in the spring they might get one or two of the smaller stakes, after which everybody would have their measure. Their owners, therefore, show wisdom in keeping them out of sight, or perhaps, as some of the shrewder ones do, by running them when rather out of condition, and thus ensuring their defeat by adversaries really inferior to themselves. In this way the handicapper is deceived as to their true qualities, and is induced to weight them advantageously for the Omnium.

Many readers but little conversant with turf matters will no doubt be scandalized to hear of these tricks of the trade, and will be apt to conclude that good faith is no more the fashion at Longchamps than at the Bourse, and that cleverness in betting, as in stockjobbing, consists in knowing when to depreciate values and when to inflate them, as one happens to be a bull or a bear in the market. The truth is, that no rules can be devised, either by Jockey Clubs or by imperial parliaments, that can put a stop to these abuses: they

will exist, in spite of legislation, as long as the double character of owner and better can be united in the same person. If this person should not act in perfect good faith, all restraining laws will be illusory, because the betting owner has the cards in his own hands, and can withdraw a horse or make him run at his pleasure, or even make him lose a race in case of need. If the thing is managed with skill, it is almost impossible to discover the deception. In 1877, at Déauville, the comte de Clermont-Tonnere and his jockey, Goddart, were expelled from the turf because the latter had "pulled" his horse in such a clumsy and unmistakable way that the spectators could not fail to see it. This circumstance was without precedent in France, and yet how often has the trick, which in this case was exposed, been practised without any one being the wiser for it! It ought to be added that the betters make one claim that is altogether unreasonable, and that is—at least this is the only inference from their talk—that when they have once "taken" a horse, as they call it, in a race, the owner thereby loses a part of his proprietorship in the animal, and is bound to share his rights of ownership with them. But one cannot thus limit the rights of property, and as long as the owner does not purposely lose a race, and does not deceive the handicapper as to the real value of his horse for the purpose of getting a reduction of weights, he can surely do as he pleases with his own. There will remain, of course, the question of morality and of delicacy, of which each one must be the judge for himself. M. Lupin, for example, and Lord Falmouth, when they have two horses engaged for the same purse, always let these take their chances, and do nothing to prevent the better horse from being the winner, while the comte de Lagrange, as we have had occasion to observe before, has acquired the reputation of winning, if he can, with his worst animal, or at least with the one upon whose success the public has least counted. This is what took place when he gained the Grand Prix de Paris in 1877 with an outsider, St. Christophe,

Vol. XXVI.—29

whilst all the betters had calculated upon the victory of his other horse, Verneuil. So the duke of Hamilton in 1878 at Goodwood, where one of his horses was the favorite, declared just at the start that he meant to win with another, and by his orders the favorite was pulled double at the finish. The same year, in America, Mr. Lorillard caused Parole, then a two-year-old, to be beaten by one of his stable-companions and one decidedly his inferior. When this sort of thing is done the ring makes a great uproar about it, but without reason, for there can be no question of an owner's right to save his best horse, if he can, from a future overweight by winning with another not so good. Only he ought frankly to declare his intention to do so before the race.

The autumn stakes that rank next in importance to the Omnium are known as the Prix Royal Oak, open, like its counterpart, the St. Leger of Doncaster, to colts and fillies of three years only, with an unloading of three pounds for the latter. On this occasion one will have an opportunity of seeing again in the Bois de Boulogne the contestants of the great prizes of the spring. The Royal Oak is nearly always won by a horse of the first class, and in the illustrious list may be found the names of Gladiateur and of four winners of the French Derby—Patricien, Boiard, Kilt and Jongleur.

In October, Longchamps is deserted for Chantilly, where the trials of two-year-olds take place—the first criterion for horses, the second criterion for fillies—the distance in these two races being eight hundred mètres, or half a mile. The Grand Criterion, for colts and fillies, has a distance of double this, or one mile (sixteen hundred mètres). Since their débuts in August at Caen and Déauville the young horses have had time to harden and to show better what they are made of; and it is in the Grand Criterion that one looks for the most certain indications of their future career. The names of the winners will be found to include many that have afterward become celebrated, such as Mon Étoile, Stradella, Le Béarnais, Mongoubert, Sornette, Révigny and others.

Chantilly is the birthplace of racing in France. In the winter of 1833—the same year which also witnessed the foundation of the Jockey Club—Prince Labanoff, who was then living at Chantilly, and who had secured the privilege of hunting in the forest, invited several well-known lovers of the chase to join him in the sport. Tempted by the elasticity of the turf, it occurred to the hunters to get up a race, and meeting at the Constable's Table—a spot where once stood the stump of a large tree on which, as the story goes, the constable of France used to dine—they improvised a race-course which has proved the prolific mother of the tracks to be found to-day all over the country. In this first trial M. de Normandie was the winner. The fate of Chantilly was decided. Since the suicide—or the assassination—of the last of the Condés the castle had been abandoned, the duc d'Aumale, its inheritor, being then a minor. The little town itself seemed dying of exhaustion. It was resolved to infuse into it a new life by taking advantage of the exceptional quality of its turf. The soil is a rather hard sand, resisting pressure, elastic, and covered with a fine thick sward, and of a natural drainage so excellent that even the longest rains have no visible effect upon it. On this ground—as good as, if not better than, that at Newmarket—there is to-day a track of two thousand mètres, or a mile and a quarter—the distance generally adopted in France—with good turns, excepting the one known as the "Réservoirs," which is rather awkward, and which has the additional disadvantage of skirting the road to the training-stables—a temptation to bolt that is sometimes too strong for horses of a doubtful character. For this reason there is sometimes a little confusion in the field at this point. Before coming to the last turn there is a descent, followed by a rise—both of them pretty stiff—and this undoubtedly has its effect on the result, for the lazier horses fall away a little on the ascent. Just at this point too a clump of trees happens to hide the track from the spectators on the stands, and all the *lorgnettes* are turned on the summit of

the rise to watch for the reappearance of the horses, who are pretty sure to turn up in a different order from that in which they were last seen. This crisis of the race is sometimes very exciting. A magnificent forest of beech borders and forms a background to the race-course in the rear of the stands; in front rise the splendid and imposing stables of the duc d'Aumale, built by Mansard for the Great Condé; on the right is the pretty Renaissance château of His Royal Highness; while the view loses itself in a vast horizon of distant forest and hills of misty blue. The stands are the first that were erected in France, and in 1833 they seemed no doubt the height of comfort and elegance, but to-day they are quite too small to accommodate the ever-increasing crowd. The stands as well as the stables, and the race-course itself, all belong to the duc d'Aumale, who gave a splendid house-warming and brilliant fête last October to celebrate the completion of the restorations of his ancestral château. Under the Empire, the property of the Orleans princes having been confiscated, a nominal transfer of Chantilly was made to a friend of the family. The emperor, having one day signified his wish to witness the Derby, had the mortification on his arrival to find the reserved stand closed against him by the prince's orders. It was necessary to force the gate. The emperor took the hint, however, and never went to Chantilly again.

The soil of the Forest of Fontainebleau being of the same nature as that of the turf in the open, the alleys of the park furnish an invaluable resource to the trainer. For this reason, since racing has come in vogue, most of the stables have found their way to Chantilly or to its immediate neighborhood, where one of the largest and finest alleys of the forest, running parallel to the railway and known as the Alley of the Lions, has been given up to their use. Thus, Chantilly, with its Derby Day and its training-grounds, may be called at once the Epsom and the Newmarket of France. There is hardly a horse, with the exception of those of the comte de Lagrange

and of M. Lupin, and those of Henry Jennings, the public trainer, that is not "worked" in the Alley of the Lions. The Société d'Encouragement has control of the training-ground as well as of the track, and also claims the right to keep spectators away from the trial-gallops, so that the duc d'Aumale, whose proprietary privileges are thus usurped, is often at war with the society. He has stag-hunts twice a week during the winter, on Mondays and Thursdays, and now and then on Sundays too—as he did with the grand duke of Austria on his late visit to Chantilly—and he naturally objects to having the hunt cut in two by the gallops over his principal avenue. He worries the trainers to such a degree that they begin to talk of quitting Chantilly for some more hospitable quarters. When things get to this pass the duke, who, in his character of councillor-general, is bound to look after the interests of his constituents, relents, and putting aside his personal wrongs calls a parley with the stewards of the races, offers a new prize—an object of art perhaps—or talks of enlarging the stands, and the gage of reconciliation being accepted, peace is made to last until some new *casus belli* shall occur. His Royal Highness is not forgetful of the duties of his position. When he is at Chantilly on a race-day he gracefully does the honors of his reserved stand to all the little Orleanist court. Since the reconciliation that took place between the comte de Paris and the comte de Chambord in 1873 this miniature court has been enlarged by the addition of several personages of the Legitimist circle, and the "ring" at Chantilly is often graced with a most distinguished and aristocratic assemblage. Amongst the beauties of this brilliant company may be especially noticed Madame de Viel-Castel, the young princesse Amédé de Broglie, the duchesse de Chaulnes with her strange, unconventional type of beauty, Madame Ferdinand Bischoffsheim, the comtesse Beugnot, the comtesse Tanneguy-Duchâtel and the princesse de Sagan. And when all this gay party has dispersed, and the duke is left to his cigar—as constant a compan-

ion as the historical weed in the mouth of General Grant—he might almost fancy, as he walks the great street of his good town, that he is back again at Twickenham in the days of his exile. There is something to remind him on every side of the country that once sheltered him. To right and left are English farrieries, English saddleries, and English bars and taverns too. English is the language that reaches his ears, and English of the most "horsey" sort that one can hear this side of Newmarket. Everybody has the peculiar gait and costume that belong to the English horseman: the low-crowned hat, the short jacket, those tight trousers and big, strong boots, are not to be mistaken. It is a little world in itself, in which no Frenchman could long exist, but its peculiar inhabitants have not, for all that, neglected anything that may attract the young folk of the country. They have even offered the bribe of a race in which only French jockeys are permitted to ride, but these, with only an exception here and there, have very promptly given up the business, disgusted either by the severe regimen required in the matter of diet or by the rigorous discipline indispensable in a training-stable. The few exceptions to which I have referred have not sufficed to prevent this race from falling into disrepute; but it may be worth mentioning that on the last occasion on which it was run, the 19th October last, when but three or four horses were engaged, the baron de Bizé, with what has been called a veritable inspiration of genius, threw an unlooked-for interest into the event by mounting in person M. Camille Blanc's horse Nonancourt, and winning the race with him. It is to be borne in mind that the riders must not only have been born in France, but must be of French parentage on the side of both father and mother.

The best-known jockeys are nearly all the children of English parents, and have first seen the light in the little colony at Chantilly or else have been brought very young into France. I give some of their names, classed according to the number of victories gained by them respectively in 1878: Hunter, who generally rides for

M. Fould, 47 victories; Wheeler, head-jockey and trainer for M. Ed. Blanc, 45 victories; Hislop, 39; Hudson, ex-jockey to M. Lupin, who gained last year the Grand Prix de Paris, 36 victories; Rolf, 35; Carratt, 32; Goater, who rides for the comte de Lagrange, and who is well known in England; and Edwards, whose "mount" was at one time quite the mode, and whose tragical death on the 3d of October last created a painful sensation. When Lamplugh was training for the duke of Hamilton he made Edwards "first stable-boy," and this and his subsequent successes excited a violent jealousy in one of his stable-companions named Page. The two jockeys separated, but instead of fighting a duel, as Frenchmen might have done, they simply rode against each other one day at Auteuil—Page on Leona, and Edwards on Peau-d'Âne. The struggle was a desperate one: both riders got bad falls from their exhausted mares, and from that time poor Edwards never regained his *aplomb*. He frequently came to grief afterward, and met his death in consequence of a fall from Slowmatch at Maison Lafitte.

One of the oldest celebrities of Chantilly is Charles Pratt, formerly trainer and jockey for the baron Nivière and for the late Charles Lafitte, and at present in the service of the prince d'Aremberg. His system of training approached very nearly that of Henry Jennings, under whose orders and instructions he had worked for a long time. His horses were always just in the right condition on the day they were wanted, and as he never allowed them to be overridden, their legs remained uninjured for many years—a thing that has become too rare in France as well as in England. As a jockey Pratt possessed, better than any other, that knowledge of pace without which a rider is sure to commit irreparable mistakes. At the Grand Prix de Paris of 1870, when he rode Sornette, he undertook the daring feat of keeping the head of the field from the start to the finish. Such an enterprise in a race so important and so trying as this demanded the nicest instinct for pace and the most thorough knowledge, which as trainer he already

possessed, of the impressionable nature and high qualities of his mare.

The autumn meetings at Chantilly close the legitimate season in France. The affairs at Tours are of little interest except to the foreign colony—which at this season of the year is pretty numerous in Touraine—and to the people of the surrounding country. On these occasions the cavalry officers in garrison at Tours get up paper hunts, a species of sport which is rapidly growing in favor and promises to become a national pastime. Whatever interest attaches to the November races at Bordeaux is purely local. Turfmen who cannot get through the winter without the sight of the jockeys' silk jackets and the bookmakers' mackintoshes must betake themselves to Pau in December. The first of the four winter meetings takes place during this month upon a heath at a distance of four kilomètres—say about two miles and a half—from the town. The exceptional climate and situation of Pau, where the frozen-out fox-hunters of England come to hunt, and where there is a populous American colony, will no doubt before long give a certain importance to these races, but just now the local committee is short of funds and the stakes have been insufficient to offer an attraction to good horses. Last winter in one of the steeple-chases *all* the horses tumbled pell-mell into the river, which was the very first obstacle they encountered, and although the public was quite used to seeing riders come to grief, it found the incident somewhat extraordinary.

The meetings at Nice, the queen of all winter residences in Europe, are much finer and more worthy of attention. They begin in January, and the programme has to be arranged almost exclusively for steeple-chases and hurdle-races, as flat-racers are not in condition for running at the time when the season at Nice is at its height. The greater number, and particularly the best, of the racers have important engagements for the spring meetings at Paris and at Chantilly, and even in view of really valuable prizes they could not afford at this time of year to undergo a complete preparation, which

would advance them too rapidly in their training and would make it impossible to have them in prime condition in the spring. The race-course at Nice is charmingly situated in the valley of the Var. The perfume of flowers from numerous beds reaches the stands, where one may enjoy a magnificent view of mountain and sea, whilst a good band discourses music in the intervals of the races. Some of the prizes are important. The Grand Prix de Monaco, for instance, popularly known as "The Cup," consists of an object of art given by the prince of Monaco and a purse of twenty thousand francs, without counting the entrance-stakes. On the second day is run the great hurdle handicap for seventy-five hundred francs called the Prix de Monte Carlo, and on the third and last day of the meeting the Grand Prix de Nice, a free handicap steeple-chase for a purse of ten thousand francs.

The international pigeon-shooting matches at Monaco, which occur at the same time, contribute, with the races, to give an extraordinary animation to this period of the season at Nice. The betting-ring feels the influence of the proximity of the gaming-tables, where everybody goes; and yet one could so easily exchange this feverish life of play for the calmer enjoyments of the capital *cuisine* of London House and an after-dinner stroll on the English Promenade or the terraces of Monte Carlo, in dreamy contemplation of the mountains with their misty grays and a sea and sky of such heavenly blue. But no: this charming programme is wantonly rejected: not the finest orchestras, not the prettiest fêtes, not the newest chansonettes sung by Judic and Jeanne Granier themselves, can turn the players for a moment from the pursuit of their one absorbing passion. Play goes on at the Casino of Monte Carlo the livelong day, the only relaxation from the *couleur gagnante* or *tiers et tout* being when the gamblers step across the way to take a shot at the pigeons or a bet on the birds; for they must bet on something, if it is but on the number of the box from which the next victim will fly. And when in the evening the play-

ers have returned to Nice it is only to indulge the fierce passion again in playing baccarat—the terrible Parisian baccarat—at the Massena Club or at the Mediterranean, where the betting is even higher than at Monaco. Hundreds of thousands of francs change hands every hour from noon to six o'clock in the morning in this gambling-hell—a hell disguised in the colors of Paradise.

But let us fly from the perilous neighborhood and reach the nearest race-course by the fastest train we can find. The passion for the turf is healthier than the other, and its ends not so much in need of concealment. Unluckily, we shall not find just at this season—that is to say, in February—anything going on excepting a few steeple-chases—some "jumping business," as the English say rather contemptuously. In England there are certain owners, such as Lord Lonsdale, Captain Machell, Mr. Brayley and others, who, though well known in flat-races, have also good hunters in their stables, while the proprietors of the latter in France confine themselves exclusively to this speciality. Perhaps the best known amongst them are the baron Jules Finot and the marquis de St. Sauveur. Most of the members of the Jockey Club affect to look down upon the "illegitimate" sport, as they call it. It would seem, however, that this disdain is hardly justifiable, for as a spectacle at least a steeple-chase is certainly more dramatic and more interesting than a flat-race. What can be finer than the sight of a dozen gentlemen or jockeys, as the case may be, charging a brook and taking it clear in one unbroken line? And yet, despite the attractions and excitement of the sport, and all the efforts made from time to time by the Society of Steeple-chases to popularize it in France, it cannot as yet be called a success. Complaint is made, as in England, of too short distances, of the insufficiency of the obstacles, of an overstraining of the pace. The whole thing is coming to partake more and more of the nature of a race, an essentially different thing. Field sports are not races—at least they never ought to be. A steeple-chase can never answer the true purpose

of the flat-race, which is to prove which is the best horse, to the end that he may ultimately reproduce his like. But nobody ever heard of "a sire calculated to get steeple-chasers." The cleverness and the special qualities that make a good steeple-chaser are not transmitted. The best have been horses of poor appearance, often small and unsightly, that have been given up by the trainer as incapable of winning in flat-races. In England the winners of the "Grand National" have had no pedigree to speak of, and have failed upon the track. Cassetête had run in nineteen races without gaining a single one before he began his remarkable career as a hunter; Alcibiade had been employed at Newmarket as a lad's horse; Salamander was taken out of a cart to win the great steeple-chases at Liverpool and Warwick.

In France there is no Liverpool or Croydon or Sandown for steeple-chases: there is only an Auteuil. The other meetings in the neighborhood of Paris—Maisons, Le Vésinet, La Marche—are in the hands of shameless speculators like Dennetier, Oller and the rest. Poor horses, bought in the selling races and hardly trained at all to their new business, compete at these places for slender purses, and often with the help of dishonest tricks. Accidents, as might be expected, are frequent, although the obstacles, with the exception of the river at La Marche, are insignificant. But the pace is pushed to such excess that the smallest fence becomes dangerous. This last objection, however, may be made even to the running at Auteuil, where the course is under the judicious and honorable direction of the Society of Steeple-chases. The pace is quite too severe for such a long stretch, strewn as it is with no less than twenty-four obstacles, and some of them pretty serious. The weather, too, is nearly always bad at Auteuil, even at the summer meetings, and the ill-luck of the Steeple-chase Society in this respect has become as proverbial as the good-fortune and favoring skies that smile upon the Société d'Encouragement, its neighbor at Longchamps. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the English do not feel at home

upon this dangerous track. They have gained but twice the great international steeple-chase founded in 1874—the first time with Miss Hungerford in the year just mentioned, and again with Congress in 1877. This prize, the most important of the steeple-chase purses in France, amounts to twelve hundred sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of twenty sovereigns each, with twelve sovereigns forfeit—or only two sovereigns if declared by the published time—and is open to horses of four years old and upward. It is run in the early part of June. Last year, whilst Wild Monarch, belonging to the marquis de St. Sauveur and ridden by D'Anson, was winning the race, the splendid stands took fire and were burned, without the loss of a single life, and even without a serious accident, thanks to the ample width of the staircases and of the exits. These stands were the newest and the most comfortable in the country. It is to be hoped that the society will not allow itself to be discouraged by such a persistent run of ill-luck, but that it will continue to pursue its work, the object of which it has declared to be "to encourage, as far as its resources will permit, the breeding and raising of horses for service and for the army." As the Encouragement Society rests upon the Jockey Club, so the Society of Steeple-chases finds its support in the Cercle of the Rue Royale, commonly called the Little Club or the Moutard. This club was reorganized after the war under the direction of the prince de Sagan, and has made great sacrifices to bring Auteuil into fashion.

The regular racing-season in France begins on the 15th of March, and no horse that has appeared upon any public track before this date is permitted to enter. The first event of the series is the spring meeting at Rheims—the French Lincoln. Of the six flat-races run here, one, known as the Derby of the East, is for two-year-olds of the previous year, with a purse of five thousand francs. In the "Champagne" races the winner gets, besides his prize, a basket of a hundred bottles of the sparkling wine instead of the empty "cup" that gives its name to

other famous contests. After Rheims the next meeting in course is at Longchamps, in the beginning of April, opening with the Prix du Cadran, twenty-five thousand francs, distance forty-two hundred mètres, for four-year-olds. Then comes the essay of horses of the year in the Trial Sweepstakes and the Prix Daru, corresponding with the Two Thousand Guineas and the Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. The quotation begins to take shape as the favorites for the great events of May and June stand out more clearly. Of all the prizes—not excepting, even the Grand Prix de Paris—the one most desired by French turfmen is the French Derby, or, to call it by its official name, the Prix du Jockey Club, the crowning event of the May meeting at Chantilly. The conditions of the Derby are as follows: For colts and fillies of three years, distance twenty-four hundred mètres, or a mile and a half, fifty thousand francs, or two thousand pounds sterling, with stakes added of forty pounds for each horse—twenty-four pounds forfeit, or twenty pounds if declared out at a fixed date; colts to carry one hundred and twenty-three pounds, and fillies one hundred and twenty pounds. The purse last year amounted to £3863 (96,575 francs). Like the English Derby, its French namesake is regarded as the test and gauge of the quality of the year's production. In the year of the foundation of this important race (1836), and for the two succeeding years, it was gained by Lord Henry Seymour's stable, whose trainer, Th. Carter, and whose stallion, Royal Oak, both brought from England, were respectively the best trainer and the best stallion of that time. In 1839, however, the duc d'Orléans's Romulus, foaled at the Meudon stud, put an end to these victories of the foreigner. In 1840 the winner was Tontine, belonging to M. Eugène Aumont, but Lord Seymour, whose horse had come in second, asserted that another horse had been substituted for Tontine, and that under this name M. Aumont had really entered the English filly Hérodiate, while the race was open only to colts foaled and raised in France. A lawsuit was the result, and while the

courts refused to admit Lord Seymour's claim, the racing committee declared the mare disqualified, and M. Aumont sold his stable. In 1841, Lord Seymour again gained the Derby with Poetess (by Royal Oak), who afterward became mother of Heroine and of Monarque and grandmother of Gladiateur. In 1843 there was a dead heat between M. de Pontalbra's Renonce and Prospero, belonging to the trainer Th. Carter, and, as often happens, the worse horse—in this case it was Renonce—won the second heat. In 1848, the name of "Chantilly" being just then too odious, the Derby was run at Versailles, and was gained by M. Lupin's Gambetti. This same year is remarkable in the annals of the French turf for the excellence of its production. From this period until 1853—the year of Jouvence—M. Lupin enjoyed a series of almost uninterrupted successes. In 1855 the Derby was won by the illustrious Monarque, and the following year witnessed the first appearance upon the turf of the now famous red and blue of Lagrange. It was Beauvais, belonging to Madame Latache de Fay, who in 1860 carried off the coveted prize, which was won the next year by Gabrielle d'Estrées, from the stable of the comte de Lagrange. Then for a period of nine years the count's stable had a run of ill-luck, its horses always starting as prime favorites and being as invariably beaten. This was Trocadéro's fate in 1867. He was a great favorite, and had, moreover, on this occasion the assistance of his stable-companion Mongoubert, a horse of first-rate qualities. This time, at least, the count's backers were sure of success, but the victory that seemed within their grasp was wrested from their hands by the unexpected prowess developed upon the field of battle by a newcomer, M. Delamarre's Patricien. At a distance of two hundred mètres from the goal the three horses named were alone in the race, and the struggle between them was a desperate one. It looked almost as if it might turn out a dead heat, when Patricien, with a tremendous effort, reached the winning-post a head in advance, after one of the finest and best-contested races ever seen

at Chantilly. In 1869, however, Consul succeeded in turning the tide of adverse fortune that had set in against the comte de Lagrange, but it was only for the moment, and it was not until 1878 that he was again the victor, when he won with *Insulaire*. He repeated the success last year with *Zut*, whom *Goater* brought in to the winning-post a length and a half ahead of the field.

Unfortunately, the winner of the French Derby can hardly ever be in good condition to contest the great race at Epsom. These two important events are too near in point of time, and the fatigue of the journey, moreover, puts the horse that has to make it at a disadvantage. Were it not for this drawback it is probable that the comte de Lagrange would beat the English oftener than he does. In May, 1878, his horse *Insulaire*, having just come in second in the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, left that place for home, won the French Derby on Sunday, and returned to England in time for the Epsom Derby on Wednesday, where he came in second. He recrossed the Channel, and the following Sunday was second again in the Grand Prix de Paris, *Thurio* passing him only by a head. Making the passage again—and this was his fourth voyage within fifteen days—he gained the Ascot Derby. It is not unlikely that if this remarkable horse had remained permanently in the one country or the other he would have carried off the principal prizes of the turf.

For the last three or four years the racing men have been in the habit of meeting, after the Grand Prix de Paris, in the pretty park of La Marche, between St. Cloud and St. Germain. It is quite a private gathering, and as elegant as a dashing turnout of some fifteen or twenty four-in-hands and a pretty luncheon and charming flirtation can make it, and if dancing has not yet been introduced it soon will be. Prizes in the shape of groups in bronze and paintings and valuable weapons are awarded to the gentlemen present who may take part in the hunting steeple-chase or the race with polo ponies or with hacks.

In 1878 a new race-course was started

at Enghien, to the north of Paris. The prizes are sufficiently large, the stands comfortable and the track is good; and these attractions, with the advantage of the neighborhood of the Chantilly and Morlaye stables, will no doubt make Enghien a success. Steeple-chases and hurdle-races predominate.

We can hardly close this review of turf matters in France without at least a reference to the so-called sporting journals, but what we have to say of them can be told in two words. They exist only in name. Any one who buys *Le Sport*, *Le Turf*, *Le Jockey*, *Le Derby*, the *Revue des Sports*, etc., on the faith of their titles—nearly all English, be it observed—will be greatly disappointed if he expects to find in them anything beyond the mere programmes of the races: they contain no criticism worthy of the name, no accurate appreciation of the subject they profess to treat of, and are even devoid of all interesting details relating to it. Far from following the example of their fellows of London and New York, these sheets concern themselves neither with hunting, shooting or fishing, nor with horse-breeding or cattle-raising, but give us instead the valuable results of their lucubrations upon the names of the winning horses of the future, and with such sagacity that a subscriber to one of them has made the calculation that if he had bet but one louis upon each of the favorites recommended by his paper he would have lost five hundred louis in the one year of his subscription.

Let us add, however, that, the press excepted, the English have nothing more to teach their neighbors in turf matters. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has well said that the organization of racing in France has taken a great deal of what is good from the English turf, and has excluded most of what is bad. The liberality of the French Jockey Club is declared by *Vanity Fair* to be in striking contrast with the starveling policy of its English namesake. The *Daily Telegraph* has recently eulogized the French club for having found out how to rid the turf of the pest of publicans and speculators and clerks of courses, and of all the riffraff that encumber and disgrace

it in England, and that make parliamentary intervention necessary. The French turf, in fine, may be said to be inferior to the English in the number of horses,

but its equal in respect of their quality, while it must be admitted to be superior to it in the average morality of their owners.
L. LEJEUNE.

FROM FAR.

OH, Love, come back, across the weary way
Thou didst go yesterday—
Dear Love, come back!

"I am too far upon my way to turn:
Be silent, hearts that yearn
Upon my track."

Oh, Love! Love! Love! sweet Love! we are undone
If thou indeed be gone
Where lost things are.

"Beyond the extremest sea's waste light and noise,
As from Ghostland, thy voice
Is borne afar."

Oh, Love, what was our sin that we should be
Forsaken thus by thee?
So hard a lot!

"Upon your hearts my hands and lips were set—
My lips of fire—and yet
Ye knew me not."

Nay, surely, Love! We knew thee well, sweet Love!
Did we not breathe and move
Within thy light?

"Ye did reject my thorns who wore my roses:
Now darkness closes
Upon your sight."

Oh, Love! stern Love! be not implacable:
We loved thee, Love, so well!
Come back to us!

"To whom, and where, and by what weary way
That I went yesterday,
Shall I come thus?"

Oh weep, weep, weep! for Love, who tarried long
With many a kiss and song,
Has taken wing.

No more he lightens in our eyes like fire:
He heeds not our desire,
Or songs we sing.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago Americans had no cause to be particularly proud of the manner in which, from a social point of view, their travelling compatriots were looked upon in Europe. At that epoch we were still the object of what Mr. Lowell calls a "certain condescension in foreigners." We were still the recipients at their hands of that certain half-curious, half-amused and wholly patronizing inspection which, from the height of their civilization, they might be expected to bestow upon a novel species of humanity, with manners different from their own, but recently sprung into existence and notice and disporting itself in their midst.

But this sort of thing has had its day. By dint of having been able to produce, here and there, for the edification of foreigners, a few types of American manhood and womanhood which came up to the standard of high-breeding entertained in the Old World, and of having occasionally dispensed hospitality, both at home and abroad, in a manner which was unexceptionable, besides having shown other evidences in social life—not to speak of political life—of being able to hold our own quite creditably, the "condescension" has gradually diminished in a very satisfactory manner. It is now no longer kept alive by even the typical American traveller such as he was when five-and-twenty years ago a familiar sight at every railway-station, in every steamer and in every picture-gallery, museum and ruin of every town in Europe. Now-a-days everybody in America who lays any claim to the right of being called "somebody," however small a "somebody" it may be, has been to Europe at least once in his or her life—on a three months' Cook-excursion tour, if in no other way. And those who have not been have had a father, mother, brother, sister, or in any case a cousin in some degree, who has; so that there is always a European trip in the family, so to speak.

The result of all this has naturally been a certain amount of experience concerning Europe which has tended to wellnigh exterminate the race of the typically-verdant American traveller. Occasional specimens, with all their characteristics in full and vigorous development, may still be met, but these are merely isolated survivors of a once widespread family. The Americans that one meets to-day in Europe, both those who travel and those who reside there, are of a different conformation and belong to a different type. The crudeness which so shocked Europeans in their predecessors they have, with characteristic adaptability, readily and gracefully outgrown. But whether they have improved in other respects, and whether, on other grounds, we have cause to be particularly proud of our countrymen abroad at the present day, is another question.

That Americans are constantly apologizing to foreigners for America, for its institutions, for its social life, and for themselves as belonging to it, is a fact which no one ever thinks of disputing. In this faculty for disparaging our own country we may flatter ourselves that we have no equals. The Chinese may come near us in their obsequious assurances as to the utter unworthiness of everything pertaining to them, but with the difference that they, probably, are inwardly profoundly convinced of the perfection of all that their idea of courtesy obliges them to abuse, and mean nothing of what they say; whereas we *do* mean everything we say.

The prejudice of the English, and their attempts to transport a miniature England about with them wherever they go, furnish a frequent subject of jest to Americans on the Continent. If the total immunity from any such feeling which characterizes the Americans themselves were the result of breadth of ideas—if they spoke as they do because they measured the faults and follies, the merits and ad-

vantages, of their own institutions with as impartial an eye as they would measure those of other nations, and judged them without either malice or extenuation—we might then have the privilege of condemning narrow-mindedness and prejudice. But we have no such breadth of ideas. On the contrary, we have ourselves—none more so—the strongest sort of prejudices—prejudices which prevent us as a nation from taking wide, cosmopolitan views of things. The only difference is that with us the prejudice, instead of being in favor of everything belonging to our own country, is, in far too many cases, against it, consequently the most objectionable, the least excusable, of prejudices.

It is but rarely that we find a German, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, or a Russian, who even having expatriated himself completely for one reason or another, and after years of absence, will not have retained some affection for his native country, some longing for it, some feeling that it is the best place on earth after all. But among any number of Americans who have been on European soil for any period of time, from twenty days to twenty years, those who are burdened with any such affection, any such longing, any such feeling, might be counted with ease. Indeed, if through some inconceivable arrangement of human affairs the Americans abroad were to be prevented from ever returning to their own country, I imagine the majority would bear the catastrophe with great equanimity, and, aside from the natural ties of family and pecuniary interests that might bind them to their home, would think the permanent life in Europe thus enforced the happiest that Fate could have bestowed upon them. For my part, I never met but one American who was anxious to return home—a lady, strange to say—and her chief reason seemed to be that she missed her pancakes, hot breads, etc. for breakfast. All the others, men and women, had but one voice to express how immeasurably more to their taste was everything in Europe—the climate, the life, the people, the country, the food, the manners, the institu-

tions, the customs—than anything in America.

However, all Americans in Europe are not of this class, although it includes the majority. There is a comparatively small number who are as much impressed with the perfection of everything American as the most ardent patriotism could desire. These people go to Europe cased in a triple armor of self-assertion, prepared to poohpooh everything and everybody that may come under their notice, and above all to vindicate under all circumstances their independence as free-born American citizens by giving the world around them the benefit of their opinions upon all topics both in and out of season. They stand before a *chef-d'œuvre* of some old master and declare in a loud, aggressive voice that they see nothing whatever to admire in it, that the bystanders may know that the judgment of centuries will not weigh with *them*. They inquire with grim facetiousness, and terrific emphasis on the pronominal adjectives, "Is *this* what the people in this part of the world call a steamboat?" "Do they call that duck-pond a lake?" "Is that stream what they call a river?" And so on, in a perpetual attitude of protest against everything not so large as their steamboats, their lakes, their rivers. When this genus of Americans abroad comes together with the other genus—with the people who think the most wretched daub that hangs in the most obscure corner of a European gallery, labelled with prudent indefiniteness "of the school of —," better far than the most conscientious work by the most gifted of American artists—and a discussion arises, as it is sure to do, on the relative merits of Europe and America, then indeed does Greek meet Greek, and, both starting from equally false premises and with equally false views, the cross-purposes, the rabid comparing of things between which no comparison is possible, the amount of absurd nonsense spoken on either side, and the profound disdain of one for the other, furnish a great deal of amusement to Europeans, but make an American who has any self-respect suffer no small amount of mortification.

There is but one ground upon which these two classes of Americans meet in common, and that is in their respect for titles, coronets and coats-of-arms. It is useless to deny the immense impressiveness which this sort of thing has for the average American. Of course, if he be of the aggressive sort he will scout the very idea of any such imputation, one of the favorite jokes of his tasteful stock in trade being precisely to express sovereign contempt for anything and everything smacking of nobility, and to weigh its advantages against the chink of his own dollars and find it wanting. But this does not in the least alter the matter. The people who inveigh the most fiercely against the pretensions of blue blood are generally, the world over, the ones who are devoured by the most ardent retrospective ambitions for grandfathers and grandmothers; and the Americans who cry out loudest against the hollow vanity of the European aristocracy are generally those who have genealogical trees and coats-of-arms of authenticity more or less questionable hanging in their back parlor, and think themselves a step removed from those among their neighbors who boast of no such property.

It may not be pleasant for us to acknowledge to ourselves that our countrymen abroad are cankered with toadyism and are frightful snobs; but so it is, nevertheless. The fact is very visible, veil it as we may. The American who has not had it forced upon his attention in innumerable ways—by the undisguised *empressment* of those among his compatriots who frankly spend their whole time running after persons with titles, entertaining them and fawning upon them in every possible manner, no more than by the intensely American Americans who profess supreme disregard for all precedence and distinctions established by society, and yet never fail to let you know, quite accidentally, that Count This, Baron That and Marquis the Other are their very particular friends—has had an exceptional experience indeed.

This manner of disposing of all Americans abroad by putting them into one of these two categories may seem somewhat

sweeping, and it will be objected that there are hundreds of our countrymen in Europe who could never come under the head of either. Granted. These hundreds undoubtedly exist: they are made up of people of superior mind and intelligence, of people of superior culture, of people who occupy that exceptional social position which, either through associations of hereditary ease, refinement, wealth and elegance, or by contact with "the best" of everything from childhood up, confers on those who belong to it very much the same outward gloss the world over. But it is never among such exceptions that the distinctive characteristics of a nation are to be sought. These are to be looked for in the great mass of the people. Now, the great mass of Americans who go abroad are people of average minds, average education, average positions; and that, thus taken as a mass, they are lamentably lacking both in good taste and dignity, every one must admit who is in any degree familiar with the American colonies in the cities of Europe where our countrymen congregate.

I should perhaps say, to express myself more accurately, "where our countrywomen congregate;" for, after all, the true representatives of America in Europe are the American women. Nintenths of all the American colonies consist of mothers who, having left their liege lords to their stocks and merchandise, have come abroad "for the education of their children"—an exceedingly elastic as well as convenient formula, which somehow always makes one think of charity that "covereth a multitude of sins." Occasionally—once in three or four years perhaps—the husband leaves his stocks or merchandise for a brief space of time, crosses the Atlantic and remains with his family a month or two. Occasionally also he fails to appear altogether. I am not very sure but that this last course is the one that foreigners expect him to pursue, and that when he deviates from it it is not rather a surprise to them. Europeans, I fancy, are somewhat apt to look upon the American husband as a myth. At all events, it seems to take the experience of Thomas in many

instances to convince them of his material existence. The American who is content to have his wife and children leave him for an indefinite period ranging anywhere from one year to ten years, and during that time enjoy the advantages of life and travel in Europe, while he himself remains at home absorbed in his business, is a species of the genus *Homo* that Europeans are at a loss to comprehend. Being so rarely seen in the flesh, he necessarily occupies but a secondary position in their estimation: indeed, I think all American men, those of the class named no more than those that are more frequently seen abroad, such as doctors, clergymen, consuls, etc., may be said—some exception being made for the "leisure class" possessed of four-in-hands and so on, and an unlimited supply of the world's goods—to be considered by Europeans of no great significance, socially speaking. It is madame and mesdemoiselles who are all-important. Monsieur is thought a worthy person, with some excellent qualities, such as freedom from uncomfortable jealousies and suspicions, and both capacity and willingness for furnishing remittances, but a person rather destitute of polish—invaluable from a domestic point of view, from any other somewhat uninteresting. But madame and mesdemoiselles have every possible tribute paid to their charms: their beauty, their wit, their dash and sparkle, their independence, receive as large a share of admiration as the most insatiable among them could desire.

It must be owned that the American spirit, tempered by European education or influences, makes a very delightful compound. And it is astonishing to mark how soon the toning process does its work—how soon the most objectionable American girl of the sort known as "fast," or even "loud," softens into a very charming creature who makes the admiration bestowed upon her by European men quite comprehensible.

That this admiration is returned is perhaps not less comprehensible. American women, as a mass, are better educated than American men, and are particularly their superiors so far as outward grace

and polish and the general amenities of life are concerned. These qualities, in which their countrymen are deficient, and the blander manners which accompany them, they are apt to find well developed in European men, whatever other virtues or faults may be theirs; and when to this fact is added the spice of novelty, the strong liking that American girls manifest for foreigners, and which has been the cause of putting so many American youths in anything but a benedictory frame of mind, is easily accounted for, and the marriages which so frequently take place between our girls and European men may be explained, even on other grounds than the common exchange of money on one side and title on the other.

Be the motive of these marriages either mutual interest or mutual inclination, in neither case does the generally-accepted theory that they are never happy bear the test of application. So far as my knowledge goes, the common experience is quite the reverse. The number of matches between American girls and Europeans that turn out badly is small compared to the number of those that are perfectly satisfactory. It is astonishing to see how many of our girls, who have been brought up in the belief of the American woman's prerogative of absolute supremacy in the domestic circle, when they are thus married change and seem quite content to relinquish not a few of their ideas of perfectly untrammelled independence, and to take that more subordinate position in matrimony which European life and customs allot to women. It is still more astonishing to see how contentedly and cheerfully they do so when marrying men, as they often do, whose equals in every point, were they their own countrymen, they would consider decidedly bad *partis*—men with no advantages of any description, without either position, career or any visible means of livelihood, often passably destitute of education and character as well. How they contrive to be satisfied with their bargain in this case is a puzzle, but satisfied they are.

Marriages of this sort, where the man

has absolutely nothing to offer beyond the charms of his more or less blandly persuasive person, excite no surprise abroad. That a penniless male fortune-hunter should marry a girl with wealth is considered in Europe at the present day not only just, proper and quite as it should be, but rather *comme il faut* than otherwise. Let the case be reversed, and a man of fortune permit himself the caprice of marrying a portionless girl, and society cries out in horror against the mésalliance.

American women in Europe have two chief aims and occupations. The first is to obtain an *entrée* into the society of the country in which they are residing, and to identify themselves with that society: the second is to revile one another.

So far as the first aim is concerned, it is certainly most laudable, taken in one sense: the persons who can live in the midst of a people without endeavoring to gain an insight into its character and its customs must be possessed of an exceptionally oyster-like organization indeed. But the majority of American women seek foreign society on other grounds than this — chiefly from that tendency to ape everything European and to decry everything American to which I have already alluded as being characteristic of us as a nation. England and the English are the principal models chosen for imitation. It is marvellous to notice the fondness of American women abroad for the English accent and manner of speech and way of thinking; how enthusiastically they attend all the meets in Rome; how plaintively they tell one if one happens to have arrived quite recently from home, "Really, there is no riding across country in *your* America, you know." In the cities of the Continent that have large English and American colonies they attend the English church in preference to their own. I believe it is considered more exclusive to do so, and better form. In this mania for all things English we are not alone. John Bull happens to be the fashion of the day quite as much on the continent of Europe as in America, and has quite as many devoted worshippers there as among us.

Naturally, one of the chief reasons why American women have so great a liking for European society is to be found in the fact of the far more important position that married ladies occupy in that society than they do with us. For a woman who feels that she has still attractions which should not be buried in obscurity, but who has found that since her marriage she has, to all intents and purposes, been "laid upon the shelf," it is a very delightful experience to see herself once more the object of solicitous attention, considered as one of the brilliant central ornaments of a ballroom, not as one of its indispensable wall-decorations. The experience seems to be so particularly pleasant to the majority of American women, indeed, that they show the greatest disinclination to sharing it one with the other — a disinclination made manifest by that habit of reviling each other which I mentioned as the second great aim and occupation of our countrywomen abroad. That there should be very little kindness and fellow-feeling, and a great deal of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness among their members, is characteristic of all foreign colonies in every country; but none certainly can, in this respect, surpass the American colonies in Europe, at least in so far as their feminine representatives are concerned. The extent to which these ladies carry their backbiting and slandering, and the abnormal growth which their jealousy of one another attains, fill the masculine mind with amazement.

A lady of a certain age who had lived in Europe twenty years, and who, in addition to being a person of great clearness and robustness of judgment, held a position, as a widow with a comfortable competency, which made her verdict unassailable by any suspicion of its being an interested one, spoke to me once on this subject. "In all my experience of American life in Europe," she said, "I may safely state that I have never met more than half a dozen American women who had anything but ill-natured remarks to make of one another. No American woman need hope, live as she may, do as she may, say what she may, to escape

criticism at the hands of her countrywomen. The mildest manner in which they will treat her in conversation will be to say that she is 'nobody,' 'never goes anywhere,' etc., and thus dismiss her. In every other case it is, 'Mrs. A——? Oh yes, such a charming person! Perhaps just a little bit inclined to put on airs, but then— Oh, a very nice little woman. I don't suppose she has ever really been accustomed to much, you know. They say her mother was a dressmaker, but of course one never knows how true these things may be. She does make frantic efforts to get into society here: it is quite amusing. I think the Von Z——s have rather taken her up. She has plenty of money to spend, oh yes. I can't see how her husband can afford to let her live in the style she does abroad, but then that is *his* affair. She entertains all these people, and of course they go to her house because she can give them some amusement.'—'Mrs. B——? Do I know anything about her? Well, I think I do. Nice? Oh, I do not know that there is anything to be said against her. To be sure, in Paris people *did* say some rather ugly things. There was a Count L——. And I heard from a very reliable source that she was not on exactly good terms with her husband. So, having daughters, you know, I was obliged to be prudent and rather to shun her than otherwise. Without wishing to be ill-natured I feel inclined to advise you to do the same: I think you will find it quite as well to do so.'—'Mrs. C——? Oh, my dear, such a coarse, common, vulgar creature! She was never received in any sort of good society in New York. Her husband made money one fine day, and she has come abroad and is trying to impose upon people here. She is perfectly ignorant—no education whatever. And the daughters are horribly *mauvais genre*.'—'Mrs. D——? I should call her an undesirable acquaintance. Not but what she is a very nice sort of person—in her way—but she does make up so frightfully, and she looks so fast. Always has a crowd of officers dangling about her. Her husband is a stick. They *do* say that when his relatives came abroad

last winter they would not call upon him. They were completely incensed at the way in which he permits his wife to carry on.'—'Mrs. E——? Pray, who is Mrs. E——? and where does she get the money to live as she does? I knew her a few years ago, when she had a thousand a year to live on, she and both her children. And now, the toilettes she makes! And, some people say, the debts! And, really, I don't see how it can be otherwise, knowing, as I do, that all the members of her family are as poor as church mice. Her husband committed suicide, you know.—No! did you never hear that? Oh yes: he was mixed up in some rather shady transactions in business, and put an end to himself in that way.'—'Mrs. F——? Oh yes, I remember. An old thing, with a grown-up son, who dresses as if she were fifteen. Dreadfully affected, and *so* silly! Moreover, Mrs. I—— lived in the same house with her in Dresden—had the apartment above hers—and she told me the servants said that Mrs. F—— was always in some difficulty with tradespeople.'—'Miss G——? Is it possible you have never heard about her? Why, she ran away with a footman, or something of the kind. Was brought back before she had reached the station, I believe; but you can imagine the scandal! All the girls in that family are rather queer, which, considering the stock they come from, is really not very strange,' etc. etc. etc.'

In view of these facts, and of many more of the same nature, when one sees the people who come back from Europe after an absence of a year or two unable to speak their own language fluently, because they have heard and spoken nothing but German or French or Italian during that time, and who cannot stand the climate because they are not used to it; when one sees the young ladies who return home unable to take any interest in American life, and who shut themselves away from its society, which to them is most unpolished and vapid, because they have had a European education; when one sees the hundred follies which a glimpse of Europe will put into the heads of people whom before one had had ev-

ery reason to think sensible enough,—one feels inclined to ask one's self the question, Are we to conclude that European life is demoralizing to Americans? Are we to conclude that the innumerable advantages that such a life confers—the wider view and broader knowledge of things, the softening influences gained by contact with a riper civilization, the æsthetic tastes developed by acquaintance with older and more perfect art—are to count as nothing, are to be outweighed by the disadvantages of the same life?

Certainly, out of a hundred Americans who go abroad ninety-nine return with what they have lost in narrowness of experience completely offset by what they have gained in pretentious affectation. So far from being improved in any way are they that their well-wishers are inclined to think it would have been far better had they never gone at all.

I do not wish to draw the ultimate conclusion from all this that it would be better for Americans were their periodical exodus to Europe to cease. Far from it. That cultivated Americans, and Americans particularly of a more reflective than active mind, should find the relative ease, culture and simplicity of European life more congenial to them than the restless, high-pressure life of America, is quite natural. And if there are no interests or ties to make their presence in their own country imperatively necessary, it is certainly a matter of option with them where they take up their abode. There is no law, human or divine, to bind a person to live in one certain spot when the surroundings are uncongenial to him, and when no private duty fetters him to it, for

the simple reason that he has chanced to be born there. Every one is certainly at liberty to seek the centre that best suits him and answers to his needs. Again, there are numbers of persons who with moderate means can live according to their taste in Europe when it would be impossible for them to do so in America on the same amount. There are a thousand small gratifications that people can afford themselves on a small income abroad, a thousand small pleasures in life from which in our country they would be hopelessly debarred; and that they should be debarred from them when escape is possible, and not only possible but most simple and easy, would indeed be hard.

But why cannot Americans indulge this preference for life in Europe, why can they not avail themselves of the choice if it is open to them, and yet remember that they *are* Americans, and that no circumstance can absolve them from a sacred obligation to show respect for their native country, and to stand as its citizens on their own dignity? Men and women may be conscious of faults and weaknesses in their parents, but they are not expected to expose these weaknesses on that account: instinctive delicacy in any one but a churl would keep him from acknowledging any such failings to his own heart. And a similar feeling should teach us, even if our sympathies were not with our own country, to treat it in word and deed with respect. Until we do learn to show this respect before Europeans we must still resign ourselves to the imputation, if they wish to make it, of crudeness, of being still sadly in want of refining.

ALAIN GORE.

GLIMPSES OF PORTUGAL AND THE PORTUGUESE.



THE mere name of Spain calls up at once a string of flashing, barbaric pictures—Moorish magnificence and Christian chivalry, bull-fights, boleros, serenades, tattered pride and cruel pleasure. All these things go to form that piquant whole, half Eastern, half European, which is the Spain of our imaginations. Our associations with the western part of the Peninsula are, on the other hand, vague and incomplete. Vasco da Gama, the earthquake of Lisbon, port wine and Portuguese plums are the Lusitanian products most readily called to mind. After them would come perhaps the names of Magellan, of Prince Henry the Navigator and of the ill-fated Don Sebastian. One poet of the country, Camoens, is as often referred to as Tasso or Ariosto. Those whose memories go back to the European events of 1830 and thereabouts may recall the Portuguese civil wars, the woes of Dona Maria and the dark infamy of Don Miguel. And more recently have we not heard of the Portuguese *Guide to English Conversation* and relished its delicious discoveries in our language? All these items do not, however, present a very vivid or finished picture of the country: like the words in a dictionary, they are a trifle disconnected.

Portugal was the first station of Childe Harold's pilgrimage, but it holds no place in the ordinary European tour of to-day. It does not connect with any of the main

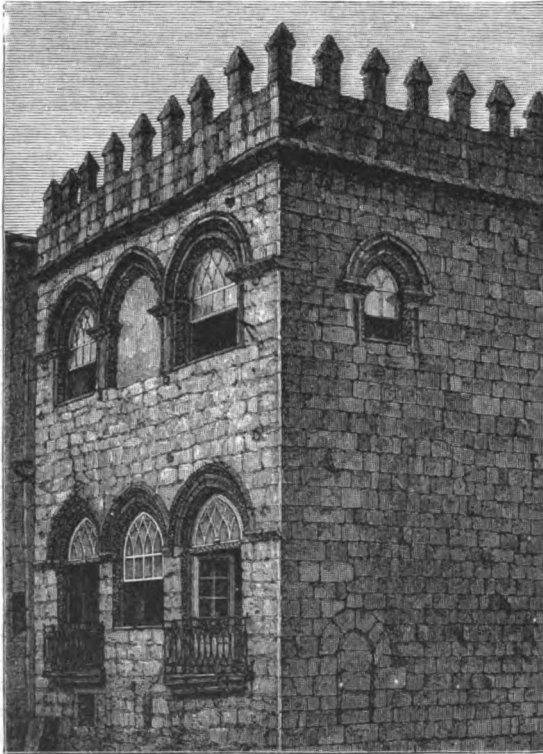
lines of travel in such a manner as to beguile the tourist insensibly over its border: a deliberate start must be made by steamer from England in order to reach Lisbon from the north. Another and probably stronger reason for our neglect of its scenery is that it is not talked of. We go to Europe to see places and follow up associations with which fame has already made us familiar, and, though Portugal has had a great past of which the records are still extant, it has not been brought to our notice by art.

The two nations living side by side on the Peninsula, though originally of the same stock and subjected to the same influences, present more points of difference than of likeness. Their early history is the same. Hispania and Lusitania both fell successively under the dominion of the Romans and of the Moors, and were modified to a considerable extent by the civilization of each. Moorish influence was predominant in Spain—Portugal retained more deeply the Roman stamp. This is easily seen in the literature of the two countries. Spanish ballads and plays show the Eastern delight in hyperbole, the Eastern fertility of invention: Portuguese literature is completely classic in spirit, avoiding all exaggeration, all offences against taste, and confining itself to classic forms, such as the pastoral, the epic and the sonnet. Many Moorish customs survive in Por-

tugal to this day, but they have not become so closely assimilated there as in Spain to the character of the people. The cruelty which has always marked the Spanish race is no part of the Portuguese national character, which is conspicuous rather for the "gentler-sexed humanity." True, the bull-fight, that barbarous legacy of the Moors, still lingers among the Portuguese, but the sport

Both Rome and Arabia stood sponsors for the land they thus endowed. The name *Portugal* is compounded of the Latin *portus*, a "port," and the Arabic *caläh*, a "castle" or "fortress." The first of these names was originally given to the town which still retains it—Oporto—one of the oldest of Portugal, and at one time its capital.

The history of Portugal, when it separates from that of Spain, is the history of a single stupendous achievement. A small nation raising itself in a short time to the power of a great empire, reaching a height which to gain was incredible, to keep impossible, and at the first relaxation of effort suddenly falling with a disastrous crash,—that is the drama of Portugal's greatness. There was no gradual rise or decline: it mounted and fell. There is a tradition that the first king of Portugal, Affonso Henriquez, was crowned on the battlefield with a burst of enthusiasm on the part of the soldiers whom he was leading against the Saracens, and that on the same day he opened his reign by the glorious victory of Ourique. Less than half a century previously the country had been given as a fief to a young knight, Count Henry of Burgundy, on his marriage with a daughter



ANCIENT HOUSE IN OPORTO.

is pursued with no such wanton intoxication of cruelty as in the country with which its name is now associated. On the other hand, the Roman tradition has been preserved in Portugal more perfectly than in Italy itself: in the "fairest of Roman colonies," as it was once called, there will be found manners and customs which bring up more vividly the life portrayed by the classic poets than any existing among the peasants of modern Italy.

of the king of Castile. The Moors were overrunning it on the one hand, Castile was eyeing it jealously on the other, yet Affonso Henriquez made it an independent and permanent kingdom. This prince slaughtered Saracens and carried off honors on the field as fast as the Cid, but his deeds were not embalmed in an epic destined to become a storehouse of poetry for all the world. His chronicler did not come till about four centuries later, and then nearer and

vaster achievements than those of Affonso Henriquez lay ready to his pen. At the birth of Camoens, in 1525, Portugal had gained her greatest conquests, and, if the shadows were already falling across her power, she had still great men who were making heroic efforts to retain it. Vasco da Gama had died within the year. Albuquerque, the hero of the *Lusiado*, the noblest and most far-sighted mind in an age of great men, had been dead ten years. Camoens, like the Greek dramatists, was soldier as well as poet: he was not alone the singer of past adventures—he was the reporter of what took place under his own eyes. His epic was al-

ready finished before the defeat of Don Sebastian in the battle of Alcazar put an end to the glory it celebrated, and in dying shortly after the poet is said to have breathed a prayer of thanksgiving at being spared the pain of surviving his country.

The period of Portuguese supremacy lasted then, altogether, less than a century. There is an irresistible temptation to ponder over what results were lost by its sudden downfall, and to seek therein some explanation of the strange fact that Portugal alone among the southern nations of Europe has never had a national art. There was a moment when the foun-



CHAPEL NEAR GUIMARAENS.

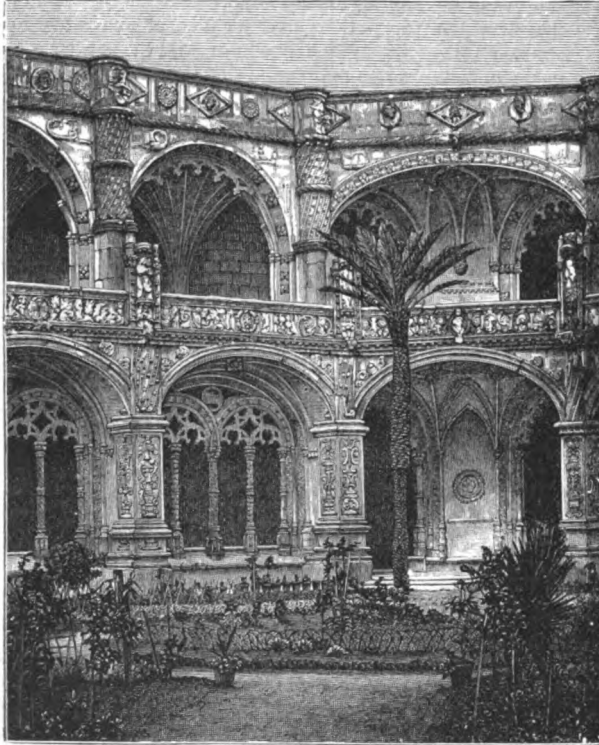
datations for it seemed to be laid: it was the period at which early Spanish art was putting forth its first efforts, while that of Italy was in its prime. Under Emanuel the Fortunate and his successor Portugal was rich and powerful. Its intellect and ambition had been stimulated by the achievements of its great navigators. There was an awakening of interest in art and letters. A school of poets had arisen of which Camoens was to be the crown. The court, mindful of the duties of patronage, was building new churches

and convents and decorating the old ones with religious pictures, and in Portugal religious feeling has always been peculiarly strong. Many of these pictures are still preserved. They are not, however, of a high order of merit, and it is not even certain that they are the work of native artists, some authorities inclining to the belief that they were done by inferior Flemish painters visiting the country, and are therefore the lees of the Flemish school, not the flower of a national one. Universal belief among the Portuguese

attributes them to Gran Vasco, a master whose very existence is mythical, and who if he had lived several lives could not have painted all the works of various styles which are ascribed to him. That the artistic sense was not lacking in the Portuguese people is abundantly shown in their architecture, in their repoussé-work of the fifteenth century and the

ant. Philip II. strengthened his claim to the vacant throne by sending an army of twenty thousand men into the country under the command of the duke of Alva, and the other heirs were too weak or too divided to oppose him. The discoveries and conquests made by Portugal had laid the foundations of riches and power for other nations: her own immediate benefit from them was over. The period of prosperous repose which may be expected to follow one of great national activity was denied to her. When the house of Braganza recovered its rights, the impulse to creative art was extinct.

Though it was as a maritime power that Portugal rose to its greatest height, it has been from time immemorial an agricultural nation, and the mass of its people are engaged in tilling the soil. They are a cheerful, industrious race, who, far from meriting Lord Byron's contemptuous epithet of "Lusitanian boors," are gifted with a natural courtesy and refinement of manner. A New-England farmer would be



CLOISTERS OF BELEM CONVENT.

carvings in wood and stone. The church and convent at Belem, the work of this period, are ornamented by Gothic stonework of exquisite richness and fertility of invention. The church is unfinished, like the epoch it commemorates. To an age of activity and conquest succeeded one of gloom and depression. The last of the kings whom the nation had leaned on, while it supported them so loyally, had fallen at Alcazar, and in the struggle which ensued for the succession Portugal fell an easy prey to the strongest claim-

tempted to follow the poet's example and regard them with contempt: weighed in his balance, they would certainly be found wanting. There is no public-school system in operation, and the Portuguese farmer is not likely to be able to read or sign his name. But the want of literature is not felt in a Southern country, where social intercourse is far more cultivated than in our own rural districts. It is not by reading the newspapers, but by talking matters over with his neighbor, that the Portuguese farmer obtains his sound and

intelligent views on the politics of his country. He is a great talker, taking a keen interest in all that goes on, enjoying a joke thoroughly and addressing his comrade with all the ceremonies and distinctions of a language which contains half a dozen different forms of address. The illiterate peasant is no whit behind the man of culture in the purity of his Portuguese. In no country in Europe is the language kept freer from dialect, and this notwithstanding the fact that it is one of involved grammatical forms. In France the use of the imperfect subjunctive is given up by the lower classes and by foreigners, but in Portugal the peasant has still deeper subtleties of speech at the end of his tongue. Add to this that he has a vocabulary of abuse before which the Spaniard or the California mule-driver would be silenced, and you have the extent of his linguistic accomplishments. This profane eloquence was an art imparted no doubt by the Moors. The refinements of syntax come from the Latin, to which Portuguese bears more affinity in form than any other modern language.

From the Romans the Lusitanian received his first lessons in agriculture—lessons which have never been entirely superseded. His plough was given him by the Romans, and he has not yet seen fit to alter the pattern. The ox-cart used in town and country for all purposes of draught is another relic preserved intact. Its wheels of solid wood are fastened to the axle, which revolves with them, this revolution being accompanied by a chorus of inharmonious shrieks and creaks and wails which to the foreign and prejudiced nerve is simply agonizing. Its master hears it with a different ear: he finds it rather cheerful than otherwise, good to enliven the oxen, to dispel the silence of lonely places and to frighten away wolves and bogies, of which enemies he has a childish awe. Instead, therefore, of pouring oil upon this discord, he applies lemon-juice to aggravate the sound! The cart pleases the eye of the stranger more than his ear. When in the vintage season the upright poles forming its sides are bound together by a wickerwork of vine branches with their large leaves, and

the inside is heaped with purple grapes, it is a goodly sight, and one which Alma-Tadema might paint as a Roman vintage, for it is doubtless a counterfeit presentment of the grape-laden wains which moved in the season of vintage over the Campagna. The results in both cases were the same, for the *vinho verde*, a harsh but refreshing wine, made and



A MADEIRA FISHERMAN.

drunk by the country-people, is made in the same way and is probably identical with that wherewith the Latin farmer slaked his thirst. The recipe may have descended through Lusus, the companion of Bacchus, whom tradition names as the father of the Lusitanian. Be that as it may, the Portuguese is still favored of the wine-god. Wine flows for him even more freely than water, which gift of Nature has to be dug for and sought far and wide. He drinks the ruby liquid at home and carries it afield: he even shares it with his horse, who sinks his nose, nothing loth, in its inviting depths, and neither man nor beast shows any ill effects from this indulgence.

It is in the north-western corner of the

country, in the Minho province, that the highest rural prosperity is to be met with. This little province, scarcely as large as the State of Delaware, but with more than four times its population, has successfully solved the problem of affording labor and sustenance in nearly equal shares to a large number of inhabitants. Bonanza-farming is unheard of there. The high perfection of its culture, which gives the whole province the trim, thriving air of a well-kept garden, comes from individual labor minutely bestowed on small surfaces. No mowing-, threshing- or other machines are used. Instead of labor-saving, there is labor cheerfully expended—in the place of the patent mower, a patient toiler (often of the fair sex), armed with a short, curved reaping-hook. The very water, which flows plentifully in fountains and channels, comes not direct from heaven without the aid of man. It is coaxed down from the hills in tedious miles of aqueduct or forced up from a great depth by a rustic water-wheel worked by oxen, and is then distributed over the land. Except for its aridity, the climate is kind to the small farmer: there is no long inactivity forced upon him by a cold winter. A constant succession of crops may be raised, and all through the year he works cheerfully and industriously, finding his ten acres enough and his curious broad hoe dexterously wielded the equivalent of shovel and pickaxe. If ignorant of our inventions, he is intimately acquainted with some American products. If a Yankee were to walk into a Portuguese farm-house and surprise the family at dinner, he would be sure to see on the table two articles which, however oddly served, would be in their essentials familiar to him—Indian meal and salt codfish. Indian corn has long been cultivated as the principal grain: it is mixed with rye to make the bread in every-day use. The Newfoundland cod, under the name of *bacalhau*, has crept far into the affections of the nation, its lack of succulence being atoned for by a rich infusion of olive oil, so that the native beef, cheap and good as it is, has no chance in comparison. Altogether, the Portuguese peasant with his wine, his oil

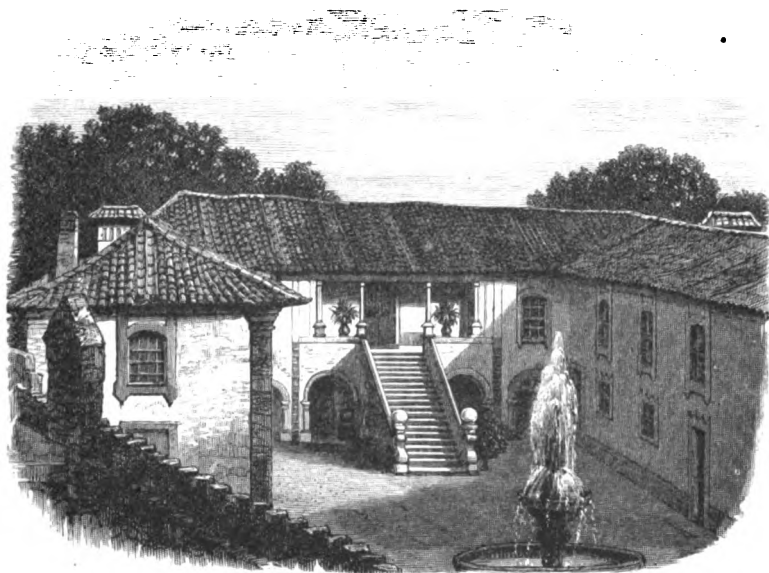
and his *bacalhau* fares better than most of his class. At Christmas-tide he stakes his digestion on *rebanadas*, a Moorish invention—nothing less than ambrosial flapjacks made by soaking huge slices of wheaten bread in new milk, frying them in olive oil and then spreading them lavishly with honey.

The Portuguese can be industrious, but all work and no play is a scheme of life which would ill accord with his social, pleasure-loving temperament. With a wisdom rare in his day and generation, and an energy unparalleled among Southern races, he manages to combine the two. After rising at dawn and working from twelve to fifteen hours, he does not sit down and fall asleep, but slings a guitar over his shoulder and is off to the nearest threshing-floor to dance a *bolero*. His dancing is not the more graceful for coming after hours of field-labor, but it lacks neither activity nor picturesqueness: above all, it is the outcome of light-heartedness and enjoyment in capering. The night air, soft yet cool, is refreshing after the intense heat of the day: the too sudden lowering of temperature at sundown which makes the evenings unhealthy in many Southern countries is not experienced in Portugal. Every peasant has his guitar, for a love of music is widely diffused, and some of them not only sing but improvise. In the province of the Minho it is not uncommon at these gatherings for a match of improvisation to be held between two rustic bards. One takes his guitar, and in a slow, drawling recitative sings a simple quatrain, which the other at once caps with a second in rhyme and rhythm matching the first. Verse follows verse in steady succession, and the singer who hesitates is lost: his rival rushes in with a tide of rhyme which carries all before it. In such primitive pleasures the shepherds of the Virgilian eclogue indulged.

As the life of the peasant, so is that of his wife or sweetheart. She shares in the work, guiding the oxen, cutting grass, even working on the road with hoe and basket. "Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound." Like Wordsworth's reaper, she sings as she works, and the

day's labor over is ready to join in the bolero. On fête-days she is arrayed in all the magnificence of her peasant ornaments, worth, if her family is well-to-do, a hundred dollars or more—gold pendants in her ears, large gold chains of some antique Moorish design falling in a triple row over her gay bodice. The men wear long hooded cloaks of brown homespun, which they sometimes retain for convenience after the rest of the peasant-dress

has been thrown aside for the regulation coat and trousers. There is no tendency to eccentricity in the national costume of Portugal, but the Portuguese colony of Madeira have invented a singular head-gear in a tiny skull-cap surmounted by a steeple of tightly-wound cloth, which serves as a handle to lift it by. Like the German student's cap, it requires practice to make it adhere at the required angle. This is a bit of coxcomby which



COUNTRY-HOUSE IN PORTUGAL.

has no match in the simple, unaffected vanity of the Portuguese.

The country is left during the greater part of the year to the exclusive occupancy of the peasantry, the town atmosphere being more congenial in the long run to the social gentry of Portugal. The wealthy class in Lisbon have their villas at Cintra, in which paradise of Nature and art, with its wonderful ensemble of precipices and palaces, forest and garden scenes, they can enjoy mountains without forsaking society. Many Oporto families own country-houses in the Minho, and rusticate there very pleasantly for a month or two in early fall. The gentlemen have large shooting-parties, conducted on widely-

different principles from those so unswervingly adhered to by Trollope's indefatigable sporting character, Mr. Reginald Dobbs. In a Portuguese shooting the number of men and dogs is often totally disproportionate to that of the game, and a single partridge may find itself the centre of an alarming volley from a dozen or more guns. The enjoyment is not measured, however, by the success. There is a great deal of talking and laughing, and no discontent with the day's sport is exhibited even if there be little to show for the skill and patience expended. There is further occupation in superintending vintage and harvest, while the orange-groves and luxuriant gardens offer plenty

of resources for exercise or idleness. Plant-life in Portugal is singularly varied even for so warm a country. To the native orange, olive and other trees of Southern Europe have been added many exotics. The large magnolia of our Southern States, the Japanese camellia and the Australian gum tree have made themselves at home there, and grow as if their roots were in their native soil. Geraniums and heliotrope, which we confine easily in flower-pots, assume a different aspect in the public gardens of Lisbon, where the former is seen in flaming trees and hedges twenty or thirty feet high, and the latter distributes its fragrance while covering the high walls with its spreading arms.

The grapes from which port-wine is made are all grown within the narrow compass of a mountain-valley about twenty-seven miles long by five or six wide, where the conditions of soil and climate most favorable to wine-culture—including a large degree of both heat and cold—are found in perfection. Owing to its elevation the frosts in this district are tolerably severe, while in summer the sun looks steadily down with his hot glance into the valley till its vine-clad sides are permeated by heat. The grapes ripened there are of peculiar richness and strength. The trade is all in the hands of a certain number of English merchants at Oporto, who buy the grapes as they hang of the native farmers and have the wine made under their own supervision. The wine-making is conducted in much the same manner as in other countries, a certain quantity of spirits being added to arrest decay and ensure its preservation. All wine has passed through the first stage of decay, fermentation, and is liable at any time to continue the course. It may be made with little or no alcohol if it is to be drunk within the year: to ensure a longer lease of life some antiseptic is necessary. Port is, from its richness, peculiarly liable to decay, and will stand fortification better than sherry, which being a light wine is less in need of it and more apt to be over-fortified. The area in which port is produced being so small, there can be no material difference in the

produce of different vineyards, but some slight superiorities of soil or aspect have given the Vesuvio, the Raïda and a few other wines a special reputation.

The history of port is a somewhat curious one. It is associated closely with the old English gentleman of a bygone generation, a staunch and bigoted being who despised French wines as he abhorred the French nation, and agreed with Doctor Johnson that claret was for boys, port for men. The vintage of 1820 was a remarkable one in Portugal. The port made in that season was of a peculiar strength and sweetness, in color nearly black. The old English gentleman would acknowledge no other as genuine, and, as Nature positively refused to repeat the experiment, the practice of dyeing port with dried elderberries and increasing the infusion of brandy to impart strength and flavor was resorted to. It was successful for some time, but after a while the secret oozed out, and the public began to receive the garnet-hued liquid again into favor, and to find, with Douglas Jerrold, that it preferred the old port to the *elder*. The elderberry is not sufficiently common in Portugal to make the continuation of this process popular with wine-makers. At present port is tolerably free from adulteration, though its casks and those of an inferior red wine of Spain after voyaging to England sometimes find their contents a little mixed.

Oporto is the seat of the wine-trade, and its huge warehouses are filled with stores of port ripening to a good old age, when the garnet will be exchanged for a dark umber tint. A handsome, thriving city is Oporto, mounting in terraces up the slope of a steep hill. A fine quay runs the length of the town along the Douro, and here the active life of Oporto is mainly concentrated. Any stranger watching this stir of movement and color will be struck by the prominent position which women fill in the busy crowd. The men do not absorb all branches of labor. Besides the water-carriers, market-women and fruit-vendors there may be seen straight, stalwart lasses acting as portresses to convey loads to and from

QUAY AT OPORTO—THE QUEEN'S STAIRS.



the boats which are fastened to the river-wall. Many of the servants and other laborers through Portugal come from Galicia, the inhabitants of that Spanish

province enjoying a reputation for honesty and faithful service combined with stupidity.

A sad contrast to the fertility of the

of the Church. Its Gothic cathedral is of grand proportions, containing a triple nave, and belongs to the thirteenth century. The church treasures shut up in its sanctuary are among the richest in the Peninsula.

Portugal presents the curious spectacle of a country in which the customs of antiquity have lasted as long as its monuments. In a certain way the former are

the more impressive. As some little familiar trait will sometimes give a fresher insight into a great man than the more important facts of his biography, so the ploughing, harvesting and singing of a Portuguese peasant, with their bucolic simplicity, bring the life of the ancients a little nearer to us than the sight of their great aqueducts and columns. But the nineteenth century is striking the death-



CHURCH PLATE IN BRAGA CATHEDRAL.

blow of the bucolic very fast, the world over, and Portugal is awake and bestirring herself—not the less effectively that she is making no noise about it. Nevertheless, she is becoming better known. Mr. Oswald Crawford, the English consul at Oporto, who has lived in Portugal for many years, is writing about it from the best point of view, half within, half without. His book of travels published under the pseudonym of Latouche, and a volume entitled *Portugal, Old and New*, recently issued under his own name, throw a strong, clear light upon the country and its inhabitants. Another sympathetic and entertaining traveller is Lady Jackson, the author of *Fair Lusitania*.

The Portugal of Mr. Crawford and

Lady Jackson is a different land from that which Southey, Byron and other English celebrities visited at the beginning of this century: it is not the same which Wordsworth's daughter, Mrs. Quilinan, travelled through on horseback in 1837, making light of inconveniences and looking at everything with kind, frank eyes. Lisbon is no longer a beautiful casket filled with dirt and filth, but a clean, bright and active city, and Portugal is no longer a sleeping land, but a well-governed country, which will probably be hindered by its small natural proportions, but not by any sluggishness or incapacity of its people, from taking a high place among European nations.

A GRAVEYARD IDYL.

IN the summer of 187-, when young Doctor Putnam was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, he used to take short walks in the suburbs of the little provincial town where he lived. He was still weak enough to need a cane, and had to sit down now and then to rest. His favorite haunt was an old-fashioned cemetery lying at the western edge of the alluvial terrace on which the town is built. The steep hillside abuts boldly on the salt marsh. One of the cemetery-paths runs along the brink of the hill; and here, on a wooden bench under a clump of red cedars, Putnam would sit for hours enjoying the listless mood of convalescence. Where the will remains passive, the mind, like an idle weather-cock, turns to every puff of suggestion, and the senses, born new from sickness, have the freshness and delicacy of a child's. It soothed his eye to follow lazily the undulations of the creek, lying like the folds of a blue silk ribbon on the flat ground of the marsh below. He watched the ebbing tide suck down the water from the even lines of trenches that sluiced the meadows till the black mud at their bottom glistened in the sun. The opposite hills were dark with the heavy foliage of July. In the distance a sail or two speckled the flashing waters of the bay, and the lighthouse beyond bounded the southern horizon.

It was a quiet, shady old cemetery, not much disturbed by funerals. Only at rare intervals a fresh heap of earth and a slab of clean marble intruded with their tale of a new and clamorous grief among the sunken mounds and weatherstained tombstones of the ancient sleepers for whom the tears had long been dried. Now and then a mourner came to put flowers on a grave; now and then one of the two or three laborers who kept the walks and shrubberies in order would come along the path by Putnam's bench, trundling a squeaking wheelbarrow; sometimes a nurse with a baby-carriage found her way

in. But generally the only sounds to break the quiet were the songs of birds, the rumble of a wagon over the spile bridge across the creek and the whetting of scythes in the water-meadows, where the mowers, in boots up to their waists, went shearing the oozy plain and stacking up the salt hay.

One afternoon Putnam was in his accustomed seat, whistling softly to himself and cutting his initials into the edge of the bench. The air was breathless, and the sunshine lay so hot on the marshes that it seemed to draw up in a visible steam a briny incense which mingled with the spicy smell of the red cedars. Absorbed in reverie, he failed to notice how the scattered clouds that had been passing across the sky all the afternoon were being gradually reinforced by big fluffy cumuli rolling up from the north, until a rumble overhead and the rustle of a shower in the trees aroused him.

In the centre of the grounds was an ancient summer-house standing amidst a maze of flower-beds intersected by gravel-walks. This was the nearest shelter, and, as the rain began to patter smartly, Putnam pocketed his knife, turned up his coat-collar and ran for it. Arrived at the garden-house, he found there a group of three persons, driven to harbor from different parts of the cemetery. The shower increased to a storm, the lattices were lashed by the rain and a steady stream poured from the eaves. The *althæa* and snowberry bushes in the flower-pots, and even the stunted box-edges along the paths, swayed in the wind. It grew quite dark in the summer-house, shaded by two or three old hemlocks, and it was only by the lightning-flashes that Putnam could make out the features of the little company of refugees. They stood in the middle of the building, to avoid the sheets of rain blown in at the doors in gusts, huddling around a pump that was raised on a narrow stone platform—not unlike the daughters of Priam

clustered about the great altar in the penetralia: *Præcipites atra ceu tempestate columbæ.*

They consisted of a young girl, an elderly woman with a trowel and watering-pot, and a workman in overalls, who carried a spade and had perhaps been interrupted in digging a grave. The platform around the pump hardly gave standing room for a fourth. Putnam accordingly took his seat on a tool-chest near one of the entrances, and, while the soft spray blew through the lattices over his face and clothes, he watched the effect of the lightning-flashes on the tossing, dripping trees of the cemetery-grounds.

Soon a shout was heard and down one of the gravel-walks, now a miniature river, rushed a Newfoundland dog, followed by a second man in overalls. Both reached shelter soaked and lively. The dog distributed the contents of his fur over our party by the pump, nosed inquiringly about, and then subsided into a corner. Second laborer exchanged a few words with first laborer, and melted into the general silence. The slight flurry caused by their arrival was only momentary, while outside the storm rose higher and inside it grew still darker. Now and then some one said something in a low tone, addressed rather to himself than to the others, and lost in the noise of the thunder and rain.

But in spite of the silence there seemed to grow up out of the situation a feeling of intimacy between the members of the little community in the summer-house. The need of shelter—one of the primitive needs of humanity—had brought them naturally together and shut them up "in a tumultuous privacy of storm." In a few minutes, when the shower should leave off, their paths would again diverge, but for the time being they were inmates and held a household relation to one another.

And so it came to pass that when it began to grow lighter and the rain stopped, and the sun glanced out again on the reeking earth and saturated foliage, conversation grew general.

"Gracious sakes!" said the woman with the trowel and watering-pot as she

glanced along the winding canals that led out from the summer-house—"jest see the water in them walks!"

"Gol! 'tis awful!" murmured the Irishman with the spade. "There'll be a fut of water in the grave, and the ould mon to be buried the morning!"

"Ah, they had a right to put off the funeral," said the other workman, "and not be giving the poor corp his death of cold."

"'Tis warrum enough there where the ould mon's gone, but 'tis cold working for a poor lad like meself in the bottom of a wet grave. Gol! 'tis like a dreen." With that he shouldered his spade and waded reluctantly away.

Second laborer paused to light his dhu-deen, and then disappeared in the opposite direction, his Newfoundland taking quite naturally to the deepest puddles in their course.

"Hath this fellow no feeling of his business?" asked Putnam, rising and sauntering up to the pump. The question was meant more for the younger than the elder of the two women, but the former paid no heed to it, and the latter, by way of answer, merely glanced at him suspiciously and said "H'm!" She was unlocking the tool-chest on which he had been sitting, and now raised the lid, stowed away her trowel and watering-pot, locked the chest again and put the key in her pocket, with the remark, "I guess I hain't got any more use for a sprinkle-pot to-day."

"It is rather *de trop*," said Putnam.

The old woman looked at him still more distrustfully, and then, drawing up her skirts, showed to his great astonishment a pair of india-rubber boots, in which she stumped away through the water and the mud, leaving in the latter colossal tracks which speedily became as pond-holes in the shallower bed of the stream. The younger woman stood at the door, gathering her dress about her ankles and gazing irresolutely at these frightful *vestigia* which gauged all too accurately the depth of the mud and the surface-water above it.

"They look like the fossil bird-tracks in the Connecticut Valley sandstone,"

said Putnam, following the direction of her eyes.

These were very large and black. She turned them slowly on the speaker, a tallish young fellow with a face expressive chiefly of a good-natured audacity and an alertness for whatever in the way of amusement might come within range. Her look rested on him indifferently, and then turned back to the wet gravel.

Putnam studied for a moment the back of her head and her figure, which was girlishly slender and clad in gray. "How extraordinary," he resumed, "that she should happen to have rubber boots on!"

"She keeps them in the tool-chest. The cemetery-man gives her a key," she replied after a pause, and as if reluctantly. Her voice was very low and she had the air of talking to herself.

"Isn't that a rather queer place for a wardrobe? I wonder if she keeps anything else there besides the boots and the trowel and the 'sprinkle-pot'?"

"I believe she has an umbrella and some flower-seeds."

"Now, if she only had a Swedish cooking-box and a patent camp-lounge," said Putnam laughing, "she could keep house here in regular style."

"She spends a great deal of time here: her children are all here, she told me."

"Well, it's an odd taste to live in a burying-ground, but one might do worse perhaps. There's nothing like getting accustomed gradually to what you've got to come to. And then if one must select a cemetery for a residence, this isn't a bad choice. Have you noticed what quaint old ways they have about it? At sunset the sexton rings a big bell that hangs in the arch over the gateway: he told me he had done it every day for twenty years. It's not done, I believe, on the principle of firing a sunset gun, but to let people walking in the grounds know the gate is to be shut. There's a high stone wall, you know, and somebody might get shut in all night. Think of having to spend the night here!"

"I have spent the night here often," she answered, again in an absent voice and as if murmuring to herself.

"You have?" exclaimed Putnam. "Oh, you slept in the tool-chest, I suppose, on the old lady's shake-down."

She was silent, and he began to have a weird suspicion that she had spoken in earnest. "This is getting interesting," he said to himself; and then aloud, "You must have seen queer sights. Of course, when the clock struck twelve all the ghosts popped out and sat on their respective tombstones. The ghosts in this cemetery must be awfully old fellows. It doesn't look as if they had buried any one here for a hundred and thirty-five years. I've often thought it would be a good idea to inscribe *Complet* over the gate, as they do on a Paris omnibus."

"You speak very lightly of the dead," said the young girl in a tone of displeasure and looking directly at him.

Putnam felt badly snubbed. He was about to attempt an explanation, but her manner indicated that she considered the conversation at an end. She gathered up her skirts and prepared to leave the summer-house. The water had soaked away somewhat into the gravel.

"Excuse me," said Putnam, advancing desperately and touching his hat, "but I notice that your shoes are thin and the ground is still very wet. I'm going right over to High street, and if I can send you a carriage or anything—"

"Thank you, no: I sha'n't need it;" and she stepped off hastily down the walk.

Putnam looked after her till a winding of the path took her out of sight, and then started slowly homeward. "What the deuce could she mean," he pondered as he walked along, "about spending the night in the cemetery? Can she—no she can't—be the gatekeeper's daughter and live in the gate-house? Anyway, she's mighty pretty."

His mother and his maiden aunt, who with himself made up the entire household, received him with small scoldings and twitterings of anxiety. They felt his wet clothes, prophesied a return of his fever and forced him to go immediately to bed, where they administered hot drinks and toast soaked in scalded milk. He lay awake a long time, somewhat

fatigued and excited. In his feeble condition and in the monotony which his life had assumed of late the trifling experience of the afternoon took on the full proportions of an adventure. He thought it over again and again, but finally fell asleep and slept soundly. He awoke once, just at dawn, and lay looking through his window at a rosy cloud which reposed upon an infinite depth of sky, motionless as if sculptured against the blue. A light morning wind stirred the curtains and the scent of mignonette floated in from the dewy garden. He had that confused sense of anticipation so common in moments between waking and sleeping, when some new, pleasant thing has happened, or is to happen on the morrow, which the memory is too drowsy to present distinctly. Of this pleasant, indistinct promise that auroral cloud seemed somehow the omen or symbol, and watching it he fell asleep again. When he next awoke the sunlight of mid-forenoon was flooding the chamber, and he heard his mother's voice below stairs as she sat at her sewing.

In the afternoon he started on his customary walk, and his feet led him involuntarily to the cemetery. As he traversed the path along the edge of the hill he saw in one of the grave-lots the heroine of his yesterday's encounter, and a sudden light broke in on him: she was a mourner. And yet how happened it that she wore no black? There was a wooden railing round the enclosure, and within it a single mound and a tombstone of fresh marble. A few cut flowers lay on the grave. She was sitting in a low wicker chair, her hands folded in her lap and her eyes fixed vacantly on the western hills. Putnam now took closer note of her face. It was of a brown paleness. The air of hauteur given it by the purity of the profile and the almost insolent stare of the large black eyes was contradicted by the sweet, irresolute curves of the mouth. At present her look expressed only a profound apathy. As he approached her eyes turned toward him, but seemingly without recognition. Diffidence was not among Tom Putnam's

failings: he felt drawn by an unconquerable sympathy and attraction to speak to her, even at the risk of intruding upon the sacredness of her grief.

"Excuse me, miss," he began, stopping in front of her, "but I want to apologize for what I said yesterday about—about the cemetery. It must have seemed very heartless to you, but I didn't know that you were in mourning when I spoke as I did."

"I have forgotten what you said," she answered.

"I am glad you have," said Putnam, rather fatuously. There seemed really nothing further to say, but as he lingered for a moment before turning away a perverse recollection surprised him, and he laughed out loud.

She cast a look of strong indignation at him, and rose to her feet.

"Oh, I ask your pardon a thousand times," he exclaimed reddening violently. "Please don't think that I was laughing at anything to do with you. The fact is that last idiotic speech of mine reminded me of something that happened day before yesterday. I've been sick, and I met a friend on the street who said, 'I'm glad you're better;' and I answered, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I'm better;' and then he said, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're better'—like the House that Jack Built, you know,—and it came over me all of a sudden that the only way to continue our conversation gracefully would be for you to say, 'I'm glad that you're glad that I've forgotten what you said yesterday.'"

She had listened impatiently to this naïve and somewhat incoherent explanation, and she now said, "I wish you would go away. You see that I am alone here and in trouble. I can't imagine what motive you can have for annoying me in this way," her eyes filling with angry tears.

Putnam was too much pained by the vehemence of her language to attempt any immediate reply. His first impulse was to bow and retire without more words. But a pertinacity which formed one of his strongest though perhaps least amiable traits countermanded his impulse, and he said gravely, "Certainly, I will go at once,

but in justice to myself I must first assure you that I didn't mean to intrude upon you or annoy you in any way."

She sank down into her chair and averted her face.

"You say," he continued, "that you are in trouble, and I beg you to believe that I respect your affliction, and that when I spoke to you just now it was simply to ask pardon for having hurt your feelings yesterday, without meaning to, by my light mention of the dead. I've been too near death's door myself lately to joke about it." He paused, but she remained silent. "I'm going away now," he said softly. "Won't you say that you excuse me, and that you haven't any hard feelings toward me?"

"Yes, oh yes," she answered wearily: "I have no feelings. Please go away."

Putnam raised his hat respectfully, and went off down the pathway. On reaching the little gate-house he sat down to rest on a bench before the door. The gatekeeper was standing on the threshold in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe. "A nice day after the rain, sir," he began.

"Yes, it is."

"Have you any folks here, sir?"

"No, no one. But I come here sometimes for a stroll."

"Yes, I've seen you about. Well, it's a nice, quiet place for a walk, but the grounds ain't kep' up quite the shape they used to be: there ain't so much occasion for it. Seems as though the buryin' business was dull, like pretty much everything else now-a-days."

"Yes, that's so," replied Putnam absently.

The gatekeeper spat reflectively upon the centre of the doorstep, and resumed: "There's some that comes here quite reg'lar, but they mostly have folks here. There's old Mrs. Lyon comes very steady, and there's young Miss Pinckney: she's one of the most reg'lar."

"Is that the young lady in gray, with black eyes?"

"That's she."

"Who is she in mourning for?"

"Well, she ain't exactly in mourning. I guess, from what they say, she hain't got the money for black bunnets and

dresses, poor gal! But it's her brother that's buried here—last April. He was in the hospital learning the doctor's business when he was took down."

"In the hospital? Was he from the South, do you know?"

"Well, that I can't say: like enough he was."

"Did you say that she is poor?"

"So they was telling me at the funeral. It was a mighty poor funeral too—not more'n a couple of hacks. But you can't tell much from that, with the fashions now-a-days: some of the richest folks buries private like. You don't see no such funerals now as they had ten years back. I've seen fifty kerridges to onst a-comin' in that gate," waving his pipe impressively toward that piece of architecture, "and that was when kerridge-hire was half again as high as it is now. She must have spent a goodly sum in green-house flowers, though: fresh bōquets 'most every day she keeps a-fetch-in'."

"Well, good-day," said Putnam, starting off.

"Good-day, sir."

Putnam had himself just completed his studies at the medical college when attacked by fever, and he now recalled somewhat vaguely a student of the name of Pinckney, and remembered to have heard that he was a Southerner. The gatekeeper's story increased the interest which he was beginning to feel in his new acquaintance, and he resolved to follow up his inauspicious beginnings to a better issue. He knew that great delicacy would be needed in making further approaches, and so decided to keep out of her sight for a time. In the course of the next few days he ascertained, by visits to the cemetery and talks with the keeper, that she now seldom visited her brother's grave in the forenoon, although during the first month after his death she had spent all her days and some of her nights beside it.

"I hadn't the heart, sir, to turn her out at sundown, accordin' to the regulations; so I'd leave the gate kinder half on the jar, and she'd slip out when she had a mind to."

Putnam read the inscription on the tombstone, which ran as follows: "To the Memory of Henry Pinckney. Born October 29th, 1852. Died April 27th, 187-;" and under this the text, "If thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him." He noticed with a sudden twinge of pity that the flowers on the grave, though freshly picked every day, were wild-flowers—mostly the common field varieties, with now and then a rarer blossom from wood or swamp, and now and then a garden flower. He gathered from this that the sister's purse was running low, and that she spent her mornings in collecting flowers outside the city. His imagination dwelt tenderly upon her slim, young figure and mourning face passing through far-away fields and along the margins of lonely creeks in search of some new bloom which grudging Nature might yield her for her sorrowful needs. Meanwhile he determined that the shrine of her devotion should not want richer offerings. There was a hot-house on the way from his home to the cemetery, and he now stopped there occasionally of a morning and bought a few roses to lay upon the mound. This continued for a fortnight. He noticed that his offerings were left to wither undisturbed, though the little bunches of field flowers were daily renewed as before.

In spite of the funereal nature of his occupation his spirits in these days were extraordinarily high. His life, so lately escaped from the shadows of death, seemed to enjoy a rejuvenescence and to put forth fresh blossoms in the summer air. As he sat under the cedars and listened to the buzzing of the flies that frequented the shade, the unending sound grew to be an assurance of earthly immortality. His new lease of existence prolonged itself into a fee simple, and even in presence of the monuments of decay his future, filled with bright hazy dreams, melted softly into eternity. But one morning as he approached the little grave-lot with his accustomed offerings he looked up and saw the young girl standing before him. Her eyes were fixed on the flowers in his hand. He colored guiltily and

VOL. XXVI.—31

stood still, like a boy caught robbing an orchard. She looked both surprised and embarrassed, but said at once, "If you are the gentleman who has been putting flowers on my brother's grave, I thank you for his sake, but—"

She paused, and he broke in: "I ought to explain, Miss Pinckney, that I have a better right than you think, perhaps, to bring these flowers here: I was a fellow-student with your brother in the medical school."

Her expression changed immediately. "Oh, did you know my brother?" she asked eagerly.

He felt like a wretched hypocrite as he answered, "Yes, I knew him, though not intimately exactly. But I took—I take—a very strong interest in him."

"Every one loved Henry who knew him," she said, "but his class have all been graduated and gone away, and he made few friends, because he was so shy. No one comes near him now but me."

He was silent. She walked to the grave, and he followed, and they stood there without speaking. It did not seem to occur to her to ask why he had not mentioned her brother at their former interview. She was evidently of an unsuspecting nature, or else all other impressions were forgotten and absorbed in the one thought of her bereavement. After a glance at her Putnam ventured to lay his roses reverently upon the mound. She held in her hand a few wild-flowers just gathered. These she kissed, and dropped them also on the grave. He understood the meaning of her gesture and was deeply moved.

"Poor little, dull-colored things!" she said, looking down at them.

"They are a thousand times more beautiful than mine," he exclaimed passionately. "I am ashamed of those heartless affairs: anybody can buy them."

"Oh no: my brother was very fond of roses. Perhaps you remember his taste for them?" she inquired innocently.

"I—I don't think he ever alluded to them. The atmosphere of the medical college was not very æsthetic, you know."

"At first I used to bring green-house flowers," she continued, without much heeding his answer, "but lately I haven't

been able to afford them except on Sundays. Sundays I bring white ones from the green-house."

She had seated herself in her wicker chair, and Putnam, after a moment's hesitation, sat down on the low railing near her. He observed among the wild plants that she had gathered the mottled leaves and waxy blossoms of the pipsissewa and its cousin the shinleaf.

"You have been a long way to get some of those," he said: "that pipsissewa grows in hemlock woods, and the nearest are several miles from here."

"I don't know their names. I found them in a wood where I used to walk sometimes with my brother. *He* knew all their names. I went there very early this morning, when the dew was on them."

"Flowers that have on them the cold dews of the night are strewings fittest for graves," said Putnam in an undertone.

Her face had assumed its usual absent expression, and she seemed busy with some memory and unconscious of his presence. He recalled the latter to her by rising and saying, "I will bid you good-morning now, but I hope you will let me come and sit here sometimes if it doesn't disturb you. I have been very sick myself lately: I was near dying of the typhoid fever. I think it does me good to come here."

"Did you have the typhoid? My brother died of the typhoid."

"May I come sometimes?"

"You may come if you wish to visit Henry. But please don't bring any more of those expensive flowers. I suppose it is selfish in me, but I can't bear to have any of his friends do more for him than I can."

"I won't bring any more, of course, if it troubles you, and I thank you very much for letting me come. Good-morning, Miss Pinckney." He bowed and walked away.

Putnam availed himself discreetly of the permission given. He came occasionally of an afternoon, and sat for an hour at a time. Usually she said little. Her silence appeared to proceed not from reserve, but from dejection. Sometimes she spoke of her brother. Putnam learn-

ed that he had been her only near relative. Their parents had died in her childhood, and she had come North with her brother when he entered the medical school. From something that she once said Putnam inferred that her brother had owned an annuity which died with him, and that she had been left with little or nothing. They had few acquaintances in the North, almost none in the city. An aunt in the South had offered her a home, and she was going there in the fall. She looked forward with dread to the time of her departure.

"It will be so cruel," she said, "to leave my poor boy all alone here among strangers, and I never away from him before."

"Don't think of it now," he answered, "and when you are gone I will come here often and see to everything."

Her bereavement had evidently benumbed all her faculties and left her with a slight hold on life. She had no hopes or wishes for the future. In alluding to her brother she confused her senses, speaking of him sometimes in the past, and sometimes in the present as of one still alive. Putnam felt that in a girl of her age this mood was too unnatural to last, and he reckoned not unreasonably on the reaction that must come when her youth began again to assert its rights. He was now thoroughly in love, and as he sat watching her beautiful abstracted face he found it hard to keep back some expression of tenderness. Often, too, it was difficult for him to tone down his spirits to the proper pitch of respectful sympathy with her grief. His existence was golden with new-found life and hope: into the shadow that covered hers he could not enter. He could only endeavor to draw her out into the sunshine once more.

One day the two were sitting, as usual, in silence or speaking but rarely. It was a day in the very core of summer, and the life of Nature was at its flood. The shadows of the trees rested so heavy and motionless on the grass that they appeared to sink into it and weigh it down like palpable substances.

"I feel," said Putnam suddenly, "as though I should live for ever."

"Did you ever doubt it?" she asked.

"Oh, I mean here—*ici bas*—in the body. I can't conceive of death or of a spiritual existence on such a day as this."

"There is nothing here to live for," she said wearily. Presently she added, "This hot glare makes me sick: I wish those men would stop hammering on the bridge. I wish I could die and get away into the dark."

Putnam paused before replying. He had never heard her speak so impatiently. Was the revulsion coming? Was she growing tired of sorrow? After a minute he said, "Ah, you don't know what it is to be a convalescent and lie for months in a darkened room listening to the hand-organ man and the scissors-grinder, and the fellow that goes through the street hallooing 'Cash paid for rags!' It's like having a new body to get the use of your limbs again and come out into the sunshine."

"Were you very sick?" she inquired with some show of interest.

He remembered with some mortification that he had told her so once or twice before. She had apparently forgotten it. "Yes, I nearly died."

"Were you glad to recover?"

"Well, I can't remember that I had any feelings in particular when I first struck the up-track. It was hard work fighting for life, and I don't think I cared much one way or the other. But when I got well enough to sit up it began to grow interesting. I used to sit at the window in a very infantile frame of mind and watch everything that went by. It wasn't a very rowdy life, as the prisoner in solitary confinement said to Dickens. We live in a back street, where there's not much passing. The advent of the baker's cart used to be the chief excitement. It was painted red and yellow, and he baked very nice leaf-cookies. My mother would hang a napkin in the door-knocker when she wanted him to stop; and as I couldn't see the knocker from my window, I used to make bets with Dummy as to whether the wagon would stop or not."

"Your mother is living, then?"

"Yes: my father died when I was a boy."

She asked no further questions, but a

few minutes after rose and said, "I think I will go now. Good-evening."

He had never before outstayed her. He looked at his watch and found that it was only half-past four.

"I hope," he began anxiously, "that you are not feeling sick: you spoke just now of being oppressed by the heat. Excuse me for staying so long."

"Oh no," she answered, "I'm not sick. I reckon I need a little rest. Good-evening."

Putnam lingered after she was gone. He found his way to his old bench under the cedars and sat there for a while. He had not occupied this seat since his first meeting with Miss Pinckney in the summer-house, and the initials which he had whittled on its edge impressed him as belonging to some bygone stage of his history. This was the first time that she had questioned him about himself. His sympathy had won her confidence, but she had treated him hitherto in an impersonal way, as something tributary to her brother's memory, like the tombstone or the flowers on his grave. The suspicion that he was seeking her for her own sake had not, so far as Putnam could discover, ever entered her thoughts.

But in the course of their next few interviews there came a change in her behavior. The simplicity and unconsciousness of her sorrow had become complicated with some other feeling. He caught her looking at him narrowly once or twice, and when he looked hard at her there was visible in her manner a soft agitation—something which in a girl of more sanguine complexion might have been interpreted as a blush. She sometimes suffered herself to be coaxed a little way into talking of things remote from the subject of her sorrow. Occasionally she questioned Putnam shyly about himself, and he heeded but slight encouragement to wax confidential. She listened quietly to his experiences, and even smiled now and then at something that he said. His heart beat high with triumph: he fancied that he was leading her slowly up out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But the upward path was a steep one. She had many sudden relapses and

changes of mood. Putnam divined that she felt her grief loosening its tight hold on her and slipping away, and that she clung to it as a consecrated thing with a morbid fear of losing it altogether. There were days when her demeanor betokened a passionate self-reproach, as though she accused herself secretly of wronging her brother and profaning his tomb in allowing more cheerful thoughts to blunt the edge of her bereavement. He remarked also that her eyes were often red from weeping. There sometimes mingled with her remorse a plain resentment toward himself. At such times she would hardly speak to him, and the slightest gayety or even cheerfulness on his part was received as downright heartlessness. He made a practice, therefore, of withdrawing at once whenever he found her in this frame of mind.

One day they had been sitting long together. She had appeared unusually content, but had spoken little. The struggle in her heart had perhaps worn itself out for the present, and she had yielded to the warm current of life and hope which was bearing her back into the sunshine. Suddenly the elderly woman who had formed one of the company in the summer-house on the day of the thunder-storm passed along the walk with her trowel and watering-pot. She nodded to Miss Pinckney, and then, pausing opposite the pair, glanced sharply from one to the other, smiled significantly and passed on. This trifling incident aroused Putnam's companion from her reverie: she looked at him with a troubled expression and said, "Do you think you ought to come here so much?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. How well did you know my brother Henry?"

"If I didn't know him so very intimately when he was living, I feel that I know him well now from all that you have told me about him. And, if you will pardon my saying so, I feel that I know his sister a little too, and have some title to her acquaintance."

"You have been very kind, and I am grateful for it, but perhaps you ought not to come so much."

"I'm sorry if I have come too much," rejoined Putnam bitterly, "but I shall not come much more. I am going away soon. The doctor says I am not getting along fast enough and must have change of air. He has ordered me to the mountains."

There was silence for a few minutes. He was looking moodily down at the turf, pulling a blade of grass now and then, biting it and throwing it away.

"I thank you very much for your sympathy and kindness," she said at length, rising from her chair; "and I hope you will recover very fast in the mountains. Good-bye."

She extended her hand, which Putnam took and held. It was trembling perceptibly. "Wait a moment," he said. "Before I go I should like to show some little mark of respect to your brother's memory. Won't you meet me at the green-house to-morrow morning—say about nine o'clock—and select a few flowers? They will be your flowers, you know—your offering."

"Yes," she answered, "I will; and I thank you again for him."

The next morning at the appointed hour Putnam descended the steps into the green-house. The gardener had just watered the plants. A rich steam exhaled from the earth and clouded all the glass, and the moist air was heavy with the breath of heliotropes and roses. A number of butterflies were flying about, and at the end of a many-colored perspective of leaves and blossoms Putnam saw Miss Pinckney hovering around a collection of tropical orchids. The gardener had passed on into an adjoining hot-house, and no sound broke the quiet but the dripping of water in a tank of aquatic plants. The fans of the palms and the long fronds of the tree-ferns hung as still as in some painting of an Indian isle.

She greeted him with a smile and held out her hand to him. The beauty of the morning and of the place had wrought in her a gentle intoxication, and the mournful nature of her errand was for the moment forgotten. "Isn't it delicious here?" she exclaimed: "I think I should like to live in a green-house and grow like a plant."

"A little of that kind of thing would do you no end of good," he replied—"a little concentrated sunshine and bright colors and the smell of the fresh earth, you know. If you were my patient, I would make you take a course of it. I'd say you wanted more vegetable tissue, and prescribe a green-house for six months. I've no doubt this man here would take you. A young-lady apprentice would be quite an attractive feature. You could pull off dead leaves and strike graceful attitudes, training up vines, like the gardener's daughter in Tennyson."

"What are those gorgeous things?" she asked, pointing to a row of orchids hung on nails along the wall.

"Those are epiphytic orchids—air-plants, you know: they require no earth for their roots: they live on the air."

"Like a chameleon?"

"Like a chameleon."

He took down from its nail one of the little wooden slabs, and showed her the roots coiled about it, with the cluster of bulbs. The flower was snow-white and shaped like a butterfly. The fringe of the lip was of a delicate rose-pink, and at the base of it were two spots of rich maroon, each with a central spot of the most vivid orange. Every color was as pronounced as though it were the only one.

"What a daring combination!" she cried. "If a lady should dress in all those colors she'd be thought vulgar, but somehow it doesn't seem vulgar in a flower."

She turned the blossom over and looked at the under side of the petals. "Those orange spots show right through the leaf," she went on, "as if they were painted and the paint laid on thick."

"Do you know," said Putnam, "that what you've just said gives me a good deal of encouragement?"

"Encouragement? How?"

"Well, it's the first really feminine thing— At least—no, I don't mean that. But it makes me think that you are more like other girls."

His explanation was interrupted by the entrance of the gardener.

"Will you select some of those orchids,

please—if you like them, that is?" asked Putnam.

A shade passed over her face. "They are too gay for his—for Henry," she answered.

"Try to tolerate a little brightness to-day," he pleaded in a low voice. "You must dedicate this morning to me: it's the last, you know."

"I will take a few of them if you wish it, but not this one. I will take that little white one and that large purple one."

The gardener reached down the varieties which she pointed out, and they passed along the alley to select other flowers. She chose a number of white roses, dark-shaded fuchsias and English violets, and then they left the place. Her expression had grown thoughtful, though not precisely sad. They walked slowly up the long shady street leading to the cemetery.

"I am dropping some of the flowers," she said, stopping: "will you carry these double fuchsias a minute, please, while I fasten the others?"

He took them and laughed. "Now, if this were in a novel," he said, "what a neat opportunity for me to say, 'May I not *always* carry your double fuchsias?'"

She looked at him quickly, and her brown cheek blushed rosy red, but she started on without making any reply and walked faster.

"She takes," he said to himself. But he saw the cemetery-gate at the end of the street. "I must make this walk last longer," he thought. Accordingly, he invented several cunning devices to prolong it, stopping now and then to point out something worth noting in the handsome grounds which lined the street. And so they sauntered along, she appearing to have forgotten the speech which had embarrassed her, or at least she did not resent it. They paused in front of a well-kept lawn, and he drew her attention to the turf. "It's almost as dark as the evergreens," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "it's so green that it's almost blue."

"What do you suppose makes the bees gather round that croquet-stake so?"

"I reckon they take the bright colors

on it for flowers," she answered, with a certain quaintness of fancy which he had often remarked in her.

As they stood there leaning against the fence a party of school-girls came along with their satchels and spelling-books. They giggled and stared as they passed the fence, and one of them, a handsome, long-legged, bold-faced thing, said aloud, "Oh my! Look at me and my fancy beau a-takin' a walk!"

Putnam glanced at his companion, who colored nervously and looked away. "Saucy little giglets!" he laughed. "Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes," almost inaudibly.

"I hope it didn't annoy you?"

"It was very rude," walking on.

"Well, I rather like naughty school-girls: they are amusing creatures. When I was a very small boy I was sent to a girls' school, and I used to study their ways. They always had crumbs in their apron-pockets; they used to write on a slate, 'Tommy is a good boy,' and hold it up for me to see when the teacher wasn't looking; they borrowed my geography at recess and painted all the pictures vermilion and yellow." He paused, but she said nothing, and he continued, talking against time, "There was one piece of chewing-gum in that school which circulated from mouth to mouth. It had been originally spruce gum, I believe, but it was masticated beyond recognition: the parent tree wouldn't have known her child. One day I found it hidden away on a window-sill behind the shutter. It was flesh-colored and dented all over with the marks of sharp little teeth. I kept that chewing-gum for a week, and the school was like a cow that's lost her cud."

As Putnam completed these reminiscences they entered the cemetery-gate, and the shadow of its arch seemed to fall across the young girl's soul. The bashful color had faded from her cheek and the animation from her eye. Her face wore a troubled expression: she walked slowly and looked about at the gravestones.

Putnam stopped talking abruptly, but presently said, "You have not asked me for your fuchsias."

She stood still and held out her hand for them.

"I thought you might be meaning to let me keep them," said Putnam. His heart beat fast and his voice trembled as he continued: "Perhaps you thought that what I said a while ago was said in joke, but I mean it in real earnest."

"Mean what?" she asked faintly.

"Don't you know what I mean?" he said, coming nearer and taking her hand. "Shall I tell you, darling?"

"Oh, please don't! Oh, I think I know. Not here—not now. Give me the flowers," she said, disengaging her hand, "and I will put them on Henry's grave."

He handed them to her and said, "I won't go on now if it troubles you; but tell me first—I am going away to-morrow, and sha'n't be back till October—shall I find you here then, and may I speak then?"

"I shall be here till winter."

"And may I speak then?"

"Yes."

"And will you listen?"

"Yes."

"Then I can wait."

They moved on again along the cemetery-walks. Putnam felt an exultation that he could not suppress. In spite of her language, her face and the tone of her voice had betrayed her. He knew that she cared for him. But in the blindness of his joy he failed to notice an increasing agitation in her manner, which foretold the approach of some painful crisis of feeling. Her conflicting emotions, long pent up, were now in most delicate equilibrium. The slightest shock might throw them out of balance. Putnam's nature, though generous and at bottom sympathetic, lacked the fineness of insight needed to interpret the situation. Like many men of robust and heedless temperament, he was more used to bend others' moods to his own than to enter fully into theirs. His way of approaching the subject had been unfortunate, beginning as he had with a jest. The sequel was destined to be still more unlucky.

They had reached a part of the cemetery which was not divided into lots, but formed a sort of burial commons for the

behoof of the poor. It was used mainly by Germans, and the graves were principally those of children. The headstones were wooden, painted white, with inscriptions in black or gilt lettering. Humble edgings of white pebbles or shells, partly embedded in the earth, bordered some of the graves: artificial flowers, tinsel crosses, hearts and other such fantastic decorations lay upon the mounds. Putnam's companion paused with an expression of pity before one of these uncouth sepulchres, a little heap of turf which covered the body of a "span-long babe."

"Now, isn't that *echt Deutsch*?" began Putnam, whom the gods had made mad. "Is that glass affair let into the tombstone a looking-glass or a portrait of the deceased—like that 'statoot of a deceased infant' that Holmes tells about? Even our ancestral cherub and willow tree are better than that, or even the inevitable sick lamb and broken lily."

"The people are poor," she murmured.

"They do the same sort of thing when they're rich. It's the national *Geschmack* to stick little tawdry fribbles all over the face of Nature."

"Poor little baby!" she said gently.

"It's a rather old baby by this time," rejoined Putnam, pointing out the date on the wooden slab—"Eighteen fifty-one: it would be older than I now if it had kept on."

Her eyes fell upon the inscription, and she read it aloud. "Hier ruht in Gott Heinrich Frantz, Geb. Mai 13, 1851. Gest. August 4, 1852. Wir hoffen auf Wiedersehen." She repeated the last words softly over to herself.

"Are those white things cobblestones, or what?" continued Putnam perversely, indicating the border which quaintly encircled the little mound. "As I live," he exclaimed, "they are door-knobs!" and he poked one of them out of the ground with the end of his cane.

"Stop!" she cried vehemently: "how can you do that?"

He dropped his cane and looked at her in wonder. She burst into tears and turned away. "You think I am a heartless brute?" he cried remorsefully, hastening after her.

"Oh, go away, please—go away and leave me alone. I am going to my brother: I want to be alone."

She hurried on, and he paused irresolute. "Miss Pinckney!" he called after her, but she made no response. His instinct, now aroused too late, told him that he had better leave her alone for the present. So he picked up his walking-stick and turned reluctantly homeward. He cursed himself mentally as he retraced the paths along which they had walked together a few moments before. "I'm a fool," he said to himself: "I've gone and upset it all. Couldn't I see that she was feeling badly? I suppose I imagined that I was funny, and she thought I was an insensible brute. This comes of giving way to my infernal high spirits." At the same time a shade of resentment mingled with his self-reproaches. "Why can't she be a little more cheerful and like other girls, and make some allowance for a fellow?" he asked. "Her brother wasn't everybody else's brother. It's downright morbid, this obstinate woe of hers. Other people have lost friends and got over it."

On the morrow he was to start for the mountains. He visited the cemetery in the morning, but Miss Pinckney was not there. He did not know her address, nor could the gatekeeper inform him; and in the afternoon he set out on his journey with many misgivings.

It was early October when Putnam returned to the city. He went at once to the cemetery, but on reaching the grave his heart sank at the sight of a bunch of withered flowers which must have lain many days upon the mound. The blossoms were black and the stalks brittle and dry. "Can she have changed her mind and gone South already?" he asked himself.

There was a new sexton in the gatehouse, who could tell him nothing about her. He wandered through the grounds, looking for the old woman with the watering-pot, but the season had grown cold, and she had probably ceased her gardening operations for the year. He continued his walk beyond the marshes. The woods

had grown rusty and the sandy pastures outside the city were ringing with the incessant creak of grasshoppers, which rose in clouds under his feet as he brushed through the thin grass. The blue-curl and the life-everlasting distilled their pungent aroma in the autumn sunshine. A feeling of change and forlornness weighed upon his spirit. As with Thomas of Ercildoune, whom the Queen of Faëry carried away into Eildon Hill, the short period of his absence seemed seven years long. An old English song came into his head :

Winter wakeneth all my care,
Now these leaves waxeth bare :
Oft in cometh into my thought,
Of this worldes joy how it goeth all to naught.

Soon after arriving at the hills he had written to Miss Pinckney a long letter of explanations and avowals ; but he did not know the number of her lodgings, or, oddly enough, even her Christian name, and the letter had been returned to him unopened. The next month was one of the unhappiest in Putnam's life. On returning to the city, thoroughly restored in health, he had opened an office, but he found it impossible to devote himself quietly to the duties of his profession. He visited the cemetery at all hours, but without success. He took to wandering about in remote quarters and back streets of the town, and eyed sharply every female figure that passed him in the twilight, especially if it walked quickly or wore a veil. He slept little at night, and grew restless and irritable. He had never confided this experience even to his mother : it seemed to him something apart.

One afternoon toward the middle of November he was returning homeward weary and dejected from a walk in the suburbs. His way led across an unenclosed outskirt of the town which served as a common to the poor people of the neighborhood. It was traversed by a score of footpaths, and frequented by goats, and by ducks that dabbled in the puddles of rain-water collected in the hollows. Halfway across this open tract stood what had formerly been an old-fashioned country-house, now converted into a soap-boiling establishment. Around

this was a clump of old pine trees, the remnant of a grove which had once flourished in the sandy soil. There was something in the desolation of the place that flattered Putnam's mood, and he stopped to take it in. The air was dusk, but embers of an angry sunset burned low in the west. A cold wind made a sound in the pine-tops like the beating of surf on a distant shore. A flock of little winter birds flew suddenly up from the ground into one of the trees, like a flight of gray leaves whirled up by a gust. As Putnam turned to look at them he saw, against the strip of sunset along the horizon, the slim figure of a girl walking rapidly toward the opposite side of the common. His heart gave a great leap, and he started after her on a run. At a corner of the open ground the figure vanished, nor could Putnam decide into which of two or three small streets she had turned. He ran down one and up another, but met no one except a few laborers coming home from work, and finally gave up the quest. But this momentary glimpse produced in him a new excitement. He felt sure that he had not been mistaken : he knew the swift, graceful step, the slight form bending in the wind. He fancied that he had even recognized the poise and shape of the little head. He imagined, too, that he had not been unobserved, and that she had some reason for avoiding him. For a week or more he haunted the vicinity of the common, but without result. December was already drawing to an end when he received the following note :

"DEAR MR. PUTNAM: You must forgive me for running away from you the other evening : I am right—am I not?—in supposing that you saw and recognized me. It was rude in me not to wait for you, but I had not courage to talk with any one just then. Perhaps I should have seen you before at the cemetery—if you still walk there—but I have been sick and have not been there for a long time. I was only out for the first time when I saw you last Friday. My aunt has sent for me, and I am going South in a few days. I shall leave directions

to have this posted to you as soon as I am gone.

"I promised to be here when you came back, and I write this to thank you for your kind interest in me and to explain why I go away without seeing you again. I think that I know what you wanted to ask me that day that we went to the greenhouse, and perhaps under happier circumstances I could have given you the answer which you wished. But I have seen so much sorrow, and I am of such a gloomy disposition, that I am not fit for cheerful society, and I know you would regret your choice.

"I shall think very often and very gratefully of you, and shall not forget the words on that little German baby's gravestone. Good-bye.

"IMOGEN PINCKNEY."

Putnam felt stunned and benumbed on first reading this letter. Then he read it over mechanically two or three times. The date was a month old, but the postmark showed that it had just been mailed. She must have postponed her departure somewhat after writing it, or the person with whom it had been left had neglected to post it till now. He felt a sudden oppression and need of air, and taking his hat left the house. It was evening, and the first snow of the season lay deep on the ground. Anger and grief divided his heart. "It's too bad! too bad!" he murmured, with tears in his eyes: "she might have given me one chance to speak. She hasn't been fair to me. What's the matter with her, anyhow? She has brooded and brooded till she is downright melancholy-mad;" and then, with a revulsion of feeling, "My

poor darling girl! Here she has been, sick and all alone, sitting day after day in that cursed graveyard. I ought never to have gone to the mountains: I ought to have stayed. I might have known how it would turn out. Well, it's all over now, I suppose."

He had taken, half unconsciously, the direction of the cemetery, and now found himself at the entrance. The gate was locked, but he climbed over the wall and waded through the snow to the spot where he had sat with her so many summer afternoons. The wicker chair was buried out of sight in a drift. A scarcely-visible undulation in the white level marked the position of the mound, and the headstone had a snow-cap. The cedars stood black in the dim moonlight, and the icy coating of their boughs rattled like candelabra. He stood a few moments near the railing, and then tore the letter into fragments and threw them on the snow. "There! good-bye, good-bye!" he said bitterly as the wind carried them skating away over the crust.

But what was that? The moon cast a shadow of Henry Pinckney's headstone on the snow, but what was that other and similar shadow beyond it? Putnam had been standing edgewise to the slab: he shifted his position now and saw a second stone and a second mound side by side with the first. An awful faintness and trembling seized him as he approached it and bent his head close down to the marble. The jagged shadows of the cedar-branches played across the surface, but by the uncertain light he could read the name "Imogen Pinckney," and below it the inscription, "Wir hoffen auf Wiedersehen."

HENRY A. BEERS.

STUDIES IN THE SLUMS.

VI.—JAN OF THE NORTH.

"YOU'RE wanted at 248, and they said go quick. It's Brita, I shouldn't wonder. Lord pity her, but it's a wild night to go out! Seems like as if the Lord would have hard work to find anybody, with the rain an' sleet pourin' an' drivin' so't you can't see a foot before your face. But He will."

"Yes, He will," the doctor's quiet voice answered. "Poor little Brita! I am glad her trouble is almost over. Will you come? Remember how dreadful the place is."

"More so for me than for you?"

"Surely, for I have been in the midst of such for twenty years, and among them all have never known a worse den than that in which these poor souls are stranded. If I could only see a way out for them!"

The doctor had not been idle as she spoke, and stood ready now in thick gray waterproof and close bonnet, her face a shade graver than its always steady, gentle calm. Jerry followed, his badge of deputy sheriff hastily put on, for the alley was one of the worst in the Fourth Ward, and, well as she was known through its length and breadth, here the bravest might shrink from going unattended. Out into the night, the wild wind and beating rain seeming best accompaniments to the brutal revelry in the dance-houses and "bucket-shops" all about. Here, one heard the cracked and discordant sounds from the squeaking fiddles or clarionets of the dance-music, and there, were shouts and oaths and the crash of glass as a drunken fight went on, undisturbed by policeman and watched with only a languid interest by the crowd of heavy drinkers. Up Cherry street, past staggering men, and women with the indescribable voice that once heard is never forgotten, all, seemingly regardless of the storm, laughing aloud or shrieking as a sudden gust

whirled them on. Then the alley, dark and noisome, the tall tenement-houses rising on either side, a wall of pestilence and misery, shutting in only a little deeper misery, a little surer pestilence, to be faced as it might be.

"It's hell on earth," said Jerry as we passed up the stairs, dark and broken, pausing a moment as the sound of a scuffle and a woman's shrill scream came from one of the rooms. "Do you wonder there's murder, an' worse than murder, done in these holes? Oh, what would I give to tumble them, the whole crop of the devil's own homes, straight into the river!"

"Hush," the doctor said. "Stay, Jerry, a few minutes. You may be wanted, but there is not room for all in there."

As she spoke the door had opened, and a tall, gaunt woman in the distinctive Swedish dress stood before us and mutely pointed us in. It was hard to distinguish anything in the dim light of a flickering tallow candle placed in a corner to screen it from the wind, which whistled through cracks and forced the rain through the broken roof. On a pile of rags lay three children, sleeping soundly. By the table sat a heavy figure, the face bowed and hidden in the arms folded upon it, and on the wretched bed lay the wasted figure of the girl whose life was passing in the storm.

"Poor little Brita!" I said again, for as the doctor bent over her and took her hand the eyes opened and a faint smile came to the sweet, child-like face. Long braids of fair hair lay on the pillow, the eyes were blue and clear, and the face, wearing now the strange gray shadow of death, held a delicate beauty still, that with health and color would have made one turn to look at it again wherever encountered. The mother stood silent and despairing at the foot of the bed. The motionless figure at the table did not stir. There was no fire or sign of comfort in

the naked room, and but the scantiest of covering on the bed.

The girl looked up faintly and put out her hand. "Pray," she said in a whisper—"pray for the mother;" but even as she spoke she gasped, half rose, then fell back, and was gone, the look of entreaty still in the eyes. The doctor closed them gently, the poor eyes that would never need to beg for help any more, and then the mother, still silent, came softly and touched the girl's face, sinking down then by the side of the bed and stroking the dead hands as if to bring back life.

The man had risen too and came slowly to her side. "I thank God she iss gone away from all trouble," he said, "but oh, my doctor, it iss so hard!"

"Hard!" the woman echoed and rose. "I will not hear of God: I hate God. There iss no God, but only a deffil, who does all he vill. Brita iss gone, and Lars and little Jan. Now it must be de oders, and den I know vat you call God vill laugh. He vill say, 'Ah, now I haf dem all. De fool fader and de fool moder, dey may live.'"

"Brita! poor Brita!" the man said softly, and added some words in his own tongue. She pushed him away, then burst into wild weeping and sank down on the floor.

"He will be her best comforter," the doctor said. "We will go now, and I will see them all to-morrow. That money will get the coffin," she added as she laid a bill on the table and then went softly out, "but the coffin would not have been needed if help could have come three months ago."

"I thought it was some drunken home," I said, "but that man can never have gone very far wrong. He has a noble head."

"No, it is only hard times," she answered. "Go again, and you will learn the whole story, unless you choose to hear it from me."

"No," I said as we stood under the shelter of the still unfinished Franklin Square Station on the elevated road, "I will hear it for myself if I can."

The time came sooner than I thought. A month later I went up the dark stairs,

whose treacherous places I had learned to know, and found the room empty of all signs of occupation, though the bed and table still stood there.

"They're gone," a voice called from below. "They've come into luck, Pat says, but I don't know. Anyhow, they turned out o' here yesterday, an' left the things there for whoever 'd be wantin' 'em."

"Bad 'cess to the furriner!" said another voice as I passed down. "Comin' here wid his set-up ways, an' schornin' a bit of dhrink!"

"An' if ye'd take pathern of him yerself—" the woman's voice began, and was silenced by a push back into her room and the loud slam of the door.

"They have come to better times surely," the janitor said as I asked their whereabouts at the mission, "an' here's their new number. It's a quiet, decent place, an' he'll have a better soon."

After Cherry and Roosevelt and Water streets, Madison street seems another Fifth Avenue. The old New Yorker knows it as the once stately and decorous abode of old Dutch families, a few of whom still cling to the ancient homes, but most of these are now cheap boarding-houses and tenements, while here and there a new genuine tenement-house is sandwiched between the tiled roofs and dormer-windows which still hold suggestions of former better days. The more respectable class of 'longshoremen find quarters here, and some of the mission-people, whb, well-to-do enough to seek quieter homes, choose to be as near as possible to the work waiting for them, and for more like them, in that nest of evil and outrage and slime, the Fourth Ward.

Brita's head was bowed on the table as I went in, and Jan's face was sorrowful as he looked toward her. "It iss not so alvay," he said. "She hass made it all so good, and now she dinks of Brita, dat vill not see it, and she say still, 'God iss hard to take her avay.'"

"How is it, Jan? Did work come all at once?"

"No, and yet yes. Shall I say it all, my lady?"

"Surely, Jan, if you have time."

"It iss de last day I will be here in my home all day," he began, drawing one of the children between his knees and holding its hands fondly. "But see on de vall! It iss dat hass done some vork for me."

I looked to where he pointed. On the wall, near the small looking-glass, hung a round cap with hanging fox's tail—such a cap as the half-bloods of our north-western forests wear, and the peasants of the European North as well.

Jan smiled as he saw my puzzled look. "It iss vy I say I vill tell it all," he went on in his grave, steady voice. "Ven I see dat it iss to see de North. For, see, it vas not always I am in de city. No. It iss true I am many years in Stockholm, but I am not Swede: I am Finn—yes, true Finn—and know my own tongue vell, and dat iss vat some Finns vill nefer do. I haf learn to read Swedish, for I must. Our own tongue iss not for us, but I learn it, and Brita dere, she know it too. Brita iss of Helsingfors, and I am of de country far out, but I come dere vid fur, for I hunt many months each year. Den I know Brita, and ve marry, and I must stay in de city, and I am strong; and first I am porter, but soon dey know I read and can be drusted, and it iss china dat I must put in boxes all day, and I know soon how to touch it so as it nefer break.

"But dere is not money. My Brita iss born, and little Jan, and I dink alvay, 'I must haf home vere dey may know more;' and all de days it iss America dat dey say iss home for all, and much money—so much no man can be hungry, and vork iss for all. Brita iss ready, and soon ve come, and all de children glad. Yes, dere are six, and good children dat lofe us, and I say efery day, 'Oh, my God, but you are so good! and my life lofes you, for so much good I haf.' Brita too iss happy. She vork hard, but ve do not care, and ve dink, 'Soon ve can rest a little, for it iss not so hard dere as here;' and ve sail to America.

"But, my lady, how iss it it vas all so bad? For vork iss *not*. It iss true I haf a little in de beginning. It iss three year

ago. I know some English I haf learn in sailing once to England, for de Finns go eferyvere to sail. I am not helpless so, and I am large and strong, and soon I go to de many, many china-stores—so many, I say, dat can nefer be to vant vork—and in one dey take me. But it iss not much money, dough I dink it so, for it iss alvay de rent—so much, and ve are strange and dey cheat us. And ven I am troubled most, and dink to ask for more, den quick it iss dat I haf none. De place iss failed—dat iss vat iss tell me—and I go home to Brita to say vat shall to do? I could dig, I would go far off, but I haf not money; but I say, 'Ven I get plenty it shall be ve go to vere earth shall gif us to eat, and not starve us as here.' For soon it iss little to eat, and it iss dat ve sell clothes and such as ve must. I get vork—a little on de docks. I unload, and see men dat can steal all day from coffee-bags and much sugar, and soon time iss come dat ve are hungry, and men say, 'Steal too. It's hard times, and you *haf* to steal.'

"Oh, dere iss one day! It iss here now. My little Jan iss dead, and Carl so sick, and all dat he must be vidout enough to eat, and my Brita vill get a dollar and a half a veek to sew—always sew and she is pale and coughs. I pray, 'O God, you know I vill not do wrong, but vat shall I do? Show me how, for I am afraid.' But it vas all dark. I cannot go home, for I haf not money. I cannot vork but one, maybe two, times a veek. And always I see my own *hungry*! I dink I could kill myself; but dat helps not, and I go away, oh, eferyvere about New York, and beg for vork. And den eferyvere it iss said, 'He is a *tramp*,' and always dey tell me, 'No, ve gif not to *tramps*. Go to vere you came from.' I say, 'I am not *tramps*. My children are hungry. Gif me vork: I vant to eat for dem—not money, but to eat if you vill. Gif me a little vork.'

"I am dirty: Brita iss not dere to haf me clean. I vash as I can, in vater anyvere, but I sleep on de ground. I eat not often. I am vild truly, I know, and soon peoples are afraid. Den, my lady, I haf no more faith. I say, 'God, you haf for-

gotten me: you haf forgotten vat you promise. It may be God iss not anyvere.' So I come back, and I find dat my little Brita iss sick—so sick she cannot vork—and Brita my wife, she sew all she can, but it iss not enough. I go on de docks once more. 'No vork! no vork!' It iss de vord eferyvere. And one day, all de day long, ve haf nothing—no fire, nothing to eat, and dere iss no more anything to pawn, and I say, 'At last I vill steal, for vat else shall be to do?' And I go out and down to de dock, for I know a boat going out in de night, and I say, 'I too vill go.' But I go down Vatter street. I know it not much, for first my home iss on de odder side, but ve are so poor at last ve are in Cherry street, and den vere you see us first. But den I am just come, and I go by de mission and hear all sing, and I say, 'I vill stay a minute and listen, for soon nefer again shall I sit vid any dat sing and pray and haf to do vid God.' So I go in, and listen not much till soon one man stands up, an' he say, 'Friends, I came first from prison, and I meant not efer to do more vat would take me dere again. But dere iss no vork, even ven I look all day, and I am hungry; and den I dink to steal again. I vait, because perhaps vork come, but at night I go out and say, "I know my old ground. Dere's plenty ready to welcome me if I'm a mind to join 'em." And den, as I go, one says to me, "Come in here;" and I come in and not care, till I hear many tell vat dey vere, and I say, "I vill vait a leetle longer: I cannot steal now." And now vork has come, and if God help me I shall never steal again.'

"I stood up den. I said loud, 'I haf nefer steal. I belief in God, but now how shall I? My heart's dearest, dey starve, dey die before me. Dere iss no vork, dere iss no help. If I steal not, how shall I do?' I was crying: I could not see. Then Jerry came. 'You shall nefer starve,' he said. 'Stay honest, for God *vill* care for you, and ve'll all pray Him to keep you so.'

"And so, when meeting iss done, dey go vid me to see, and dere iss food and all dey can. Dey are God's angels to me and to mine.

"But, my lady, you know: you haf seen my little Brita. And efery day I look at her and see her going away, so fast, so fast, and my heart breaks, for she is first of all. And den she iss gone, and still vork is not. You haf seen us. All de days dey say, 'Dere vill come vork soon,' but it comes not efer. And one morning I look in de chest to see if one thing may still be to pawn, and dere iss only my cap dat I keep—not to wear, no, but only to remember. And I sit, and it iss on my hand, and I hold de fox's tail, and again I am in Finland, and I see de foxes run on de ice, and I know vell dis one dat I hold de tail. Den quick I haf a thought. I look for a stick all about: dere iss but a little one for de fire, and no knife, but I get a knife from a man dat iss at de odder room, and I cut it and tie it. I vill not tell Brita vat I do, but soon I haf de tail vid a handle, and I put it inside my coat, and go to a store vere iss a man I haf seen dat vill make many things, and money sometimes.

"'Ha, Jan,' he said ven I show it, 'dis *iss* a notion! I'll gif you ten dollar for dat notion.'

"'No,' I say. 'If you say ten dollar I know it worth more, for I know vat you can do. But let it be more, and I may sell it.'

"Den he talk. Dere is risk, he say, and he must spend much money, but he say it vill *take*. Oh, I know dat vord, and ven he has talked so much at last he say he vill write a paper and gif me one hundred dollar, and make me a foreman ven he shall make dem. For he says, 'It iss vat all ladies vill vant—so soft to make clean in de beautiful cabinets, and de china on de vall so as dey hang it in great houses. Vid its handle for stiffness, den de soft tail vill go eferyvere and nefer break. It iss a duster, and best of all duster too, for nothing can efer break.'

"So now he hass rooms—dree rooms—and many people are to take dem, and to-morrow I go to show how one must hold all de tails, and dere is vork, all I can do; and ven money iss come I dink to go away, but not soon, for I must help

some dat haf no help. But oh, I dink of de little ones, and of Brita dat iss gone; and de moder she cannot haf rest, for all day she say, 'Vy must it be dey are gone, ven now iss plenty?' — 'My God, it iss your vill. And not fery long, and you vill make us a home vid her.' It iss all right, my lady."

Jan lingers still in his last quarters. The mission holds him fast, and his grave, steady face is known to many a poor wretch just out of prison—many a tramp who has returned despairing of work and been helped to it by this man, himself a workman, but with a sympathy never failing for any sad soul struggling toward a better life or lost in the despair of waiting. Their name is legion, and their rescue must come from just such workers—men who have suffered and know its meaning. Men of this stamp

hold the key to a regeneration of the masses, such as organized charities are powerless to effect; and already some who believe in this fact are seeking to make their work easier and to give the substantial aid that it demands. The poor are the best missionaries to the poor, and he who has gone hungry, suffered every pang of poverty and known sharpest temptation to sin can best speak words that will save men and women entering on the same path.

To this end Jan lives—as truly a priest to the people as if hands laid upon him had consecrated him to the work, but all unconscious what power it holds to the on-lookers, and only sure of the one word, the mission watchword—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

HELEN CAMPBELL.

UNDER THE GRASSES.

WHAT do you hide, O grasses! say,
Among your tangles green and high?
"Warm-hearted violets for May,
And rocking daisies for July."

What burden do you keep beneath
Your knotted green, that none may see?
"The prophecy of life and death,
A hint, a touch, a mystery."

What hope and passion should I find
If I should pierce your meshes through?
"A clover blossoming in the wind,
A wandering harebell budded blue."

DORA READ GOODALE.

"KITTY."

THE Idler was hopelessly becalmed off Thomas's Point. Not a ripple could be seen down the Chesapeake, and the locusts and pines along the shore were shuddering uncomfortably with the heat of a July afternoon, hidden halfway to their tops in the summer haze. What was to be done? Five miles from home in a large sloop yacht filled with strangers from the North, the crew left behind to be out of the way, and every one thoroughly convinced that his neighbor was horribly bored!

Thornton gave the tiller a vicious shove, as if that would wake the yacht up, and glared forward along the row of parasols protecting fair faces from the sun and of hats cocked over noses that were screwed up with feelings too deep for words, and more intense than those produced by heat, he thought. By five o'clock we had sung every song that ever was written, and flirtations were becoming desperate. Mollie Brogden, comfortably lodged against the mast, was dropping her blue parasol lower and lower over one of the New York men as their conversation grew more and more intense with the heat, and Mrs. Brogden was becoming really alarmed.

The situation was maddening! Nothing on board to eat; soft-shell crabs and the best bill of fare of a Southern kitchen ordered at home for seven o'clock; a couple of fiddlers coming from "the Swamp" at nine; and Cousin Susan, the cook, even then promising little Stump Neal "all de bonyclábá he cu'd stow ef he'd jest friz dis yar cream fo' de new missis."

"It is too provoking for anything!" the new missis whispered to Thornton, as he stopped by his wife's side for an instant and moved on to consult with some of the married men who were smoking in luxuriant carelessness forward. Very little consolation he got there. Ellis from Annapolis said he had known calms last two days, and sundry forci-

ble remarks were made when it was discovered that the last cigars were then in our mouths. This was the last straw. Thornton felt furious with every one, and muttered dark wishes that ante-war power might be restored to him over the person of Uncle Brian when we got home—if we ever did—as he reflected that that ancient African had guaranteed a breeze.

Mollie Brogden smiled lazily at him as Donaldson fanned her slowly, and waited until Thornton should pass, so that the talk which was leading up to the inscription of a clever piece of poetry on her fan might be continued.

"By the way, Donaldson," as a sudden inspiration seemed to strike Thornton, "did you ever hear anything more of Kitty after I left you at Christmas?"

The sweetness of that piece of poetry on the fan was never revealed. The blue parasol went up with a jump, and a look assured Donaldson that certain words had better have been left unsaid that afternoon if "Kitty" should not be satisfactorily explained. I felt sorry for him, for every one caught at the idea of something new, and the thought of an explanation to the whole of that boatload, keen for all sorts of badinage, would have tempted me overboard, I am sure. However, Donaldson smiled very composedly, and said he believed the family were still in Texas, although he had heard nothing more than Thornton already knew of their history.

Well, that simply made matters worse: Texas and Kitty were suggestive enough for anything, and I caught a whisper from Miss Brogden that seemed to imply that she doubted whether he had really been so inconsolable for last summer's diversions as he had tried to make her believe. That settled him, for I knew he had come down to Thornton's expressly to see her, and he assured us it was a very small story, but if we cared to hear it perhaps the breeze would come

meanwhile, and he would try to give the facts exactly as they had come to his knowledge.

"We were a few hours out from Liverpool," he began, "and the smoking-room of the *Russia* was pretty well filled with all sorts of men, none of whom of course felt much at home yet, but who were gradually being shaken together by the civilizing influence of tobacco and the occasional lurches that the cross-chop of the Channel was favoring us with. I was sitting near the door with a man from Boston whom I found on board returning from a wedding-trip, and who, I discovered, had taken orders since leaving Harvard, where I had known him slightly as a bookish sort of fellow and not very agreeable; but as I was alone and his wife was quite pretty, I was glad to meet him.

"Well, we were running over old times, without paying much attention to the guide-book talk that was being poured out round us, when somebody laid a hand on my shoulder and one of the most attractive voices I ever heard asked 'if there was room for a stranger from Texas?' This formal announcement of himself by a newcomer made a little lull in the conversation, but my friend made room for him in our corner, and he quietly enveloped himself in smoke for the rest of the evening.

"He was not inattentive, though, to the drift of our talk, for when Hamilton mentioned having been at the Pan-Anglican, and spoke of the effect such conventions should produce, the Texan's cigar came out of his mouth and his blue eyes grew deeper in their sockets as he interrupted us with the remark: 'The conventions of all the Bible-men in the world would not have made La Junta any better if it had not been for Kitty. You know what Junta was before she came?' he continued, seeing us look a little surprised—'nothing but cards and drink, and—worse; and now'—and he laid his hand on his hip as if from habit—'now we have no trouble there any more.'

"The oddness of the expression 'Bible-men,' I remember, struck me at the time, but Hamilton made some explanatory re-

ply, for the quiet force of the soft voice had a certain persuasiveness about it without the aid of his gesture, although the smoke was so thick that we could not see whether he carried the instruments of his country or not.

"Standing by the aft wheel-house, I found the Texan the next morning throwing biscuits to the gulls and gazing wistfully seaward.

"Your first visit to Europe?' I said, steadying myself by the rail.

"Yes, but I would give all last year's herd if I had never come, for Kitty is ill. I have travelled night and day since the telegram reached me, but La Junta is so far away I am afraid I shall be too late.'

"I wish I could give you an idea of his manner: it was more like that of a person who had just learned the language and was afraid of making mistakes, so hesitated before each word, giving every syllable its full value. He explained this simply enough afterward—that Kitty had broken him of swearing by making him think before he spoke."

"But you haven't told us who Kitty was," interrupted the blue parasol. "Was she light or dark?"—"his wife?"—"he wouldn't have dared!"—"a Texan wife?" and Mrs. Brogden looked very grave at the possibilities the flying questions aroused.

"No, she wasn't his wife; only the Yankee schoolmistress of La Junta. I never saw her. She must have been an angel, though, from his description; so I will leave the details for your acquaintance hereafter, Miss Brogden;" which outrageous flattery was received with contemptuous silence.

"She lived at Junta, and would canter over on Saturdays to Trocalara, the Texan's ranch, to teach his herdsmen's families. His partner, Parker, and he had a large cattle-ranch not far from the Mexican frontier, and Kitty could not have lived on a bed of roses, I fancy. Raids, stampedes and other border pleasantries were constantly occurring. I remember we thought him too gentle at first to have really hailed from the Plains; but one night, when Hamilton remonstrated with a man who, I believe, had

allowed himself to get in that state described by the sailors as 'three sheets in the wind, and the fourth fluttering,' and was met with rather an uncivil reply, the Texan shut the offender up like a jack-knife with his heavy grip and the intimation that 'he proposed to settle the Bible-man's scores.'

"He grew quite intimate with Hamilton and me, and proved a delightful companion. He would quote readily from many of the later poets, and knew whole pages of Milton and Shakespeare by heart. Kitty had taught him these, he said, after she married Parker and came to live with him.

"She made us read history-books first,' he said—'many, many volumes—but we soon got to like them better than anything else. The poetry *she* read to us; and so we never went to the shows in Junta after she came. Kitty has a good husband, as fine a fellow as ever lassoed a steer, but she is too pure for Junta. Parker loves her, and I love her too, but both of us do not make up for her Eastern comforts. And so last year, as we made a good herd and there were no raids to speak of, I came to New York to get a few luxuries for her. She wrote me then to go to Paris and see the Exposition; so I went because I thought she knew best, and that if I had seen the world a little I should be nearer to her, and it would not be quite so hard for her out there. And now she is ill, and—I am here!'

"He turned impatiently away to ask the quartermaster what we were doing by the last log. The speed appeared to satisfy him, for he sat quietly down again and told us how it was that Kitty had come to live with them.

"For two years, you know'—assuming that we did know—'she spent Saturdays at Trocalara, teaching our people how to read and write. They were very rough at first—we all are out there—and did not care much; but she interested them, and brought picture-books for the little ones, and by and by she said she would come out on Sunday and we should have church!' with a triumphant look at Hamilton and his Pan-Anglican

Vol. XXVI.—32

attendance. 'Yes, we had had a priest there before, but he was shot in a row at Bowler's Paradise, and no one cared to apply for a new one.

"Kitty came up to the ranch the first Sunday, and asked us to come with her. We refused at first, but after a while, when we heard the singing, we went down to the quarters, and found her sitting under one of the trees with all the young ones clustered round her; and we waited there and listened until we began to feel very sorry that we had played so late at Bowler's the night before.

"But Parker had been in luck, and he swore he would get her as fine a piano as could be brought from the States (he was a half-Mexican by birth) if she would sing like that for us at the ranch.

"She stood up then, with all the young ones looking on in amazement, the light and shade playing over her through the cool, dark leaves, and, turning her large gray eyes full on Parker's face, said she would if we would promise never to go to Bowler's again.

"I think Parker expected her to refuse to come altogether, because we had no women there, and we had heard the people in Junta talking of her quiet, modest ways. But no, she never thought of herself: she only thought of the nights at Bowler's, and wanted to save us from the end she had seen often enough in two years in Junta. At any rate, the piano came, and Parker had it sent as a sort of halfway measure to her house in Junta, where she and her mother lived, and we were as welcome as the light there always.

"You have no idea of her music. They told me at concerts in Paris that I was hearing the finest musicians in Europe, but they were not like Kitty. They played for our money—Kitty played for our pleasure: it makes so much difference,' he added as his fingers drummed an accompaniment to the air he whistled.

"One night Parker and I were sitting in a corner at Bowler's when we heard a Greaser—a Mexican, you know—that

Parker had refused to play poker with the night before ask who the sefiorita was that had taken the spirit out of Parker.

"We both started forward instantly, but as the man was evidently ignorant of our presence, Parker checked me with a fierce look in his eyes that showed that the spirit of his former days would be very apt to put a different ending on the conversation if it continued in that tone.

"'"Kitty," came the reply, as if that settled the matter.

"'"Kitty? Ah, your American names are so strange! Kitty! But she is beautiful, is this Kitty! I met her in the Gulch road this afternoon this side of Trocalara. Caramba! how she can ride! The Parker has good taste: I drink to my future acquaintance with her."

"As he raised the glass to his lips Parker stood behind his chair and whispered, "If you drink that liquor, by God it will be the last drop that shall ever pass your lips!"

"The next morning they sold the Mexican's horse and traps to pay for burying him and for the damage done, and Parker lay in bed at Kitty's with that in his side you would not have cared to see.

"Kitty never knew why he fought, and never even looked a reproach. It was not much—I had seen him cut much worse in the stockyard at home—but somehow he did not get well. The weeks slipped by, and each time I called Kitty would say he was a little better, and a little better, and oh yes, he would be back next week; but next week came so often without Parker that at last, when the time came for changing pastures, I went with the herd and left him still at Junta.

"I would willingly have taken his place, look you, if I had known the result, but perhaps the other way was the best, after all; for now Kitty has two men to serve her," he added meditatively.

"When I got back to Junta in October, Parker was quite recovered, I found out at the ranch, but was in town that

evening, so I went quietly into Kitty's house to surprise them. As I crossed the hall I heard Parker's voice. Could I have mistaken the house? was it really his voice I heard? Yes: he was telling Kitty how he had broken the three-year-old colt to side-saddle, so when she came to Trocalara she must give up her old pony. I knew then why Kitty had kept him there so long: he had lost his reason and she wished to keep me from knowing it!

"But no. I stood still and listened, and heard him tell her how he had always loved her, apparently going over an old story to her. My God! I would as soon have told the Virgin I loved her! And then I heard her voice. "When I am your wife—" she began.

"It all flashed on me in an instant then. I slipped noiselessly out, and if they heard "Odd Trick's" gallop on the turf it was not because his hoofs lingered too long there.

"I can't remember how I passed that night. The revelation had been so sudden that the words seemed to be written in my heart and to be carried through every vein with each beat. "When I am your wife—" What would the result be? *Our* Kitty was to be his wife? Could I still stay at the ranch? "When I am your wife—" and I loved her!

"The next day I went into Junta and saw them both. I told Parker how the herd stood, and how the shooting had been in the mountains, but I never had the courage to look at her.

"After a while she went to the piano and played "Home:" then she came and sat down by me and said, "I have told Parker I will go home with him: I will try to be a sister to you."

"I believe I only stared at her, and then wrung Parker's hand and went out.

"He married her the next month, and—and—Trocalara has been heaven ever since.

"I never knew what a Christian was before she came: you know we have no faith in Texas in things we can't draw a bead on. But when she read me the story of the Scribes and Pharisees and

Christ I felt ashamed to be like those Flat-heads and Greasers in the New Testament who did not believe in him; and now I feel sure of knowing some one in heaven, for Kitty has promised to find me there.'

"I forget a great many of the incidents he told us," Donaldson went on in the quiet that was almost equal to the calm around us; "and I dare say it would bore you to listen. But he certainly was the most extraordinary man I ever met. I can't do justice to his expressions, for they lack his soft voice and curious hesitation. I wish we had him here, though."

"Did you never hear of him again?" some one asked.

"Yes. When we reached New York I found him standing in his old place by the aft wheel-house in a dazed sort of way, with apparently no intention of going ashore; so I asked him what hotel he intended to stop at. His only answer was to hand me a letter dated some days before:

"" JUNTA, TEXAS.

"" Kitty died last night. It is a boy, and is named after you—her last wish.

"" PARKER.'

That was all the letter said, but as I looked at his white face and burning eyes I saw it was what he had feared.

"As I bade him good-night at the hotel that evening he asked me, 'Do you really feel sure that I could find her—there?'

""Yes: she said so, did she not?' I replied.

""I will try,' he said simply.

"The next morning they found him with a bullet-hole in his temple. He had gone to find Kitty."

"Heads!" said Thornton as the boom swung over and the swirl from the Idler's bow told us the wind had come. As I changed my place I caught Miss Brogden's eye, and felt satisfied that Donaldson was forgiven.

LAWRENCE BUCKLEY.

A GREAT SINGER.

THERE are so few of them! The next generation will hardly understand how great were some of the lately-vanished kings and queens of the lyric drama. We who have passed middle age, who have heard Lablache, and Tamberlik, and Jenny Lind, and Viardot Garcia, and Alboni, and Giuglini in their prime, and Grisi, Mario, Sontag and Persiani with voices but a little the worse for wear, can sadly contrast the vocal glories of the past with those of the present. Who are the great singers of to-day? Two or three *prime donne* and as many baritones. There is not a single basso living to suggest Lablache, not a tenor to revive the triumphs of Rubini, Mario, Giuglini or the subject of the present article.

Gustave Roger, the celebrated French

tenor, who so long reigned a king at the Grand Opéra of Paris, was a born Parisian. He was of gentle blood, his uncle being Baron Roger, who was a member of the Chamber of Deputies in the days of Louis Philippe. He was born in 1815, and was originally destined for the legal profession. But the boy's destiny was the stage. It is on record that, being sent to a provincial town where there was no theatre to complete his studies, he got up a representation on his own account, playing the principal *rôles* in three comedies. The notary in whose office he had been placed was present on the occasion, and warmly applauded the young actor, but the next day sent his refractory pupil back to Paris. Finally, Roger's relatives decided that his vocation for the stage was stronger than

their powers of combating it, and they placed him at the Conservatoire. He remained there for one year only, at the end of which time he carried off two first prizes—one for singing and the other for declamation.

And here a curious fact must be remarked. Side by side with the great lyric or dramatic celebrities that have won their first renown at the *concours* of the Conservatoire there is always some other pupil of immense promise, who does as well as, if not better than, the future star at the moment of the competition, but who afterward disappears into the mists of mediocrity or of oblivion. Thus, in the year in which the elder Coquelin obtained his prize the public loudly protested against the award of the jury, declaring that the most gifted pupil of the class was a certain M. Malard, who now holds a third-rate position on the boards of the Gymnase. When Delaunay, the accomplished leading actor of the Comédie Française, left the Conservatoire, it was with a second prize only: the first was carried off by M. Blaisot, who now plays the "second old men" at the Gymnase. So with Roger as first prize was associated one Flavio Ping, a tall, handsome young man with a superb voice. So far as physical advantages were concerned, he was better fitted for a theatrical career than was the future creator of John of Leyden, as Roger was not tall and had a tendency to embonpoint. M. Ping, however, went to Italy, accepted engagements at the opera-houses of Rome, Naples and Milan, sang there with success for a few years, lost his voice, and finally disappeared.

In 1838, Roger made his *début* at the Opéra Comique in *L'Éclair*, by Auber. His success was immediate and complete. He remained at that theatre for some years, his favorite character being George Brown in *La Dame Blanche*. But his greatest triumphs at this period were those which awaited him in the great opera-houses of London, where he sang the leading tenor rôles in the operas of Bellini and Donizetti. In his recently-published diary he gives some interesting details respecting Jenny Lind,

then at the height of her fame and the very zenith of her powers. His first impression, after hearing her in *Norma*, was one of disappointment. It was in June, 1847. The great tenor thus records his impressions of the great prima donna: "She is well enough in *Casta Diva*—that invocation to the moon suits her dreamy Teutonic nature—but the fury of the loving woman, the deserted mother— No, no! a thousand times no!" But the next season he goes to hear her in *Lucia*, and at once the verdict is reversed. "She is one of the greatest artists it has ever been my lot to hear," he writes. "Her voice, though charming in the upper notes, is unfortunately a little weak in the middle register; but what intelligence and invention! She imitates no one, she studies unceasingly, both the dramatic situation and the musical phrase, and her ornamentation is of a novelty and elegance that reconcile me to that style of execution. I do not love roudades, I must confess, though I may learn to do so later. Jenny Lind does one thing admirably: during the malediction, instead of clinging to her lover as all the other *Lucias* never fail to do till the act is ended, as soon as Edgar throws her from him she remains motionless: she is a statue. A livid smile contracts her features, her haggard eyes are fixed on the table where she signed the fatal contract, and when the curtain falls one sees that madness has already seized upon her."

During this season in London, Roger, while singing at the Ancient Concerts, saw in the audience one evening the duke of Wellington, and thus writes of the event: "I had Wellington before me. I heard the voice that commanded the troops at Waterloo. I looked into the eyes that saw the back of the emperor. I cannot express the rage that seized upon me at beholding him. To sing to and give pleasure to that man whom I would fain annihilate!—him, and his past, and his country! As a Frenchman I hate him, but I am forced also to admire him."

The next year Roger, while fulfilling an engagement in London, was request-

ed to sing at a garden-fête given, under the patronage of the queen, at Fulham, for the benefit of the poor. After the concert Roger, leaning against an acacia, was watching the departure of the royal carriages. "Lavandy came to me," he writes, "and said in a whisper, 'Do you know who is at the other side of this tree?'"

"'No.'

"I turned round, and saw a man with an aquiline nose and blue eyes, whose deep yet gloomy gaze was fixed upon the splendors of royalty. 'Who is it?' I asked of Lavandy.

"'Louis Bonaparte.'

"He had just been elected member of the Chamber of Deputies. As his name appeared to be dangerous, he had been requested to take a vacation, and he had returned to London, where he had formerly lived. I am glad that I saw him: he may be somebody some day."

It was in April of the previous year (1847) that Roger went to a concert, where he records how he heard a comic opera called *The Alcove*, by Offenbach and Déforges: "A little inexperience, but some charming things. Offenbach is a fellow who will go far if the doors of the Opéra Comique are not closed against him: he has the gift of melody and the perseverance of a demon." It is rather curious to note, in connection with this prophecy, that the doors of the Opéra Comique, which were closed against Offenbach after the failure of his *Vert-Vert* some years before the war, are to be reopened to him next season, his *Contes de Hoffman* having proved the "Open, sesame!" to those long-barred portals.

But to return to Roger's reminiscences of Jenny Lind, which are, after all, the most interesting for music-loving readers. We find him writing in July, 1848: "I have again been to see Jenny Lind in *Lucia*. She is indeed a great, a sublime artist, in whom are united inspiration and industry."

It was during this season that he concluded an engagement with the English impresario Mitchell to become the tenor of the travelling opera-troupe in which

Jenny Lind was to be the prima donna, and which was to undertake a tour through Scotland, Ireland and the provincial towns of England. "I am delighted," he writes: "I shall now be able to study near at hand this singular woman, whom Paris has never possessed, but whose reputation, fostered at first in Germany under the auspices of Meyerbeer, has attained in England such proportions that upon her arrival in a certain city the bells were rung and the archbishop went out to meet her and to invite her to his house. She is a noble-hearted creature, and her munificence is royal: she founds hospitals and colleges. In her blue eyes glows the flame of genius. Deprived of her voice, she would still be a remarkable woman. Believing in herself, she is full of daring, and achieves great things because she never troubles herself about the critics. She lives the life of a saint: one would say that she imagines herself sent by God to make the happiness of humanity by the religion of art. Thus she remains cold and chaste in private life, never permitting her heart to become inflamed by the ardent passions wherewith she glows upon the stage. She told me that she could never comprehend the lapse from virtue of Mademoiselle R——, a woman of such lofty talent: 'To fail thus in what was due to one's self!'"

It is pleasing to note how Roger's admiration for this great artist extinguishes all the usual petty jealousy of a fellow-singer. He writes thus frankly respecting a concert which they gave during their tour at Birmingham: "It was a brilliant success, but the final triumph was borne off by Jenny Lind, who fairly carried the audience away with her Swedish melodies, the effect of which is really remarkable. She has a strength of voice in the upper notes that is vast and surprising: without screaming she produces echoes, the loud and soft notes being almost simultaneous. In the artist's green-room she is kind and courteous without being either mirthful or expansive. Moreover, she is indefatigable, which is a precious quality for the manager. She never stays at the same hotel with the rest of

the troupe, which is a rather imperial proceeding; but it is better so: we are more at our ease. She lives her own concentrated life like some old wine that never sees the light excepting on great occasions. I have at last found in Jenny Lind a partner who understands me. On the stage she becomes animated; her hands clasp mine with energy, and the thrill of dramatic fervor possesses her whole being: she becomes thoroughly identified with her part, and yet she never permits herself to be so carried away as to cease to be entirely mistress of her voice."

Roger gives us some brief glimpses of Jenny Lind in private life—her love of dancing, of which she seems to have been as passionately fond as was Fanny Kemble in her youth, and her delight in horseback riding. He gives a comical account of an improvised ball, in which he figured as the prima donna's partner, on board of the steamboat going from Dublin to Holyhead: "Unfortunately, our orchestra fell off one by one; the music finally ceased; and when we stopped waltzing and cast an uneasy glance around us, we beheld all our musicians, their chests pressed against the railings, their arms extended toward the ocean, in the pitiable attitude of Punch when knocked down by the policeman." Some days later, during a performance of *La Fille du Regiment* at Brighton, in the last act, while the orchestra was playing the prelude to the final rondo, "Jenny Lind said to me in a whisper, 'Listen well to this song, Roger, for these are the last notes of mine that you will hear in any theatre.'"

The next day a farewell ball, to which a supper succeeded, was given by the manager at the Bedford Hotel to celebrate the conclusion and brilliant success of the tour: "That dear Jenny drew from her finger a ring set with a diamond of the finest water, and presented it to me with the words, 'May every sparkle of this stone, Roger, recall to you one of my wishes for your happiness!' In this phrase there was all the woman and a tinge of the Swede."

The next day he takes a final ride with

the prima donna and Madame Lablache. "I was very sad," he writes: "the idea of ending this happy day has spoiled my pleasure. How well she looks on horseback, with her great blue eyes and her loosened fair hair! And why does she quit the stage? Is she tired of doing good? As long as she has been an artist she has lived the life of a saint. They tell me of a bishop who has put certain scruples into her head. May Heaven be his judge!

"I know that in Paris people say, 'Why does she not come here to consecrate her reputation? She is afraid, doubtless, of comparisons and recollections.' No, no! she has nothing to fear. She preserves in her heart of hearts, doubtless, some resentment for the indifference—to call it no more—wherewith the last manager of the Opéra received her advances for a hearing when her fresh young talent had just left the hands of Manuel Garcia. But since then Meyerbeer has composed operas for her; Germany, Sweden, England have set the seal upon her reputation: we can add nothing to it. As to homage, what could we give her? Wherever she goes, as soon as she arrives in a city its chief personages hasten to meet her; when she leaves the theatre five or six hundred persons await her exit with lighted torches; every leaf that falls from her laurel-wreaths is quarrelled over; crowds escort her to her hotel; and serenades are organized under her windows. At Paris, when once the curtain falls the emotion is over, the artist no longer exists. A serenade! Who ever saw such a thing outside of the *Barber of Seville*? It is in bad taste to do anything singular. As to escorting a prima donna home, Malibran could find her way alone very well."

Roger returned to Paris, recording as he did so the fact that he was by no means overjoyed at finding himself at home: "And why? I cannot tell. Perhaps I regret the life of excitement, those great theatres, the audiences that changed every day, the struggle of the singer with new *partitions*, the boundless admiration I experienced for that strange being, that compound of goodness and coldness, of

egotism and benevolence, whom one might not perhaps love, but whom it is impossible to forget."

The next prominent event in the great tenor's career was his creation of the character of John of Leyden in Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. There is something very charming in the naïve delight and enthusiasm with which he speaks of this, the crowning glory of his life. Contrary to the usual theory respecting the production of a great dramatic effect, he declares that the grand scene between the prophet and Fides in the third act, where John of Leyden, by the sheer force of intonation of voice and play of feature, forces his mother to retract her recognition of him and to fall at his feet, was created, so to speak, by Madame Viardot and himself on the inspiration of the moment and without any preliminary conference or arrangement. How wonderful this fine dramatic situation appeared when interpreted by these two great artists, I, who had the delight of seeing them both, can well remember. To this day it forms one of the great traditions of the French lyric stage.

In the month of July, 1859, just ten years after that crowning triumph, Roger one day, being then at his country-seat, took his gun and went out to shoot

pheasants: an hour later he was brought back to the house with his right arm horribly shattered by the accidental discharge of his gun. His first action after having the wound dressed was to sing. "My voice is all right," he remarked to his wife: "there is no harm done." Unfortunately, the bones were so shattered that amputation was judged necessary. That accident brought Roger's operatic career to a close. Notwithstanding the perfection of the mechanical arm that replaced the missing limb, he was oppressed by the consciousness of a physical defect. He imagined that the public ridiculed him, and that the critics only spared him out of pity. He retired from the stage, and devoted himself to teaching, his amiable character and great artistic renown gaining him hosts of pupils. In the autumn of 1879 the kindly, blameless life came to a close.

A devoted husband, a generous and unselfish comrade in his profession even to his immediate rivals, and a true and faithful friend, he left behind him a record that shows a singular blending of simple domestic virtues with great artistic qualities, the union adorning a theatrical career which was one series of dazzling triumphs.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

CONSERVATORY LIFE IN BOSTON.

OUR aspiring young friend from the rural districts who comes to Boston, the great musical centre, for the art-training she cannot enjoy at home, is full of enthusiasm as she crosses the threshold of that teeming hive, the New England Conservatory of Music. The conflicting din of organs, pianos and violins, of ballad, scale and operetta, though discordant to the actual ear, have a harmony which is not lost to her spiritual sense. It is a choral greeting to the new recruit, who

gathers in a moment all the moral support humanity derives from sympathy and companionship in a common purpose. Devoutly praying that this inspiration may not ooze out at her fingers' ends, she goes into the director's sanctum to be examined. This trial has pictured itself to her active imagination for weeks past. Of course he will ask her to play one of her pieces, perhaps several. Has she not, ever since her plans for coming to the Conservatory were matured, been engaged in care-

fully training, manipulating, her battle-horse for this critical experiment? As the door of that little room closes upon her her knees begin to tremble. But how easy and reassuring is the director's manner! He requests her to be seated at the piano. Will she be able to remember a note at all? That is now the question. Her musical memory is for the nonce obliterated. He may have an intuition of this, for he says quietly, "Now play me a scale and a five-finger exercise." Cecilia does this mechanically, and feels encouraged. Now for the piece, the battle-horse, to be brought out and shown off. She waits quietly a minute. But he asks for nothing more. Her mere touch expresses to his practised ear her probable grade of acquirement, and he assigns her to the instructor he deems best suited to test her abilities and classify her in accordance with them.

In a day or two she finds herself in regular working order, one of a class of four. "And am I only to have fifteen minutes for *my* lesson," she asks herself, "when I always had an hour from the professor at Woodville?" She knows that recitation is the cream of the lesson. In the actual rendering of her task she can, in justice to her companions, consume but a quarter of the allotted hour, but she soon discovers that she is to a great extent a participant in Misses A—, B— and C—'s cream. After the master's correction of her own performance, to see and hear the same study played by others with more or less excellence—to compare their faults with her own—is perhaps of greater benefit to her, while in this eminently receptive frame, than a mere personal repetition would be. The horizon is broader: she gets more light on the work in hand.

"And now," she asks of her teacher, "how much would you advise, how much do you wish, me to practise?"

He smiles: memory reverts to his own six hours at Leipsic or Stuttgart, but "milk for babes:" "Certainly not less than two hours a day under any circumstances or obstacles, if you care to learn at all. If you have fair health, and neither oner-

ous household duties nor educational demands upon your time outside of music, let me earnestly recommend you to practise four hours. Less than this cannot show the desired result."

The new pupil accepts the maximum of four hours' daily practice. "I should be ashamed to give less," she generously confides to herself and her room-mate: "it is but a small proportion, after all, of the twenty-four."

But this is not all. There are exercises at the Conservatory apart from her special lessons which are too valuable to a broad musical education to be neglected—the instruction in harmony, sight reading, the art of teaching, analyses of compositions, as well as lectures and concerts. One of the Conservatory exercises strikes her as being alike novel and edifying. This is called "Questions and Answers." A box in one of the halls receives anonymous questions from the pupils from day to day, and once a week a professor of the requisite enlightenment to satisfy the miscellaneous curiosity of six or seven hundred minds devotes a full hour to the purpose. These questions are presumed to relate solely to musical topics, and the custom was instituted for the relief of timid yet earnest inquirers. A motley crew, however, frequently avail themselves of the masquerade privilege to steal in uninvited. Cecilia illustrates these fantastic ramifications of the young idea for the benefit of friends in the interior. She jots down some of these questions and their answers in her note-book:

"How does a polka differ from a schottisch?"—"A schottisch is a lazy polka. A polka is the worst thing in the world: the next worst is a schottisch. A schottisch is so lazy, so slow, that a fire would hardly kindle with it."

"In preparing to play a piece in public should one practise it up to the last moment?"—"Try it and see: you will soon decide in the negative. Lay it aside some time before if you would avoid nervousness."

"What would you give as a first piano-lesson to a young lady who had never taken a lesson before?"—"Make her get the piano-stool at exactly the right height

and place: then ensure a good position of her hands and easy motion of the fingers. Let her practise this for three days."

"How far advanced ought a person to be in music to begin to teach?"—"Teaching involves three things: first, a knowledge of something on the part of the teacher; second, a corresponding ignorance on the part of the learner; third, the ability to impart this knowledge. These conditions fulfilled might sometimes allow a person to begin to teach with advantage at a very early age and with a very moderate range of acquirements, though, as every instructor knows, his earlier methods were very different from his later ones. The difficulty with young teachers in general is that they try to teach too much at once, like the young minister who preached all he knew in his first sermon. Never introduce more than two principles in any one lesson, and as a rule but one."

"Is a mazourka as bad as a polka?"—"No. I think it is not morally so bad as a polka: it has somewhat the grace of the waltz."

"Who is the best music-teacher in Boston?"—"As there are twenty-five hundred persons teaching music in and about this city, and seventy-five regular teachers at this Conservatory alone, both ignorance and delicacy on my part should forbid a definite reply. It were well to remember Paris, the apple of discord and the Trojan war."

"Is Mr. A— (a young professor at the Conservatory, voted attractive by the feminine pupils in general) married?"—"This being Leap Year, a personal investigation of the subject might be more satisfactory and effectual than a public decision of this point."

At the expiration of her first term Cecilia realizes that her condition is one of constant growth: quickening influences are in the air. She came to Boston to learn music: she is also learning life. She perceives, moreover, that in her musical progress the æsthetic part of her nature has not been permitted to keep in advance of technique. Heretofore she was ever gratifying herself and her friends by undertaking new and more elaborate

pieces, not one of which ever became other than a mere superficial possession. Now her taste is inexorably commanded to wait for her muscles: the discipline has been useful to her. After a few more such winters she will return to Woodville a teacher, herself become a quickening influence to others. Musical thought will be truer, will find a more adequate expression, in her vicinity. She will act as a reflector, sending forth rays of light into dark corners farther than she can follow them.

And this is the motive, the mission, of the conservatory system in this country, inasmuch as organized is more potent than individual effort to elevate our national taste, to prepare the way for the future artist, that he may be born under the right conditions, his divine gift fostered and directed to become worthy of its exalted destiny. Already centuries old in Europe, the conservatory is a young thing of comparatively limited experience on our soil. It was introduced here twenty-five years ago by Eben Tourjée. He had longed and vainly sought for the advantages to perfect his own talent, and resolved while a mere boy that those of like tastes who came after him should not have to contend with the obstacles he had fought—that instruction should be brought within the reach of all by a college of music similar to those in Europe, embracing the best elements, attaining the most satisfactory results at the least possible cost to the student. This project, for a youth without capital, dependent upon his abilities for his personal support, was regarded even by sympathetic friends as visionary. But nothing progressive is accepted as a mere optimistic vision by the predestined reformer. Remote Huguenot and immediate Yankee ancestry is perhaps a good combination for pioneer material. However this may be, his efforts were crystallized, shaped, sooner than most schemes of such magnitude. Continuing his classes in piano, organ and voice for a year or two with successful energy, Mr. Tourjée found in 1859 the desired opportunity for his experiment. The principal of a seminary in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, accord-

ed him the use of his building, and more students presented themselves ultimately than could be accommodated on the grounds of the institution. After a visit to Europe for the purpose of examining the celebrated German, French and Italian schools, Mr. Tourjée returned, and, fired with new zeal, started in 1864 a chartered conservatory at Providence. This proved eminently successful. But Boston was the ideal site: talent gravitates toward large cities, and Boston's acknowledged "love of the first rate" would be the best surety for a lofty standard and approximate fulfilment. In 1867, under a charter from the State, he finally transplanted his school to this metropolis under the name of the New England Conservatory of Music, which it retains to the present date. It has, with characteristic American rapidity, become the largest music-school in the world, having within fifteen years instructed over twenty thousand pupils: in a single term it frequently numbers between eight and nine hundred. It has a connection with Boston University, the only one in the country where music is placed on the same basis with other intellectual pursuits, and the faculty numbers some of the most renowned artists and composers in the land. Eben Tourjée was appointed dean of the College of Music in the University, with the title of Mus. Doctor.

The New England Conservatory deserves this special mention as the parent school in America, and it has been promptly and ably followed by the establishment of others in most of our large cities.

F. D.

CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

[THE following extract from a private letter just received from Ireland gives a glimpse of the state of affairs in that country which may interest our readers, as indicating, better than any mere partisan statements or newspaper reports, the solid grounds that exist for apprehension in regard to impending disturbances:]

"I have just returned from a tour in the west of Ireland, and I wish I could

describe the horrors I have seen—such abject misery and such demoralization as you, no doubt, never came in contact with in your life. The scenery of Connemara beats Killarney in beauty and the Rhine in extent and magnificence, but no tourist could face the hotels: the dirt, the incompetence, the abominableness of every kind are awful. As these people were two hundred years ago, so they are now—ignorant, squalid savages, half naked, living on potatoes such as a Yankee pig would scorn, speaking only their barbarous native tongue, lying and thieving through terror and want, with their children growing up in hopeless squalor. Very few savages lead such lives, while few people are so oppressed and harassed by the pains and penalties of civilization. For they are chindeep in debt. I saw promissory notes five and six times renewed, with the landlord, away on the Continent, threatening eviction. The selfishness of the landlords is too revolting. They live in England or on the Continent, and confine their duties in life to giving receipts for their rent. Imagine the whole product of the land, in a country destitute of manufactures and commerce, remitted to England, and the utmost farthing of rent exacted from these wretches, no matter what the season is, a valuation of fifty shillings, for example, paying a rent of seven pounds—three hundred per cent. ! Some great catastrophe is imminent. Not a gun is left in the gunsmiths' shops in Dublin, and I am told that shiploads are brought in from America weekly. The people are perfectly right in resisting eviction, but Parliament ought to interpose. We must get rid of the landlords, and we must establish compulsory education. Then the priests will go like smoke before the wind. Free trade is another cause of the troubles. That is one of the most specious humbugs extant, and has ruined the Irish farmers. It may be all right in principle, but now and here it is simply mischievous. Professor —, who is a member of the new Land Commission, went round with me in Connemara, and implored me to write up the state of the district; but before anything

can be published and reach the English ear the autumn rent-day will have come, and the gale will be at its height."

HIGH JINKS ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.
To the Editor of Lippincott's Magazine:

It is a remarkable historical fact that the latest visitor to the Upper Mississippi has always felt it his duty to assail the good faith of every previous traveller. Beltrami (1823) attacked Pike (1806); Schoolcraft (1832) fleshed his pen in Beltrami; Allen, who accompanied Schoolcraft, afterward became his enemy and branded him as a geographical quack; Nicollet (1836) arraigned both Schoolcraft and Allen for incompetency; and so on. And now, at this late day, in a mild way tradition repeats itself. Your great original geographer, Mr. Siegfried, concluded his two essays on the "High Mississippi" by saying, "Beyond reasonable doubt our party is the only one that ever pushed its way by boat up the entire course of the farthest Mississippi. Beyond any question ours were the first wooden boats that ever traversed these waters." Then, after a slap at poor Schoolcraft, he declares that although I claimed the entire trip in my canoe five years ago, my guide and others told him that my Dolly Varden never was above Brainerd, and *that my portages above were frequent*. Except that, by implication, he questions my veracity, I would not have taken any notice of the feat on which he prides himself. To the general reader the word "Brainerd" conveys no idea further than the one which the author adroitly tries to convey (without saying so), that I did not travel the entire Upper Mississippi: his use of the word "High" is another trick to cover a very small job, as I shall hereafter show. But the fact is, that Mr. Siegfried has discovered a mare's nest. By stating one fact which has never been disguised, and repeating an allegation which is absolutely false, he would dispose utterly of the very trip that made his journey so easy of accomplishment.

I laid out for myself just one task and no more: I started in May, 1872, for the sources of the Mississippi, thence to de-

scend the entire river. After days of inquiry and two trips over the Northern Pacific Railroad, I decided upon a route to Itasca Lake which no white man had ever traversed. I made an entirely successful journey, marking out the White Earth route so clearly that any child could follow it thereafter. What feat is there to go over ground which I described so explicitly as follows?—First stage, to White Earth; second stage, to the Twin Lakes; third stage, across the prairie to the Wild Rice River; fourth stage, up that stream to the Lake of the Spirit Isle; and fifth stage, of half a day, by the Ah-she-wa-wa-see-ta-gen portage, to the Mississippi, at a point twenty-six miles north of Itasca. The same afternoon and the following day, energetically employed, will suffice to put anybody at the sources of "the Father of Rivers." Anybody could take a tissue-paper boat to Itasca after 1872. Had I had a predecessor over this route to Itasca, as Mr. Siegfried had, and could I have travelled as he did with a roll of newspaper letters telling me where to stop and when, how to go and where, I should have been the first to acknowledge my indebtedness to the man who showed me the way. Why did not Mr. S. take Nicollet's or Schoolcraft's route, or seek a new one? Simply for the reason that my itinerary was so clearly laid down that the journey became merely a Cook's excursion. I had built and took with me to Minnesota a paper boat for the descent of the river, but I have never made any secret of the fact that I bought another one (a twin in name and fitted with the appliances of the New York craft) for the tramp of seventy miles through the wilderness from the railroad to the sources. In this I merely followed the example frequently set by Mr. MacGregor, who is the father of canoeing, and the advice of George A. Morrison, government storekeeper at White Earth, the Hon. Dr. Day, United States Indian commissioner, and other gentlemen of equal prominence. Neither of these gentlemen had been over the ground, but they represented the country as awful in the extreme. I acquainted every-

body who asked with my decision, and, were it desirable to involve others in this matter, could name fifty persons to whom every detail of this initial stage of my trip has been explained. Not a particle of accurate information regarding the road, the number of days required or the distance could be obtained. It was not possible *then* to contract for forty-one dollars to be landed on the Mississippi! Mr. Siegfried might have seen at every camping-ground and meal-station along the route the blazed trees bearing the deeply-cut Greek "delta," which seven years' precedence cannot have effaced. His descriptions and mine are identical throughout: therefore, he has either not been over the course at all (which I do not insinuate) or he only proves the accuracy of my reports. He disposes of my fourteen hundred and seventy-one miles of canoeing on the Mississippi because, forsooth! I did not make a small part of it in a craft to suit his liking. He claims that his was the first wooden boat that ever pushed up to Itasca. This is something that I don't know anything about: several parties have been there since 1832. What will he do with the claimant of the first sheet-iron boat?

Mr. Siegfried's allegation that I made frequent portages is grossly and maliciously false. That honor belongs to him, as a few facts will show. In giving the guide as his authority he is most illogical, for in his first article (on three separate pages) he wholly discredits this same man. Again, some information: there are five portages above Aitkin, as follows: first, into the western gulf of Lake Cass, saving six miles; second, Little Winnipeg Lake into a stream leading to the Ball Club Lake (missing the great tributary Leech Lake River); third, at White Oak Point, below the Eagle's Nest Savannah; fourth, Pokegama Falls, a carry of two hundred yards on the left bank (a necessity); and fifth, a cut-off above Swan River, saving six miles. This last was the only portage (except the falls) made by my party, and was availed of to reach good camping-ground before dark. Indeed, as to portaging I must yield the palm to my vainglorious suc-

cessor. Behold his record! He jumped twenty-six miles in the Ball Club Lake portage, and was still unhappy because he could not ride from the landing below Pokegama to Aitkin (one hundred and fifty miles; see p. 288) on the small steamboat that sometimes runs to the lumber-camp. Reaching Muddy River (now Aitkin), in the language of a free pass, he boarded "the splendid railway" for—Minneapolis!—thus again skipping two hundred and forty-four miles of the river at one bound, and escaping the French Rapids, Little Falls, Pike, Wautab and Sauk Rapids, while I was foolish enough to paddle down to Anoka (as near as I cared to go to St. Anthony's Falls). Thence I portaged to Minnehaha Creek, as he did—another strange coincidence—whence, by daily stages, I descended to Alton, seven hundred and seventy-five miles, where I took steamer for St. Louis, New Orleans, and, finally, New York. Mr. Siegfried, on the contrary, in a distance of six hundred and ninety-six miles from the sources to St. Anthony (Nicollet's official measurement; see *U. S. Senate Doc. 237*, Twenty-sixth Congress, 2d Session, Appendix), jumped exactly two hundred and sixty miles, or about two-fifths of his whole journey! Some of that water, too, which he so conveniently escaped is very unpleasant, even dangerous, especially Pike Rapids, into which I was drawn unawares, and had to run through at considerable risk to my boat.

I am, sir, yours,

J. CHAMBERS,

The Crew of the Dolly Varden.

PHILADELPHIA, August 21, 1880.

FATE OF AN OLD COMPANION OF NAPOLEON III.

L'Indépendant, published at Boulogne, gives some interesting details about a personage that played an important rôle in the history of the last emperor of the French, and has not had much cause to be proud of the gratitude of his patron. This personage was the famous tame eagle that accompanied Prince Louis in his ridiculous expedition to Boulogne, and which was taught to swoop down upon the head of the pretender—a glorious

omen to those who did not know that the attraction was a piece of salted pork! This unfortunate eagle was captured at the same time as his master, but while the latter was shut up at Ham, the eagle was sent to the slaughter-house at Boulogne, where he lived many years—an improvement in his fate, says *L'Indépendant*, since his diet of salt pork was replaced by one of fresh meat. In 1855, Napoleon III. went to Boulogne to review the troops destined for the Crimea and to receive the queen of England. While there some one in his suite spoke to him of this bird, telling him that it was alive and where it was to be found. But the emperor refused to see his old companion, or even grant him a life-pension in the Paris Jardin des Plantes. The old eagle ended his days in the slaughter-house, and to-day he figures, artistically *taxidermatized*, in one of the glass cases of the museum of Boulogne—immortal as his master, despite the reverses of fortune.

A NATURAL BAROMETER.

EVERYBODY has admired the delicate and ingenious work of the spider, everybody has watched her movements as she spins her wonderful web, but all do not know that she is the most reliable weather-prophet in the world. Before a wind-storm she shortens the threads that suspend her web, and leaves them in this state as long as the weather remains unsettled. When she lengthens these threads count on fine weather, and in proportion to their length will be its duration. When a spider rests inactive it is a sign of rain: if she works during a rain, be sure it will soon clear up and remain clear for some time. The spider, it is said, changes her web every twenty-four hours, and the part of the day she chooses to do this is always significant. If it occurs a little before sunset, the night will be fine and clear. Hence the old French proverb: "Araignée du soir, espoir." M. H.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

L'Art: revue hebdomadaire illustrée. Sixième année, Tome II. New York: J. W. Bouton.

Nowhere but in Paris could the resources, the technical knowledge and perfect command of all the appliances of bookmaking be found to sustain such a publication as *L'Art*. In six years it has not abated by one tittle the perfection with which it first burst upon the world. Its standard is as high, its subjects are as inexhaustible, as ever. We hear now and then of a decline in French art: the great artists who carried it to the high-water mark of modern times have all, or nearly all, passed away, but there is certainly no sign of a vacuum. The activity of production is as great as ever, the interest in art as vital. *L'Art* draws its material from past as well as present; the work of older artists is kept alive in its pages by the most perfect reproductions; and in its special department of black and white there is advancement ra-

ther than decline. The importance of such a publication to the interests of art throughout the world is incalculable. It absorbs the best thought and production of the day. Its high standard and breadth of scope render it impossible for any particular clique to predominate in its pages, while its independent tone and encouragement of individual talent make it a powerful counteracting influence to the conventionalism which forms the chief danger to art in a country where technical rules have become official laws. In fact, *L'Art* has constituted itself a government of the opposition. It has its Prix de Florence for the education in Italy of promising young sculptors—its galleries in the Avenue de l'Opéra, which are used for the purpose of "independent" exhibitions or for the display of work by one or another artist. It examines and reports the progress of art all over the world, rousing the latent Parisian curiosity as to the achievements of foreign

artists, and, what is of more importance (to us at least), it shows the world what is being done and said and thought in the art-circles of Paris. The perusal of its comprehensive index alone will give the reader a clear outline of the state of art in Russia, Japan, Persia and Algeria, as well as in the better-known countries. Such a work is not for the delight of one people alone: it comes home to art-lovers everywhere.

The principal art-event of last spring was the Demidoff sale. About half the etchings in the volume before us are reproductions of pictures in that collection. M. Flameng has forgotten all the perplexities and intricacies of the nineteenth century to render the placid graciousness of a beauty whose portrait was painted in the eighteenth by Drouais. M. Trimolet has etched in a Dutch manner a landscape of Hobbema in the Louvre, but M. Gaucherel translates a Ruysdael from the Demidoff collection into an exquisite delicacy and airiness of line which is the language of etching in its most modern expression. A Demidoff Rembrandt, a Lucrezia, reproduced by the needle of M. Kœpping, is an example of the naïveté of an art which gave itself no thought for archæology. Lucrezia is a simple Dutch maiden in the full-sleeved, straight-bodied Flemish costume. Her innocent, childish face tells of real grief, but not of a tragic history. It is interesting to compare the type with that of Raphael's Lucrezia, with its clinging classic drapery and countenance moulded on that of a tragic mask.

The most striking etching in this volume is that of M. Edm. Ramus, after a portrait in this year's Salon. The name of the painter, Van der Bos, is Flemish, but if his picture had any qualities not distinctively French the genius of the etcher has swept them away. The conception, the character, the pose would all pass for a work of the most advanced French school. Its qualities belong to Paris and to-day. A young woman of a somewhat hard, positive type, neither beautiful nor intellectual, but *chic* to her finger-tips, jauntily dressed—hat with curling feathers, elbow sleeves, long gloves—standing in an erect and completely unaffected attitude,—that is the subject. The execution is simply superb. Every line is strong and effective: the modelling, the poise of the figure and the breadth of the shadows in dry point, are masterly. The Salon articles, five in number, are from the pen of M. Ph. Burty, the most radical,

incisive and original writer on the staff—champion of the Impressionists, bitter enemy of the Academics and warm admirer of any fresh, sincere and individual talent. In his short review of the work of American artists in the Salon his sympathies are frankly with those who have ranged themselves under unofficial leadership in their adopted city. He has warm eulogy both for Mr. Sargent and Mr. Picknell, refusing to believe that the excellence of the latter is due in any way to his instruction at the École des Beaux-Arts. M. Burty concludes the notice of American pictures with a "Hurrah pour la jeune école Américaine! hurrah!" which will be gratefully responded to by those of us who are proud of our growing school.

The "Silhouettes d'Artistes contemporains" are continued in two papers on De Nittis, accompanied by some exquisite reproductions of etchings by that artist; and there are a couple of articles of great interest by M. Véron on Ribot, illustrated by fac-similes of the powerful work of one whom M. Véron unhesitatingly ranks among the greatest names in modern French art. There is both literary and artistic interest in the engravings after pen-and-ink sketches made by Victor Hugo, showing that the poet is able to throw his personality and wonderful imagination into an art which he did not practise till pretty late in life, and then simply as a recreation and without attempting to master its technique. Victor Hugo is stamped as plainly upon these drawings—made, not by line and rule, but by following up the ideas suggested by the direction of a blot of ink—as on the pages of his most deliberate works. In offering homage to the poet *L'Art* does not depart from its line, which embraces art in its manifold forms. The newest products of the stage are discussed as well as those of the studios, and contemporary literature is reflected in more ways than one in its pages.

Mrs. Beauchamp Brown. (Second No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Were this story as good as its name or half as good as some of the undeniably clever things it contains, it might be accepted as a very fair book of its kind. It was written with the evident intention of saying brilliant and witty things; but this brilliance and wit sometimes miss their effect, as, for instance, on the very first page,

where Dick Steele's famous compliment is bestowed upon Lady Mary Wortley Montagu instead of the Lady Elizabeth Hastings. We might mention other thwarted attempts, which give much the same jar to our sensibilities as when some one thinks to afford us pleasure by singing a favorite air out of tune. The facility with which the characters are transported from the ends of the earth to meet at a place called Plum Island surpasses any trick in legerdemain. Unless we had read it here we should never have believed that life on the coast of Maine could be so exciting, so cosmopolitan in its scope, so thrilling in its incidents. There is a jumble of notabilities—leaders of Boston and Washington society, a Jesuit Father, an English peer, a brilliant diplomatist on the point of setting out on a foreign mission, a Circe the magic of whose voice and eyes is responsible for most of the mischief which goes on, Anglican priests, a college professor, collegiates, at least one raving maniac, beautiful young girls and representative Yankee men and women. From this company, most of whom conduct themselves in manner which fails to prepossess us, Mrs. Beauchamp Brown alone emerges with a distinct identity. Her zealous adherence to herself, her unconsciousness of weakness or defect even in the most rashly-chosen part, are good points. The writer allows her to express herself without too elaborate canvassing of her character and motives. When the Fifth Avenue Hotel is burning the great lady is amazed at such behavior, and shrieks peremptory orders to have the fire put out *immediately*. When she reaches Plum Island, and is transferred from the steamboat to the skiff which is to carry her ashore, she is "angrily scared at the seething waters and the grinning rocks."

"'Man! this thing is full of water: my feet are almost in it!' shrieked Mrs. Beauchamp Brown as the gundalow lurched and heaved shoreward.

"The White man looked over his shoulder, and slowly wrinkled his leathern cheeks into an encouraging smile. 'Like ter near killed a woggin,' replied he sentimentously. 'Will be ashore in a brace of shakes.'"

The Yankees are all capitally done, and the "local color" is excellent. There is not much to be said for the other characters in the book. Margaret, who is supposed to be irresistible, raises surprise if not disgust. Her conversation is crude and infelicitous,

her conduct excessively ill-bred. Indeed, for a company of so-called elegant people, the talk and doings are singularly bald and crude. Even the Jesuit Father seems to have a dull perception about nice points of good behavior, and we have a doubt which amounts to an active suspicion as to the reality of the writer's experience of Jesuitical casuistry and social wiles. Certainly, Father Williams fails to make us understand how his order could have ever been considered dangerous. It seems a pity that the author should have tried such a wide survey of human nature. Her talent does not carry her into melodrama, to say nothing of tragedy, but there are many evidences in her book of very fair powers in the way of light comedy.

Studies in German Literature. By Bayard Taylor. With an Introduction by George H. Boker.—Critical Essays and Literary Notes. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It would be impossible to name a better representative of American men of letters, if there be such a class, than the late Bayard Taylor. We have a few writers, easily counted, who are distinctively poets, novelists or essayists; but the common ambition is to unite these titles and add a few others—to enjoy, in fact, a free range over the whole field of literature, exclusive only of the most arid or least attractive portions. Taylor's versatility exceeded that of all his competitors: he attempted a greater variety of tasks than any of them, and he failed in none. And his writings, while so diverse, have a distinct and pervading flavor. Though he travelled so extensively, imbibed so deeply of foreign literature, and wrote so much on foreign themes, his tone of thought and sentiment not only remained thoroughly American, but was always suggestive of his early life and surroundings, his quiet Pennsylvania home and its sober influences. His pictures of these are not the least noteworthy portion of what he has given to the world, but in all his productions the same spirit is visible—not flashing and impulsive, but habituated to just conceptions and exact performance; not to be startled or dazed by novelties, but capable of measuring and assimilating whatever best suited it. On the whole, his nature, while retaining its individuality and poise, was rather a highly receptive than a strongly original one.

Its growth was a steady accretion of knowledge, ideas, experiences and aptitudes, without the exhibition of that power which in minds of a rarer order reacts upon impressions with a transforming influence. There is more appearance of freedom, of spontaneousness—paradoxical as this may seem—in his translation of *Faust* than in any of his other performances, while deliberate, conscientious workmanship is a leading characteristic of all, not excepting the short notices of books reprinted from the New York *Tribune* in one of the volumes now before us. The matter of both these volumes is chiefly critical, and the characterizations of men as well as of books are always discriminating, generally just, often happily expressed, but seldom vivid. The articles on Rückert, Thackeray and Weimar, which deal chiefly with personal reminiscences, are especially pleasant reading; but the lectures on Goethe, however well they may have served their immediate purpose, contain little that called for preservation, being neither profound nor stimulating. While, however, these volumes may add nothing to their author's reputation, they are no unworthy memorials of a laborious, well-spent and happy life, of a nature as kindly as it was earnest and sincere, and of talents that had neither been buried nor misapplied. We find in a short paper on Lord Houghton the remark that "there is an important difference between the impression which a man makes who has avowedly done the utmost of which he is capable, and that which springs from the exercise of genuine gifts not so stimulated to their highest development." It cannot be doubted that the former description is that which would apply to Taylor himself, and probably with more force than to almost any of his contemporaries.

The American Art Review, Nos. 8 and 9.
Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

These two numbers of the *Art Review* contain some critical writing of a really high order in a couple of papers by Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, entitled "Artist and Amateur." They present an earnest plea for the pursuit of culture for its own sake in this country. Taking "culture" in the true sense of the word, as the opening and development of all the faculties, a positive and electric not a negative and apathetic force, Mrs. Van Rensselaer points out that it is not the natural

birthright of a select few, but is to be won by none without hard endeavor. The endeavor, the intelligence and, to a certain extent, the desire for culture, already exist here, but are constantly misapplied, and this, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer aims to prove, through a misconception of the relative positions of artist and amateur. All instruction is directed toward execution, which is the artist's province, instead of understanding and appreciation, which are the gifts of culture. The effort to make the execution keep pace with the teaching confines the latter, for the majority of learners, to the lowest mechanical rules, leaving intellectual cultivation altogether to artists. Mrs. Van Rensselaer argues that the time and money spent by young ladies of slender talent in learning to paint pottery would, if given to study of the principles of technique and of the history and aims of art, leave them with more trained perceptions, an intelligent delight in works of art and a wider intellectual range. She does not confine the application of her ideas to painting, but extends it to other arts, making the aim in music the substitution of appreciative listeners for mediocre performers. Another interesting article, which the two numbers before us divide between them, is one on Elihu Vedder by Mr. W. H. Bishop. It does not force any very definite conclusions upon the reader, but it gives him some idea of the career of this much talked-of painter, and is finely illustrated with an etching of *The Sea-Serpent* by Mr. Shoff, an unusually strong full-page engraving of *The Sleeping Girl* by Mr. Linton, and a very tender and beautiful little cut by Mr. Kruell of *The Venetian Model*.

Books Received.

- The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With Notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot and Dr. William Smith. 6 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Health and Healthy Homes. By George Wilson, M. A., M. D. With Notes and Additions by J. G. Richardson, M. D. Philadelphia: Presley Blakiston.
- A Model Superintendent: A Sketch of the Life, Character and Methods of Work of Henry P. Haven. By H. Clay Trumbull. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Monsieur Lecoq. From the French of Émile Gaboriau. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

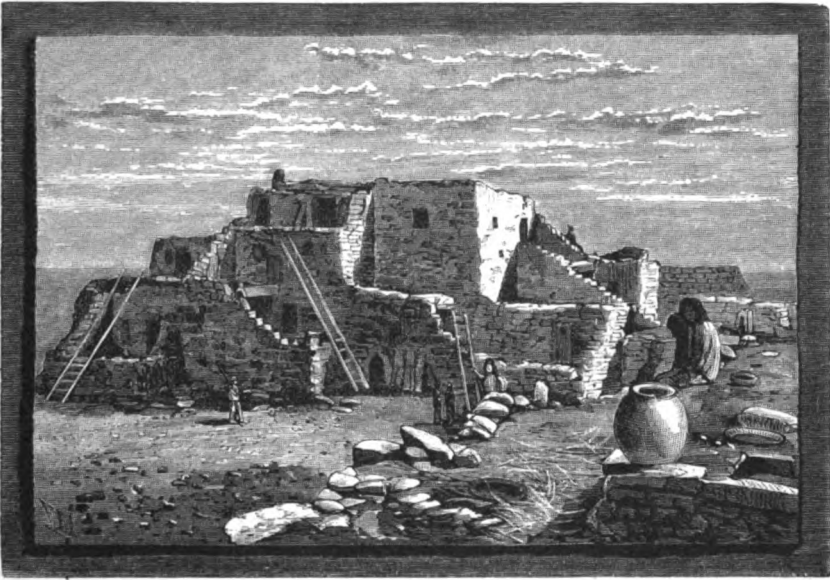
LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

THE RUINS OF THE COLORADO VALLEY.



HOUSE OF A MOQUI CHIEF.

IT was about seventy years before our English race gained a foothold on the eastern coast of America that, far away in the West, the seeds of another form of Eastern civilization began to fall upon ground which now belongs to our national territory. In the wilderness near the western border of New Mexico there

stands a great crag, torn into curious shapes by the wear of ages, bearing on its summit a ruined fortress of a forgotten people and on its side hieroglyphic writing which no one can decipher. The same smooth sandstone surface which invited the picture-writing of the ancients has also tempted later passers-by to per-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

petuate their names. A long series of inscriptions in Spanish, begun before the first English had landed at Jamestown, tells how explorers, conquerors, government emissaries and missionaries of the Cross, passing that way, paused to leave their names on the enduring rock. That imperishable monument bears record to all time that this remotest region of our country, the last which the new life of the nineteenth century penetrates, was the first point to be touched by European civilization, if we except one old Florida fort. It is three hundred and forty years since the Spaniards entered New Mexico. There, almost at the centre of the continent, in the valleys of the Rio Grande and Colorado, the old Spanish life has remained, as unprogressive as a Chinese province, continuing to the middle of this century a kind of modified feudal system. But this old declining civilization of the South-west is new in comparison with that which the Spanish conquerors found existing in the country when they entered it. A remnant of that old half-civilized life lingers still, almost unchanged by contact with white men, in the seven citadels of the Moquis perched on the high *mesas* of Arizona, while in the Pueblo villages of New Mexico we find it more affected by the Spanish influence.

The attraction which drew the conquerors of Mexico forty-five days' journey away into the North was the fame which had reached them of the Seven Cities of Cibola (the buffalo), great in wealth and population, lying in the valley of the Rio de Zuñi. To the grief of the invaders, they found not cities, but rather villages of peaceful agricultural people dwelling in great pueblos three and four stories high, and they searched in vain for the rumored stores of gold. At that time the pueblos held a large population skilled in many arts of civilization. They cultivated large tracts of ground, wove fabrics of cotton and produced ornate pottery. Their stone-masonry was admirable. But even three hundred years ago it seems that the people were but a remnant of what they had once been. Even then the conquerors wondered at the many

ruins which indicated a decline from former greatness. The people have not now the same degree of skill in their native arts which the race once had, and it is probable that when the Spaniards came and found them declining in numbers the old handicrafts were already on the wane.

In a remote age the ancestors of these Pueblo tribes, or a race of kindred habits, filled most of that vast region which is drained by the Colorado River and its affluents, and spread beyond into the valley of the Rio Grande. The explorers of a great extent of country in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado have found everywhere evidences of the wide distribution and wonderful industry of that ancient people. On the low land which they used to till lie the remains of their villages—rectangular buildings of enormous dimensions and large circular *estufas*, or halls for council and worship. On the sides of the savage cliffs that wall in or overarch the cañons are scattered in every crevice and wrinkle those strange and picturesque ruins which give us the name "Cliff-dwellers" to distinguish this long-forgotten people. And on commanding points, seen far away down the cañons or across the mesas, stand the solitary watch-towers where sentinels might signal to the villagers below on the approach of Northern barbarians.

It is only a few years since Mr. John Ruskin rejected a suggestion that he should visit the United States, urging among other reasons that it would be impossible for him to exist even for a short time in a country where there are no old castles. We Americans were disposed to resent this slap at our country, and not a few newspaper editors relieved their minds by intimating that we could get along quite comfortably without old castles and without Mr. Ruskin. But, after all, it is a consolation for our national pride to know that the fault is not in our country, but in Mr. Ruskin's ignorance of American archæology. We have old castles without number in the Western Territories—ruined fortifications and dwellings of an unknown antiquity, perhaps as old as Warwick or Bangor, as impregnable as

the highest cliff-built castle of the Rhine, as grand in situation as the Drachenfels or Dover Castle.

Only the more eastern part of the great domain held by that ancient people has yet been examined thoroughly with reference to its antiquities. Within the last decade Mr. W. H. Jackson of the United States Geological Survey has brought to notice, by his admirable photographs and descriptions, the remains in the cliffs and

cañons of South-western Colorado and the adjacent region. Thirty years ago Lieutenant Simpson described the ruined pueblos of New Mexico. But in regard to the ruins farther west, seen by Major Powell in his headlong course down the Colorado River, and the innumerable remains of cities, fortresses and canals mentioned by visitors to Arizona, but little careful investigation has been made. I believe that few richer fields for an an-



GUALPI.

tiquary can be found in the world than this south-western region of our own country. I cannot doubt that a thorough comparative examination of these remains would throw a new light upon the relationship between the ancient and modern civilized tribes, and upon their connection with their far more civilized Aztec neighbors of the South. As yet, hardly an attempt at excavation has been made in the Colorado Valley.

There is no other district which embraces in so small a compass so great a number and variety of the Cliff-dwellers'

ruined works as the cañon of the Little Rio Mancos* in South-western Colorado. The stream rises in a spur of the San Juan Mountains, near the remote mining-camp called Parrott City. Flowing southward for a few miles through an open valley, it is soon enclosed between the walls of a profound cañon which cuts for nearly thirty miles through a table-

* In studying the ruins of the Mancos and neighboring cañons I have made constant use of the reports of explorations by Mr. W. H. Jackson and Mr. W. H. Holmes in *Bulletins of U. S. Geolog. and Geograph. Survey*, Second Series, No. 1, and *Annual Report of the same survey for 1876*.

land called the Mesa Verde. The cañon is wide enough to permit the old inhabitants to plant their crops along the stream, and the cliffs rising on either side to a height of two thousand feet are so curiously broken and grooved and shelving, from the decay of the soft horizontal strata and the projection of the harder, as to offer remarkable facilities for building fortified houses hard of approach and easy of defence. Therefore the whole length of the cañon is filled with ruins, and for fifteen miles beyond it to the borders of New Mexico, where the river meets the Rio San Juan, the valley bears many traces of the ancient occupation. The scenery of the cañon is wild and imposing in the highest degree. In the dry Colorado air there are few lichens or weather-stains to dull the brightness of the strata to the universal hoariness of moister climates: the vertical cliffs, standing above long slopes of debris, are colored with the brilliant tints of freshly-quarried stone. A gay ribbon of green follows the course of the rivulet winding down through the cañon till it is lost to sight in the vista of crags. The utter silence and solitude of the wilderness reigns through the valley. It is not occupied by any savage tribe, and only a few white men within the last few years have passed through it and told of its wonders; and yet its whole length is but one series of houses and temples that were forsaken centuries ago. I can hardly imagine a more exciting tour of exploration than that which Mr. Jackson's party made on first entering this cañon in 1874.

Above the entrance of the cañon the evidences of pre-historic life begin. On the bottom-land, concealed by shrubbery, are the half-obliterated outlines of square and circular buildings. The houses were of large size, and were plainly no temporary dwelling-places, for an accumulation of decorated pottery fills the ground about them, indicating long occupation. No doubt they were built of adobe—masses of hard clay dried in the sun—which the wear of ages has reduced to smoothly-rounded mounds. For some miles down the cañon remains of this sort occur at short intervals, and at one point there

stands a wall built of squared sandstone blocks. Along the ledges of the cliffs on the right bits of ruinous masonry are detected here and there, but for a time there is nothing to excite close attention. At last a watchful eye is arrested by a more interesting object perched at a tremendous height on the western wall of the cañon. It is a house built upon a shelf of rock between the precipices, but, standing seven hundred feet above the stream and differing not at all in color from the crags about it, only the sharpest eyesight can detect the unusual form of the building and the windows marking the two stories. The climb up to the house-platform is slow and fatiguing, but the trouble is repaid by a sight of one of the most curious ruins on this continent. Before the door of the house, part of the ledge has been reserved for a little esplanade, and to make it broader three small abutments of stone, which once supported a floor, are built on the sloping edge of the rock. Beyond this the house is entered by a small aperture which served as a door. It is the best specimen of a Cliff-dweller's house that remains to our time. The walls are admirably built of squared stones laid in a hard white mortar. The house is divided into two stories of three rooms each. Behind it a semicircular cistern nearly as high as the house is built against the side of it, and a ladder is arranged for descending from an upper window to the water-level. The floor of the second story was supported by substantial cedar timbers, but only fragments of them remain. The roof, too, has entirely disappeared, but the canopy of natural rock overhanging serves to keep out the weather. The front rooms in both stories are the largest and are most carefully finished. Perhaps they were the parlor and "best bedroom" of some pre-historic housewife. They are plastered throughout with fine smooth mortar, and even in that remote age the mania for household decoration had a beginning: floor, walls and ceiling were colored a deep red, surrounded by a broad border of white.

The same cliff on which this house stands has on its side many other ruins—some half destroyed by gradual decay,

some, crushed by falling rocks, none so perfect as the one described; but all are crowded into the strangest unapproachable crevices of the cañon-wall, like the crannies which swallows choose to hold their nests, far removed from the possibility of depredation. Some are so utterly inaccessible that the explorers, with

all their enthusiasm and activity, have never been able to reach them. How any beings not endowed with wings could live at such points it is hard to conceive: it makes one suspicious that the Cliff-dwellers had not quite outgrown the habits of monkey ancestors.

As the cañon widens with the descent



RUINS IN THE CAÑON OF THE MANCOS.

of the stream, the ruins in the western wall increase in number. One fearful cliff a thousand feet in height is chinked all over its face with tiny houses of one room each, but only a few of them can be detected with the naked eye. One, which was reached by an explorer at the peril of his life, stands intact: ceiling and floor are of the natural rock, and the wall is built in a neat curve conforming to the shape of the ledge.

A mile farther down the stream there is a most interesting group of houses.

Eight hundred feet above the valley there is a shelf in the cliff sixty feet in length that is quite covered by a house. The building contains four large rooms, a circular sacred apartment and smaller rooms of irregular shape. It was called by its discoverers "The House of the Sixteen Windows." Behind this house the cliff-side rises smooth and perpendicular thirty feet, but it can be scaled by an ancient stairway cut into it which ascends to a still higher ledge. The stairs lead to the very door of another

house filling a niche a hundred and twenty feet long. A great canopy of solid rock overarches the little fortress, reaching far forward beyond the front wall, while from below it is absolutely unapproachable except by the one difficult stairway of niches cut in the rock. In time of war it must have been impregnable. These dwellings have given more ideas about their interior furnishing than any of the others. Among the accumulated rubbish were found corn and beans stored away. In the lower house were two large water-jars of corrugated pottery standing on a floor covered with neatly-woven rush matting. In a house not far above were found a bin of charred corn, and a polished hatchet of stone made with remarkable skill.

From this point onward both the valley and the cliffs are filled with the traces of a numerous population, every mile of travel bringing many fresh ones into sight. Among the cliff-houses there is of necessity a variety in form and size as great as the differences of the caves and crevices that hold them; but among the buildings of the low ground there is more uniformity, not only in this cañon, but in all the valleys of the region. Most of them may be classed as aggregated dwellings or pueblos with rectangular rooms, round watch-towers and large circular buildings. To these must be added a few which seem to have been built only for defence. The straight walls have generally fallen, except the parts supported by an angle of a building; but, as usual in old masonry, the circular walls have much better resisted decay.

About midway down the cañon the curved wall of a large ruin rises above the thicket. It is a building of very curious design. The outer wall was an exact circle of heavy masonry a hundred and thirty feet in circumference. Within, there is another circular wall, concentric with the outer, enclosing one round room with a diameter of twenty feet. The annular space between the two walls was divided by partitions into ten small apartments. Other buildings of the same type occur in this region, some of much larger size and with triple walls. Even in this

one, which is comparatively well preserved, the original height is uncertain, though the ruin still stands about fifteen feet high. The vast quantity of débris about some of them indicates that they were of no insignificant height, and their perfect symmetry of form, the careful finish of the masonry, the large dimensions and great solidity, made them the most imposing architectural works of that ancient people. I find no reason to doubt that they were their temples, and the presumption is very strong that they were temples for sun-worship. The occurrence of a circular room in connection with nearly every group of buildings is of special interest, as seeming to link the Cliff-dwellers to the modern Pueblo tribes in their religious customs.

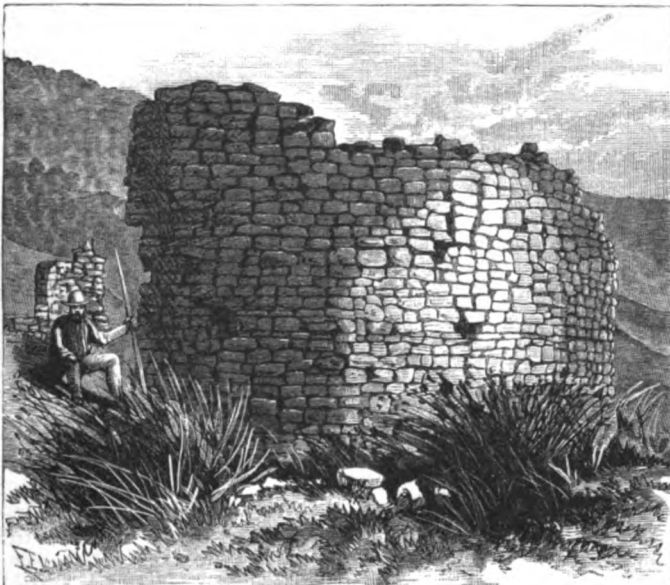
Most striking and picturesque of all the ruins are the round watch-towers. On commanding points in the valley, and on the highest pinnacles of the cliffs overlooking the surface of the mesa, they occur with a frequency which is almost pathetic as an indication of the life of eternal vigilance which was led by that old race through the years, perhaps centuries, of exterminating warfare which the savage red men from the North waged upon them. To us the suffering of frontier families at the hands of the same bloodthirsty savages is heartrending. What was it to those who saw year by year their whole race's life withering away, crushed by those wild tribes?

Near the lower end of the cañon stands one of the most perfect of these towers, rising sixteen feet above the mound on which it is built. It was once attached to an oblong stone building which seems to have been a strongly-fortified house. The rectangular walls, as usual, are prostrate, and have left the tower standing as solitary and picturesque and as full of mystery as the round-towers of Ireland.

After the stream breaks from its long confinement out into the open plain of the San Juan Valley the traces of old life are still abundant, but they present no features very different from those above. At the cañon's mouth an Indian trail strikes away toward the north-west. It passes a remarkable group of ruins at a

spot called Aztec Springs, and continues to the McElmo, the next *arroyo*, or dry stream-bed, west of the Rio Mancos. Aztec Springs no longer deserve the name, for within a short time the last trace of water has disappeared from the spot, showing that the slow drying up of the great South-west country, which has been going forward for ages, and which starved out the old inhabitants, is still progressing. In the dry season there is no water within many miles of this spot, though it is strewn with the remains of stone buildings covering several acres

and indicating a large population of industrious people who must have lived by agriculture. Until a long comparative study has been made of all the remains of this race it is mere guesswork to estimate the age of the ruins; but when the prostrate condition of these walls is compared with the state in which the Chaco ruins of New Mexico are found, and when we consider that the latter have no doubt been deserted for at least three hundred and fifty years, it is reasonable to suppose an age of a thousand years for these massive walls at Aztec Springs.



CIRCULAR RUIN IN THE CANON OF THE MANCOS.

Many other great structures of this region, which seem to be coeval with these, are situated many miles away from any perennial water, and the time which has elapsed since those sites were suitable for large farming-towns must be counted by centuries. In this group are two large quadrangular buildings with walls still fifteen feet high, two of the circular estufas, besides a multitude of half-distinguishable walls of dwellings. It is the largest group of ruins in Colorado.

Not many miles beyond these so-called springs the trail leads into the dry bed of

the McElmo near its head, and another long succession of antiquities is entered upon, but to enumerate them further would be tedious, for the ruins of the Mancos are good representatives of all those which are found along the courses of the Animas, La Plata, McElmo, Montezuma, Chelley and other tributary valleys of the San Juan. Nevertheless, there are a few buildings here and there of some unusual interest which cannot be passed by without mention. On the verge of a little side-cañon of the McElmo there is a curious instance of the keen ingenuity

of this people in taking every advantage of the fantastic, castle-like shapes which Nature has formed out of the cañon-walls. High on the edge of the mesa appears the ragged outline of a ruinous watch-tower sharply drawn against the clear, unvarying blue of the sky. It seems to be a tower of unusual height, but a closer view shows it to be half of Nature's building. A tall fragment of rock, torn from its bed, has rolled down the slope to the edge of the steep descent. This rock the old builders have chosen to crown with a little round tower where a sentinel, guarding the village behind him from stealthy attacks, could command a wide sweep of country. The same thing on a larger scale is found at another point where the dry McElmo meets with the drier Hovenweep—a tributary without tribute. In this position stands an enormous rock nearly cubical in shape. Its high sides make it a natural fortress strong against an enemy without artillery, and to its natural strength the Cliff-dwellers have added a battlement of masonry. But among all the ruined strongholds of the region that which is called the Legendary Rock has a pre-eminent interest on account of the Moqui romance or tradition which clings to it. The rock is a grand and solitary crag standing on a plateau of sandstone from which the soil is washed away. It is far from water: a garrison must have been dependent wholly on the very precarious rain-supply. About it runs an outer rampart of stone, and on the rock itself is built a fortress. It is several years since an aged member of the Moqui tribe first confided to a white man versed in his language the legend of this rock. It has been widely published, and considered of much significance. The Moqui patriarch related how his people in the old time were many. Their tribe dwelt in the North-east. One year they were visited by strangers from the North, who came peaceably at first, but came again another year, and year by year encroached and grew more warlike. At last the Northern strangers gained the mastery and drove them from their homes. In a long, slow struggle the Moqui forefathers gradually lost their ground,

till at last they made one final, desperate fight for their old homes at the fortress of the Legendary Rock. They conquered their besiegers, but with such fearful carnage that the rocks bear still the stains of the blood-streams that flowed in that battle, and the remnant of the besieged were glad to make an unmolested retreat to the mesas of Arizona, where they dwell to this day.

The story is an interesting one, and has been honored by the explorers with a place in their government report, for it shows a belief among the Moquis that those old builders were their kinsmen. But, considering the fact that the first Spanish discoverers found the Moqui tribe in nearly the same condition as we see it now, and that this story therefore must have been handed down for at least three hundred years among an unlettered people, I am as much disposed to distrust the other details of it as I am to doubt that the red iron-stains in the rock were caused by the blood of their ancestors.

In the neighboring Montezuma Cañon, just beyond the State border, there are some remains built after an unusual manner with stones of great size. One building of many rooms, nearly covering a little solitary mesa, is constructed of huge stone blocks not unlike the pre-historic masonry of Southern Europe. In the same district there is a ruined line of fortification from which the smaller stones have fallen away and are crumbling to dust, leaving only certain enormous upright stones standing. They rise to a height of seven feet above the soil, and the lower part is buried to a considerable depth. Their resemblance to the hoary Druidical stones of Carnac and Stonehenge is striking, and there is nothing in their appearance to indicate that they belong to a much later age than those primeval monuments of Europe.

All the certain knowledge that we have of the history and manners of the Cliff-dwellers may be very briefly told, for there is no written record of their existence except their own rude picture-writing cut or painted on the cañon-walls, and it is not likely that those hieroglyph-

ics will ever be deciphered. But much may be inferred from their evident kinship to the Moquis of our time; and the resemblance of the ancient architecture and ceramics to the arts as they are still practised in the degenerate pueblos of Arizona gives us many intimations in regard to the habits of the Cliff-dwellers.

It was centuries ago—how long a time no one will ever know—when that old race was strong and numerous, filling the great region from the Rio Grande to the

Colorado of the West, and from the San Juan Mountains far down into Northern Mexico. They must have numbered many hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions. It is not probable that they were combined under one government or that they were even closely leagued together, but that they were essentially one in blood and language is strongly indicated by the similarity of their remains. That they were sympathetic in a common hostility to the dangerous savage tribes about them



RUINS AT AZTEC SPRINGS.

can hardly be doubted. They were of peaceful habits and lived by agriculture, having under cultivation many thousands of acres in the rich river-bottoms, which they knew well how to irrigate from streams swollen in summer by the melting snows of the high mountain-ranges. We read of their dry canals in Arizona, so deep that a mounted horseman can hide in them. We know that they raised crops of corn and beans, and in the south cotton, which they skilfully wove. That they had commercial dealings across their whole country is shown by the quantity of shell-ornaments brought from the Pacific coast which are found in their Colorado dwellings. They did not understand the working of metals, but their implements of stone are of most excellent workmanship. Their weapons in-

dicating the practice of hunting, and while the race was still numerous their forts and their sharp obsidian arrows made easy their resistance to the wandering savage hordes.

I believe that no instance can be cited of a people still in their Stone Age who have surpassed that old race in the mason's art: indeed, I doubt if any such people has even approached their skill in that respect. The difficulty of constructing a great work of well-squared, hammer-dressed stones is enormously increased if the masons must work only with stone implements. Imagine the infinite, toilsome patience of a people who in such a way could rear the ancient Pueblo Bonito of New Mexico, five hundred and forty feet long, three hundred and fourteen wide and four stories high! In

one wall of a neighboring building of stone less carefully dressed it is estimated that there were originally no less than thirty million pieces, which were transported, fashioned and laid by men without a beast of burden or a trowel, chisel or hammer of metal.

Nothing marks more strikingly the vast advance which these people had made from the condition of their savage neighbors than their evident efforts not only for household comfort, but even for the beautifying of their homes. I have referred to the rush-carpeted floor of the "House of the Sixteen Windows" and the decorated walls of the two-story house on the Mancos; but they, like other semicivilized peoples, found the first expression for their love of the beautiful in the ceramic art. The variety of graceful forms and decorations found in their pottery is endless. In some regions the country for miles is strewn with the fragments of their earthenware. The ware is usually pale gray shading to white: the decoration is in black or red, often in the angular designs commonly called "Greek patterns." The Moquis of our time produce a handsome ware closely resembling that of the ancient people. But the old cliff-painters and the modern potters often sacrificed beauty to a passion for producing the most wildly-grotesque forms. There is a certain general resemblance, which often strikes me forcibly, but which is almost indefinable, between the ceramic and sculptured forms of the Mississippi Mound-builders, the Pueblo tribes and the ancient Mexicans. The resemblance seems to lie partly in a certain capacity which those peoples possessed in common of producing the most frightfully-grotesque forms ever evolved by the human imagination—forms plainly intended to suggest living beings, yet not at all transgressing the injunction against "anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth." The resemblance seems to me very significant.

At the time of the Spanish conquest the Pueblo tribes were worshippers of the sun and fire, like all the races of this continent which were above barbarism. To-

day, even in those pueblos where a corrupted form of the Roman faith is accepted, there are traces of the old sun-worship mingled with it, and in all pueblos there are large circular rooms called *estufas* reserved for councils and for worship. The invariable appearance of *estufas* among the ruined towns, and even on the ledges of the cliffs, shows what sacredness was attached to the circular room, which perhaps was symbolic of the sun's orb: it indicates a unity of religious faith between the ancients and moderns.

The priest who chronicled the events of the first expedition to New Mexico was impressed with the great ruined towns which they saw even before crossing the desert of Arizona. There is good reason to believe that the cliff-dwellings, the last retreats of a persecuted people, were abandoned before that time. But how could a people so numerous, intelligent and civilized fall a prey to stupid, roving savages? The wild tribes never could have won the fight against their more quick-witted neighbors if the ancients had not begun their own destruction.

The story which they have left recorded on the face of the country is of this sort. At some very remote time they began agriculture in the valleys of the South-west. They found the rainfall of the region too limited for farming without irrigation, but the whole country was intersected by streams fed through summer by the snows of the mountain-tops and the abundant springs of the wooded slopes and uplands. Thus their crops were watered and yielded increase with a regularity unknown to farmers who must look to the summer rainfall for success. The people prospered, multiplied and spread over a wide country. In every green valley rose their great common dwellings and circular temples. By superior numbers and intelligence they were strong against their enemies. But the spreading population required a great wood-supply. The finest of the trees were felled for timbering their houses, and whole forests were swept away to give them fuel and perhaps to feed perpetual sacred fires. The coun-

try was all too little watered at the best, and the mountain-sides, once stripped of their covering, oftentimes dried up and no new growth of trees appeared. Old men began to observe that the streams did not maintain their even flow through the whole year as when they were young, and lamented the good old times when there was no lack of water for irrigation. The streams began to be swollen with disastrous floods in spring and winter, and to dwindle away alarmingly in sum-

mer. So through centuries the gradual destruction of the wood brought ever-increasing drought, and drought led in its train famine, disease and wholesale death. The people were decimated and discouraged, and on the northern frontier began to be at the mercy of savage raiders. They fled from their pleasant valley-homes to hide in caves and dens of the earth, and built the cliff-dwellings. There a remnant lingered in unceasing fear of the foes who coveted the fruits of



RUINS IN MONTEZUMA CAÑON.

their toil; but even from these refuges they were driven ages ago. Where they used to build villages and cultivate fields are now barren gulches where two or three times a year a resistless flood rushes down from the mountains that can no longer retain their moisture. Thus ended their national suicide.

It was a strange ignorance that led them to their own destruction, was it not? Yet we as a nation from Maine to California are recklessly working the same ruin. We are stripping our mountains a hundred times more rapidly than they, but who cares whether the forests are restored?

As a child I played and bathed in a pretty tumbling brook among the Litchfield hills, and wondered that so small a stream but fifty years before had given

power to all the mills now ruined on its banks. Twenty years more have passed, and now in the heat of summer there is hardly water for a child to bathe. The hills are stripped, the stream has dwindled, but the spring floods tear through the valley like a deluge. Even the larger streams that still turn the mill-wheels and make the wealth of Connecticut are not the trusty servants that they once were. In summer they grow weak and must be supplemented with steam, and at times they rise in fury and carry destruction before them. It is the beginning of woes, but our Atlantic slope with its heavy rainfall cannot easily be changed to a desert. In the far West it is different. Colorado, Nevada and California, with a less regular rainfall and with greater floods and smaller streams, would soon find the desert en-

croaching on the habitable land. But in these very States the waste of timber is most extravagant. Mining-camps and cities devour the woods about them, and in every dry summer many hundred square miles are burned by the recklessness of Indians and white men. Where the Californian mountains have been cleared, the browsing millions of sheep keep down all new growth, and, bring-

ing great wealth in our age, they threaten to impoverish posterity.

The dreary experiment has been tried by the ancient races of both continents. Why should we repeat it? The question should command the earnest attention of State and national governments. In our own land already one old race has wrought its own destruction in this same way.

ALFRED TERRY BACON.

THE ARTS OF INDIA.



BUDDHIST RELIC-CASKET.

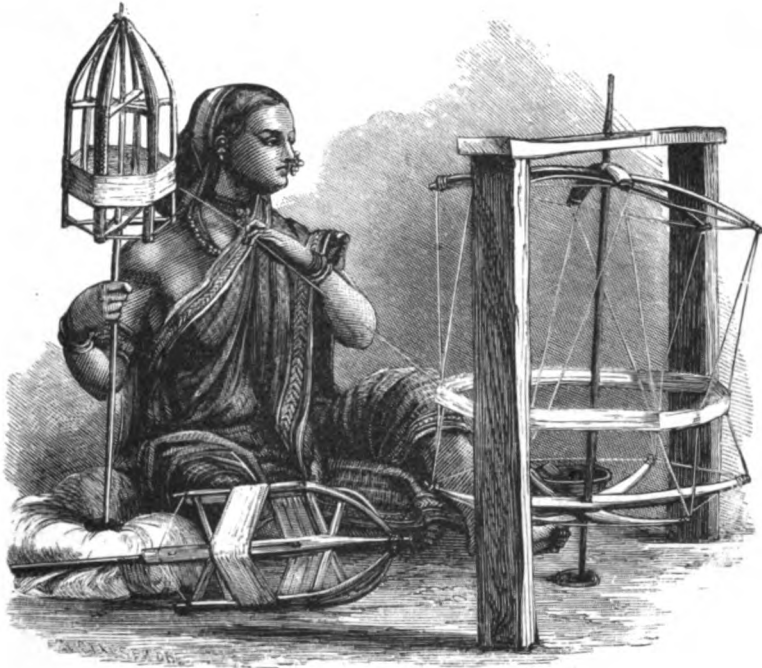
THE study of the industrial arts of India, if the warnings of learned Orientalists are to be of any avail, is not a matter to be rashly undertaken. All Indian art must be viewed in reference to Indian religion. Forms, materials and colors have meanings that can only be caught by familiar acquaintance with a symbolism both intricate and obscure. Little decorative touches that to the untaught Western eye are introduced merely to give an artistic finish to an involved design, or to give room for bringing in the bit of color demanded by the sense

of harmony, have all a meaning not necessarily connected with art. While in the West the problems of art are dealt with by men whose eyes are bent on art alone, the Oriental artist solves these problems while keeping his eyes fixed upon religion. The maturity of Indian religious life was reached several centuries before our era began: it then took a form which it still retains. There is no secular life from which it can be distinguished. When a domestic utensil is examined, the first question to be answered is, What religious meaning attaches to it?

This is an appalling fact, for it means that the arts of India cannot be appreciated as the Hindus appreciate them until we have mastered an accumulation of mythological and legendary lore such as possibly no other country has amassed.

To appreciate the full extent of a task

that already seems to hang like a shadow over the whole of what yet remains of one's life, it may be pointed out that the Vedas form only one of four groups of sacred writings, that there are four Vedas, and that each one of the four consists of four parts. Then there are Upa-Vedas,



HINDU WOMAN REELING SILK.

Ved-Angas and Upangas; and under the last-named fall the epics of the *Ramayana*, of ninety-six thousand lines, and the *Mahabharata*, of two hundred and twenty thousand long lines, not to mention others. These are mere glimpses into a vista long and dark, and it seems a little odd that one should be called upon to go through so much in order to appreciate a specimen of carving from Vizagapatam, an inlaid table-top from Agra, a box of Cashmere lacquer or a panel of carved sandal-wood from Canara. The fact is, that the matter may be looked at from another point of view—that taken up by those who decline to see anything in a painting but canvas and

paint—who care for nothing in the shape of sentiment or story, but have a single eye to art. In this way the beauty and harmony of Oriental coloring, the delicacy and wonderful finish in all manner of carvings, the skill displayed in inlaying and chasing—in a word, all the points of industrial art in India—may be both enjoyed and understood without a reference to the Puranas or the Code of Manu, or without the observer's being able to enumerate the avatars of Vishnu. The inquirer is thus borne up against the deterrent influence of specialists, with the plaintive notes of whose voice he has become in all probability elsewhere familiar. It is the same voice, to all intents and

purposes, that haunts the graves of Egypt, the ruins of Rhagœ, the tombs of Etruria and Magna Græcia, the workshops of King-teh-chin and the mounds of Pach-acamac. It is heard, in short, all round the world, and its burden is ever the same: "Understand the religion of a people before peering into their arts." The obvious answer comes: Life is short and art is long: if to art religion be prefixed, all knowledge of art is at an end. It would be pleasant, no doubt, to tell at a glance what legend or myth is represented on a Greek vase, but meantime we can admire the form. It would be equally pleasant to be able to interpret the painting on a Chinese historical vase, but meantime we can admire the colors. So with Egypt, Persia and Peru: it will be well for the many to get at the industrial secrets of these countries if they never obtain even a glimpse of the underlying religious idea of the craftsman.

It is merely thrown out as a suggestion by the way, and without any intention of belittling the importance of studying the superstitions and philosophies of the world or of aiming at something more than a strictly industrial view of industrial art, that so much attention may be bestowed upon religions as the sources of ideas as to obscure the form and manner of their expression in art. Possibly the formation of an Indian museum at South Kensington may be productive of a longing desire to become acquainted with Rama and the lovely Sita, the strong Arjuna and the beauteous Draupadi; but it is hardly likely that this was the object of its formation or that it will lead to the acquisition of any more abstruse knowledge than such as comprises the weaving of rich textures, the blending of gay colors, or the industrial arts of damascening, carving and working in gold and silver and precious stones. In what has here to be said, at all events, only such references will be made to religion and legend as are absolutely necessary to a general understanding of the conditions under which Indian art has developed, and of the forms under which it is most frequently seen.

The Indian Museum—or rather the

collection forming the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum—is of very recent formation. It may be said to have grown without developing. Its nucleus was formed in the days of the East India Company, and was stored in a little museum in Leadenhall street. There it long remained, and one of its chief attractions was Tippoo's tiger, now occupying a place of honor near the musical instruments, to which it bears some kind of a relation. The "tiger" is a wooden animal of ferocious aspect represented in the act of tearing a prostrate European soldier dressed in the military red coat and wearing a broad-brimmed felt hat of decidedly civil make. It was taken at the fall of Seringapatam, and was probably made by some European artificer for the delectation of the Tippoo Sultan. If not symbolical it was undoubtedly suggestive of pleasant thoughts to Tippoo, although as a musical instrument it could never have been much of a success. To tickle the sultan's ear the tiger when wound up emitted startling roars and groans, while its victim feebly moaned. But on a certain festive occasion after the "tiger" was brought to England the winding-up was unfortunately overdone, and long afterward the soldier stoically declined to moan. The odd musical toy has been brightened up to suit its new home, and its internal construction has also received proper attention to such purpose that the roaring can be reduced to something like method by merely passing the hand over a keyboard, and the resuscitated struggling red-coat moans as lustily as he did in the palmy days at Seringapatam.

Such is the instrument which played an important part in the Leadenhall Street Museum. When the East India Company passed away and the British government assumed the direct control of India, the tiger and all the other curiosities were sent first to Fife House, and thence to the India Office. The latter step was possibly taken on the advice of some utilitarian who wished to bring within reach of the officials an opportunity of acquiring some knowledge of India. Any such object was frustrated.

The director and curator were the only individuals known to visit the collection. It was then sent to South Kensington and placed in a temporary building, but still nobody looked in upon the tiger and the jade, the carvings and Bidri-work. They were still under the control of the India Office, and at length became a burden to it. Their failure to interest the public naturally led to a desire to transfer the responsibility of guardianship. This is not to be wondered at. The collection had, as has already been pointed out, merely grown in bulk. It was promiscuous in the worst sense. It consisted of a fortuitous concourse of articles taken in war or bought upon no ostensible system in peace. To these old Indian officers occasionally made testamentary additions of things picked up in their travels or acquired by inheritance or otherwise. International exhibitions have always been good for museums. The unsalable is often valuable, and exhibitions have been a source from which the Indian collection

has reaped many solid benefits. Thus the accumulation increased in bulk and intrinsic value, but practically it still continued valueless. It was neither arranged nor inventoried. It continued to illustrate little more than the manner of its accumulation. Very naturally, the India Office in looking for relief from a useless burden turned first to the Science and Art Department under which South Ken-

sington was flourishing. Its offer of a transfer was at first declined, but the authorities at the India Office would take no refusal. Their object was at once to get rid of the collection and of the cost of maintaining it, and at the same time to preserve its representative cha-



GOLD EMBROIDERY ON VELVET: MURSHEDABAD.

racter and such individual identity as it possessed. They ultimately succeeded in both respects, though their success was not perfect. A part, including the collections of economic botany of wild Indian silk and lac, went to Kew. The zoological collection is in the hands of the trustees of the British Museum, and will eventually take its place in the new Natural History Museum at South Ken-

sington. To the British Museum have gone the Indian Buddhist sculptures, but casts of these may hereafter be placed in the Indian Museum: certainly, in view of the influence of architectural decoration upon industrial art, they seem necessary to its completeness. All else was on the first of January last handed over to the Science and Art Department, and came under the management and control of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K. E. M. G., C. B. and director at South Kensington. It was characteristic of Sir Philip that he should undertake to have within six months a collection arranged and ready for public inspection which had not for twenty years been seen in anything like order. It had never before been catalogued, and had never before been so placed that it could be seen intelligently or at one view. The first thing to be done was the drawing up of an inventory. This work occupied six weeks, and on its completion the discovery was made that the collection was altogether inadequate to its purpose. It represented neither the arts nor the industries of India, and gave a very disjointed view of the resources of that country. The work, however, went on. Sir Philip used all his influence, both personal and official, to supplement defective departments. He made purchases and applied for loans. Her Majesty, the prince of Wales and the duke of Edinburgh made selections from their magnificent collections, and others were not slow to follow their example. The result was that in his race against time Sir Philip won by more than a month, making allowance for what has yet to be done with the contributions still being made. Few other men could have won a victory so complete with such apparent ease, because there are not many who could have imbued contributors with similar confidence or so thoroughly inspired an entire department with his own spirit of energy and well-regulated activity. A word or two may be said of his career.

His father was Charles Cunliffe-Owen, a captain in the royal navy, and at the age of twelve Philip entered the same service. He served for five years in the

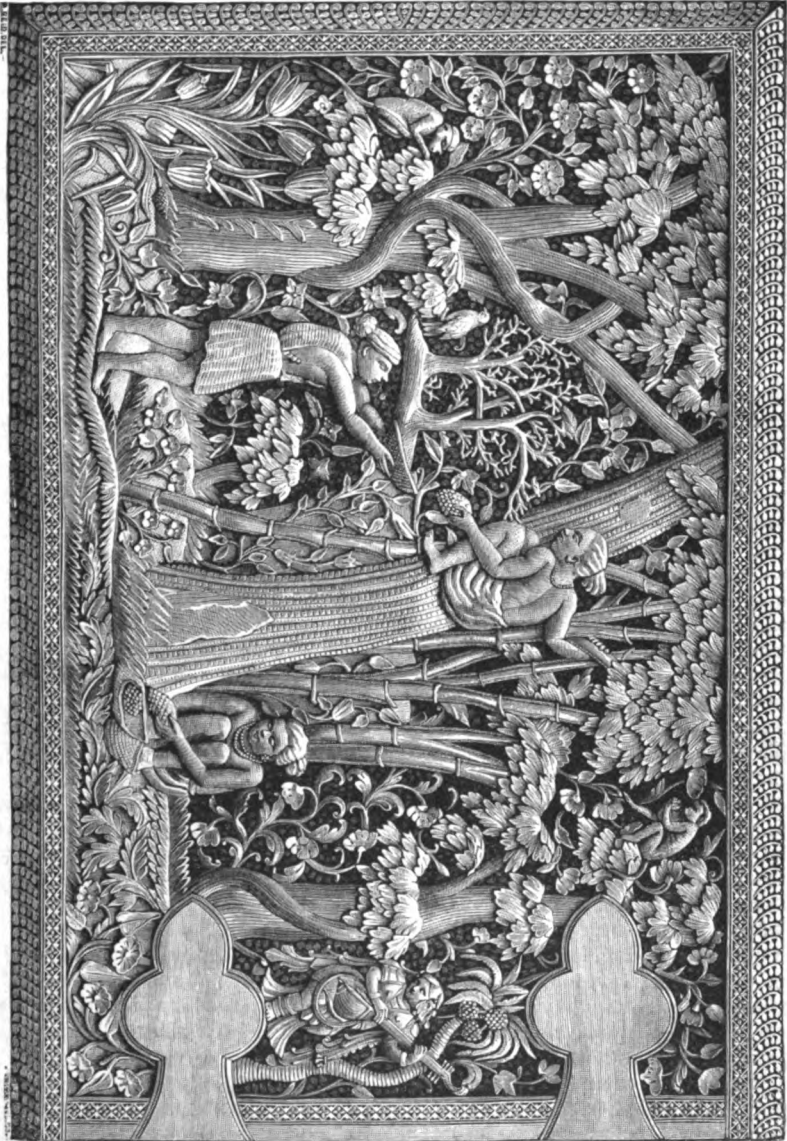
Mediterranean and the West Indies, and at seventeen was obliged by ill health to retire, but taking with him the habits a naval career was well calculated to engender or develop of promptitude and decision. After a rest of a few years he was appointed to the Science and Art Department, and gradually won the notice and confidence of his superiors. He was quick of apprehension, prompt in action and accurate in execution. Sir Henry Cole recognized these qualities in him, and entrusted him with the post of one of the superintendents of the Paris Exhibition of 1855. A few years took him upward through the rank of deputy-general superintendent of South Kensington Museum to that of assistant director in 1860. At subsequent international exhibitions he filled various offices as follows: at London, in 1862, director of the foreign sections; at Paris, in 1867, assistant executive commissioner; at Vienna, in 1873, secretary to the royal British commission; at Philadelphia, in 1876, executive commissioner; and at Paris, in 1878, secretary of the royal British commission. Meanwhile, in 1873, he was created a Companion of the Bath, and was advanced to the directorship of the South Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums on its becoming vacant by the retirement of Sir Henry Cole. In 1878 he received the honor of knighthood.

A good linguist and possessing rare tact and wonderful executive ability, Sir Philip has succeeded where many of his countrymen fail—namely, in making a favorable impression upon foreigners. Prepossessing in appearance and manner, he can dash through business at a speed calculated to astonish men of less energy and of a lower vitality, and he does it, moreover, without the faintest taint of the *brusquerie* which almost as a rule bristles all over the less capable official. Red tape he abhors, and is as easy of access as a republican. He transacts his business as it arises, knows nothing of arrears, keeps nobody waiting, rises early, works incessantly, drinks nothing stronger than tea, has no office-hours and no rules—making both subservient to the business in hand, instead of following

the example of the greater part of the world in fitting business to rule and time—and is only a little forgetful of social

engagements. Such is the man to whom more than any other the credit is due of India's being first fairly if not fully rep-

SANDAL-WOOD CARVING AT TRAVANCORE.



resented in Europe by a museum containing specimens of all its native arts and industries.

Certain general impressions will be re-

Vol. XXVI.—24

ceived from a walk through the galleries and from a hurried view of the sculptures, textile fabrics, arms, pottery, jewelry, furniture, lacquer and metal-work. Forms,

combinations and decorative styles will catch the eye which seem not new, but merely changed from something seen elsewhere, as the ear will catch a well-known melody running through a profusion of intricate variations. The alternative questions occur: Is India the home of all the arts? or, Has it no original art? In one place stands a small table of Cashmere lacquer in which a great part of the decoration is surely Chinese: a small gold cup has a sculpturesque decoration as surely Greek. Here is a coffepot of Mongolian type, and a parcel-gilt vase of Greek: there are gold dishes after the Saracenic, and inlaid-work decidedly Persian, and mosaic-work most certainly Florentine.

It is long since the connoisseur of Indian art awakened from the dream that India has been an isolated country. The fact is, that it lies in the way of all commerce between the far East and the West, and that it can be, and has been, approached as easily from land as from the sea. It has a long legendary history, but a comparatively short real history. The immigration of the Aryan race is said to have taken place about B. C. 3101, but from that period until the rise of Buddhism, in the sixth century B. C., there is nothing to guide us but legend. Putting aside what may have been learned of India by the Greeks from the troops from the Panjab and Afghanistan which swelled the gigantic army of Xerxes, Alexander's invasion of India (B. C. 327) may be said to have really opened the way to the acquisition by the Greeks of something like an exact though partial knowledge of the country pronounced by Herodotus the wealthiest and most populous in the world. In truth, the writings of Greeks who accompanied Alexander, and of Chinese pilgrims, and some temple-inscriptions, constitute the basis of Indian history. The commerce of India at a very early period extended far and wide. Arrian, an Alexandrian merchant of the second century, mentions the muslins of the Ganges, cloths of all sorts, colored shawls and sashes, purple goods, gold embroidery, lac, steel, jewels, perfumes and spices. How long this trade had

been going on we cannot say. It was, however, encouraged by the Ptolemies, who established a port on the Red Sea and organized a system of conveyance by means of caravans to the Nile, and so to Alexandria. In this way Indian manufactures reached Europe, while the Persians were at the same time carrying on an extensive trade in the same materials. The Indians further contributed to the advance of commerce by becoming road-builders, and thus bringing the manufacturing places along the valley of the Ganges into connection with the Panjab in the north-west and with ports and trading-stations in the west and south. Thus, Egypt and Assyria were brought into commercial intercourse with the eastern tract of the valley of the Ganges—that lying between the modern Allahabad and Calcutta. That commerce spread in other directions there can be no doubt. Within three centuries of the foundation of Buddhism it had penetrated to Ceylon, and reached Tibet and China in the first century of our era. Let us look at one stupendous fact as indicative of international intercourse with India—namely, that Buddhism, which has all but disappeared from the land of its birth, is at the present moment the religion of about five hundred millions of human beings occupying the continent of Asia from the Caspian to the Pacific, from Tartary to China and Japan.

Leaving both religion and commerce aside—the latter of which might have been brought down to the opening of maritime intercourse between Europe and the far East by way of the Cape—there have yet to be taken into consideration the several invasions of India, which afford yet another possible explanation of the manner in which its arts may have been affected by contact with foreigners.

There were many schisms among the Buddhists between the sixth and third centuries before our era, but in power their community grew year by year. Asoka brought all Northern India under his power, and, becoming a good Buddhist, sent missionaries all over India from Cashmere to Ceylon. After his

death India was for some centuries under the Indo-Scythians, until the fourth century of our era. From that time Buddhism declined rapidly. The Brahmans were ever its enemies, and toward the eighth century began to push northward from the retreats they had sought when Brahmanism, a thousand years before, had given way to Buddhism. About the same time began the Arab invasions which ultimately led to the establishment

of Mohammedan rule. This was the beginning of about twelve hundred years of war. The Arabs came first in A. D. 664, and again in 711. The Turkomans entered the Panjab in 976, and the Afghan dynasties of Mahmud of Gazni and Mohammed of Ghor followed in the tenth and twelfth centuries. The third Afghan dynasty established its rule at Delhi in the thirteenth century. With this century we approach the conquests of Chingis



SHIELD DAMASCENED IN GOLD: PANJAB.

Khan in Central Asia and of Hulaku Khan, and then in rapid succession came the Mohammedan incursions into the Dekkan and the Mongolian subjugation of India, which was begun in 1298, carried on by Tamerlane in 1398, and completed in 1526 by Sultan Baber. The Mogul period ended with the British conquests of 1803 and 1817.

If the rise and fall of these various tides of commerce and war are followed,

it will be seen that not only has India not been an isolated country, but, on the contrary, through a hundred channels it has held communication with the world beyond the Himalayas. Its art has no doubt been affected by such intercourse. The effect of architectural forms upon the decorations made use of in industrial art has already been referred to; and when we find that the Buddhists acquired a knowledge of the use of stone in build-

ing from the Greeks and Persians, we at once see why Doctor Leitner's collection of fragments of sculpture from Peshawur in the north of the Panjab, and now in the

Let these examples suffice to show that India did not originate all the arts it now practises. Unfortunately, all that has been borrowed by it has not been to its advantage — such as the Dutch black-wood carving at Bombay — and it is scarcely possible that Anglo-Indian art will add anything to the laurels won by the workmen of the same presidency. It is moreover to be feared that the machine-made dry goods of England, the French patterns of Cashmere, the introduction of machinery, the absorption of hand-weavers by factories, and, above all other things, the establishment of art-schools, may ultimately break down the barriers which for two thousand years and more have, in spite of war, commerce and the introduction of new arts, preserved in the work of the art-craftsmen of India an element essentially indigenous.

Many conservative agencies were no doubt at work in preserving to Indian art a distinctively national character. Amongst these the religious epics and the Code of Manu come first. Of the



NATIVE GOLD JEWELRY OF POONA, BOMBAY.

former, should be called Græco-Buddhist. Indian architecture is based upon Greek, and the influence of the latter lasted so long that Mr. Fergusson, who has made a special study of Hindu temples, says that he could not find anywhere in Cashmere the slightest trace of the bracketed capital of the Hindus, but that the Doric or quasi-Doric column is found all along the valley in temples dating from the eighth to the twelfth century. Doctor Birdwood, again, has succeeded in tracing the inlaid wood-work or marquetry of India from Shiraz in Persia to Sindh, Bombay and Surat. Further, the mosaic-work of Agra is of Florentine extraction, having been introduced by Austin de Bordeaux in the seventeenth century, and recently revived.

former, those already referred to, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, show what the art and life of the Hindus were between the fifth and the third centuries before Christ. The Code gave them a form which they preserve to-day in at least all essential respects. The arts have been handed down from father to son for countless generations, and traditional skill has reached its high perfection chiefly by the village-system of the Code. The centre of the political interest of the Hindu is his own village. In our sense of the word he has no country, but he has a village home, and his loyalty is absorbed by the administrators of that home's affairs. He is unmoved either by conquest or commerce. His life has crystallized into a certain form. It is the

life his forefathers led, and it is the life his children will lead. His village is to all intents and purposes an independent community. This is the account of a traveller: "Outside the entrance, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel moulding the swift-revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses

which form the low irregular street there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the streets the brass- and copper-smiths are hammering away at their pots and pans; and farther down, in the veranda of the rich man's



COPPER-GILT SACRIFICIAL VASE: MADURA.

house, is the jeweller working rupees and gold mohrs into fair jewelry—gold and silver ear-rings and round tires like the moon, bracelets and nose-rings and tablets, and tinkling ornaments for the feet—taking his designs from the fruits and flowers around him or from the traditional forms represented in the paintings and carvings of the great temple which rises above the groves of mangoes and palms at the end of the street above the lotus-covered village-tank." By and by the work-day closes with feasting and music

and the songs chosen from the religious epics. In the morning the same routine begins again: the same sounds are heard, the same sights seen, the same pleasures indulged in. It is the life of the Code and of the great epics—a happy, contented, frugal and, in a sense, cultured life, based upon a religion which gave it expression and form long before our era began, and fenced it in from the influences of external change. All its conquerors have succumbed to the social and religious life of India. They came and

found themselves within a magic circle. All that they brought of art was Indianized. A new art meant nothing more than a new illustration of Hindu religion. We have seen the craftsmen at work, and the fountain of their inspiration is not far to seek when we are told that the stories of the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* are told nightly all over India to listening millions. Let us suppose the village-festival is approaching its close. Then "a reverend Brahman steps upon the scene with the familiar bundle of inscribed palm-leaves in his hands, and, sitting down and opening them one by one upon his lap, slow and lowly begins his antique chant, and late into the starry night holds his hearers, young and old, spellbound by the story of the pure loves of Rama and Sita, or of Draupadi who too dearly loved the bright Arjuna, and the doom of the froward sons of Dhritarashtra."

Can we wonder, then, that from these legends of the heroic age are taken figures for the sculptor, scenes for the carver and the graver, and subjects for the jeweller and the worker in ivory? Religion is thus the greater conservator of Indian art as it appeared in its earlier forms, and reduces into conformity with it all that comes from abroad.

Further agencies toward the same end are the caste-system, in the large cities trade-guilds—or, as we would call them, trades unions—and, finally, hereditary offices in both village and city. Under the village-system artisans may be said to have undergone successive generations of training, and the result is that in a country where *manufacture* means, literally, "making by hand," any object of industrial art represents the development of hereditary skill. His craftsmanship is the father's richest legacy to his son.

One point more deserves consideration. In America and Europe nearly everything is done by machinery: in India nearly everything is made by hand. Whatever is done, therefore, is the expression of a thought; and that art in the East is not trammelled by tradition may be inferred not less from the variety of its productions than from the Indianizing process

to which foreign arts are subjected. The hand leaves almost unconsciously the impress of the workman's individuality. There is room there for patronage to lead to superexcellence. The saving of time and rapidity of output are not important objects when a prince lends his encouragement to art and his influence to its elevation. In the East—in China, in Persia and in India—artisans have worked directly under the imperial power. All that was asked of them was good work. In India offices of this kind were, in the imperial workshop as in the villages, hereditary; and without trouble about subsistence, without a thought of time, without limit in expense—without, in short, one disturbing element—the art-workers labored only for their art and for the approval of their king or chief. In the museum is a rug of silk woven by deft fingers which have for possibly three centuries been still. Four hundred knots occupy every square inch, and the size of the rug leads to the total of three and a half millions of knots, between every two of which the pattern demanded a change in the treadles of the loom. We turn from this to a bowl of jade beautifully engraved upon which were expended the labors of three generations of workers in the employ of the emperors of Delhi. It is in this way the best work of all kinds is produced to-day. Spinning, weaving and embroidering are, moreover, practised all over the country in the homes of the rich and in the dwellings of the poor. "Every house in India," says Doctor Birdwood, "is a nursery of the beautiful." The words are suggestive. They imply that correct taste is best formed by practice. We who have lectures on decorative art and technological schools live in too fast an age ever to rival the industrial art of India, and shall in our hurry do well if we arrive at something like an understanding appreciation of the works of the villagers of Hindostan.

The general attributes of Indian art as displayed in the museum are richness of decoration, great manipulative skill, good taste, brilliancy, harmony of color, intricacy of decorative forms, and the due subserviency of both color and design to

decorative effect. Nearly all these qualities are illustrated by the textile fabrics, the dresses and turbans, the horse and elephant caparisons, the carpets and the rich canopies of the howdahs. These are the tissues that spread the fame of India on every side. It is not known

how long it has possessed the art of weaving. Possibly it originated in the Valley of Roses or by the banks of the sacred Ganges. The weaving of silk India appears to have borrowed from China, but when or how it first wove silk we cannot tell, any more than we can tell when first



PIERCED AND REPOUSSÉE SILVER SHRINE-SCREEN: MADURA, MADRAS.

it wove its marvellous gold brocades or gauzy muslins. It was weaving cotton in times beyond the realm of history, and continues weaving it to-day all over the Panjab, Sindh, Rajputana, Oudh, Bengal, the Central Provinces, in Assam, Bombay and Madras. The prince of Wales obtained a few pieces of the famous muslin of Dacca, requiring about six yards to weigh an ounce. Of this kind one was called

shabnam, or "dew of the evening," because if laid upon the grass it became undistinguishable from the dew; another was called *bafthowa*, or "woven air;" a third was called *abrawan*, or "running water," because when placed in water it became invisible. Even the prince's pieces weigh nearly twice as much as the older tissues. Indian lace in gold or silver, cotton or silk, is in texture and design

the highest representative of that most beautiful fabric. The brocades are glories of color and rich with glittering flowers of gold, and the embroidery on velvet,

fans a beautiful embroidery of shining green beetle-wings and gold. As to the carpets, they are as a rule satisfying to the eye and possess a general simplicity of design blended with richness of color. In all the more brilliant textile fabrics of India warmth is secured without violence of contrast; and one fact it will be well for Western manufacturers to study—namely, that floral or animal decoration is invariably flat.

In furniture the Hindus do not follow the prevailing American rule: with them, the less furniture the better. There are, however, specimens from Bombay of their works upon forms supplied by Europe—as, for example, two sofas and a high-backed chair, the backs of which are so perforated that they seem as cool and light as cane. A sideboard from Bombay has its top and panels so perforated that one wonders how long a time it took to weave the endless flower-stems of the design and to carve the fruits and flowers and the griffin-like monsters that support the upper shelf. Some of the heavy, deep-cut flower-stands are less pleasing. On the other hand, a dark wood stand from Ahmedabad is carved in a fine, close and perforated pattern which is altogether appropriate and admirable. It seems to have been made in parts. The bottom or stand is solid and deeply cut in twining snakes and leaves: to this



SARAI DAMASCENED IN SILVER: HYDERABAD, IN THE DEKKAN.

silk, wool or cotton is both pleasing and rich. The museum contains several examples of the gorgeous embroideries of the Dekkan, and we find in one or two of the costumes and some of the

is fastened the lowest section, hollow and perforated in a floral design; above this is another of a different design; a third section supports the vase and cover, which are also perforated. The work through-

out is elaborate and exquisite. A good deal of the furniture and many of the tables, trays and boxes or coffers are variously lacquered and colored, but when color is used lavishly it is never inharmonious. Ivory is frequently employed in conjunction with ebony, and the effect is often striking. The carving of ivory is practised in many parts of India, and the Berhampore stately state-barges with their rowers all in position, and the elephants with howdahs on their finely-modelled backs, are all that need be mentioned, though there are numberless objects that come from Bombay carved in low relief or perforated. Even after the small ivories and the larger chess-tables, cots and palanquins in which ivory is employed, the sandal-wood carving is amongst the most attractive in the museum. There is a model of a doorway from Ahmedabad cut after a microscopic pattern, and all around are designs, some mythological and others purely naturalistic. The low-relief foliated ornamentation of Bombay seems more attractive than the mythological designs of Canara and Mysore, or than the mixed foliated and mythological designs of Ahmedabad, possibly because the Western mind finds less to sympathize with in the figures of the Hindu Pantheon than in the exuberant wealth of India's gorgeous flowers and shady groves.

There are many carvings in horn and tortoise-shell from Vizagapatam and Belgaum; pots, vases, bowls and bottles in marble of various colors, solid, mottled and variegated; in soapstone, flowers, and notably a model of a tomb, in which the most minute details are reproduced; and specimens of the original Florentine inlaid marble-work of Agra. In the latter we find white marble inlaid after various designs with agate, chalcedony, topaz, jasper, garnet, lapis-lazuli, coral, crystal, carnelian, and even with pearls, turquoises, amethysts and sapphires. It demands judgment in the selection of the stones, skill in their handling and taste in their arrangement in order to be what may worthily be called artistic. It is ever too easy to perpetrate the grossest crimes against good taste in the richest materials, and it is the crowning glory of

the industrial art of India that mere richness of effect is never sought at the expense of taste.

Lac is used in an endless variety of ways—from making lacquered walking-



ENAMELLED HUKU-STAND OF MOGUL PERIOD.

sticks, boxes, toys and bangles to bracelets and beads. The best work is found in house-decoration and furniture. In the case of some of the Sindh boxes the decorative design is worked out by covering the box with successive layers of

variously-colored lacquer and then cutting away the pattern to the depth required by the color-treatment. Sometimes metal rings appear to be let into incisions, and again the decoration consists exclusively of surface-painting in bright colors. The latter is found upon the *papier-mâché* of Cashmere, which ranks with the best lac-work of India.

We pass the pottery, merely noting the beauty of the colors, and especially of the turquoise-blue, and the graceful simplicity of some of the early forms, the trappings and caparisons, and glance round the magnificent collection of arms, from the rough robbers' clubs bound with serrated iron to the finest chain-mail and rifles inlaid with gold. From Sindh comes a flintlock gun having the barrel inlaid and plated with gold at the muzzle and breech, and bearing an inscription inlaid in gold. Round the muzzle are set nine uncut rubies, and an emerald forms the "sight." The stock is rosewood, curved and expanding at the butt, enriched with mounts of chased gold, and attached to the barrel by three perforated and chased gold bands. In some cases the woodwork is almost obscured by the gold ornaments. On all sides are weapons richly chased and damascened in gold. Weapons are there of the steel that Persia, and even Damascus, never equalled, and they come, as to a masquerade of the dread weapons of war, with handles of crystal, of jade set with rubies and emeralds, of gold and green enamel set all over with table diamonds, and sheathed in green velvet scabbards gleaming with diamonds and fitted with cap, band and chape of green-enamelled gold.

If this people carried such arms, what must their jewelry be? An answer is found in the museum. We again find jade set with emeralds and rubies. From Trichinopoly are gold chains of the snake pattern so finely wrought that the scales are almost invisible, and the chain doubles like thread, or chains and bracelets of rose open-work, most minute and beautiful. From Madras and Delhi comes granulated gold made into ear-drops or

set as bosses in open-work. About everything there is a lightness as far removed as possible from Western ideas of handsome solidity and valuable weight. In the museum a model stands for the purpose of showing how the woman of India wears jewelry. She has not only "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," but in nose and ears, on her hand, dropping over her bosom, round her arms and waist, and loading her ankles, are stringed gems and hoops of gold.

Akin to the jewelry is the gold and silver plate. The cup, or Buddhist relic-casket, already mentioned, is interesting as being one of the oldest examples found in India, and its age, about two thousand years, only tells how much India art-work in the precious metals has been destroyed or lost. There are many excellent examples of the parcel-gilt work of Cashmere, and one shrine-screen of silver, pierced and repoussée, is exceptionally fine in design and treatment. There are tinned brass vessels with incised decorations, sculptured vessels of brass, brass incrustated with copper and copper incrustated with silver, but which can be called the baser and which the richer metals when all assume shapes of such wondrous beauty as the *lotas* and *sarais*, and are decorated with designs so pleasing and with a skill so perfect with damascened work, incrustations or enamel? The metal expicent is forgotten in the art. The enamelled hukustand in the illustration belongs to the best Mogul period of transparent enamelling, and is painted in green and blue enamels. At Jaipur red, blue and green enamels are laid upon pure gold, and the richness and brilliancy of the result have raised the enamels of that place to the first rank among those of all the East.

Here our round of inspection may close, and as the doors shut behind us a remarkable fact presents itself: that in no branch of industrial art, either in metal-work, weaving or carving, can the science of Europe cope with the plodding industry of the East.

JENNIE J. YOUNG.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHILE the small party of soldiers were employed in attracting the attention of the inhabitants to the meaningless parade of taking down the offer of reward and replacing it by the announcement of discovery, the larger portion of their company had already entered Uncle Zebedee's house and seized upon Jerrem, their object being to avoid any defence on the part of the neighbors, which Adam, with a view of preventing further search being made in the house, had assured them was certain to take place unless they could find a means of very speedily effecting their purpose. Although little disposed to be influenced by any of his suggestions, the force of this one was greatly strengthened by the necessity of dividing themselves into two parties, one of which must take Adam on, while the other returned to Polperro to seize the prisoner. And this they managed with such promptitude that in less than ten minutes they had entered the house and had dragged out Jerrem, who, half stupefied, was pinioned and marched off before he was sufficiently aroused to thoroughly comprehend or realize his situation.

The tattoo of the drums announced to the men on the quay that the capture was effected, and the party, hurrying off by the Warren, had joined their comrades, already half up Talland lane, before those who had been spectators of one calamity could exchange their evil tidings with those who had witnessed the other.

Yes, Jerrem was gone—led off to disgrace, maybe to death, through the treachery of his shipmate, his comrade, his—all but in blood—brother. What would come next? Ghastly fears crowded in upon all present. Vengeance grew rank, hatred spread out on all sides: the earth thirsted for his blood, and the air was thick with curses showered on his name. Even Joan turned relentless and flung pity from her heart; while old

Zebedee, stung to the quick by the odium brought upon his name, disowned Adam for his son and took God to witness that so long as life remained every farthing he possessed should be spent in saving Jerrem.

At early dawn of the next day, Joan, at the instance of her uncle and in company with several trusty friends, set off first for Liskeard, and then, if need be, to get on to Plymouth or to Bodmin, at one of which places Jerrem, they said, was certain to be tried. Bodmin jail and Plymouth clink had both been familiar in days gone by to many who still lived to tell their tales and give their experience, and schemes were already abroad to put the larger boats on wheels, so that, if Bodmin were selected, conveyances might be supplied by which the mass of the people could be transported there and see fair play dealt out to their comrade.

But days went by without Joan coming back, and Eve, who was left behind to look after Uncle Zebedee, had to sit and listen to the terrible outpourings of wrath against his son to which the old man gave vent in the presence of his neighbors, and see the more heartrending desolation of spirit which bowed him to the ground when no strange eye was near to witness his weight of woe.

So entirely had the chain of circumstances overpowered Eve that this climax of disaster seemed to have sealed up the flow of her emotions, and listening to and looking at the tears, exclamations, sighs and groans with which the excitable, sympathetic Cornish folk expressed their anguish and their indignation, she asked herself, "Had all feeling left her? Did she no longer care what happened to herself or anybody around her? Was it nothing to her that her life was, as it were, at an end, her future blighted, her hopes dead, her lover disgraced, reviled, disowned and denounced by his own father and his own family?" Any way,

she could find no tears to bewail her sad fate in, no sighs to relieve her burdened heart, no groans to ease her desolate spirit: all was chaos, over which two dark shadows moved—the spectral forms of herself and Adam.

"Uncle, what do you think's become of him? where can he have gone to?" Eve asked one night as, no longer afraid of his neighbors seeing him, the old man tore off the armor under which in their presence he concealed every softer feeling.

"To bottom o' sae, clane gone out o' the world, I hope, where I wishes I was too," groaned Zebedee. "Awh! to think e'er a boy o' mine should ha' sarved us so!—that he us counted 'bove all other flesh and blood should ha' bin the whiles carryin' 'bout the heart of a fausse Judas in his body!"

"Perhaps he was mad," said Eve, dropping her voice in terror of the suggestion.

"Lord send I could see un ravin'!" cried Zebedee. "Why," he added, his voice breaking under the pictured joy, "I'd thraw mysel' 'pon un and hug un to me close, though he tore out my heart 'pon the spot for 't. Naw, lass, naw," he sighed, "he ain't mad: 'tis the devil has seized hold on un somehow: that's what's brought un to this."

"Didn't he say nothing that seems now as if he'd told you that night what he meant to do?" urged Eve.

"Naw, nothin'."

"And you didn't say anything to him, did you?"

"Iss, there 'tis: that's what sticks by me and shaws me plain the vengeance that was in un, 'cos I tawld un that us was tryin' to dale double, so as to manage for Jerrem to stale away."

"You didn't tell him about the soldier?" faltered Eve. "No, you couldn't, because you didn't know anything about it yourself, did you?"

"Iss, I did. Jerrem tawld—he allays tawld me everythin', Jerrem did—and I ups and tells Adam."

An icy grip seized Eve by the heart. "Oh, uncle!" she groaned, "could it be because of that—that he thought about me?"

"What damon's in the maid now?" cried the old man, starting to his feet and standing before her with clenched hands and quivering limbs. "Do 'ee give heed to what 'tis you'm sayin' of? Doan't 'ee know that if I thought that 'twas you was the cause of it I'd scat out yer brains on the planchin' where you'm standing to?"

Eve shrank back in terror, while Zebedee, after a minute's pause, his outburst ended, sank down into his former despondent attitude, muttering, "There! there! let be! let be! Awh, I wander what 'tis a keepin' o' Joan so? Things is all bottom side upmost when her's out o' hailin'-distance."

But two days more passed before Joan returned, bringing with her the startling intelligence that, instead of Bodmin or Plymouth, Jerrem was to be tried in London, to which place report said Adam had already been removed. But, though every one thirsted for news, beyond the bare facts Joan had little with which to satisfy them: she had failed in her endeavor to see Jerrem, of whose present whereabouts even no one could speak with certainty; she could learn no positive tidings of Adam, neither had she been able to ascertain any trustworthy account of the betrayal, only that it was in every one's mouth that Adam had done it, and had meant to do it from the first moment he found that the shot fired against his will would bring them all to trouble. Mr. Macey, the lawyer at Fowey, who had always managed Uncle Zebedee's money-business, had said 'twas a terrible job of it, and though he couldn't take it himself he'd see 'twas carried through by somebody sharper at such work than he was; and he'd sent Uncle Zebedee word that not a stone should be left unturned or a guinea unspent while hope was left that Jerrem's life might be saved; but he also sent a solemn warning to him and to all the Lottery's crew to keep quiet and out of sight until 'twas seen whether they meant to carry their vengeance further, or whether Jerrem's life alone would serve to content them.

"Wa-al," sighed Zebedee, who had listened eagerly to the whole of Joan's details and patiently to old Mr. Macey's

friendly warning, "they'm fair words and kindly spoken, and, so far as they goes, I'll bide by 'em. But hark 'ee here, Joan: if the warst comes to warst, mind this—though they strings me up with un and we swings together, I'll stand yet wance more face to face with Jerrem afore he dies."

"And that you shall," said Joan; "and so will I too, for while in life us cherished un, so while life lasts us 'll never desert un."

"And as for t' other wan," said the stricken old man, his wrinkled face growing pinched and sharp, "may the wound that he's planted in my heart rankle and fester in his own! May he live to know the want o' they he's cast hisself off from, and die a stranger in a furrin land, and be buried where none who knawed un here can point to the grave that holds un!"

"Uncle!" cried Eve, thrusting her fingers into her ears to keep out these terrible words from falling on them—"uncle!" But Joan's upraised hand warned her to keep silent, and turning she saw that a sudden change had fallen upon Zebedee: his features had relaxed, his stretched eyelids were half closed over his glazed eyes, his head drooped low and was sunk down upon his breast.

For some minutes the two girls stood anxiously gazing at him, until Joan, terrified by the ashen pallor which had blanched his usually ruddy cheeks, ventured to speak, and at length succeeded in so far rousing him that he allowed himself to be persuaded to go to bed, and the two girls were left alone.

"You're wanting to run up to your mother's, Joan, ain't you?" said Eve. "I'll sit and watch Uncle Zebedee while you're gone."

"No, never mind for to-night," said Joan wearily.

"Then let me go," said Eve: "'twon't take me any time, and I want a breath of fresh air;" and she rose from her seat as she spoke.

But Joan intercepted. "No, now sit down," she said hurriedly: "there ain't no call for neither to go; 'sides which, 'tis too late. I don't want 'ee to go

wanderin' 'bout in the dark: you'm too much given to goin' out by yourself. It won't do now: 'tain't safe, you knaw."

Eve stared: "Not safe, Joan? Why not?"

"Well, now, I'd rather you didn't. Sit down now, like a dear."

Eve sat down, but, her curiosity awakened by Joan's agitated, nervous manner, she said, "Joan, what is it? I'm sure you've heard something. Tell me, what makes you say we oughtn't to go out by ourselves, eh?"

Joan hesitated. "I wonder," she said, "whether I'd best tell 'ee or not? It may be nothin' but a passel o' mazed talk, only I wouldn't have a finger o' harm laid 'pon 'ee for warlds."

"Why, what is it, Joan?"

"Well, my dear, you see, I've see'd Jonathan. Through Adam's tellin' he was tooked off too and lodged in Plymouth clink; but findin' they couldn't make un spake a word o' sense, when they carr'd Adam away they left Jonathan bide; and there he is, and there I hopes he'll stay."

"You do? What for?" asked Eve, amazed.

"Why, 'cos o' you, Eve. Iss," she said, answering her look of surprise, "he's for all the world like anybody ravin' mad agen you."

"Against me? But why against me?"

"He will have that you'm the cause of it all," said Joan; "and 't seems now he let out to Adam 'bout the letter that Jerrem writ and he broffed, and then he drove un further mad by a passel o' lies he's somehow got tagged on t' it—that you'd ha' told the sergeant, and through that he dropped a bit o' paper, tellin' of it all, into the rendevoos winder; for, seemin', that was how they got scent o' the Lottery's landin'."

"And Adam believed him?" gasped Eve.

"He must have," sobbed Joan; "and then I reckon somethin' he see'd or heerd that night finished un."

"Oh, Joan!" cried Eve, flinging herself down and burying her head on Joan's lap.

"Iss: don't it seem as if us all must

have some hand in tightenin' the rope that's round that poor sawl's neck?"

"And Adam could believe that I would betray them—would betray him?" and, clasping her hands, Eve looked up as if making an appeal to some unseen presence—"him," she said, "for whom I would have given my life—for whom," she cried, breaking down, "oh, Joan, I would give my life now!"

"Iss, I know you would," said Joan, hugging her close to her. "Why, haven't I called un everything bad before 'ee, o' purpose 'cos I should see 'ee flare up agen me for doin' it? and haven't I blessed 'ee in my heart for stickin' to un through thick and thin? Awh, Eve, my dear, don't 'ee judge me hard for keeping all to Jerrem's side. 'Tain't only love for Jerrem makes me do it, but that Adam sha'n't never be fooled by havin' the stain o' blood restin' 'pon un. If 'twas only for that I'd spend my last breath to save Jerrem from hangin'."

"They think they'll try to hang him?" said Eve in a faltering voice.

"Iss, for certain they'll try; and, though I didn't say so to uncle, all Mr. Macey fears is that wan life won't content 'em, neither."

"Could Adam have known that?" whispered Eve.

"He knawed 'twas death to whoever was took, and a free pardon to whoever told on 'em, or else why didn't he take and knock him on the head hisself? Jonathan says," she added after a minute's pause, "that when he'd told un 'bout you he sprung on un like a tiger and shook un like a rat; and after, when it comed to 'bout the letter, he roared out like a bull belvin', and then fell flat down 'pon his face like one struck for death."

"Oh, why, why did Jerrem send that letter?" moaned Eve, wringing her hands in desperation.

"Iss, why indeed?" said Joan. "Though that could have had nothin' to do with the findin' out, that I can see; for, if 'twas the last word I spoked, I could take an oath to never havin' quitted a word 'bout it to a single livin' sawl; and as to you meetin' the ser-

geant, why, you never stirred from this, did 'ee?—Let's see: what did us do that day?" she added, trying to recall the past events; while Eve, sensible of having concealed her meeting with Reuben May, averted her face so that Joan might not perceive its terrible pallor.

Over and over again had Eve endeavored to screw up her courage to tell Joan of this meeting, since which one misfortune after another had crowded so thickly upon them as to make each endeavor seem inopportune. For days after the interview she had every now and again been seized with terror lest Reuben should make his appearance, and great was her relief when, as time went on, she began to be released from this anxiety. But no suspicion that he could in any way have been connected with the betrayal had ever entered her mind until now, when, as Joan spoke of her being the supposed betrayer, a sudden dart of terror seemed to strike her. Was it possible? Could she have said anything that Reuben had laid hold of against them? For an instant Eve wrestled with the doubt and tried to crush it, but so vividly did it rise up before her that at any cost she felt it must be set at rest, and seizing Joan's hand she blurted out, "Joan, there's one thing I've never told you of—that the day we expected them all back, after Jerrem's letter had come, I went out for a bit by Talland way, and there, just down before you come to the Warren stile, I met—"

"Not he! No, doan't 'ee tell me you see'd the sergeant!" cried Joan, forcing her hands up to Eve's mouth as if to keep back the words.

"The sergeant? no!" said Eve indignantly; "but the young man I told you of from London—Reuben May."

"Reuben May, Eve? Why, however did he come down 'long this way? What broffed un here, eh?"

"He was coming to see me," said Eve. "He had come in Capen Triggs's vessel because of something he'd heard about us, and the minute he saw me he began about uncle and Adam, calling them both thieves and robbers, and I can't tell what."

"But that wouldn't make 'ee tell un nothin' 'bout their landin'?" said Joan.

"No: I feel sure I never mentioned that. I told him they were expected home, because I feared he'd want to come that night and see you all; but then we fell to quarrelling again, and parted in such anger that I said I hoped never to see his face again."

"But whatever made 'ee keep it to yourself and never spake of it till now?" said Joan, turning her eyes upon Eve with a look of anxious scrutiny.

"I never meant to keep it from you, Joan," said Eve earnestly; "and only that your mother and Mrs. Climo and the rest were here, I should have told you the minute I got back: then, when they were gone, I said, 'I'll tell her as soon as we come down from the cliff;' but what happened there put everything else out of my head for that night, and since then, though I've had it on my lips to say twenty times, something has always come up to hinder me from speaking."

"I'd a made sure you'd never cast eyes on any man outside the place," said Joan, perplexed by this new opening-out of difficulties.

"I wish now, more than ever, that it had never happened," sighed Eve. "Still, Joan, the more I think of it the more certain I feel that Reuben May had no hand in it, unless it could be that anybody might have watched us together. That's not impossible, although I never met a single soul, coming or going."

Joan made no comment: for a minute she seemed to struggle and debate with her thoughts; then, suddenly looking up, she said, "Eve, you'll have to go back home to wance: it 'ull never do to have 'ee stayin' here now."

"But why, Joan? Has what I have told you made you think ill of me? Don't you believe that I am speaking the truth when I say that what kept me silent were the bitter words that Reuben May spoke? I meant to tell you of it, because I had spoken of him to you before, but I could never have told Adam that one I had counted as my greatest friend had called him a thief over whose head the gallows was dangling;" and at the remembrance

of how near those words seemed now to the truth Eve burst into a passion of tears.

"Now, don't 'ee go for to cry like that," exclaimed Joan, dashing away the drops which were blinding her own eyes. "Whatever 'tis, I loves 'ee too well to think harm of 'ee for it; and whether 'twas he or some other man, t' mischief's done now and can't be set straight agen. But, Eve, us mustn't let more harm come to us if we can hinder it; and I tawld 'ee that I didn't like the angry words and the manin' looks o' Jonathan, and he gived two or three twists o' hisself while he was spakin' that made me turn as cold as death, and 't seemed as if I couldn't draw my eyes away from the glarin' roll he was lookin' about un with."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Jonathan," said Eve, trying to brave down the tremor of nervous fear which was creeping through her—"a poor half-witted creature, who says one thing this minute and forgets all about it the next."

"Awh, my dear, don't 'ee sneer at Jonathan," said Joan reprovingly: "he's a bitter foe, I'll warn 'ee. And when," she added, dropping her voice to a whisper, "he talks of maidens who loves to stand gazin' 'pon the sea growin' dizzy and fallin' in, and o' folks bein' 'ticed fro' their homes and never comin' back 'longs agen, 'tis time to steer clear of un, Eve, for there's devilry in his words and mischief broodin' in his mind."

"Why, Joan," gasped Eve, "surely he wouldn't—you don't think he'd murder me?" and as the words came trembling out her very lips turned white with horror.

"I wouldn't like to lave 'ee in his way," faltered Joan.

"But he'd be afraid, wouldn't he?"

"Wa-al, if so be he could get free to tell his story there's no knawin' what might come of it. I had to dale double with un as it was, and manage so that neither wan but me got in to see un; and 'fore he gets set free altogether, Eve, you must put miles atween you and they who, when they'd listened to his story, would awnly be too quick to shut their eyes to what they wasn't axed to take part in."

"Of course, in that case," said Eve,

"'tis best I should go back by myself again to London."

And as the words came slowly dragging forth, the narrow street, the obscured sky, the stifling air weighed down upon her, and crushed her with a sense of gloom unknown before when her thirst for freedom was but a want unsatisfied. Her whole being revolted against the cruel exchange: her nature cried out in protest, but in vain.

The more they discussed the point the more convinced they both became that there was no other possible alternative; and the money for her journey being supplied by Uncle Zebedee, under pretence of accompanying Jochabed Giles in one of her stolen visits to Plymouth Eve set off late one afternoon, intending to rest by the way, and get on the next day to Plymouth, whence she would take coach to London.

There was to be no leavetaking, for no one must know that she was going away. So, with only a nod of good-bye to Uncle Zebedee and a moment's desperate clinging to Joan, Eve left the house, and in silent sadness followed Jochabed down the street, past the Warren, and away along by the cliff-path until they came to the jutting point which, once past, shuts out all view of Polperro from beyond. Here Eve paused, and motioning Jochabed to go on she turned and bade her eyes gaze round upon the scene and look their last farewell.

The sun, which all day long had shone hot and fierce, had run its course and sunk to rest, leaving its trail of glory to tip the hills above and be reflected down in crimson glow upon the sea below. The mist of heat which all day long had hung over the land, though rolled away from there, still floated in filmy clouds before the harbor's mouth, veiling the little haven and casting broad shadows on the rugged cliffs, up whose steep sides the white-faced houses clung, higher and higher still, till they were lost amid the tangle of the ridge which crowns the valley's sides.

Like an echo awakened by some tuneful strain which jars on the ear and smites the heart because the voice which gave it melody is still and hushed for ever,

the sunset calm of that peaceful scene jarred on the misery of her who stood stricken and desolate. Involuntarily she shut her eyes, that through them at least her heart should be no longer pierced; and when she opened them again a mist of gathering tears obscured her view and blotted out the prospect from her sight. Then, slowly turning, Eve went her way, knowing that while this life should last the face of that fair portion of earth would never meet her eyes again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REUBEN MAY had been but a short time back in London when one evening, as he was closing the shutters of his small shop, a boy presented himself, saying he was the landlady's nephew at Knight's Passage, and had been sent by her to ask Mr. May for some of the things he was taking care of for Eve Pascal.

"Why, what does she want them for?" asked Reuben curly.

"She wants them for Eve Pascal herself," said the boy. "Eve Pascal has come back again: she came back this morning, only she hadn't got any one to send till now."

"All right," said Reuben, returning to his shutter-closing and then proceeding to fasten the door: "I'll go round and speak to her myself."

"Then you won't want me?" said the boy, not sorry to be released by his stern-looking companion.

"No: you can go your own way," replied Reuben, already several paces in advance, and walking with such rapid strides that a few minutes brought him to the house which had been the scene of all the romance his life had ever known.

"Oh, Mr. May!" but, paying no heed to the landlady's voice and without a pause, Reuben ran up the different flights of stairs, knocked at the door, opened it, and found himself at once in the presence of Eve: "Eve!"

"Reuben!"

And then silence, each looking at the other, wondering what could have

wrought such a change; for the bodily fatigue and mental anxiety undergone by Reuben had told as heavily on his appearance as the sorrow Eve had endured had told on hers, although the absence of original comeliness made the alteration in him less generally noticeable.

"Have you been ill, Eve?" and as he put the question a wild thought sprang up that perhaps her suffering had been on his account, and, stirred by this prompting, Reuben took her hand in his and looked with tender anxiety into her face.

"No," she said, quietly withdrawing her hand, "I have not been ill. Have you? You look very ill."

"Oh, that's on account of my having walked most of the way back here from Plymouth: it's a stiffish tramp, you know, and took the little flesh I had off my bones."

Eve paused for an instant, as if trying to repress the over-haste of her question: then she said, while her face was half turned away, "Did you go straight on to Plymbuth after I saw you?"

"I got to Plymouth before daylight the next morning. I was forced to rest a bit here and there on the way, as I'd come the same ground once before that day; but the night was fine; so, as I didn't care about stopping anywheres, I stumped on without waiting to see Triggs even—made a message do for him—and started off on my journey."

"Then you never went near Looe at all?" Eve exclaimed with eagerness.

"Ah!" replied Reuben, evading a direct reply by a little laugh, under which he heralded his answer, "you may be sure I didn't stop to inquire the names of all the places I passed through: I was in too hot haste to turn my back on them for anything of that sort."

"Oh, thank God!" said Eve; and at the words her whole mind and body seemed to relax from the strain imposed on them by the suspicion that in some indistinct way on her had rested the blame of the betrayal.

"Thank God?" repeated Reuben sharply. "Thank God for what?"

Vol. XXVI.—35

"For not making me the betrayer of those who put their trust in me."

Reuben's face turned crimson, but so engrossed was Eve by her own satisfaction that his sudden confusion was lost upon her, and she continued: "I may as well tell you, Reuben, that a terrible trouble has fallen upon me and mine since I parted with you. That very night some one played us false and betrayed the Lottery into the hands of the revenue."

"I can't see what else was to be expected," said Reuben stolidly: "when men run their necks into a noose they may be pretty sure of some day finding the knot drawn tight."

"I was so afraid that you might have laid hold on anything I said to you, and had been led in any way to tell it against them," sighed Eve, paying no heed to the taunt with which Reuben had hoped to sting her.

"And supposing I had," he said, "oughtn't you to thank me for doing it? Don't tell me, Eve"—and he threw into his tone a mixture of contempt and bitterness—"that you've come to take it as a trial that those you talk of belonging to are forced into taking to honest ways."

"Those I belong to have been hunted down like dogs," she cried. "A price has been set upon their lives, and one of them has been dragged away up here that they may try and hang him if they can."

"What?" exclaimed Reuben, starting to his feet—"hang him? Who are they going to hang? What can they hang him for? Is it your cousin, Adam Pascal, you're talking of?"

"No: I wish it was," said Eve, her face quivering with the emotion the relation of these details stirred within her; "but, though 'twas in fair fight, 'twas Jerrem shot the man."

"Shot what man?" gasped Reuben.

"The revenue-man. The Lottery was lying still, waiting for the tide to come up, when the boats crept up behind them in the dark; and if it hadn't been for Adam not one among their crew would have lived to tell the tale, but by his word he kept his own men quiet—all but Jerrem,

who fired his gun, and down the revenue-man fell, dead."

Reuben stifled the exclamation which rose to his lips, and Eve, to whose days of pent-up misery the repetition of these woes seemed to bring relief, continued: "At first all blamed Adam and praised Jerrem, but almost at once the soldiers came, and they'd only barely time to hide away from them. Adam went to the mill, and was there a week and more; and then some one told him that 'twas I was the cause of their being betrayed; and it drove him so mad with jealousy and rage that he told of the place where Jerrem was hid; and the next day the soldiers came again, dragged Jerrem out and carried him away. And now, though uncle spends every guinea he has got, 'tis almost sure that through Adam's word Jerrem will be hanged; for they say they've brought them both to London, and that they're lodged in Newgate jail."

Up to this time Reuben's eyes seemed riveted upon Eve's face, but as she paused he bent his head and sunk it down upon the table near—a movement that at any former time would naturally have awakened some surprise, but now Eve had grown so familiar with the aspect of sorrow that she regarded all visible emotion as an outburst of the certain sympathy to be expected from her hearers. "Now you know why it is, Reuben," she continued, "that I feel so glad that you had no hand in anything of this; for you must overlook the anger that I showed at that time. I've been sorry for it often since, and feared you'd count me over-bold for talking as I did. Not that I'm changed, Reuben, nor think one bit the less of Adam for what's happened. No; and though all the world should turn their backs on him, I'd stand by his side; and to prove it I must find him out and tell him that, in spite of all they've told him, in heart and tongue I've never been untrue to him." And, filled with the desire of seeing the man she loved, Eve clasped her hands and sat trying to revolve her plans, while Reuben commenced pacing the little room with a troubled air.

Suddenly bringing himself to a stand

before Eve, he said, "Eve, be sure your sin will find you out."

"No, Reuben—no;" and she put up her hand as if to avert the continuance of any homily: "'tis of no good talking like that. Sorrow has sealed up my heart against taking condemnation or comfort from anything of that sort."

"It isn't of you I'm thinking," he exclaimed. "Oh," he cried, giving vent to his pent-up feelings, "down into what a pitfall a minute's evil passion may fling a man! To think that I, while I was crying vengeance against others, was drawing down the wrath of God upon my own head, stamping myself with the brand of Cain, and doing the devil's work by sending men to death with all their sins still heavy on their souls!"

"Reuben, what is it you mean?" and seizing hold of him with both her hands, Eve gazed into his face.

"That the thought you had was true," he said, "and that 'twas me who dropped the paper in that told them where the Lottery would be found;" and a tremor ran through Reuben's frame: his pulses for a moment quickened, and then grew faint and seemed to die away; while Eve uttered neither word nor sound: her eyes drooped, her hold relaxed, and tottering she sank back into the seat behind her, and there sat motionless and still as one carved out of stone.

The abandonment of hope, the unutterable despair of face and form, so unlike anything which Reuben had ever seen in Eve, touched him as no reproaches could have done. That depth of misery which words can neither describe nor express pierced his inmost soul and added to the stings with which conscience was already smiting him. Not for the act of betrayal, for had there been no Eve to prompt him Reuben would have looked upon it as an act of justice that he should aid the law against men who set order and government at defiance, and though each man on board had met his death Reuben would have held his conscience free of any tittle of reproach; but, equitable and unyielding to himself as well as to others, he full well knew that when he wrote the words which sealed the Lot-

tery's fate justice was clean gone out of his mind. He neither knew nor cared what might become of the men whose safety he betrayed: the whole rancor of his hate was turned against his rival; and the paper he flung into the rendezvous window was as much a blow aimed at Adam as if he had dealt him a thrust and had stabbed him in the dark.

"Eve," he said, "words are but poor things at a time like this, and if I spoke from now till never I couldn't make you see by them the misery I feel; but if you'll trust me this far, I swear by Him who sees us both and knows our hearts that no stone shall be unturned, no thing undone. I'll walk London over, and neither rest day nor night till I find out Adam Pascal and his comrade and tell them the whole truth. And when I say this," he added, his face working with emotion, "don't fancy 'tis because of love of you, Eve: I know that, come what may, we never can be nothing more than friends now; but oh—" and he held out his hands toward her—"let's at least be that, Eve: let me help you to set yourself clear with the man who, be he what he may, it seems you've given all your heart to; and you—you help me to rid myself of the thought that I've led into sin and hurried on to death fellow-creatures whose godless lives I'd now give my own to save. Together, if we set our minds to work, there's no knowing what we mayn't do yet. Warrants have been quashed and pardons given when men have reached the very gallows' foot; and as for getting in, why Mr. Osborne knows Newgate prison, every inch, from going there with old Silas Told when he was living, and he'll do anything for me; so there'll be no fear about that. And you know *me*, Eve: you know how when I'm set upon a thing I strain my utmost nerve to get it done;" and, pausing, he stood watching with mingled hope and fear the effect of his words—first, the flush of spreading color, then the quivering mouth and eyes, and finally the rush of tears which lifted up and cleared away that stone-like gloom.

A ray of hope seemed once more

near, and catching at the feeblest chance of being brought again face to face with Adam, Eve, unable to speak, stretched out her hand, which Reuben took, grasped it almost to pain, then let it go, and with it every hope of love that lingered still for Eve.

The rest of the time was spent in explanations of the various incidents relating to the all-engrossing event, the details which bore upon it, the circumstances which surrounded it, until, from following out all these into their different channels, Reuben began to have a clearer conception of the men, their characters, their individual virtues and collective failings, growing interested in them almost against his will. The hour was late before he recollected that until he reached his home he could hardly settle his plans so as to secure an entrance into the prison on the following day. Bidding Eve good-night, he left the house and walked away, only stopping at the turn of the street to step into the road and cast his wistful gaze up to the window of the room which to him now was as the tomb of his dead love.

An ordinary workingman standing in an obscure street is not a figure to arouse much interest, and Reuben's stolid face gave little index to the varied emotions which surged within his troubled heart. He was able to return the gruff "Good-night!" the watchman gave, and the old man, passing on, went wondering as to the cause of such anxious survey on Reuben's part. For as he stood his thoughts ran here and there, and by the magic of their power showed to his view the long-gone joys of other days. He watched the struggling birth of love, scorched himself in its flame, and felt by turns the tortures and delights its presence gives to those who live on hope alone: then sadly saw it fade from out his sight, sicken and faint almost to death, and yet it did not die until by that one action he had robbed it of life and killed it evermore. Yes, love was dead, and love was Eve; and for Reuben May the Eve he had loved so fondly lived no longer.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DURING the time which had elapsed since the night on which Eve Pascal and Reuben May renewed their bond of friendship many an anxious incident had occurred to test its value and cement its strength.

Jerrem and Adam were familiar names to Reuben now, and the men who bore them were often before his eyes and constantly in his thoughts. Prepared as Reuben had been for undergoing much awkwardness in delivering himself of the tale he had to tell, he found he had greatly underrated the pain and humiliation he actually felt when, through the interest of his friend, he found himself within the walls of Newgate and in the presence of Adam. Reuben was no coward, yet it needed all the strength of his strictly-disciplined mind to open up and lay bare before a rival's eyes those wounds which love had made and time had had no space to heal. He shrank from placing in front of Adam the picture of himself and Eve as they had stood in the days when, Adam all unknown, the balance of a happy future seemed trembling still within the hand of Fate; and he paused from time to time as he spoke, hoping some word or sign would make his task more easy; but Adam never spoke or turned aside his eyes, and under that fixed gaze Reuben was forced to tell his tale out to the end, constraining his pride to give out word for word what Eve had said in Adam's praise, and searing the green memory of his love by making his lips repeat those vows which she had told him bound her to another.

At length the task was ended, the jealous rage, the mad revenge, was all confessed; and satisfied that, whatever guilt it might please Adam to lay to his charge, he had at least shown that Eve was free from any shadow of stain, Reuben paused, and the two so strangely linked stood looking at each other with envy, jealousy, distrust clouding their minds, while a chord of sympathy drew them together as they recognized a similitude in their actions which made each self-abasement uttered find an echo in its listener's breast. Proud, stern, unyielding to

emotion as both these men had lived, it was not in them to take comfort in the shifts and excuses weaker natures find: the hearts that had refused pity for their neighbors would not entreat it because they themselves now stood in need. As they had judged their fellows so they arraigned themselves, and thus unwittingly rendered the first atonement man is called upon to make.

The sight of Adam's strong, powerful form shaken and bowed down by the remorse he strove in vain to control moved Reuben strangely. The haggard pallor of his striking face, the sunken eyes, the untasted food, the unslept-in bed,—each told its tale of misery and woe, and opened out to Reuben a depth of despair his own experience hitherto had furnished him with no gauge to measure. What if with no further warning he fetched up Eve to Adam's aid? The thought would bear no hesitation: a thousand jealous "Noes" battled with the suggestion, but Reuben's better self resolved to have its way, and, seizing the opportunity of Adam's head being bent down in his arms, Reuben went swiftly out and along down to the keeper's room, where Eve had been left impatiently awaiting his return.

Although the grating of the hinge roused Adam, he neither stirred nor moved until, satisfied by the unbroken silence that Reuben had left him to himself, he ventured to raise his head. Where could he go? where hide himself from human gaze? And as the thought of all his shame came crowding to his mind he started up and wildly stared around, and then around again, seeing each time the walls, which looked so near, draw nearer still. No hope! no hope! Here he must live until the hour when those who brought him here would drag him forth to swear away his comrade's life. O God! how helpless he felt! and as he let himself drop down each limb gave way and nerveless fell, as if Dejection claimed him for her own. The time had been when Adam's mind was racked by thoughts of what lay in the hearts of those he had left behind: their pictured hatred and contempt stung him to madness; the words they would say, the curses they were uttering,

seemed ever ringing in his ears. But Reuben's tale had for the time swept this away and filled its place with dark remorse for what he had done to Jerrem. True, Reuben had shown that Jerrem's hand had wrought his own and their destruction, but what of that? Adam through him had wreaked his vengeance on them all—had, Judas-like, delivered them to death: henceforth, branded and disgraced, he must be an outcast or a wanderer. As this fallen spectre of himself rose up and flitted in his sight a cry of wild despair burst forth, wrenched from the depths of his proud heart—a cry which some one near sent echoing back; and as it came his hands were caught, and Pity seemed to stretch her arms and fold him to her breast.

Was it a nightmare he was waking from—some hideous dream in which our bodies slumber while our fancies live a lifetime? Would this vision of Eve (for Eve it was who knelt close by his side, her arms around his neck) melt away and fade as many a one of her had done before? She calls him love—her love, the husband of her heart. What! he, this guilty outcast—can he be this to any one, and most of all to Eve?

A finger's touch seemed laid upon the veil which hitherto had shut out hope from Adam's view, and as it shrivelled up and rolled away the light revealed that Mercy still sat throned on high, and bowing down his head on Eve's neck he let his stricken soul take comfort in the thought.

But while Adam was thus cast down under suffering, sorrow had taken but a slight hold on Jerrem, who, after the first shock produced by the horrors of a place then branded as "the darkest seat of woe this side of hell," gradually regained his old elasticity, and was soon ready to treat, laugh and drink with all who came near him. His merry jokes, his quaint sea-songs, the free handling he gave to his plentiful supply of money,—all served to ensure his popularity, so that, instead of the man sunk under misery and despair whom Reuben, after leaving Adam, had girded himself up to encounter, he came

upon Jerrem rollicking and gay, a prime favorite with all the authorities, and a choice spirit amid the crew of tried and untried prisoners who in those days crowded together in the foul wards of Newgate.

Fresh from the sight of Adam's dark remorse, filled with compunction at the thought of all the ills their joint passions had hurled on Jerrem's head, Reuben had invested Jerrem with a sense of wrong, to make reparation for which he had come prepared to offer whatever sacrifice he should demand. To find the man for whom all this feeling had been conjured up reckless and unconcerned, casting oaths against his ill-luck one moment and cutting jokes at his possible fate the next, jarred upon Reuben terribly, and made him at once decide that it would be worse than useless to urge upon him any necessity for taking thought for his soul when he was so utterly reckless as to what would become of his body. The story Reuben had to tell of himself and Eve, the betrayal, and the suspicions it had aroused against Eve in Adam, merely affected Jerrem as a matter for surprise and curiosity. He seemed pleased to hear that Eve was close at hand, but still expressed no wish to see her. He talked about Adam, and with a painful absence of all malice told Reuben to say to him that he'd best lay it thick on his back, so that the judge and jury would let the other chaps go free. The circumstance of being brought to London to be tried seemed to afford him immense satisfaction—a thing, he said, that hadn't happened for sixty years and more, since old — swung for it; and then he fell to wondering how soon that might be his fate, and if so how many from Polperro would make the stretch to come so far. He'd promise them it shouldn't be for nothing: he'd show the Cornishmen that he could cut his capers game. Only one subject seemed able to sober or subdue his reckless spirit, and this was any mention of Joan or Uncle Zebedee: to them the poor soul seemed to cling with all the love his nature could command. And when Reuben, instructed by Eve, told him how stricken down the old man lay, and farther on promised to write for him all the

messages he wished to send to Joan, a heart of wax seemed given to his keeping, in which it now must be his care to mould the little good there yet was time to teach. And so it happened that in all his future visits—and every hour that Reuben had to spare was given up to Jerrem—Joan was the theme that threaded all their discourse, and by her power Jerrem's soft heart and softer nature became to Reuben as an open page, wherein he read of actions in which good and bad were so mixed up and jumbled that in the very midst of his reproof and condemnation Reuben was often forced to stand abashed before some act of generous pity which found no echo in his former life. And out of this humility, which grew in strength, there sprang forth greater merits than from all the weary efforts he made at working out his own atonement; for Reuben, like Adam, had been over-satisfied about his own rectitude, and took pride in the knowledge that if ever he had committed a wrong he had acknowledged it freely and expiated it to the uttermost farthing; while Jerrem, for the first time in his life brought to see guilt in what he had counted pleasure, scarce dared to listen to a hope of mercy for himself, but rather craved Reuben to beg it for the many who had been thoughtless sharers in his folly. His ruling desire was to see Joan once more, and no sooner was he told that the admiralty session had begun and that his day of trial, although not fixed, was near at hand, than he begged Reuben to write and ask Joan to delay her promised visit no longer; and this Reuben did, adding on his own account that, from what the lawyer said, it would be best she came at once by the coach which would reach London on the following Thursday week, on which day Reuben would be waiting to receive her.

Now, at the onset of this disaster had such a letter reached Polperro not a man in the place but, short of knowing it would cost his life, would have risked all else to go to London, and if Jerrem was to die give him courage by mustering round their comrade at the last. But the down-pour of disaster had cowed these daring spirits, and the men who had not known

what fear meant so long as success was secure now trembled and gave way under the superstitious certainty that ill-luck was following them and Misfortune had marked them for her own. Their energies paralyzed, they succumbed to what they looked upon as Fate, and in most cases were seized without a struggle and led off to the nearest prisons without an effort on their own part toward resistance.

The money over which, from the small scope for spending it, they had seemed so lavish and reckless, when needed for lawyers and counsel and bribes went but a small way; and though they made a common purse of all their hoards, not a day passed without some house being stripped of the substance which adorned it, so that money might be got for the husband, the son, the brothers who had brought these treasures home. The women, on their knees, pressed on the farmers' wives their chintzes, their lace, their gaudy stock of jewelry, and when this market failed toiled along to Liskeard, Plymouth and Launceston, carrying their china, silver plate and bowls in the hope of finding somebody to buy them.

With a revenue cutter—often two—always in sight, landing parties of king's men, who, recalling ugly thoughts of the hated press-gang, roamed hither and thither, ready to seize any one who happened to show his face; with half the husbands, sons and brothers in Plymouth clink or Bodmin jail, and the rest skulking in farm-houses or lying hidden in the secret places; with plenty vanishing and poverty drawing nigh,—the past circumstances which had led to this desolation were swallowed up in the present misery it had entailed upon them; and though every one now knew the whole story as it stood—how that through Jerrem writing to Eve she had had it in her power to tell Reuben May, her former lover, who, led on by jealousy, had betrayed them to the revenue-men—so familiar had Reuben's good services to Jerrem become known that it was taken as only one more of his many friendly actions that he should write to Joan, urg-

ing her to come to London without delay, and promising to meet her and see that she was taken care of. If any among them thought that Joan would go probably to Eve's home, they made no mention of it, for Eve's name was by a tacit understanding banished from their mouths, and the memory of her lay as a seal to that dark sepulchre wherein, with bitter scorn and hate, Adam lay buried.

There was no question now of Uncle Zebedee going, for the confinement, the excitement and the degradation had been too much for the old man, whose free and happy life had never known trouble or restraint, and his mind had gradually weakened under the burden imposed upon it; so that now, except when some unexpected incident roused the flickering flame of memory, the past few months were blotted from his mind, and in com-

pany with Jonathan—who, broken down by ill-usage and turned out of prison to die, had managed to crawl back to the friends he knew he should find shelter with—he roamed about harmless and contented, always watching for the Lottery's return, and promising, when she did come back, that he would give them all a fling such as Polperro had not seen for many a day.

It was an easy matter to cheat him now, and when, her journey all arranged, Joan stepped into the boat which was to take her round to Plymouth and left old Zebedee standing on the shore, raising his thin cracked voice to fetch her ear with cheery messages for Jerrem and for Adam, whom she was going to meet, her cup of bitterness seemed to overflow.

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PIVOTAL POINT.

WE are but beginning to understand what this America of ours is to do for the Old World. If we consider it under the figure of a vast steamship journeying to the relief of the mother nations, surely the beef and the flour, the cotton and the corn, even the inventions, with which it is freighted, form the least portion of its immeasurable cargo of supplies. Now, imagining our republic to be such a vessel, if Alaska be the stern and Florida the prow turned toward the other hemisphere for the peaceful conquest thereof, then must New York on the left hand and Texas upon the right be, in the days to come, the great paddle-wheels which shall drive it onward—New York not more so in a commercial than Texas in an agricultural sense. But it is with Texas only that we have here to do, and this in order to detail certain things hitherto unpublished which may not be without their use to the Humes and Motleys, the Froudes and Macaulays, of our nation in the wonderful future.

It is well to bear in mind from the outset that Texas is by far the largest of the States. To get even an idea of this, place within its boundaries New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Pennsylvania: even then you must pack into the crevices between these two or three granite boulders each of the size of Massachusetts to make a solid territory as large as Texas. As to that, however, Alaska is vast, and so is Sahara. If you set out upon a journey south and south-westward, beginning at the Potomac, and visit every Southern State in its order upon the map, you will find—and that almost immediately upon your arrival in Texas—that you have reached that State of them all which surpasses the others as much in prosperity as it does in dimensions. Near as Texas is to the equator, the oxygen of its abnormal growth is perceived by the newcomer in almost his first breath. There is a combination of causes for this. The Puritan who landed on Plymouth Rock gave character to, and

transmitted himself down, the after ages of New England history; and the same is true of the influence of the Connecticut Austin who in 1820 began the settlement of Texas. The lapse of two centuries may have given a more earthward direction to the old energy, but the energy itself is there; and, somehow, the character and history of this larger New England of the West have been along the same line. Everything has helped forward the prosperity of the State. General health, moderate taxation, fertility of soil, astonishing diversity of product, cheap and rapid construction of railroads along lines both of latitude and longitude, immeasurable reserves of alternate sections of land held sacred for education,—these are some of the causes which are attracting an immigration of about a hundred thousand a year to a realm so vast that the two millions already there seem but pioneers of the coming hosts.

But that which strikes the stranger most is the seemingly small proportion of negroes to whites in comparison with other Southern States; and this is becoming more marked every year. In one thing the population seems to be unanimous, and that is that Texas shall remain, vast as it is, one undivided State, a recent legislature having set apart three millions of acres toward the construction of a new capitol at Austin which shall be worthy of that one of the United States which is also, and in itself, an empire so much larger than Germany that to bring the balance to a level you must cast into the scale with it Jamaica, Holland, Denmark, Belgium and Greece. There is the momentum as of its enormous bulk in the prosperity of Texas; and not a man of us, however wide awake he is, but is a Rip Van Winkle as to what it is coming to be.

But all this is said in order to something else. Heaven knows that the history of Texas was romantic enough during the era of the mysterious Aztec, then of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Mexican, and after that of the original and unadulterated Texan of the battles of '36, and yet there is a page, unprinted hitherto, of its annals, in connection with the

Confederacy, which is, in some senses, the most interesting of all. To appreciate it one must remember that, unlike any other State, Texas was once a republic which had won its independence with its own sword. Of its own free will it deliberately abdicated its nationality as such to become one of the United States. When the fever of Secession set in, of all the Southern States it was, on account both of its size and strategic location, the most important. An anecdote in regard to Mr. Lincoln may illustrate this. One of the early settlers of Texas was a gentleman whom I will designate as Mr. S—. There is hardly a citizen of the State but will know who is meant, so long and thoroughly has he been recognized over its broad domain for his indomitable energy, sagacity and magnificent success, as well as for an integrity and high sense of honor unimpeached by any. Except as he was compelled by the very qualities of his clear-headed character to be a Union man during the rebellion, Mr. S— has never meddled in politics, and no man stands higher to-day in the estimation of the best men in Texas than he. As a Union man he was obliged to absent himself from the State during the war, and was in Washington in 1864. As soon as Mr. Lincoln knew of his arrival he sent for him, and held three different interviews with him in regard to Texas. During these conversations the President dwelt at length and with the utmost energy upon the necessity, in a military sense, of Texas to the Federal cause. "If we held Texas," he said, "we should not only outflank the Confederacy by land, but by water also;" and he developed the statement in all its details. "Go back," he entreated Mr. S—, "and say to your State that if it will return to the Union the slaves will not be interfered with."

"But the Emancipation Proclamation has been issued," Mr. S— exclaimed.

"No matter for that. We will consent to any plan for gradual emancipation the Texans will make," replied the President: "they may arrange for it not to go into effect for forty years to come if they will but return. We will fix it to suit them. One thing is certain," he went on: "even

if the Confederacy should succeed with the other Southern States, we will never give up Texas. With it we can fence in the Confederacy, and whatever befalls we can never let Texas go—never!"

After much further conversation the President led Mr. S—— to the window and pointed to the trees. "Do you see," he said, "how the buds upon those boughs are swelling as they yield to the coming spring and summer? So is it in regard to the matters of which we are speaking: there is a Power mightier than we which, inevitable, irresistible, is dealing with them. Upon that Power we also can afford to wait. But we will never give up Texas, Mr. S——: never!"

Let it be added here, as casting light upon the characteristics of Texas, that it was never conquered by the Federal forces. Although attacked often and from almost every quarter, it invariably repelled the assault. When it succumbed at last it was from within, and not as the result of any victory achieved by Federal troops upon its own soil. But all this is merely to show that, superior in many respects to every other Southern State, the case of Texas was unique in almost every point of view; and this is stated with reference to what is now to follow.

When the rebellion began, General Sam Houston, who had been president of Texas when it was a republic, was governor of the State. In common with the overwhelming majority of the people, Houston was utterly hostile to Secession. With them he knew too well what Texas had been and how it had come into the Union. There was a certain grand inertia of the great State which resisted the noisy efforts of South Carolina to drag it out, as a stately ship resists, of itself and although its crew be passive, the attempts of a little tug to tow it along. Not one-fourth of the people of the State voted, when the test came, for Secession, and no man opposed it more determinedly than did its governor. If, like Texas among the States, he towered among men, almost a giant in stature and breadth of person, like Texas also he was peculiar every way. It required men of marked individuality to settle

the country, to wrest it from Mexico, to erect it into a republic; and no Texan was more emphatically "himself and nobody else" than was the ponderous chief magistrate. Manifold stories illustrative of this are still afloat there: let one suffice, even if it shows also the weakness of the man. One morning when he was president of the republic the envoy from France called to confer with him upon an affair of critical importance. The executive mansion was but a log-cabin boarding-house at the time, and the only thing to be done was for the portly president to promenade up and down the long porch in front of the building, the envoy, who was the most polished and nervous of Frenchmen, walking by his side. But a small nurse-girl was engaged in drawing a screaming baby upon the porch in a roughly-constructed child's wagon. When he passed it the president said, with the politeness which always characterized him when anything female was in question, "Will you be so kind as to roll your charge somewhere else?" The nurse merely stared at him, and continued to drag the squalling infant up and down upon the squeaking wheels, the president and the envoy conferring together as well as they could as they walked. "My young friend," the former remonstrated at last as he halted before the girl, "I will esteem it a singular favor if you will go elsewhere." But it was little the nurse cared for the affairs of empires, and she paid no attention to the request. It so chanced that when the rival occupants of the porch passed each other the next time it was opposite the steep steps leading down into the yard, the Frenchman being upon that side. As the president came upon the rolling nuisance, now noisier than before, he whirled about. "I had rather," he shouted to the astonished girl, his face ablaze, his arms extended, "meet all hell in harness, and be dragged down the streets of the New Jerusalem by wild horses, than meet your horrible cart!" and, glancing around for his companion, he saw that in the violence of his explosion he had hurled the represented majesty of France down the steps and into the dirt.

He was an older man when Jeff Davis came along trundling *his* species of nuisance upon their common path, but he was no milder in his denunciation. Morning, noon and night, in public addresses and in private conversation, he left no shadow of doubt in the mind of any as to his opinion of Secession and its certain result. "Texas and the Federal government are like two noble mastiffs," he told the people from the steps of the Capitol at Austin in the earliest days of the rebellion, "and these miserable politicians are like little curs snapping and snarling about them to provoke them to fight. When the mastiffs are launched at last into bloody battle these wretched curs, holding themselves carefully out of danger, will circle about the big dogs which are tearing each other to pieces, with their shrill bow-wow-wows." And the writer remembers how well the old hero imitated as he said it, and with more accuracy than dignity, the vicious feebleness of the querulous spaniels.

Nor was the governor backward in doing also what he could to save his State from the coming chaos. A well-known and efficient lawyer of Texas hastened to Washington and had an audience with President Buchanan at the very outset of things, commissioned, doubtless, to do so by General Houston. "Relieve the officer now in command of that department," he urged upon Buchanan, "and appoint Houston in his place. Do that, do it at once, and we can assure you that you need have no fear of seeing Texas secede." The poor President shrank aghast from the proposition. We know how clerical in appearance Mr. Buchanan was, especially in the spotless whiteness of his ample necktie. "When I mentioned Houston to him," the lawyer said afterward, "he turned as pale as his cravat."

What was to be done? Governor Houston demanded it of himself as he sat and whittled shingles in his easy-chair at the executive office in the basement of the Capitol. General Twiggs was in command of the United States troops in that department, and they comprised one-fourth of the entire army then at the disposal of the Federal govern-

ment. There were one hundred and twenty-one commissioned officers then in Texas—three thousand troops in thirteen forts and ten camps, including seven companies of the Third Infantry. At the general's head-quarters in San Antonio were fifty-five thousand dollars in cash, and thirty-five thousand stand of arms and seventy cannon within reach, with horses, mules, ammunition, wagons, tents, in abundance. In other words, General Twiggs, with a disciplined army and military stores of the value of over three millions of dollars, was available for resistance to Secession. But what about the officer in command? When General Twiggs shortly before had gone on leave of absence to Georgia, he had left Robert E. Lee in charge, remarking even at that early date, "If Old Hickory were President he could hold things." But Twiggs had returned, and Lee had left Texas, saying, "I am going to Virginia to turn planter. There will be at least one soldier the less to do the fighting." Could the governor rely upon General Twiggs? Captain R. M. Potter of the army, then in Texas, assures the writer that Twiggs did it merely as a ruse and to save time, but the governor had received tidings from him two months before that he could rely upon him. As it was, the United States troops were scattered six hundred miles along the frontier, and something must be done, secretly and instantly. Governor Houston knew that he could count upon many thousand volunteers. And not upon men merely as Union men: throughout the State were multitudes of those whose devotion to Houston was more almost of a religious nature than a matter of politics. These "Houston men" would have rallied to him rifle in hand, more or less indifferent to the cause he espoused, so that if there was to be a fight, and Houston was to command, he could have had plenty of soldiers, whoever and whatever was to be fought for or against.

And so the old governor sat awaiting events, a King Canute upon the seashore, and the ocean already lapping his feet. Almost every one of the many papers of Texas was ablaze with the prairie-fires of

Secession. Everywhere the men were being rapidly organized into companies, ladies were making and presenting banners, editors, recruits, haranguing politicians rushing into the affair as purely from sentimental considerations, and with as little sound consideration, as the youngest and most frivolous of the excited beauties who were decking out lovers and brothers to their death. But the Secession convention assembled at Austin: how could the governor prevent it? Resisting the importunities of inflamed, remonstrating, exasperated, vituperative, threatening men, the old man sat in the executive department silently whittling away, a cypress shingle in one hand, a jack-knife in the other. The swarming politicians could not but revere and be afraid of him. Was he not "Old Sam," "the hero of San Jacinto"? He had been president of the republic, United States Senator, possible President of the United States. He was, as has been said, a very large man, of commanding aspect, and he threw his whole weight, so to speak, into his detestation and denunciation of Jeff Davis and all his crew.

As he sat and whittled he could not but hear the uproar in the legislative hall overhead in which the convention was assembled: the vehement applause of clapping hands and stamping feet reached his ears, even if he could not hear the eloquence which had aroused it. So far, he had fired blank shot only from behind his entrenchments, but he outnumbered—and all knew it—in his one person, and ten times over, the throngs of brave but mistaken men discussing and rushing through grandiloquent resolutions above, not a man of whom but was thinking all along of the governor down stairs as of a sort of legitimate Guy Fawkes who might at any moment blow their noisy parliament to the moon. "What do you think Old Sam will do?" That was the question of the day with them beyond every other. Alas! that was the conundrum which the governor, ponder as he might, was so far unable to answer. He had conquered and driven out the Mexicans; had sent the Texan soldiers home with

the one charge, "Go and plant corn;" had seen Texas grow into a republic under his care; had rejoiced when he had helped place it in the Union. Now the imperial State was in the act of being hurled into what he confidently regarded as the most causeless of catastrophes; but what could he do? That was the supreme question. "What can I do to prevent it? What ought I to do, to-day and before it is too late?"

Early one morning a man entered the executive office, locked the door behind him and walked up to the pondering governor, his felt hat in his hand. It was not his name, but I will content myself with calling him Jack Jones. You would not have looked at him a second time had you passed him in the street, for he was merely a tall, pallid-faced, pigeon-chested, stoop-shouldered victim, apparently, of consumption, and as mild as could be desired in tone and manner. Governor Houston knew him well, however—knew him so well that he gave him a cordial reception and listened to him to the end as his visitor proceeded to unfold his plans. They were exceedingly simple, and in substance this: "I hate these scoundrels of the convention as much as you do, governor, and you know it, and you know *me!* I have got eight hundred men of the same stripe up in Burnet county. We have plenty of guns and ammunition, and are more than ready. We can save Texas. Only say the word, governor, and we will clean out the convention in twenty-four hours. What do you say?"

The governor debated with himself as he sat. Suppose he consented. There would be a fight, possibly a bloody massacre. Might not the Secessionists call another convention to meet at Galveston, Houston, somewhere else? In any case, war, civil war in its worst form, would follow. Hat in hand, the messenger waited for his answer. "Thank you, but not quite yet," the governor said. "Go back to Burnet county and hold your men in readiness. When I send for you come, and come quick."

There was no time to be lost. "But these men: how am I to feed them when

they come?" the chief magistrate asked of himself.

"About two months before the passage of the Secession ordinance," said the Mr. S—— to whom allusion has already been made, and in reluctant answer to the questioning of the writer, "General Houston, Mrs. Houston and some of their children drove out to my house in the country near Austin, ostensibly upon a friendly visit. General Houston and myself took seats on the porch, while the ladies retired to the parlor. After some of the usual small-talk, the general remarked of the roses then in bloom, 'I see you have a beautiful garden: let us take a walk among them.' We did so, but soon took our seats in the arbor. There, after pledging me to secrecy, he said, 'Although Mr. Lincoln is not yet inaugurated, he has sent a Mr. Lander to me as an agent to assure me of all the aid I need the day he takes office if I can but hold the State until then. General Twiggs,' the governor added, 'has agreed to do what he can to help me. I have eight hundred men waiting to come at a word. Volunteers will pour in. I am sure that I can, with the aid of General Twiggs, hold Texas against any force the Confederacy can send. But my men must be supplied with powder and lead, and must be fed. Above all,' added the governor, 'they must have plenty of coffee. Can you undertake the task? I am not going to rob the State treasury, but I pledge you my honor as governor that you shall be paid in the end. Abundant assurances have been made me from Washington that the money will be on hand as soon as Lincoln is inaugurated, and no appropriation will be necessary from the State.'

"The next day," continued Mr. S—— in narrating the facts to me, "I saw the governor in his office. Locking himself with me into an inner apartment, we discussed the whole matter, and I agreed to supply five hundred thousand rations, and as many more as possible, the governor insisting again and again upon there being, whatever else might be lacking, an abundance of coffee. For these rations I was to be paid at the rate of thirty cents each, and transportation. The governor

then wrote out the contract, spelling out every word aloud, according to his habit, as he did so. I hastened away with the contract duly signed, and, going down to Houston and Galveston, I purchased two hundred and fifty-seven sacks of Rio coffee to begin with—all I could find—and enough percussion-caps, bacon, rice and flour to meet the emergency impending. Meanwhile, I could not but laugh at what seemed to me the puerile efforts at fortification going on in Galveston;" and my friend paused, as he told me the story yesterday, to unroll and put into my hand the commission given him by the governor as quartermaster-general upon his staff with the rank of colonel.

"In two weeks," continued Mr. S——, "I was back again, but the instant the governor had locked me with him into his inner office he turned to me with rage in his face. 'Sir,' he said to me in a manner and tone of voice which I can never forget, 'Twiggs is a traitor!' Then he sank into a chair, the tears trickling down his heroic countenance, and sobbed like a child. He then clenched his fist and smote the table with what seemed to be a suppressed curse, long and deep. After he had somewhat recovered he repeated to me the message Captain Smith had brought him from Twiggs. It was in such cautious language as to the general's isolation and want of instructions from Washington that I suggested to Governor Houston that possibly he misunderstood General Twiggs. 'No, sir,' the governor exclaimed, again smiting the table with his huge fist, 'there can be no mistake. Twiggs is a traitor! We are to have a fearful civil war;' and he appealed to God for wisdom and protection in a manner which touched me to the heart. In a few weeks thereafter," added Mr. S——, "the ordinance of Secession was passed, and Twiggs surrendered everything to a stageload of politicians and a preconceived show of a few men improvised as soldiers whom a corporal's guard of loyal men could have easily dispersed if there had been any one to give orders. About a year after this an ex-governor of Texas and an ardent Secessionist whispered to me in the

street, 'Take my advice and destroy that contract with General Houston.' How it had become known that there was such a contract is and for ever will be a mystery to me. But the pity of the whole thing was that Governor Houston was not the man he had once been—was too old."

Mr. S—— was perhaps the largest merchant at the capital, but the choicest of his merchandise just then was seven tons of rifle-powder. This was seized ere long by the Confederate authorities. When Mr. S—— protested against it and refused Confederate money in payment, the State treasurer hastened to give him his price for the powder in silver thalers which happened to be rusting in the vaults. Would the Federal authorities have been as complaisant toward a man in their midst known to be a rebel and who refused greenbacks? Surely, as in the hesitation already alluded to of Twiggs and Lee, while the feelings of the leaders were fired their judgment must to the last have remained but half convinced as to the justice, and therefore ultimate success, of the Confederate cause. Gallant as, in most instances, they were, they would have struck more unhesitatingly, more vigorously, more victoriously, had every man been able to put his entire self, brain and conscience as well as heart, into the blow.

It was extremely little of themselves that the Union men of Texas invested in their show of obedience to Secession when that was required of them at last. How well the writer recalls the rueful aspect of a body of these who, to save themselves from worse things, had been organized into a military company! They comprised some of the best citizens of Austin, but Falstaff himself did not have, morally speaking, as forlorn a set of recruits when they formed into dismal lines under the trees of Court-house Square. Every man had his weapons, but they dispensed with music: gladly would they have marched and countermarched without a flag also. But there were ladies ardent in the cause of Secession who, unasked and with malicious haste, constructed a particularly large and gorgeous Confederate flag for them. If it was pre-

sented with enthusiasm, it was received by the dolorous warriors in sepulchral silence, and the wheelings hither and thither of the ununformed heroes thereafter were more funereal, if possible, than before. The one spark of hope in every bosom was that in some way Governor Houston or somebody else might suddenly employ them against the flag, more hateful to them than Fluellen's leek, which they were constrained for the time to flaunt. "Never mind, men," a certain Mr. O—— in their ranks whispered to them as they sadly trudged along—"never you mind. Some day we may prove to be the *mucilage* around which a Federal army will rally."

It so happened that the writer was about this time at the house of Captain Whitely, a noble-hearted officer of the army who remained true to the Union. It was in San Antonio, and one morning General Twiggs drove up in his carriage and entered the parlor. He was a large and unwieldy man, with an exceedingly red face, and he sat for a time in sombre silence. "Whitely," he said at last, "what can I do? The Southern people hate the North as Comanches do the whites, and the North returns the compliment. Five times have I written to General Scott, and not a word of instructions has he sent me. What can I do?"

Ignorant as the writer was of such matters, he easily conjectured, what Twiggs must have well known, that all despatches to and fro were intercepted. "Ah! what an opportunity!" he thought as he looked at the hesitating man—"what an opportunity for you to act on your own responsibility! You may become, if you do, as one of the immortals."

"You are my superior officer," was the only reply of Captain Whitely, who knew what Twiggs had already determined to do, himself in consequence thereof soon after a prisoner of war.

And so in a few days Governor Houston's fears were realized. Everything was surrendered to the Confederacy. As Twiggs rode through the streets of San Antonio with his disgraced army, many of them weeping as they went, in such triumphal procession as Rome never knew

in its worst degradation, it was not for nothing that San Antonio had given a large majority against Secession. An old watchmaker known by everybody shouted as Twiggs went by, "Hurrah for General Hull!" But the people did not recognize the name of the man who in other days had dishonored America by his surrender. They should know what was meant. Mounting upon a goods box, his white hair upon the breeze, and in a voice heard by all, the aged patriot shouted, "Three cheers for Benedict Arnold!" In due time, as we know, the name of Twiggs was struck from the Army List as a coward and traitor, nor did he make a new name for himself in the Confederate ranks. The paymaster did not hand over the military chest to the new authorities. Was there not the half conviction as to Secession in this also? He placed it upon the porch of his house, and let them take it instead. I know not how true it is, but it is said that Davis could not be induced afterward to give employment to this man, whose name has slipped into oblivion from my memory also.

Somehow, there is always a flash of farce even in the agony of the darkest tragedy. When Twiggs surrendered his stores he demanded that somebody should receipt to him for the three millions of United States property which he gave up. Three small politicians stepped eagerly forward and signed the document. But Twiggs was not content. "I must have a more responsible name," he said. And so a Mr. M——, the wealthiest man in San Antonio, was brought in, and, "as a mere matter of form" he was told, he attached his name beneath that of the others. Afterward the possible import of what he had done began to dawn upon Mr. M——. One day, as he walked the troubled streets of San Antonio, he was observed to stop and soliloquize aloud. "A—— has signed that paper," he said

to himself. "A——? Yes, he is worth about one thousand dollars. B——, he signed it, and he couldn't raise over three thousand to save his life. C——? Heavens! he is not worth one cent! Three millions of dollars! Good Lord! and I am responsible for it all!" and, slapping his hand upon his forehead, he rushed away to digest the thing in private.

The hurly-burly is hushed into silence now. Good men and bad, gallant but mistaken heroes, and those who faltered not in the fiercest blowing of the terrible storm — the whole period has come and gone. Like the sudden "northers" peculiar to Texas, the tempest broke upon it and passed away, leaving its imperial expanse all the greener and more fruitful, as if enriched by the blood of so many of its noblest sons. But for my part, as I look back into the darkness of those days, the central figure of them all is that of the old governor sitting in his chair in the basement of the Capitol, the tumultuous convention in session overhead, sorrowfully meditating what it were best to do. As he sat a day came when the officer of the gathering up stairs summoned the old man three times to come forward and take the oath of allegiance, as governor, to the Confederacy. I remember as yesterday the call thrice repeated — "Sam Houston! Sam Houston! Sam Houston!" but the man sat silent, immovable, in his chair below, whittling steadily on. The pert lieutenant-governor stepped at last with brisk willingness upon the platform, and was sworn in to an official nothingness in Houston's place. Very early next morning, when the old man went as usual to his office, he found his seat occupied by his smirk successor, and there was nothing for him to do but to abandon his last hope of help from any quarter and retire. Withdrawing to his plantation, he died before the war ended, a Union man still.

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

THE MISTAKES OF TWO PEOPLE.

IT seemed an extraordinary chance which brought those two people together upon that dirty little Neapolitan steamer. But then any incident of our human lives, divorced from the chain of cause and effect that has been forging since the world began, would seem an extraordinary chance, just as this did, which really was not extraordinary at all.

For the lady had been busy all winter in Rome copying in the Borghese Gallery, and it was not until she had found herself almost alone among the deserted rooms, whence all her companions of the year had fled before fear of the fever, that she had also sought some place where she could paint, and rest from painting when she would, the remainder of the summer. This and a second-class railway-ticket were what had brought her to Naples, where she had driven to the Mole and embarked upon the little steamer just five minutes before the gentleman, who had come from Rome in a first-class carriage, also stepped upon it.

His appearance there, just upon that day of all days, might be called stranger than hers. For, really, there was no reason whatever for his being there that sleepy midsummer day. Indeed, reason had nothing whatever to do with it. It was brought about by something quite remote from reason—by an indescribable longing, which was perhaps, however, as unyielding a link in the chain of cause and effect—or of destiny, let us say—as any more visible and tangible one.

These two people were not entirely strangers to each other. Fifteen years before they had spent a summer together in an old farm-house far away beyond where the sun would set this evening behind old Roman Baiæ. That farm-house was wonderfully picturesque, although picturesqueness had been none of its original builder's intention. It had been a sort of manor-house, built by a blond and robust English family in memory of the Elizabethan mansion in which, fa-

ther and son and son's son, they had thriven and decayed across the sea. Generations had come and gone since then. The Tudor gables and overhanging stories, like the Tudor nose in Westminster Abbey, had felt the tooth of time. The nose is imperious still, although its royal end is broken off, and it points heavenward with its regal pride not in the least abated with its proportions. Unlike the Tudor nose, the Tudor gables had weakened, and sunk and bulged in all sorts of picturesquely-pusillanimous lines and curves under a soft veil of moss. The house had become a medley of quaint humps and protuberances, huddled together without rhyme or reason by the taste or needs of each succeeding heir. But, flooded and dashed with blooming, radiant neglect, throttled with many-fingered vines, the gray centre of a rainbow of wild brier, syringa, hollyhocks and sunflowers, it was a delight to artistic eyes.

"It's only 'cos pa's enjoyed such pore health for long back, and we bein' all girls, that the ole place looks so like creation," would always say one of the "girls," thus apologetic of the dilapidation and decay which were the chief means of the family's support. For never an artist passed that way that he did not stay his steps and beg to be sheltered by that quaint old roof for at least a day or two. And when, gone hence, the strolling artist would sing of the idyllic nook he had found in a crescent of hills by the sea, where heaven came down to earth and board was but two dollars a week, others of his kind would be sure to be lured by echo of his strain to the same spot.

Thus every summer for three years the house had been full of boarders. Its owners gained thus the means to live during all the year, and also were able to secure a reservoir of gossip and tittle-tattle from which to draw refreshing streams during all the arid days between

October's late dahlias and the earliest roses of June.

The two people upon the Neapolitan steamer had met for the first time in the great dining-room one noon of June. It was at a farmer's dinner of beef, potatoes and dandelion-greens, finished with a sort of machicolated decoration of square pieces of rhubarb pie set beside each plate in saucers—nicked saucers, whereon indigo mandarins floated airily over sky-blue hills on their pious way from one indigo pagoda to another. Dancing vines at the open windows spread quaint, shifting embroidery over the coarse tablecloth, yellow walls and unpainted floor. The drowsy hum of bees was heard above the iron clatter of knives and forks. Sweet incense of myriad rose-censers floated above the vulgar odors of the meal, and the open doorway with its flat white doorstone was a picture-frame sculptured in foliage and bloom around a foreground of wild garden, of black sea-weed and sea-shell, roughened rocks, and then a borderless stretch of blue glittering sea and sky. There were half a dozen men and women around the table, who chanced at the moment the new boarder appeared to be elevating half a dozen noses in the air before the alkaline fumes of the hot biscuits.

She was rather a pretty little thing, with blue eyes, a collar all awry, and the headless, leafless stalks of what had once been red roses standing up valiantly in her brown hair.

"What a flutter-budget!" he thought as he saw by the swift, birdlike motion of her head that indeed flowers must needs have more than flower-like frames to remain long undecapitated amid all that breeziness.

And indeed "flutter-budget" was not amiss as a descriptive word for her who sang oftener than she spoke, because it was her nature to, and who danced more naturally than she walked, because God had made her so.

It was rather ridiculous to think of her painting pictures. One could scarcely imagine her doing anything that required a moment's repose, and therefore was not unnatural the remark whispered by the

monochromatic Miss Grey into the ear of the water-colored Miss Bray as the newcomer floated to her seat: "*She* paint! Mmmph! I wouldn't trust her to paint a yellow dog!"

Miss Grey, by the by, didn't paint: she only taught Art in five lessons at seventy-five cents a lesson.

But the monochromatic maiden was right. Annie Deane would have made a queer mess of painting a yellow dog. But if one chose to give her an order for a flower-piece, then would be seen how she rivalled the pearly finish of Nature—how she gathered the rare tints, the marvellous transparencies and shadows, the breath-broken dewiness, almost even the fragrance of field and garden favorites, upon her paper. Thus in time even the yellow-dog sceptic was brought to realize that there are artistic triumphs even for one who quails and cowers before the ochreous canine.

"Shall I help you to some more of the greens?" were his first words to her, seeing her indigo mandarins loom up dimly from her nearly empty plate.

"No, thank you, but I will trouble you for the vinegar," were her first words to him.

There was nothing novel or suggestive in this, was there? Is there often anything novel or suggestive in the first greetings we exchange as we float upon the sea of life with those who hereafter will cause our wreck or share it?

These two people, He and She, became great friends that summer. Her fresh, blithe nature was pleasant to him, although, it may be confessed, its manifestations were sometimes confusing. He was of rather elephantine temperament, as he was also heroic of stature and handsome. He was so unswift of speech and motion that she could dance around him a dozen times before he could say "Jack Robinson;" which, by the way, he never did say. She often got sadly in the way of his slow, conscientious sketching from Nature, but he did not complain, for she was pleasant, he thought, to look upon, even though his palette dried and the cloud-shadow on hill and sea floated miles away while he did so.

It was not a sentimental relation that grew up between them. How could it be when everybody said there was "no sentiment in Ben Shaw, or even in his pictures"? They were never known to raise any clamor concerning their "kinship of souls" and all the usual sentimental etcetera. They liked each other, and took "solid comfort" in the companionship that made that summer's sketching so much pleasanter than had sketching ever been for either of them before. That was all.

It was not very long before he very naturally took the place of teacher and she of pupil, for it was an open secret that she aspired to higher art than still life, while he, although not six months her senior, had been longer a student than she. Simpletons that they both were, they grappled audaciously with the purple, gold-filtered, ever-elusive and brooding mystery of the distant hills, and struggled with the infinite suggestiveness of the great, awful sea. They came home every night from both grapple and struggle with canvases as expressive of the mighty influences they had labored with as a child's fairy-tale hints at the divine splendor of mystery of the book of Revelation, and sat down to their supper of cold beef and doughnuts believing they feasted on ambrosia and nectar, and lived as divinely as were those not Massachusetts but Thessalian hills. How insolent is youth, and how foolish, to us who have outlived it!

Unsymmetrical as this friendship was—that is, so dwarfed on the sentimental side—there was one of those two silly mortals who thus fooled themselves with the fancy that this was Olympus and their green apple-sauce honey of Hymettus who would not have changed places with the divinest divinity of all the immortal host.

As one moon after another waxed baby-faced and then pined away to a wan shadow the friends became more inseparable than ever. And, behold! seeing these things, all the masculine boarders and the "girls" of the manor-house looked at each other obliquely with an expression that consorts best with paganism and pig-tails, while the lady-boarders

smiled with that exasperating significance which when given to one's own affairs makes one yearn for the smiler's scalp. But in spite of these oblique glances and significant smiles, in spite of everything indicative of the contrary, they were not an atom in love with each other.

Unless they both of them fibbed! Which young people in their circumstances were never known to do.

Nevertheless, one day Annie Deane was sitting in an embrasured window writing, school-girl fashion, upon an atlas in her lap. She wore a blueingham dress in the style of a loose blouse. The skirt was short, and had no scruples about revealing two nicely-booted feet crossed one over the other, the toe of one pointing to the zenith, the other toward the coast of Europe. This was her sketching-costume, and she had not found time to change it for the more conventional one in which she usually took tea, as she was hurrying to finish a letter in time for the butcher, who would soon pass by on his return from Mansfield, to take to the post-office at Baysville.

The room was spacious, and tried its best to be gloomy. The canopied bed against the wall was hung with funereal drapery, and reminded one somehow of a *Cinque-cento* tomb. When an occupant was extended there the resemblance could not but be dolorously striking. A tremendous old chest of drawers opposite, mighty among furniture as Goliath among men, hung its brass rings massively downward; and I was forcibly reminded of that chest of drawers the other day when I saw how the sainted dead of imperial Rome were packed away in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. Imagine a chest of drawers which gives an impression that upon pulling its brass rings one will see, not dainty garments frothy with lace and ruffles, but a spectacle of rich animal mould and white holy bones! There were one or two dignified old chairs—judicial, majestic chairs, which evidently imagined that they impressed the vulgar radicals of this New World with the idea that in their own country they had been thrones or something of that sort. It was a most dignified and impressive room in

spite of its rag carpet, its cane-seated rockers, camp-stools, books, the sketches pinned upon the walls, flowers, and all the odds and ends of feminine finery that betrayed the levity of its modern habit. That is, perhaps one might better say it would have been dignified and impressive had one ever been able to see it otherwise than as merely an architectural background, like the chairs behind Giovanni Bellini's gracious Madonnas, to the pretty picture of youth and content writing there by the seaward window. Everybody always spoke of Annie Deane as "little," although she was five feet four in her stockings. Everybody always ran away with the impression—and treated her accordingly—that she was very young, although she had seen every day of twenty-five years. "I was born young, and have never learned much of anything since," she would laughingly say when somebody had called her "child" and advised her about her manners.

She *was* a child spiritually, and it certainly seemed as if she would never be spiritually grown up. Her father had died at sixty, so springy of step, so airy of movement, so jaunty, so natty, so nice in his No. 3 gaiters and his nobby hats, that to see him ten paces off one would have sworn he had not twenty years upon his canary-bird head. Annie was like him, and her head swung and swayed, fluttered and tiptilted on its graceful neck, as much as his had done as a young canary-bird's ways are like an old one's.

"Ef the air of that girl ain't enough to make a hoss larf!" said, with edifying perseverance, the youngest and burnt-umberest of the burnt-umber maidens with whom they boarded.

Miss Roberta Editha was sentimental and thirty-five. She pressed a vision of beauty to her virginal breast. Years before she had cut from some illustrated paper a very pretty picture representing some strolling actor who played Hamlet and Claude Melnotte upon the boards of rural theatres. It had miraculously large eyes, a small mouth with downward curves, and flat rings of hair upon its pallid brow. Its air was generally cankered and worm-eaten, but Miss Roberta

("Old Bob," some of the graceless artists called her behind her back) interpreted that air as expressive of a soul which found this life of too rank and coarse a flavor for its daily food. She had cut out this woodcut, and had worn it for years in a massive heirloom locket around her long, brown neck.

It was the Ideal of her Yearning Soul. "Never till I meet a Being like this will I give my heart," she had said, now these many years. Once she thought she had met that Being: it was the natty clerk who sold her calico and clothes-pins at Mansfield. But when that mercenary Hylas married a Baysville widow with money she wept a while, and then saw clearly through her tears that the deceiver looked not in the least like a Being, but only like a very commonplace man. Once again it was an artist who had boarded with them a summer, and whose red hair fell over his rosy brow in a manner that indicated a possible Being. But it turned out that this artist was married and the father of a thriving family; whereupon he too faded out of Roberta Editha's ideal world into the prosaic region where are not Beings, but only men and women. After that it was several artists, all of whom in turn had died, under some blight, out from the thoughts of the burnt-umber maiden. Latterly she had been bending soulful eyes upon Ben Shaw, sure that at last in his lineaments she could trace the adored image. Ben's eyes were neither miraculously large nor superlatively dark: neither had he a small mouth with downward curves. He was blond and robust, inclined to be rather high-colored, especially after dinner, which proved his digestion defective or that appetite outran it; but, setting such little discrepancies aside, she was sure her Ideal was there.

But while Roberta Editha described Annie Deane's airy manners in such unflattering terms, it is more than probable that Ben Shaw would be saying to the latter at that very moment, "Never lose your youthful nature, and always preserve your young ways, Annie: they are your greatest charm." For this was a habit with Ben Shaw.

She was smiling and bridling now as she wrote by the seaward window, although she must have known that nothing could see her save that turquoise crescent of sea, the blue arch of the sky and the swaying rose-globes and leaves that shadowed her paper. She could not even dip her pen into the ink like anybody else, but must needs poise over it for a breezy instant, just as a humming-bird flutters over honeyed flowers.

She had just written these words: "Truly, mamma dear, he has never said a word of love to me, and yet, strange as it may seem, I am as sure that he loves me as—"

A voice called up from the southern-wood thicket under her window, where somebody, rubicund with stooping, was picking burdock-burrs from off his trousers' legs, "Miss Deane, will you go with me to see the sunset from Castle Rock? We can be home in time for supper."

When the butcher rattled by in company with a staring calf's head and quivering pig's liver, nobody hailed him from the Tudor mansion. Roberta Editha was kneading bread on top of a flour-barrel in the buttery; Ethelberta was picking over currants on the back doorstep; and Miss Bray stood a little way off toward the lichen-grown stone wall blocking in her Antignone wailing over Polynices. Miss Bray had chosen the elder and more commonplace Ethelberta for her suggestion of a position, rather than the younger and more poetic Roberta Editha, for the simple reason that the former's attitude over her currants was more suggestive of an heroic corpse on her knees and less of a chastised infant than Roberta's would be under any circumstances.

Rowena, the eldest of the "girls," was busy at that moment, if the truth must be told, in looking to see if any of the boarders had carelessly left bureau-drawers or writing-desks unlocked. The boarders were all absent upon hill or shore, the invalid father slept in his chair, the mother in Baysville cemetery, and the Tudor mansion was still.

On a monster rock a mile or more away two figures made silhouettes against the jewelled sunset.

"Annie," said one of the figures, "I did not wish to make a sensation by telling it first at the supper-table, and I want *your* congratulations before any others. I have sold my *Esmeralda*. I go to Boston to-morrow, and shall sail for Europe next week."

Her sight was darkened, her heart stood still. Life seemed to die out of her with one horrible pang. Nevertheless, in an instant her head tiptilted, and she twittered her congratulations as airily as if the whole universe had burst into a sudden marvel of bloom and beauty and she were the first humming-bird born into it.

"Always keep your young nature and preserve your young ways, Annie," he said admiringly: "they are your greatest charm."

Then they turned and walked supperward together.

The Neapolitan steamer was greasy and smelled of garlic and bitumen. The red-shirted sailors were singing "Santa Lucia" from high and low, and a stalwart contadina was accompanying them with her tambourine down in the third-class place. Very few passengers were scattered about the deck, and the general speech was of the Blue Grotto. Evidently, of the first-class passengers only two were making more than an excursion from Naples, the excursionists intending to return with the steamer after a peep into the famous cave.

One of these two persons was rather a remarkable-looking lady. She wore a jaunty hat many years too young for the face: it did *not* shade. Her coquettish jacket and short skirt made her from a distance—a very long one—seem like a girl of eighteen. She wore her hair in a girlish braid—alas, woefully faded! She was airy of motion and coquettish of gesture, evidently one of those sad women who, burying their heads from the sight of the passing years, fancy that Time forgets to touch them.

The other person was a handsome gentleman of more than forty. The Hyperion curls had been thicker on his brow than now, and his shadow more slender, but it by no means follows that he was

as bald as Cæsar or as bulky as the Belvidere Torso. He was dressed in elegant travelling costume, and, as well-dressed men must be, with coat evidently of London make and trousers Parisian.

As he dropped a handsome travelling-satchel on the coal-flecked seat beside the lady's color-box he chanced to meet her eye. It was a curious meeting of eyes that had last met so differently. He had only time to commune with his secret soul, "What a larkly old girl!" when a look of half-startled recognition came into his face.

It was reflected in hers, and a humming-bird tremor passed over her.

"Was this not formerly Miss Deane?" he asked.

"It is Miss Deane, Mr. Shaw," twittered the lady, with head tiptilted like a frosted flower.

Alas! what a tyrant is that power which makes and moulds us like potter's clay to her own patterns, whether of glory or shame, and whom we call Nature!—a tyrant which forms us into that which we would cry and pray not to be were there any ear to be moved by our beseeching. Alas, poor Annie! It was not her fault that Nature took a canary-bird for her model. And it is the fault of none of us that the graces of our youth become grotesquenesses with our forties.

"Who would ever have dreamed of our meeting here? And to think you are still Miss Deane!" he exclaimed with obtuseness pre-eminently masculine. "But you are very pale: does the motion of the steamer make you ill?"

Nearer and nearer came the opalescent isle, drawn like a jewelled chariot by thousands of blue coursers with foaming mouths.

After fifteen minutes or so of vague reminiscences and comparisons of experiences of travel the gentleman seemed to fall into a brown study and to become almost rudely oblivious of his companion's presence. His eyes were riveted upon the island with a strange intensity. Could the airy little old maid by his side have heard the beating of the heart in that broad bachelor bosom, she would have been astonished, as would almost

anybody else, to hear its sentimental music. "At last, after all these cruel years!" was its refrain.

Cruelty was evidently a discipline that did not impoverish his physical system.

Upon the beach was a scene of uproar and confusion. Brown-faced peasant-girls, with dark eyes like wild sylvan creatures, thrust wilted flowers into the travellers' hands and clamored for *soldi*. Fisher-boys, almost as naked as bronze cupids, yelled offers to guide anybody and everybody up the heights to the village. Bright-shirted and barelegged boatmen, with Indian locks and huge gold crescents in their ears, bellowed to each other, while weatherbeaten crones screamed till they were hoarse that here were the saddled donkeys on which *i signori* could ride.

Mr. Shaw assisted Miss Deane—whom, until he saw her nearly pulled in pieces between two donkey-women, he had quite forgotten—upon one of the most docile-looking of the animals.

She mounted with such thistledown sprightliness that she nearly went over the saddle and down on the other side. He looked astonished as she fluttered above his hat, and then—forgot her.

If any one find this portly bachelor discourteous and basely recreant to certain of the best memories of his manhood, let that one stop a moment and think. This frisky lady, who always seemed carrying on a most desperate flirtation with some invisible adorer, was certainly not the Annie of his summer in the Tudor mansion. She was spiritually not a day older than Annie, but her face was very much older; and what, after all, is the same soul to us if the casket is strange? What is a young face grown old to us who knew its youth and have not seen its changing? Moreover, that perennial youth of hers, touching and sad as it may possibly seem when thought about, would have been the object of your ridicule could you have seen it face to face.

Much as we may prate of natures ever young, there is no more melancholy sight in the world than soul and body that miss step with each other in this heavy and forced march called Life. Why should we seek to keep our hearts young, we who

must die? For unto youth or youthfulness what is death but darkness and night at noonday?

Then another thing to excuse Mr. Shaw's apparent neglect: he was approaching a crisis of his own life, and what are the convulsions of a universe compared to those quicker heart-beats which we call Crises in our little lives?

After assisting Miss Deane he mounted another donkey, and rode, not exactly like paladin of old, but like a portly and absent-minded modern tourist, silently by her side up the steep path, whither their luggage followed them upon the heads of women.

Between their donkeys strode a bare-legged woman in a ragged petticoat. She was bronzed and wrinkled, with straggling hair thrust through with a silver arrow, and coarse brown chemise falling widely open over an unlovely neck and breast. She uttered many a strident yell, accentuated by heavy thwacks of her club upon her donkeys' flanks. She was dirty, wild-eyed and hideous. It were as difficult to imagine her comely and young as to believe this little dried-up old girl had not been a flirting old maid from her cradle.

Ah, but Nature is cruel to woman! Freshness and beauty of flesh are hers, not that she may rejoice in her own beauty and freshness, but that she may become the mother of men. Bearing children, in the bearing dies one beauty and charm after another, just as trees die, leaf by leaf, which have enriched the world by their allotted harvests. Childless, her beauty and freshness die of her unfruitfulness, while Nature's pet offspring, man, waxes strong and proud years after all her leaves have fallen.

Look at these three people: the handsome and robust bachelor was the oldest of them all.

"What a capital model she would make for an Erinnys hunting Orestes to his fate!" thought Miss Deane.

She was bumping up and down in her saddle like a rubber ball. Nevertheless, in the pauses of those bumps she had time enough to grow very angry at something she saw. She turned a regular Spitzenberg red as she detected the searching,

passionate gaze her companion bent upon every pretty islander they met. She saw the black-eyed girl with a huge bundle of fagots on her head, the brown-eyed one with immense building-timbers pressing down her curly locks, the blue-eyed one with copper water-jar gleaming goldenly over her dagger-thrust braids, smile significantly after coquettishly returning his gaze.

They are not so guileless as one might think, those picturesque, brown-skinned island-girls. Too many foreign artists have come this way, and too many strong-limbed, full-chested girls have become first their models, then mothers of their children, and then their wedded wives, not now-a-days to look upon every gazing *forestiere* as a possible husband, or at least lover.

Yet is it true that not one of them dreamed of the feeling beneath that immaculately-laundried shirt-bosom as the wearer turned away from them, one girl after another. Why should they, forsooth? Had not even Ben Shaw's own friends always declared there was no sentiment in him, or even in his pictures?

At one of her donkeys' stumbles over the lava-stones the driver yelled so horribly in Miss Deane's ears that that lady's discomfort puckered her face up like a frozen apple.

Mr. Shaw saw it. "By Jove!" he remarked to his donkey, who laid back its ears and pretended to understand English, "I must have been very veally ever to find that face pretty! But there's one thing sure: she has taken on a thousand girlish airs and graces with every year she has lived since then."

Poor Annie! Not an air or a grace had she more than fifteen years before. And how was she to know that she was too old for a girl's ways, she who had never ceased to be a girl to become wife and mother?

Quoth Mr. Shaw to the driver, "My good woman, if you will drive these beasts with less noise it will be better for your *buona mancia*."

The "good woman" stared. She had done a good deal of staring since they left the beach far down below. Her eyes

in this moment looked out fiercer than ever from the bed of wrinkles folded about them by many a tropical sun and scorching sirocco. "Has the signor ever been upon the island before?" she asked a moment later.

"Si, madre mia: I was here one summer several years ago. I lived in yonder palm-shaded house facing toward Sicily. I painted pictures here. Afterward I went away to my own country." Then he added, with melancholy intonation, half under his breath, "I ought to have returned long ago: I have come only to-day."

Miss Deane was looking over the tops of lava-walls that narrowed in their climbing way. She saw pale-green vineyards changing color and trembling in the sea air like a maiden under her lover's first kiss. Gloomy stone-pines guarded the hills like eternal sentinels. Through dim gray-green olive-thickets houses that seemed of alabaster shimmered and shone in the sunshine.

They had now climbed so high up the orange- and lemon-flecked sides of the island that Vesuvius yonder seemed to sink low and slumberously upon the bosom of the radiant bay, while Naples across the little stretch of sea showed vaguely white in the golden distance, scarcely more real than a city sculptured in snow beneath an August sun. Up from vineyard and thicket, down from the village and the cactus-pencilled heights beyond, came the long-drawn, melancholy wail which is the islander's song at his labor, but which is weird and mournful enough to be the swan-song of a parting soul to its mate.

She was aroused from her artistic dreaminess by the croaking of a voice broken by years of vociferous yellings: "Dio mio! si: you painted Antonia Pisano. Yes, yes, I remember. You painted her over on yonder cliff, from whence she watched the barca of her lover Giuseppe gone fishing for coral over on the African coast. You called the picture *Good-bye, Sweetheart*. Si, I remember. You were handsomer than you are now, and your shoulders were not so broad. There were patches all over your vel-

veteen blouse, and you remained here after all the other foreign artists were gone, because the money came not with which you must pay Giacomo for the macaroni you had eaten for months, and the barber Angelo in the piazza for the canvases and colors you had used in painting Antonia all the months of that summer. Si, si, I remember."

The handsome bachelor looked distressed at the coarsely-vivid realism with which the woman pictured that most idyllic summer of his life.

Miss Deane considerably pretended not to have heard, and kept her blue eyes vaguely set in the direction of the dread volcano dreaming in the arms of the bay. But she had mistaken the cause of her countryman's embarrassment. And who would not have done so, believing as all the world does that romance and robustness mate not together?

"Yes, I was very poor in those days. Many and many a dinner did I go without, that I might buy a new kerchief for Antonia or send to Naples for another string of beads for her neck. Those patches betrayed only half my poverty, for nobody knew that I put them there myself to save the few soldi a seamstress would demand, that I might give Antonia another festa and worship her wild grace as she danced the tarantella and rattled her castanets upon the moonlighted roof of some fisher-friend's house."

He seemed to address Miss Deane, for he spoke in English. She, in common politeness, could not do less than say, "Indeed! And who was Antonia?"

"She is the loveliest creature on the island, and as good as she is beautiful. She came as straight from the heart of Nature as a flower or a bird's song. Neither poetry nor painting could ever grasp the freshness of her wild sweetness: one must see her to know the abject poverty of their highest efforts."

To hear such adolescent rubbish from middle-aged lips what sensible mortal would not have giggled in his sleeve?

Strangely enough, it was the donkey-woman who proved her good sense and surprised them both not only by laughing discordantly aloud, but by speaking in

very broken but intelligible English : " Si, si, I remember. And why have you come back to the island, signor?"

Actually, the bachelor blushed. " To marry Antonia," he said as bashfully as if he weighed one hundred instead of two hundred and twenty pounds, " and to remain on this savagely-beautiful isle all the rest of my life."

This he had said in Italian. But he continued, half musingly, in his mother tongue : " I could not take her away with me *then*, even though I loved her with all my heart and she was willing to share my poverty. I had not the heart to see her pine and pale in narrow city streets. I knew that she was a wild flower that would lose fragrance and beauty, would die, if transplanted from its native soil. I went away to earn money enough that I might come back and live with my darling where only she could live at her best. I have worked hard for her in all these years. I know I ought to have come sooner, but it insensibly grew a habit with me each year to wait yet one year more, that I might come to her a little richer. But I have come at last. I have sent her letters and presents each year, and she has written me often through some amanuensis, for she cannot write herself; and I am come to her able to say truly that she is the only woman I ever loved, or ever imagined myself to have loved, in all my life."

How little that man dreamed who heard him say this—that one heard him who for fifteen long years had guarded in the purest crystal of her memory the belief, " though all things fade and die, and even he forget me, yet *once* he loved me"! This to her, the faded, slight little old maid, thumping up and down on her donkey like a Neapolitan girl's fist on her tambourine, whose crystal-guarded treasure turned to dust before her eyes, and who knew thus for the first time that it was but a spurious treasure she had guarded since that summer by the sea!

She seemed somehow much smaller and paler, more faded and wrinkled, than before, when the donkey-woman laughed again. That unlovely creature said, with witch-like laughter, " You told Antonia

that you loved her better than Giuseppe ever could—that you would marry her and make her a signora who should wear a gold ring and have shoes for every day. You went away saying that you would come back when you had sold your pictures. You have not come back until to-day, and you come back to laugh at poor Antonia for being such a fool as to believe a foreign signor would tell the truth to an island-girl."

She gave a thundering thwack upon the donkeys' flanks as the party rushed across the tiny lava-paved piazza where all the island was gathered to see the new arrivals pass on through a dusky-arched street to the albergo-door.

The cook, chambermaid, landlord, facchino and landlady rushed to bid the travellers welcome in island fashion. The landlord was barefooted; the landlady was the fruitful bough from which hung an apple-shaped infant; the cook, chambermaid and facchino were each armed with the insignia of their different professions—stewpan, broom and blacking-brush.

Returning their salutations, the gentleman and lady descended from their steeds. Mr. Shaw turned to pay the donkey-woman for her services.

And, behold! she lifted up once more that hoarse, broken voice to croak with frightful glee, " Make it a good buona mancia, Signor Ben, for the sake of old times. It was Giuseppe who answered your letters; I am Antonia his wife, mother of his ten children. It should be a good, a brave buona mancia that I did not wait for you—not thirteen years, not even six months, only till Giuseppe came home from his coral-fishing."

Till her dying day the little old maid will never forget the look that settled upon his face after the first paralyzed moment in which he realized the woman's meaning. It was such a look that she hastily averted her eyes and tremblingly followed the chambermaid up the wide stone stairs.

She never saw him afterward, for he left the island that same evening. But she heard of him only last summer. He has married a sprightly girl of eighteen, and has some renown in his own country

—that of being the heaviest eater, sleeper, talker and *sitter* of the Lotus Club.

As his friends always said, he has no sentiment, even in his pictures.

As for Miss Deane, she is no older now than then. The volatile drops in her blood effervesce as of old, and her flirtation is as desperate with that invisible adorer as if she were twenty instead of—more.

But it is true that sometimes, at long intervals, she takes a bit of yellow paper from a secret place, and her spectacles grow dim (she wears them only in private) as she reads, in a feminine hand that seems to skip and chipper all over the page, "Truly, mamma dear, he has never said a word of love to me, and yet,

strange as it may seem, I am as sure that he loves me as—" Then she usually giggles, in queer, mirthless fashion, as she chirrup, "What a ridiculous little goosie I was!" before she folds the paper away for another long repose, readjusts her coquettish but scanty frizzes, and goes down stairs again to her invisible adorer and her perpetual flirtation.

And nobody hears the wail in her foolish old-young heart as she goes: "Ah, why might it not have been?"

Alas! why not?

For then she might have been less lively, and he less dead, both grown side by side into richer, fuller, sweeter ripeness for the great harvester whom we call Death.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

LIMOGES, AND ITS PORCELAIN.

THE traveller who, leaving Paris by express at 10 A. M., reaches the Orleans *dépôt* at Limoges at six in the evening, will see spacious boulevards, imposing buildings and a general air of stateliness and pretension, recalling the metropolis he left behind him in the morning. His omnibus will whisk him through streets crowded with promenaders, a picturesque panorama of well-dressed people, with a generous sprinkling of the light-blue jackets of the chasseurs, the gleaming helmets of the dragoons, the red kepis of the infantry, the broad-brimmed hats and sable mantles of the priesthood and the red-and-orange headkerchiefs of the working-women. If it be late in the season and the days are short, he will see at every turn *cafés* ablaze with light, and the wide sidewalks before them lined with tables at which, cool as it may be, crowds of loungers are seated sipping bier, absinthe or *eau sucrée*. But, looking up the dingy side-streets, here and there he may detect, by the lines of flickering, straggling gas-lights, glimpses of another Limoges — glimpses of steep

streets ending in stairways; of narrow and darkened passages where the opposite buildings nod to each other from across the street until they all but touch; of courts where curious little enshrined images of the Madonna and the saints look down from niches in the corners, and where heads are peeping out from every window to catch a whiff of evening air; and of sombre alleys, each lighted by a single lamp suspended midway, under the uncertain rays of which swarms of children and dogs are vying to awaken the loudest echoes.

A great conflagration devastated Limoges in 1865, but it proved to that city what our political economists would have us believe the national debt has been to the United States—a blessing in disguise. Incident to the rebuilding of the burnt quarter a spirit of general renovation seems to have crept over the minds of the city fathers, and from that time to the present the work of tearing down old buildings and widening or straightening narrow or crooked streets has been pushed forward to such a degree that were

some Limousin Rip Van Winkle, after a twenty years' slumber in the adjacent mountains, to happen in suddenly upon the haunts of his childhood, he would open his eyes as wide as did his Knickerbocker namesake. But there are some things that no amount of outlay or engineering can accomplish; and though many costly improvements have been made in modernizing Limoges and bringing it up to a realizing sense of its dignity as the great porcelain-manufacturing city of Europe, there are yet within its walls some streets so crooked that nothing short of total demolition will ever straighten them, and others so steep and rocky that enough nitro-glycerine to shake down a hundred neighboring houses would have to be employed to level them. So it has come to be acknowledged that, with all the good-will in the world for putting on modern airs, there are tumble-down, straggling, rickety relics of the past in Limoges which no amount of municipal resolutions or appropriations—nothing, in fact, but an earthquake—can ever remove. Every lover of the antique and quaint will fervently pray that no such disaster may ever come to efface the curious reminders of a time gone by.

For they are the pages upon which successive centuries have left their imprints. Here, for instance, is a street called the Rue du Consulat. By a happy coincidence, the United States consular office fronts upon it, but let not the patriotic American flatter himself that the street thence derives its name. Here lived one of the Roman proconsuls, and here stood the building in which the governors of the city, formerly known as "consuls," held their sessions. In this simple fact we discover a suggestion of the impress left by the domination of the Romans. But on their heels, in turn, came the Visigoths; then Clovis, who made Limoges one of his first conquests; and then the Saracens, who barely set foot on the soil ere Charles Martel's victory at Poitiers compelled them to leave. Some fragmentary bands, however, remained in the province, and one of them founded the neighboring city of Eymontiers,

where buildings of Arabic architecture are still standing.

The Moors, surging northward from Spain, have left their impress in these fertile valleys that border the Vienne—an impress everywhere visible in the olive complexions and the costumes of the people, and audible in their language. The ethnologist is astonished at discovering so far to the North all the characteristics of a Spanish population. On fair-days, when the peasantry from a wide circuit are gathered on the Champ de Foires, one hears spoken a dialect incomprehensible to ordinary Frenchmen. It is a patois, a rolling, mellifluous brogue, much resembling the Gascon or the tongue spoken in the Basque provinces among the Pyrenees. Nor are the country-people the sole monopolists of this singular accent: the talk of most of the town-people is more or less tinged with it. It is to the pure French what a good sweet Irish brogue is to the pure English. It is "Gascon"—and, after all, that is the only word that describes it—and you hear it spoken at every corner in Limoges, just as you meet everywhere swarthy faces, lustrous black eyes, raven hair and a marked dominance of the Southern type.

Limoges has had many masters. Charlemagne made a present of it to his son, Louis le Débonnaire. On another occasion, though the place is nearly two hundred miles inland, the Norman pirates came marching in and sacked it utterly. Louis the Stammerer, Carloman and Eudes were each in turn here crowned king of Aquitaine, and the last in 876 established the line of viscounts of Limoges, the last of whom, Henry of Navarre, reunited the domain to the crown of France. These viscounts inhabited from the thirteenth century the castle of Chaluset, about ten miles distant from the city. Its ruins are still interesting, and are a favorite resort for pleasure-parties. But still more frequently visited are the ruins of the castle of Chalus or Chabrol, where Richard Cœur de Lion fell in 1199. A railway - ride of an hour to Bussière-Galand, and another hour by stage, bring the visitor there. The very spot on which Richard

fell is pointed out, and even at this late day it is proposed to erect there a monument bearing this inscription :

ANNO DOMINI 1199,
HIC
TELUM LEMOGIÆ OCCIDIT LEONEM
ANGLIÆ.

After Richard's death Limoges kept on changing masters as before. In 1355, Edward the Black Prince unfurled the British flag from its battlements, but Bishop Jean de Crose, in whose charge he had left it, delivered it over to the king of France. Edward returned in wrath, recaptured it and put many of the inhabitants to the sword. Under Charles VII. Limoges became permanently a French city, retaining its peculiar form of local government by twelve consuls, which constituted it a sort of independent republic. As Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry of Navarre, was viscountess of Limoges, it was impossible that the surrounding province should escape being drawn into the wars of religion. At Roche l'Abeille, a few miles south of the city, is the battlefield where Admiral Coligny's Protestant army met and defeated the royal forces under the duke of Anjou. But with the accession of Henry IV. came a new order of things, and the visit of that monarch in 1605 opened an era of industry, prosperity and peace.

To this day the butchers of Limoges have good cause to remember Henry's visit. That chivalrous but improvident ruler was always pecuniarily embarrassed, and never, it appears, more so than on that October day when, preceded by the flower of the military, magistracy and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the province, he rode in through the gorgeous gateway surmounted by a colossal figure of the giant Limovex, the traditional founder of the city, which held a silver key in the right hand and a heart in the left, by way of tendering to His Majesty the submission and affections of the city. The butchers' guild was at that period notoriously prosperous and wealthy. A happy conceit entered the royal mind. For and in consideration of a handsome sum of money and so many horses he offered

to accord them in perpetuity the right of heading the escort whenever thereafter royalty should enter the city. The butchers took up the offer, paid the cash, produced the required number of horses, and in return received a charter and privileges which they have jealously guarded to this day. In 1810, when the duc de Berri, and in 1844, when the duc de Montpensier, visited Limoges, the butchers, with their white flag bearing a green cross, led the van in the processions that escorted them. The butchers form a little community, living all to themselves in the heart of the city, and intermarrying to such a degree that only five or six surnames are to be found among the eighty-odd families composing them. In the crooked, narrow little street, only two blocks long, which they inhabit—it is called the Rue des Boucheries—there are none but meat-shops, and the names "Cibeau," "Malvolin" and one or two others predominate on the signs over the doorways. In this babel of patronymics nicknames become necessary to distinguish one from another, and accordingly we find one man known as "*alias* Louis XVIII.," another as "*alias* the Captain," and so on through a variety of amusing sobriquets. These butchers are richer to-day, if anything, than they were in Henry's time, and there is no impecunious monarch to levy on them now. They have their own place of worship too, a little chapel dedicated to St. Aurelien, and standing modestly aside in a court at the foot of their narrow street. It is scarcely larger than the vestibule of an ordinary church, and its exterior is as plain as that of any country barn. But step quietly in, and as soon as your eyes are accustomed to the gloom look about you. What a surprise! Frescoes, stained glass, paintings, statuary, tapestries and vessels of gold and silver are crowded together with lavish profuseness in that little sanctuary. A monolith cross dating from the fifteenth century stands just outside the portal, bearing exquisitely-carved representations of Christ, the Virgin and the apostles—a gem of sculpture rearing itself unexpectedly in the midst of a muddy and squalid neighborhood.

The history of Limoges, like that of most European cities, is closely interwoven with that of its churches. St. Michael of the Lions, familiarly known as the Church of the Boule d'Or from a large gilded ball which adorns its tapering spire, stands upon one of the highest points in the city. About its base, in the niches between its projecting abutments, cobblers and dealers in old clothes and bric-à-brac have, with the sanction of time, reared unopposed their rickety shanties, so that the church-walls, with their ancient carvings and quaint designs, seem to spring up incongruously out of a medley of combustible rubbish. On the steps at the main doorway, in careless disorder, are to be seen the three life-size stone lions which gave the church its name. They date from the twelfth century, and are so worn by time that only the outlines of their features are still discernible. St. Michael's spire, which is one hundred and sixty-five feet high and ascended by an iron ladder on the exterior, was completed in 1383. The interior of the church is richly adorned, though somewhat defaced during the Revolutionary days of '93, when it was reared into a temple of Reason and witnessed many a saturnalian orgy, during one of which one of its finest windows was broken to fragments.

But it is at the cathedral that the Revolution has left most plainly visible to future generations the marks of its iconoclastic hammers and chisels. To reach it from St. Michael's we must thread our way across the town from the heights to the plateau overlooking the river, where, in the heart of the ancient quarter known as "the Cité," stands the grand old cathedral of St. Étienne. Its cornerstone was laid June 1, 1273, though two other churches and a Roman temple to Jupiter had previously stood on the same site. Successive bishops have pushed it toward completion, but it was only in 1847 that a complete restoration of the edifice was begun. Monsigneur Duquesnay, the present bishop, has raised a subscription of half a million of francs for that purpose. The tower, one hundred and eighty-six feet high, when viewed from any point

in the environs looms up a conspicuous object in the picture. Within, the church is remarkable for the boldness of its vaults and arches and the elegance of its workmanship. Numerous works of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance—among which are six bas-reliefs representing the Labors of Hercules—adorn the walls. These classical works the Revolutionists spared: it was only upon the ecclesiastical sculptures that they sought to wreak their hate. In the chancel the remains of three bishops—Raynard de la Porte (1325), Bernard Brun (1349) and Jean de Langeac (1541) repose beneath stone mausoleums, the last of which contains fourteen bas-reliefs of the Visions of the Apocalypse. These mausoleums too are sadly defaced: the full-length stone figures of the deceased prelates which lie recumbent on top of their respective tombs are minus noses and hands.

But to the antiquarian the most interesting feature of the cathedral is that portion of its foundation which formed a part of the Roman basilica that stood on this site. It was transformed from a temple of Jupiter to a Christian church by St. Martial, a contemporary of the apostles, sent hither from Rome to preach the gospel to the Gentile Lemovices. St. Martial is honored to this day as the patron saint of Limoges. When he died some pious priests formed a brotherhood to preserve his tomb, and at that tomb have since knelt Popes Urban II. and Clement V., Edward of England, Blanche of Castile, Henry IV., Louis VII., XI. and XIII. of France, and many great lords and princes, who, it must be remembered, had to journey hither in days when no palace-coaches and lightning mail-trains were at their disposal. Railroads have put a heavy discount on the ancient pilgrimage business.

In the tenth century a terrible plague, known as the *mal des ardents*, swept off forty thousand Limousins in a few weeks. The survivors, hopeless save of divine intervention, prayed that St. Martial's remains might be brought from the tomb where they had been reposing for nearly a thousand years and exposed to public

view. All the relics of other saints that could be collected in the neighborhood were brought into Limoges, as if to form a cortège of honor to the remains of the patron saint of Aquitaine. Upon a hill in the environs, now known as the Mont de la Joie, the sacred fossils of the departed just were held up that all might gaze upon them and be healed. By what particular process the manifestation of these osseous fragments of defunct ecclesiastics resulted in a banishment of the pestilence one finds it difficult to explain, save on general principles of faith and Professor Tyndall's prayer-test. Nevertheless, history records that the plague was stayed. A chapel was erected upon the hilltop, which is now tunnelled by a railroad, and from that day the public display of these saintly relics, at intervals of every seven years, has become an established ceremonial known as the Festival of the Ostension. It is celebrated on Thursday of Mid-Lent by a procession conducted with great pomp and ceremony. The flag of the brotherhood of St. Martial, an immense white banner with a red cross, is first blessed by the bishop, after which, followed by a numerous cortège, it is borne through the city to the sound of music and an incessant fusillade of musketry. It is then hoisted to the summit of the spire of St. Michael, which forms the repository of St. Martial's remains.

The procession itself is a curious and motley spectacle. So great is the emulation in the preparation of costumes that many families are accustomed to buy the materials and begin the work two years in advance. In the ranks are to be seen represented all the saints both of the Old and New Testament, the seven Maccabei, and the entire Passion, including our Saviour, the Virgin Mary and the apostles. Twenty-four angels carry the instruments of the Passion. "We participated in this festival in 1820," writes the late Abbé Tesier, "and can recall the tears, and even indignation, of the multitude when the personage representing Our Lord fell under the weight of an immense cross." On the same occasion four thousand pupils of the College of St. Mary marched

in line, representing the prophets, martyrs, confessors and virgins. After them came long lines of soldiers fantastically clad in the military costumes of the Middle Ages, and equipped with crossbows, matchlock arquebuses and all varieties of ancient weapons, which had been handed down in families from generation to generation to be used on these occasions. There were in line, too, all the rulers and magistrates of the province, and scores of religious orders and brotherhoods to which successive centuries of Romanism had given birth. Chief among these latter are the Penitents, a curious fraternity which merits more than a passing mention.

Though dating from the thirteenth century in France, it was not until 1598 that the order made its appearance in Limoges. It gained ground there so rapidly, however, that in 1789 but one other city, Marseilles, contained a greater number of lodges. Each lodge, to obtain its charter, had to bind itself to rebuild some ruined church, name some special mission of good it was to accomplish and choose some special color for its costume. Thus at Limoges we find Black, Blue, Gray, White, Purple, Violet and Dead-Leaf Penitents, each charged with some special benevolent function, such as settling disputes between alienated members of one family, escorting the condemned to the scaffold and holding the crucifix to their lips, relieving imprisoned debtors, and so on. People of all ages and conditions flocked to their ranks. A unanimous election was required to obtain admission. The order grew so wealthy and powerful that at times it even dared to oppose the authority of the Church itself. The annual procession on Holy Thursday called out the entire population. It took place at nightfall, the brethren marching disguised and barefoot through the streets, holding lighted tapers and lanterns suspended from long poles, carrying a cross covered with crape at their head, and chanting a dirge as they went. But by and by trouble arose, and the Penitents found themselves in hot water. In 1742 a malefactor whom they escorted to the scaffold managed to escape, through the

aid, it was believed, of the throng of disguised Penitents about him. Henceforward their interference in executions was forbidden. The Revolution dealt what was practically a deathblow to the order, for, though revived in 1804, it provoked ridicule as out of keeping with modern ideas. The Ostension procession of 1862 saw the six surviving lodges parade together for the last time. The events of 1870-71 finished the work of disorganization, and to-day the costumes and ornaments of the Penitents Noirs—who, it seems, had survived all the others—remain as curiosities in the possession of the last treasurer of the lodge.

The stranger at Limoges is perforce an early riser. He is aroused from his slumbers at daybreak by a furious reveille of drum and bugle from the numerous barracks about the city, and from that time on bugle-practice and drum-practice hold high revel, until the despairing visitor is obliged, in sheer self-defence, to rise, dress and stroll out to see where all the racket comes from. He will understand it when he learns that of the seventy thousand people in the city about him, ten thousand are soldiers. If he would gain some idea of the number and extent of the *casernes* in which this good-sized army is quartered—in fact, if he would have a view of the whole city just awakening to its daily life—let him stroll up through one or another of the steep streets leading to the Place d'Orsay, a hilltop park crowned with forest trees and overlooking all Limoges. There was once a Roman arena on this spot, but its memory now lives only in the name of an adjacent street. If the morning be clear the view from this point is superb. Let the spectator turn where he may, he looks over densely-crowded housetops toward a vast amphitheatre of surrounding hills dotted with châteaux and farms, and enclosing the circular valley or basin in the centre of which, upon a knoll, stands the city itself. About him the busy hum of toil is already audible. Scores of tall chimneys puffing out smoke and flames mark the numerous porcelain-factories scattered here and there through the city's limits. Close at hand the tapering spire

of St. Michael's, and beyond it that of St. Pierre, stand out in clear relief against the morning sky, while farther in the distance the cathedral looms up grand and shapely among the morning shadows rising from the river at its base.

By this time the shops are opened, everybody is stirring, and the visitor may as well take a stroll over to the marketplace. On his way he will pass the Palais de Justice on the Place d'Aisne and the military club-house on the Rue Darnay, both of them elegant structures; he will traverse a quarter where the names on the signs and the noses on the shopkeepers' faces give an emphatic answer, so far as Limoges is concerned, to the time-honored query, "Where, oh where, are the Hebrew children?" he will pass through the fashionable shopping-region, where great dry-goods stores, dedicated "Au Louvre," "À la Ville de Paris," etc., glare at him with their enormous plate-glass panes and a wealth of fabrics within; he will remark a surprising predominance of pastry-shops and drug-stores, though it need not necessarily be inferred that one is the complement of the other: in some streets he will find the sidewalks wide and well laid, in others they are rough and painful, tapering off to nothing alongside the base of some projecting building. If he asks a question of the shopkeepers in the doorways, they answer him pleasantly and politely; if he scan the faces of passers-by, he finds them bright, hopeful and good-natured. Groups of neatly-dressed, bareheaded working-girls go chatting by: men in blouses and slouch hats, carrying tin dinner-pails, hurry past. Vellum-faced old women crying vegetables in the shrillest of voices; here and there a guard of soldiers following a forage-wagon piled high with loaves of bread two feet long; milkmen's wagons, bakers' wagons, and an occasional patient donkey toiling up-hill with a stout country dame and a load of cabbages in the cart behind him; sedate housewives hurrying homeward, followed by little *bonnes* with laden baskets on their arms,—all tell the observer that he is in the neighborhood of the market.

What a babel of confusion it is, this

motley gathering of fruit- and vegetable-women, seated in long rows of improvised stalls along the paved slope, enclosed on all sides by tall buildings, which forms the market-place! They all wear red-and-yellow headkerchiefs, and are chattering away for dear life. It is a recognized principle in their code to ask any price they think they can get for their wares, but for all that living is not costly at Limoges. Good beef and mutton sell at eighteen cents a pound, and articles of *charcuterie*, such as ham, sausage, *pâtés* and *galantine*, are sold in great quantities. Vegetables of all kinds are plentiful and cheap, and in the season there is an abundance of pears, apples, grapes and figs. In the autumn, too, thousands of bushels of a giant species of chestnut are gathered and sold or shipped to other markets. Mushroom-rooms as large round as a dinner-plate are sold by weight, and women and children can be seen munching them as they would crusts of bread. Wine is poor and high-priced, for the Limousin is not a vine-growing province, and with the recent rise in price the poorer classes have to forego the daily litre of *vin rouge* which their compatriots in the neighboring Charente still consider indispensable to their health and happiness. Looking at these market-people about him, the observer can easily see that they are not habitual wine-drinkers. They take a little cider, a little beer, but wine only now and then. Simplicity and frugality of diet, in fact, mark the habits of all the people, rich and poor, of the province. A cup of coffee on rising, a plate of soup at nine, a substantial meal at mid-day, and another plate of soup between six and eight in the evening, make up the bill of fare for the day.

The hotels, however, keep up the Parisian hours for meals, and as breakfast does not come until eleven o'clock, it would be well for our visitor to devote his remaining morning hours to the famous Ceramic Museum, which is not far from the Place d'Orsay, and which contains the finest collection of *faience* and porcelains in the world excepting that at

the Louvre. All the principal European countries are here found represented by specimens of their wares, but the United States, alas! is conspicuous by its absence, notwithstanding the fact that last year a notice was generally published throughout the American press advising our porcelain-makers that samples, if sent by them to the United States consular agent at Limoges, would be exhibited in the museum side by side with the rest. In connection with the establishment a free school for drawing and porcelain-decoration has been inaugurated by the city, and with such success that it numbers six hundred and fifty pupils of both sexes and all ranks of society.

After his morning stroll our visitor to Limoges will doubtless breakfast well. At either the Boule d'Or, the Richelieu or La Paix he cannot fail to do so, provided he furnish the appetite. There are other hotels, some of them rejoicing in such fanciful names as "The Golden Chariot" or "The Silver Eagle," but the three first named are those that the arriving stranger generally hears screamed in his ears by the runners at the railway-dépôt. The prices at either of them, varying from a dollar and a half to two dollars per day, seem ridiculously cheap to an American, for the bill of fare embraces an elaborate array of courses at the table-d'hôte, and wine is included. Carriage-hire, too, is remarkably reasonable: for a five-franc piece one can hire for the best part of the afternoon either a one-horse coupé or a two-horse barouche with a liveried driver. Tell the coachman to drive you out of town anywhere to get a good view of the city. He will touch his hat, crack his whip, and away you go. He will probably take you past the statue of Marshal Jourdan, the Cercle de l'Union—a splendidly-appointed private club—and so down through the Cité to the Boulevard Pont Neuf, leading to the bridge of the same name. The view up and down the river as you cross is extremely picturesque, the banks ascending in steep declivities on either side. Above is the ancient bridge of St. Étienne, and below is the equally ancient bridge of St.

Martial, each, like the Pont Neuf, leading to its faubourg beyond the river. Under the shade of the shapely poplars lining the placid current hundreds of laundresses are to be seen kneeling in little wooden boxes at the water's edge, each having before her a smooth flat stone on which she scrubs, kneads and pounds somebody's family linen. The roadway up through the faubourg is dirty and tedious: unkempt children are playing in the street and ill-bred dogs run out to bark as you pass. But beyond are the loveliest of rural scenes—long, shaded roadways where, through the closely-aligned trees, one looks down upon the city and the river spread like a picture beneath: here and there, standing back from the roadside and embowered in foliage, are ancestral châteaux, seeming to care very little for the common world about them. The farms are models of agricultural industry and neatness. Prosperity and thrift are written in large letters all over the cultivated fields and well-cared-for pastures that meet the eye at every turn. Men and women are working together among the grain or in the hay-meadows. A turn in the road brings us to Panazol, a little hamlet with not over twenty houses, yet with a vine-clad toy of a church, and a little shed, New England like, adjoining it, for the convenience of the farmers who come here to mass on Sundays. Before the doors peasant-women sit working at their looms, and bright-faced matrons sit knitting in the windows. The village streets are grass-grown and still, and but for an occasional old woman, with an immense broad-brimmed straw hat on her head and a load of fagots on her back, our carriage might dash at break-neck speed through Panazol without fear of injuring any one.

Within a radius of a few miles there are a dozen pleasant points for afternoon drives—Rochechouart, with its historic château; St. Yrieix, a bright and pretty town, with a church that has a history; St. Léonard, with its famous church, an exact model of St. Sepulchre at Jerusalem; the abbaye of Solignac, where St. Éloi worked as a silversmith; and Aix, farther down on the Vienne, where you

can drive down for dinner, and then return home along the river-bank by moonlight. Either one of these trips would prove interesting: your gorgeous driver is very communicative, and tells you all about the owners of this place and that, what their family pedigrees are, whom they married, how much they are worth and how much they paid per hectare for the property.

There is a fair theatre where one can hear *Le Petit Duc*, *Les Cloches* or some other popular opera sung three times a week. One sees very few elaborately-dressed ladies in the audiences, for the city, being an industrial one and with a large majority of its population given to their daily labor for support, is not much wedded to fashion: it is practical rather than worldly. The constant round of dinners, soirées, balls and receptions which characterizes French high life in many and even smaller cities is lacking here. The wealthier people, as a rule, are the porcelain-manufacturers, who live in a quiet, substantial, sensible way, eschewing the follies and fatigues of fashionable existence. Full half of the population depends, directly or indirectly, on the porcelain industry for its support. It was only a hundred and thirty years ago that this industry had its birth. For centuries before that, it is true, Limoges had been famous through all Europe for its enamels. Bernard Palissy was a citizen of Limoges, and Léonard Limousin was appointed "enamel-painter in ordinary" to King Francis I. It is possible that this art was brought here from Italy by some Venetian merchants, who in 977 built up a portion of what is now the Faubourg St. Martial and established an extensive trade in fabrics and spices with the Levant. But it was not until 1765 that Doctor Darnay, a surgeon of Limoges, discovered near the neighboring village of St. Yrieix the inexhaustible quarries of kaolin which were destined to become a source of wealth and employment for all the surrounding population. Like most discoverers, he failed to realize any substantial benefits. A Bordeaux druggist, one De Villaret, managed to secure a patent in advance of him, and poor Darnay,

defeated in a suit for damages, had to content himself with the posthumous honor of having a street named after him in the city which has most profited by his discovery.

In 1772 the first porcelain-factory was established at Limoges by Messrs. Massier, Fourneyra & Grellet *frères*, under the protection of the wise and liberal intendant Turgot. It is the decoration of the porcelain that gives it its value as well as its charm. Its manufacture is comparatively easy and simple. The kaolin, a dry, whitish-yellow clay, is first taken in lumps from the quarry and carried to one or another of the numerous mills lining the Vienne, where it is ground fine and reduced to a liquid paste closely resembling bread-dough. In this shape it is carried in sacks to the factory, where, having been again worked over to secure fineness and pliability, it is ready for the moulder's or the turner's hands. Nothing can exceed the deftness and skill with which, under the magic touch of the experienced workman, shapeless lumps of this prepared clay are fashioned into cups, dishes, vases and every conceivable form of the most delicate pottery. It is so quickly done, too! One handy operative can make two hundred cups a day. Once moulded into shape, the piece of pottery is dipped into liquid enamel which gives it hardness and brilliancy. It receives too the stamp of the manufacturer. It is then placed in what is called a *gazette* to be put into the oven to bake. The *gazette* is composed of a pair of deep earthen saucers fitting tightly together and forming a circular box, varying in dimensions according to the sizes of the objects to be baked. The greater part of those in use are little larger than an ordinary soup-plate. In this *gazette* the piece of porcelain is hermetically sealed up, and then it goes into the oven with thousands of other *gazettes*, until the great circular furnace, twenty feet in diameter and two stories high, is packed full from side to side and from bottom to top. Then the doors are closed, the fires are lit, and for a period varying from thirty-four to fifty hours the baking process goes on at a temperature of thirty-two hundred de-

grees Fahrenheit. Even after the fires are extinguished the heat in the furnace continues intense, and twelve hours more must elapse before it subsides sufficiently to permit the workmen to enter, remove and open the *gazettes*, take out the porcelains, which are now hard and brilliant, and send them to the artists for decoration. There are in all some seventy of these ovens in Limoges, with an average capacity of six thousand pieces. As most of them are kept going night and day, the reader can form some idea of the amount daily manufactured.

But thus far we have only followed the process through its homelier stages. The decorative work, yet to come, is the most delicate as it is the most interesting. But not every piece of porcelain that comes out of the oven reaches the decorator's hands. Of every hundred pieces baked, an average of twenty-five are thrown out as inferior, and the remaining seventy-five are divided or sorted out into four grades, known as second choice, choice, *élite* and special, in the average proportion of thirty, twenty-five, fifteen and five to each class respectively. The special is employed only for very rich decorations; *élite* is recommended for best selection; the choice is for ordinary usage; and the second choice is of such fair quality as to be pronounced less imperfect than the best porcelain sent from China and Japan, and specially recommended as the most economical pottery. The price of decoration varies according to the selection of porcelain to which it is applied. Thus, for instance, the lower grades of artists are employed upon the second-choice porcelain, while the best painters and decorators work upon the *élite*: the special is only given to artists of the most exceptional merit. The various artists, painters and decorators, are paid salaries which, according to the French standard, are considered munificent, though they sound small enough to American ears. Much of the decorating, such as flowers, birds, vines, etc., is done by laying the paper designs upon the porcelain and painting over them. The gilding is more laborious, and enormous quantities of pure gold-leaf are used. The

gold, once laid on, can only become permanently part and parcel of the porcelain by being subjected to an additional six hours' baking at a temperature of eight hundred degrees Réaumur.

Not less important is the decoration of faïence-ware, which varies infinitely according to the desired effect. Haviland & Co., who may be taken as a standard, classify their faïences into six groups—viz. cream faïences, which are thus named from their color, and which are decorated with paintings under the enamel or with translucent enamels; enamelled paintings, possessing all the tone, richness and variety of oil-paintings; grand-fire fresco paintings, or exact representations of wall frescoes, and especially adapted for panels or architectural ornaments; gilt enamels, reproducing Chinese lac-paintings or vases of precious stones; Limoges enamels, very similar to the ancient enamels of Léonard Limousin; and sculptured faïences, painted either under the enamel or in grand-fire frescoes: the figures alone are never painted in these latter. Each piece of sculptured faïence is the

model itself, signed by the artist: not one of them is ever reproduced by moulding. In the museum connected with the Haviland works are to be seen some remarkably fine specimens of their faïence-wares. The Havilands, themselves Americans, who by their enterprise and integrity reflect credit upon their country, have done much to popularize the love for ceramics in the New World, and the head of the house, Mr. Charles Haviland, was worthily decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor at the close of the Paris Exposition. The firm has recently completed the manufacture of an elaborate dinner-service for the White House at Washington, based upon designs by a well-known American artist. Long may that service grace the board of the first magistrate of our nation as a souvenir and symbol of the two great republics of the world—as a substantial evidence of what French resources, combined with American industry, have produced from the rough and shapeless clods of clay which so many preceding centuries have passed by unnoticed! GEORGE L. CATLIN.

THREE ROSES.

"OH, shall it be a red rose, a red rose, a red rose,
A deep-tinted red rose?" said she.

"In the sunny garden-closes
How they burn, the dark-red roses!
How they lift their glowing cups to me!

"Oh, shall it be a blush rose, a blush rose, a blush rose,
A dewy, dainty blush rose?" said she.

"At its heart a flush so tender,
With a veiled and softened splendor,
How it droops its languid head toward me!

"Oh, shall it be a white rose, a white rose, a white rose,
A fair and shining white rose?" said she.

"With its pale cheek tinted faintly,
Like a vestal pure and saintly,
Lo! it lights its silver lamp for me."

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE PRACTICAL HISTORY OF A PLAY.

"THE play, the play's the thing!"—not whereby, as moody Hamlet hath it, to catch the conscience of the king, but as a possible means of emancipation from the galling and unprofitable conditions of a literary career. A book which embodies months of research, the refined outcome of scholarly labor and reflective observation, may secure a definite and honorable place for its author, but it is not likely to yield as much in a pecuniary way as the salary of a good clerk. Even a successful novel which strikes the popular fancy and circulates through many editions is only a matter of a few hundred dollars. We look over the whole field of bookmaking and periodical-writing without discovering one practitioner of average ability, any man with every requisite but genius itself, who, though diligent and adaptative to circumstances, can find in the general work of his profession the income of an average doctor or lawyer. There is a veteran whom we are reminded of, each of whose books has had a sale of more than five thousand copies, while some of them have exceeded fifty thousand—which is nearly forty-nine times more than many volumes reach—and we know that he, with this exceptional success and by the industry of a lifetime, has not accumulated the smallest fortune, though he has been fertile and has lived within five thousand dollars a year. The ground is overcrowded, the struggle for place is exhausting, and the man who is wholly dependent on his profession for bread and butter finds himself elbowed and pushed against, not only by competitors of his own class, but also by many to whom literature is a recreation, a source of distinction, or collateral to some other business, and not the obdurate necessity it is to him.

The literary gift is too often a faculty which exists by itself, and is not conjoined with versatility. Weary though he may be, the author has no alternative,

and must drag along in his profession, feeling that he were better out of it, and yet that he is useless for anything else. His future is held in the Acherontic depths of his ink-pot, and all he is capable of winning is in solution there. He thinks of the theatre in his despair, and may find comfort in the reflection that one substantially - successful play brings its author more money than a poet or historian receives for all the masterpieces of his life. Harry Esmond mentions with pride somewhere in his history that a play of his writing had the honor of being represented two or three times; and in the colonel's day dramatic literature was scarcely more profitable than other kinds of writing. Now, however, a new play, produced at a metropolitan theatre with the elaborate mounting and excellent acting that are customary, is considered a positive failure if it is withdrawn at the end of a month, and it is not unusual to see two or three pieces filling the whole season. The metropolitan successes are also wanted by managers in other cities; and from one manuscript, about one-third the length of an ordinary novelette, the author may derive twenty thousand dollars or more in two or three years.

The play holds out the one possibility of a fortune which literature without transcendent genius offers, and though the chances of winning are known to be few, the prize is so splendid that it is tried for by men of every intellectual calibre. The poet, the essayist, the novelist, the newspaper editor, the newspaper critic and the newspaper reporter, the scholar and the airy *raconteur*, have all written something for the theatre, and visions of the auditorium filled with a well-dressed, perfumed, smiling throng, of the lights, the applause and the excitement, have given speed to their pens. Beyond its profitableness the drama has another and powerful fascination for its author. Presupposing that it is competently acted and mounted with the exquisite taste and completeness of detail

that we see at such theatres as the Union Square in New York, the manuscript is touched as by a magician's wand and from a collocation of words becomes a living, visible world, and a beatific, almost deifying, consciousness of creation fills the author as he contemplates the embodied offspring of his brain.

The poet, the essayist and the others have written their plays, inspired and accelerated by dreams of a sweeter success than they have known before, and if the reader should ask what has become of them we might answer by begging him to consult the theatrical records and find out how many new plays by American authors have been produced during the past ten years. The end, if not the history, of nearly all of them is the same. They have been received by the managers with a degree of attention measured and varied according to the positions and influences of the persons submitting them. Some of the authors have written to theatres praying for a hearing, and have waited in vain for an answer; others have succeeded in getting their manuscripts into some manager's hands, and have been promised a decision which has been put off from month to month, until at the end of a year or so they have been glad to recover their work, though it has not been read; a few have had their plays accepted, and are only sanguine at the beginning of each season to become disheartened before its close as this or that success of London or Paris has occupied the theatre and deferred the production of their own work, which is effectually entombed in an office-safe: these live on wearily, ever in sight of a desired object to which they never come nearer; and, finally, there are a limited number who, impatient of the delays or rejected at houses where alone production would be worth while, have withdrawn their plays and given them to secondary managers or "stars"—a course fatal to both pecuniary and artistic success.

After many vicissitudes all the manuscripts usually come home to their parents, who do not repeat their experiments, but, looking back on their dead ambition, shake their heads with an air

of great sagacity when play-writing is mentioned and point ominously to a pile of leaves in some corner of their desks. Years ago, when we told a literary veteran who had written tragedies and other trifles for the Bowery in its palmy days that we were engaged upon a drama of our own, he vehemently protested against the folly. "Don't do it!" he cried. "They will tear your heart out," referring to the managers, who certainly deserve small credit for the way they treat the literary men who submit work to them. Nevertheless, in all the leading theatres there is in some part of the building an office, usually undiscoverable by the uninitiated, where plays are actually read and sometimes accepted. It is a small apartment guarded by an attendant, who instinctively knows to whom the manager is "at home" and to whom he is not—who has a welcoming smile for the critic of the big newspaper and an impatient shrug of disparagement for the author who calls for the twentieth time to see if his play has been read. There is a bunch of programmes hanging from a nail in the wall, and there are proofs of lithographic window-sheets and posters strewn upon the desks and chairs. The newspapers are filed, and copies of the latest editions are so profuse that the effect is more journalistic than theatrical. But the conversation is assiduously "professional," and there is a somewhat unusual familiarity of address among the persons present, who call one another by their Christian names. Sometimes an actor or actress attached to the theatre looks in, or a playwright who is in favor, or a provincial manager, or a fashionable "man about town" who in some occult way has obtained the *entrée* of the managerial sanctum. It strikes one that for an overburdened business-man the manager is very affable and patient. This is only during his moments of leisure, however, and when a play has to be discussed, the characters to be "cast" or engagements to be made none but members of the staff are admitted.

Not more than a dozen original plays by Americans have been produced at the three principal theatres of New York during the last six years. The most notable

of these have been *Pique*, by Mr. Augustin Daly, who was his own manager; *The Banker's Daughter*, by Mr. Bronson Howard in collaboration with Mr. A. R. Cazauran, the former an experienced playwright, and the latter assistant manager of the theatre at which it was produced; *The False Friend*, by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, an established literary man; and *Conscience*, in collaboration, by Mr. A. E. Lancaster, a critic of distinction. It is worth observation that in each instance the author was in some measure intimate with the theatre and possessed some knowledge of stage-effect, the requirements and exigences of the companies for which he was writing. Literary ability alone will not make an acting play, even when it is wedded to the constructive faculty and dramatic instinct; and we often see a novelist whose characters are forcibly contrasted and whose climaxes are thrilling failing in stage-work, because he makes the fatal mistake of supposing that it can be done by the same methods as his stories. In a novel the author may be explanatory and analytical, telling how, why and wherefore, while in the play he must be concise, suggestive and synthetical, making his characters define themselves by emotion and action rather than by words.

What we have said, perhaps, shows how many things a candidate for dramatic honors requires to succeed. He must have literary ability of course, and not only must he have a nervous style, but he must be able to invent a plot of sustained interest and strong situations, and possess the faculty of pre-visualizing the effect what he is writing will have when seen by an audience under very different circumstances and in very different surroundings from those of his study.

But neither the difficulties nor the limitations of the market frighten away the aspirants. One theatre receives more than two hundred manuscripts a year, some from persons of education and literary training, from whom acceptable work might come, but many of them from men and women who are wholly disqualified for any sort of literature by the completeness of their ignorance.

Border dramas, with five or six scenes to an act, are submitted to establishments where only elegant comedies and emotional dramas are produced, each with one scene to the act; high-flown tragedies in blank verse come begging at the doors of the theatre where airy musical pieces are a staple; and plays with all parts subordinated to that of a "star" are sent in to houses which depend on their stock companies and the carefully-balanced distribution of characters. It is not alone orthography and syntax that many of the people who write plays are deficient in: they lack the simple common sense which directs the man with chickens for sale to the poulterer and the farmer with potatoes to the grocer's. Perhaps this is why the manager makes a wry face when a new play by an unknown hand is mentioned to him. Such a mass of impracticable stuff is submitted to him that he loses heart and faith in turning it over. But generally it is turned over, and if among all the chaff one grain of wheat is found there is rejoicing, and the author finds himself elect.

The reader is usually a member of the executive staff of the theatre, who selects from all the manuscripts sent in those that are at all feasible, which are then read by the manager or assistant manager, and either rejected or held for future consideration. A few strong situations, a novel character or a brilliant piece of dialogue, though set in unequal surroundings, will often delay the final judgment, for the manager is as apprehensive of throwing away a good thing as of accepting a poor one, and if he sees a gleam of power he is reluctant to decide upon it without cogitation. He mentally revolves the question to see it from every point, and wonders if after some "fixing up" the play might not prosper. Should it prosper, it would be much more profitable to him than to the author: should it fail, it would involve a loss of several thousand dollars and injure the reputation of his theatre. While he is debating the matter, which is a serious one to him, a piece may be filling his house and he may have already selected the play to follow it. He looks over the new work

at his leisure, and invites the criticism of his principal assistants; he considers its feasibility in reference to the peculiarities of his company, and if there are parts which his actors cannot fill he inquires whether others are disengaged who could fill them; he considers it in reference to the scenic capacity of his house, and the very size of his auditorium has some influence upon him, for what tells on a small stage often fails on a larger one. He is cautious, and dismisses the subject for a few weeks, perhaps to think it over again at odd moments—at his club, over his dinner, in his *coupé* or at his office. Meanwhile the play is lying on his desk or in the safe, and an outraged author is consuming himself with disappointment and bitterness, demanding an answer from day to day and being put off so often that at last he insults the manager and reclaims his manuscript.

But, supposing that the author is patient and lets the matter take its necessarily tedious course, and that finally the manager accepts the play and signs a contract for its production, it may still be months or years before an opening can be found for it. At some time or other a date is fixed for it, however: it is underlined in the bills and mentioned to the critics, and the practical work of building up the acting drama from the manuscript is now begun. One of the staff revises the stage-directions and marks the exits and entrances of the characters, having a diagram of the stage with its various doors before him; and when he is finished all the "business," on the technical completeness of which the author, especially if he is callow, has probably flattered himself, is cut out. The phrases which are prolix or redundant are dropped, and a character may be swept out of existence by the stroke of a pencil or a new one added, a comedy-scene written in to relieve the gloom of some serious business, or an element of pathos introduced where the shadows are not deep enough. It is a fearful ordeal for the author, but the prospect of having the curtain lifted upon his work buoys him through it, and he discreetly keeps his temper, though unconvinced that all the changes

are for the better. We are speaking of a tyro. When the playwright is a veteran his stage-directions are likely to be valuable, though few plays reach the public unaltered; and in some instances the suggestions of an inexperienced man are serviceable.

The revised manuscript is then given to the copyist, a subordinate actor usually, who replicates it, and alternates each page of writing with a blank leaf, for a purpose to be explained anon. The cast is meanwhile exercising the brains of the manager. Which member of his company will best suit this part? and which that? As in the choice of a piece, the soundness of his judgment is put to a severe test, and that verisimilitude and identity between the actor and his impersonation wherein art has its fulfilment are only attained by a critical perspicuity which places him on a much higher plane than the mere commercial purveyor of amusements. His opinion of the most effective distribution of parts will probably not be shared by the actors themselves if each member of the company has not a great opportunity allotted to him; which of course is impossible. The vanity of human nature is inordinately developed in the bosom of the player, who loves to linger on the stage and to be central and preponderant. A popular leading-man is not easily replaced, and when he feels that he is more or less indispensable he is apt to be as arrogant as he is vain, and begrudge his associates the attention or applause of the audience for a moment. Even the withdrawal of a minor person is felt in a company whose members have been drilled together for some months and whose abilities are harmoniously balanced. But the manager is firm and at the same time conciliatory: he is like a patient father with wayward children, whom he controls by mild arts when despotic commands would be ignored or combated.

The cast being decided upon, two more gentlemen are introduced into the managerial council: one is the scene-painter and the other the "property-man." "I want for the first act," says the manager

to the painter, "a scene in the diamond-fields of South Africa; for the second, the exterior of an Elizabethan house; for the third, a handsome library; and for the fourth, a conservatory. The diamond-fields must be shown as at evening, the house and the library must be characteristic of the home of an old and prosperous family, and the conservatory must be as fine a 'set' as you can paint." After listening to these instructions the painter submits a number of plates from which he thinks he may gather a definite idea of the exact requirements of the play: a picture from the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic* may give a suggestion of what is wanted for the scene at the diamond-fields; the illustrations of a work on the baronial homes of England may include such a library and exterior as would suit; and perhaps for the conservatory he submits a hasty water-color drawing of his own or a design from some book on architecture. "That's the thing," says the manager, pointing to selections from these, and he picks out the plates which fit his idea of what the scenes should be; and the artist gives him an estimate of the cost of production, specifying the quantities of lumber, canvas and paint that will be required to build up a diamond-gully, the Elizabethan mansion and the conservatory. Perhaps the estimate is too large, and is reduced, but the management is apt to be over-generous rather than stinting, and more probably the artist is instructed to prepare his models with few limitations as to cost.

Now the property-man is consulted. The rocks that will lie about the stage in the diamond-field scene, the cataract in the background, the implements of the miners, the tents and the wagons, the furniture in the library-scene and all the appurtenances of the conservatory, are to be made or procured by him and disposed of on the stage before the performance begins. The rocks are to be of papier-mâché, and the cataract is to be simulated by a revolving drum of tinsel or glass beads with a strong light upon it. It is his business to construct them and the artist's to paint them. Every ar-

ticle used on the stage is in the property-man's charge. The crowns of kings, the cross of Richelieu, the whip of Tony Lumpkin, the bleached forehead of Yorick, the bell which the victorious hero strikes before having the discomfited villain shown to the door, and the fat purse with its crackling bank-notes and jingling coin which the honest but virtuous clerk refuses in the face of temptation,—all belong to the property-man's department. The demands on his ingenuity and research take him into every kind of shop in every quarter of the city. He has dealings with ironmongers, milliners, upholsterers and merchants of curios. The magnificent and costly suite of carved oak in the library-scene, which is not veneer but substantial furniture, and the most trivial objects—a handbag or a hat-rack, perhaps a baby for some "side-splitting" farce, whatever the play calls for—he must secure and put, night after night, in the exact place which the stage-directions have prescribed. Each new play requires, of course, some new articles, and the accumulated stock is uniquely various from which the accoutrements of princes and potentates, beggars and nobles, soldiers and lackeys, priests and highwaymen, the riotously anachronistic material of a fancy-dress ball, may be gathered.

The scene-painter is provided at the preliminary consultation with a "scene-plot," wherein the exits and entrances, the doors, windows and other openings necessary in the action of the play, are specified: at the same time a "property-plot" is handed to the property-man, enumerating the articles involved in the action; and we cannot better illustrate the diversified character which the latter sometimes have than by quoting from the plot of *French Flats*, which was produced in New York last season. In the first act the property-man is required to provide a double step-ladder, a long low trunk, a lady's hatbox with a hat in it, a cane and an umbrella, a very large basket filled with china and crockery, a Saratoga trunk, a bundle of clothes tied up in a sheet, upholsterers' tools, a roll of carpet and "the portrait of a female with

a hole through the eye." For the same act he also has to provide "a crash of wood and a noise outside," a very large bouquet for Mariette, two vials for Vallay, a law-book for Bonnay, a comb and curling-iron for Martin, a switch of hair and a box of pills. Among the properties required in the second act are two pianos, objects of *virtù*, a broom for the Baroness, tongs and a tray for Vallay, a photo album, two small combs for Riffardini the tenor, a feather-duster, French bank-notes and two Catalan knives for the Marquis. The third act requires large blue spectacles for Pluchard, a paper cap for the painter, paint-brushes and paint-can, a newspaper for Billardo, "crockery to break," plenty of writing-materials and money for Billardo; while the fourth act, the scene of which is the parlor of the tenor, requires bric-à-brac, a hand-glass on the table, musical parts, newspapers, a tuning-fork, a wig and beard, a whip for the Marquis, and several wreaths of laurel. As we have said, each article has an appointed place in which it must be put by the property-man, and we all know the embarrassing consequences of any negligence of his, as when the leading actor sits at a table to sign away his birthright and can find neither the pen nor the ink which the property-plot calls for.

One other person has to be considered in mounting the play, and that is the machinist, who builds up the framework of the scene and constructs the mechanical appurtenances, such as the flight of steps down the rocks in the diamond-gully, the galleries in the library, the balustrade in the conservatory, and all the doors and windows. The artist, the property-man, and the machinist are together the architects of the drama, and when they have been fully instructed—when the artist has his plot, the property-man his, and the machinist his, which is the same as that of the painter, and when the painter's models have been approved by the manager—the actors are called to hear the play read. A word in parenthesis is necessary here as to what the scene-painter's models are, for the term is misleading. He has a small stage, upon which

he paints and sets each scene exactly as it is to appear on the larger one, except that it is on the reduced scale of half an inch or less to the foot of actual space; and the miniature, which is called a model, serves to guide him in his work and to give the manager a preliminary glimpse of what the finished scene will be.

Somewhere against the wall in that mysterious precinct which in other days attracted the wits and gallants of the hour, who met and exchanged familiarities with the players that were not always sweet, and which in this better epoch is reserved for the use of the persons for whom it is intended,—somewhere in the "green-room," where the actors gossip, or put the finishing touch to the rouge and pencillings on their faces, or adjust their costumes, or rehearse their parts while waiting to be summoned before the audience, there hangs a board or a glass case in which the official notices of the management are exhibited; and one day a written slip is pinned or pasted in it which contains these words: "Company called for *A Lame Excuse* at 10 A. M. Monday," *A Lame Excuse* being the supposititious name of the new play. There have been rumors of "something underlined" among the actors already, and when the call is made the nature of the work, who of the company will be required in it, what parts there are, and the probabilities of success, are discussed with much volubility. Should the author be a beginner whose connections with the stage have hitherto been impersonal, and who yet has had that desire to affiliate with its practitioners which belongs to adolescence and inexperience, he now has an opportunity to acquaint himself with as many as he will care about knowing. *One* introduction puts him on affable terms with a crowd of "professionals" connected and unconnected with the theatre at which his play is to be produced, and before long he is *en camarade* with various little cliques that gather around the small tables of biersaloons, cafés and club-houses after theatre hours. Between the first call and the reading particularly he is sought and

questioned as to the characteristics of his play. The leading lady, who is pretty and cultivated, sends him an invitation to call upon her, and receives him with flattering attentions when he appears. The leading man invites him to a nice little dinner. He has cocktails with the low comedian, lunch with the "eccentric comedy lead" and oysters (late at night perhaps) with the soubrette. His unprofessional acquaintances should also be mentioned, for they take many pains to be remembered. Young Potter, who is athirst for notoriety, and who, with mal-edications in his contemptible little heart and fulsome compliments at his tongue's end, will cringe before any man who happens to have the public by the ear, trusts that our author is not offended by anything he has written in the obscure little paper with which he is connected. Bludgeon, who is such a hypocrite that his unusually large nose is like a partition-wall between the smiles that he shows and the scowls that he conceals, slaps the author on the back and with effusive goodwill congratulates him, and declares that nobody could be worthier of success, though in reality Bludgeon detests him, believes the management is going to the dogs, and is already endeavoring to invent biting phrases for his criticism. The potentialities of the new playwright bring him innumerable offers of services and pledges of cordiality. If he is not wise the promise of success will intoxicate him by its fumes before the cup that contains the fruition reaches his lips, and it may be well for him if he is not over-confident, for the draught may prove bitter enough.

On the morning appointed the company assemble in the green-room, sauntering in with unbusiness-like irregularity and addressing one another with that familiarity of which we have before spoken. There is a good deal of banter and some scolding. The author grasps each member of the company by the hand as they enter: he is pleading and ingratiating in his manner, and after some delay he sits at a small table and begins to read his manuscript, or if he is too nervous the manager or the assistant manager reads it, and he scans the faces of the actors

with a touching desire to find some responsive thrill as his best points are reached and passed. A faint smile of the low comedian as a grotesque line is read, a murmur of the leading lady at some climactic phrase of the heroine's, or an ejaculated measure of applause from the leading man over some strong emotion in the principal part, yields gladness to him—he foresees how much stronger they will be spoken in character with dramatic enunciation—and as the lines which he has thought effective fall unnoticed a gloomy apprehension possesses him. At the end of the reading there is an interchange of civilities, a private chat between the manager and the author, and the little green-room, which has the mildewed appearance of a lodging-house parlor from which the sun is shut out like a conspirator, is left to the ghosts that float in the empty spaces of a theatre during the daytime.

Soon afterward the cast is announced, and then the unreasonable desire to be central and preponderant, to fill the play with himself, that affects the best of actors as well as the poorest, leads to a turmoil which is only quieted by the diplomacy which is indispensable in holding together the jealous elements of a stock company, wherein pre-eminence in individual branches must be subordinate to the maintenance of a general excellence. At the same time that the cast is announced each actor is provided with his part and the cues which precede each of his speeches, copied from the manuscript. The first rehearsal is "with parts"—that is to say, the company are allowed to read the lines from the copies given to them—and while this is in progress the manager has the complete play with the alternate blank pages before him, upon which he writes whatever alterations seem desirable; and already, though none of the accessories are used, the preliminary exercise, so to speak, shows that some speeches which have seemed striking in the reading do not "go" well when spoken by the actor. This rehearsal "with parts" is amusingly incongruous to the spectator. The leading actor reads in an ordinary conversational tone, "My heart

is filled with a hatred which checks my utterance, and though you see me now penniless, trodden upon and in these rags, Fate may have in store for me that which will make you humble before me;" while, instead of being at all impoverished or threadbare the leading actor is dressed in a fashionable walking-suit and has every appearance of prosperity. Again, the leading lady sits with complete indifference in a chair and swings her parasol and chats with her neighbor while one of the gentlemen opposite to her reads a declaration of love in a singing voice from a roll of paper in his hand. Another member of the company has the lines, "Here for centuries the Mordaunts have lived the simple and honorable lives of English country gentlemen; here they have been born; here they have died; and among them all not one of them has ever done aught mean or base. Here, in this grand old hall, a reputation has been built which the proudest of nobles might envy;" and should the spectator, following the wave of the actor's hand, look for the hall to which the speech refers, he would only discover the stage before him, with no scene set upon it, with the wings and the "flats" stacked up at the rear, the company gathered in the centre, and a few gas-jets paled by the rays of daylight issuing from a yellowish window. The heroine at another point, wandering, as the lines suppose, about the ample gardens of the Elizabethan house at twilight, bids her lover come and hear the soft echoes of the cuckoo, but it is only the knocking of the machinist's hammer and the voices of the property-man and the scene-painter, who are working in the "flies" high above the proscenium, that are audible, and not the whistle of a bird. The incongruity which amuses the stranger to the theatrical arcana is unnoticed by the actors, whose profession is made up of anomalies.

When a play has been actually rehearsed and all the arrangements have been made for painting the scenery and procuring the properties for it, the manager is not likely to abandon it: his self-interest commits him to it, and the au-

thor may usually feel assured that at last his work will be seen by the public. But so difficult is it to judge from the reading of the manuscript what the effect will be when the lines are distributed and spoken by many different voices that more than once an experienced manager has found to his cost, at a second or third rehearsal, that some play which has gone thus far in preparation will not do. The author is very much to be pitied in such a case: the disappointment is not an ordinary one. The first rehearsal of *A Lame Excuse* confirms the manager's favorable opinion of it, however, and a few days later another is called "without parts;" that is, the actors are expected to have learned what they have to say. The rehearsals are then continued from time to time, and at each something is added in gesture, tone or movement which strengthens the representation. The toil, perseverance and discipline which are entailed cannot be imagined by one who has not traced the progress of a new play at such a theatre as the Union Square. Whenever it seems that the most has not been made of a line or a situation it is repeated again and again. The "business" is gradually improved, and the author sees the company working with greater fluency at each of the twenty or more rehearsals which are given. Somewhere about the eighteenth rehearsal a demand is made upon the artist, and he promises to have the scenery ready in a few days.

The date of production is now announced: the actors don their costumes, and the manager becomes nervous and excitable. On the first night a brilliant crowd fills the theatre to the doors. There is a murmur of interest and curiosity. The curtain is lifted, and, seated in a small box invisible from the auditorium, but overlooking the whole stage, are the manager and the author, both of whom are overwrought with excitement. A member of the staff is seated in the orchestra, where he can survey the house and observe how the audience is affected. At the end of the first act this useful person announces a success to the manager, who has already been reassured by

the applause. Through the second act the applause is louder, and when the third act is ended there is a spontaneous call for the author, who, flushed and happy, steps before the footlights. And here we will

leave him, trusting that this night relieves him of some literary drudgery, and that Bludgeon and Potter and better critics will treat him kindly and fairly.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

HOW SHE KEPT HER VOW: A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

IT was a long and arduous journey that lay before her: unknown difficulties and adventures were to be encountered, but urgent family considerations forced Helen Gerard to leave her home in the South, and her brother who was engaged in the service of the Confederacy, and to make her way through the enemy's lines to New York. She left Mobile on the evening-train for Meridian, Mississippi, after taking an affecting farewell of her brother, whom she never spoke to again. As they stood on the platform of the railway-station, waiting for the hour of departure, she vowed at his earnest solicitation, and out of the depth of her affection, that never, under any possible circumstances, would she be induced to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the train reached Meridian, and Miss Gerard was guided by the feeble light of a smoky lantern to a dilapidated inn miscalled an hotel. She was shown to an apartment the darkness of which was scarcely relieved by a smouldering pine-brand in the fireplace, a mere flickering, expiring glimmer. Forlorn and exhausted, Helen hastily threw off part of her clothing and crept into a spacious bed; which she had scarcely done when the room was left in total darkness. The boisterous breakfast-bell awoke her in the gray of an October morning, and at the same time aroused her to the horrified consciousness that she had a bedfellow. Be it said, to the credit of the house, that it was a woman, as Helen was immediately assured by the voice of the stran-

ger inquiring whether Miss Gerard was to leave on an early train. Hastily catching her breath, Helen replied, "Yes."

"Then you cannot make your toilet and take your breakfast too quickly," said the woman.

Springing to her feet and hastily adjusting the rich masses of curls that rippled over her shoulders to her waist, Miss Gerard was able to catch the morning-train to Jackson, Mississippi, crossing Pearl River on a pontoon-bridge. In a nondescript vehicle between a carriage and a cart she climbed the sandy hill on which Jackson is situated, and was soon established in a moderately good boarding-house. Both here and elsewhere during her journey she bore herself in such manner as to convey little idea of her actual circumstances, partly to elude any suspicion that she carried concealed on her person four bags of gold to defray the expenses of her journey to New York.

On the morning of the sixth day Mr. Firth, the guide whom Miss Gerard's brother had sent to pilot her through the lines, arrived at Jackson. He was a Scotchman by birth, although long a resident in the South, and was between fifty and sixty years of age: his beard and locks were sprinkled with gray; under bushy eyebrows his keen eyes flashed with intelligence and indicated decision and reserve; but the gravity of his features showed the imprint of perpetual sadness. Heavily built and athletic, he was withal a handsome and very noticeable man. At this time Mr. Firth was in the secret service of President Davis,

but exactly in what department Helen could not learn.

Giving her his hand with a hearty, honest grasp, Mr. Firth announced himself to Miss Gerard as the guide her brother had appointed by telegraph to conduct her to the Mississippi. He requested her to have her small trunk ready to forward at once by army transportation, stating that she would find it at the destined point on the river, and that as soon as she herself was ready they would start. In less than an hour she was prepared, and seating herself in a low, old-fashioned country vehicle drawn by one horse, they soon left Jackson in the distance.

All that day they journeyed through rough, untrodden forests. Often they were forced to ford streams which came up to the box of the wagon and obliged the travellers to lift their feet on the seat to escape a ducking. Between one and two in the morning they reached Raymond, and found a hospitable welcome in the house of a Mr. Moore on the edge of the town.

Although the hour was so unseasonable, a warm supper was at once prepared for the weary travellers. On the following morning Mr. Firth informed Helen that he should leave her in those quarters for four days while he went away on business of the secret service. But instead of four days, three weeks had passed before he returned. Early on the morning following his arrival they were up and prepared to start, provided by their hospitable friends with lunches of cornbread and meat stowed in the pouches of the saddles, as for the future they were to journey on horseback; and Miss Gerard was also furnished with a black skirt of Mrs. Moore's remodelled into a riding-habit. With eyes swimming in tears Helen bade farewell to those who, though strangers, had welcomed her as a friend, and with downcast heads, under the rays of the hot morning sun, the travellers rode away, prepared to penetrate the tangled forests of Mississippi. But first they crossed the clearing memorable as the battlefield of Raymond, fought over when General Grant was making his march on Vicks-

burg. The traces of the conflict that terminated so sadly for the Confederate States were still everywhere visible, and the trees showed abundant signs of the hailstorm of war which had swept over them. Little thought Helen as she rode over those trampled fields that her fate was mysteriously linked with one who had bravely borne himself in that battle, and whose face she had not yet seen, while here it was that, unknown to her, his destiny first crossed her life.

During the daytime the travellers made their way through the forests by compass, ignoring roads and paths and avoiding all traces of civilization. Helen now found it of inestimable service to her that from childhood she had been a thoroughly-accomplished and enthusiastic horsewoman. As they forced their way through the densely-woven brake and underwood, shreds of her riding-habit were left on the logs, trees and underbrush which they were compelled to jump, until actually nothing was left of it but the binding and the pocket; and her under-dress being now too short to protect her ankles, she soon saw her stockings dashed with blood from the rude scratches made by the merciless twigs and thorns.

Hunger and thirst at last overtook the travellers, but before they could find a clear brook out of which to drink it was three o'clock in the afternoon. After feeding the horses and resting an hour they journeyed on till midnight, when, wellnigh exhausted, they halted in the gleam of a pale moon under a venerable oak tree on the brow of a hill at whose foot murmured a stream lazily waiting to be their lavatory at daybreak.

A dwelling of some sort was indistinctly visible in the distance, and the guide, to sound the character of the inmates, proceeded thither on the plea of asking for a match. But their manner was so distant and inhospitable that his suspicions were aroused, and he deemed it advisable to camp out for the night under the shelter of the oak tree. With Mr. Firth's army-cloak so adjusted as to serve her both for covering and pillow, Helen slept without waking until dawn, while her faithful guide kept half an eye

open and slept but little. At daybreak they bathed their faces in the creek and breakfasted on the mossy banks, while the horses champed their oats under the breezy oak.

The travellers now followed a course at right angles to that of the preceding days, heading directly for the Mississippi River. But when noon-time arrived, and, half famished, they looked to their pouches for refreshment, they found only a gaping emptiness, which compelled them to stop at the first house and buy some ponies and raw bacon. Helen was obliged to eat even this frugal and not wholly palatable fare in the saddle, for Mr. Firth urged the necessity of unremitting travel, having a certain point in the plan he had laid out which must be reached that night. This was a sparse, uncanny settlement of two or three shanties occupied by a disreputable set of squatters who bore a very bad name. The most important dwelling was a wayside dram-shop, called, in local vernacular, a "coffee-house." Before alighting Mr. Firth cautioned Miss Gerard to look well to the door of her chamber, to nerve her courage, and on no account to enter into conversation with any of the inmates. At the same time he handed her one of his revolvers to lay under her pillow.

Passing at once through a dusky, noise-hall and up a steep flight of stairs under the guidance of a heavily-bearded ruffian whose appearance boded no good, Helen reached the room she was to occupy. It was separated from the adjoining apartment only by a partition of thin boards full of seams and cracks. But she was too much fatigued by the exhausting ride of two days to lie awake long worrying over possible dangers, and, throwing herself on the rough pallet in her clothing, she was soon fast asleep. She was summoned at dawn by her trusty guide, who was so impressed with the dangerous character of the house that he would not allow her to eat before mounting, or even to be seen by the men who were tarrying there. Leading her at once to the stable, he hastily saddled the horses and urged her away while the gray light was still so faint they could hardly dis-

tinguish one object from another. Helen took a scanty breakfast in the saddle—a meagre preparation for the perils and hardships that must be encountered before another sun should set. At the next settlement fresh horses were procured, and a man engaged to return to Raymond with the jaded steeds they had ridden thus far. They were informed that several miles in advance there had been a great freshet which had swollen all the streams and made them wellnigh impassable. But time was pressing, and, finding that Miss Gerard was willing to face the rushing waters, the guide decided to go on.

After fifteen miles of hard riding they found themselves on the edge of a wide stream dangerously swollen and rushing by with great turbulence, shooting roots and branches of dislodged trees along its seething current. But this was no time for hesitation or dismay. Hugging her horse's neck and laying herself lengthwise along his back, the heroic girl urged him into the stream and gave him the rein. The horses swam gallantly, and succeeded in making a landing on the other side far below where they had plunged in. Struck by rushing logs, sometimes almost hurled from her precarious seat, Helen preserved her presence of mind, nor was she disheartened by the thrilling peril she had escaped, but with the same fortitude guided her horse across several other dangerous streams before night.

Twilight found the travellers entering the plantation of Mr. Clayton, a domain so vast in extent that several miles had yet to be traversed in the gloom of starlight before the mansion was reached. On alighting Helen expected to pass only one night, or at most a day and a night, enjoying the warm welcome of these kind people, but was told, to her dismay, that the freshets had so swollen the streams that further advance would be impossible for some days. Finding that delay would be disadvantageous to the service upon which he was engaged, Mr. Firth announced to Miss Gerard that he must reluctantly leave her there, but would return for her when the fords became more passable. Being a man of action,

no sooner had he informed her of his determination on the following afternoon than he ordered his horse to be saddled and led up. To Helen's surprise, her horse was also brought to the house saddled and bridled, and Mr. Firth gracefully invited her to accompany him a short distance—a proposal which she gladly accepted, because it was not without a slight regret that she felt that the only one in the neighborhood in whom she could confide was about to leave her among total strangers.

In a moment Miss Gerard had donned her riding-habit and was ready to mount. But on reaching the portico her guide strangely lingered, and showed a hesitation altogether unusual in his ordinarily abrupt though courteous manner. Taking her hand in both of his, he looked down into her eyes with a meaning which spoke more than words. Then for the first time Helen realized with a shock that burned her cheeks and made her tremble that he who had been her guide through such varying scenes for weeks past now craved the boon of filling the same calling for her through life.

With a few tenderly-spoken words Mr. Firth made known the love that had been aroused in his bosom by the steadfast heroism of the beautiful girl whom it had been his lot to learn to appreciate under such peculiar circumstances. Helen was quite overcome by the singular and altogether unforeseen turn which affairs had so suddenly taken, while she was at a loss to know what action of hers might have led him to mistake expressions of gratitude for utterances of a love which she did not feel; and difficult indeed was her present task, requiring even more than the usual tact which so rarely failed her in critical moments, to explain the delicate distinction between love and esteem. After making her real sentiments known, Miss Gerard, fearing further to wound the feelings of a man for whom she entertained so high a respect, consented to ride a short distance with him, and with the golden light of the setting sun glinting among the trees they were soon in the forest once more.

On the way Mr. Firth explained the

cause of his habitual melancholy, giving her certain details of a tragical career which are now buried with him in the grave where he has lain for these twelve years past. When they had reached a spot some five miles distant from the house where two roads met and divided, "Here we part," Mr. Firth said; and Helen watched his receding form in the golden haze of the setting sun as he passed from her sight for ever.

Miss Gerard returned alone to linger among strangers, upon whose hospitality she must be dependent until the floods should subside and a favorable occasion present itself for her to proceed on her journey. These excellent people treated the fair girl so singularly entrusted to their care less as a guest than as a member of the family: they lent her all the clothing she required and took her out daily on their hunting-parties. But, pleasantly as the time seemed to pass, she was impatient for the opportunity to continue her journey, and at last it occurred in the week after the New Year. A proposition was made to her by the widowed sister of Judge Clayton, whose husband had died suddenly in New Orleans, leaving his affairs in such a condition that her presence was required in that city. It was suggested to Helen that if she would chaperon the mother, daughter and little son across the lines they would provide the mules and vehicle necessary for the journey. She adopted the plan without hesitation, little thinking when she did so that she was accepting troubles greater than any she had yet braved.

Everything was speedily arranged for departure on the following morning. A plain country-wagon with board seats, drawn by two mules driven by a negro, held the Clayton family of three, while Helen accompanied them in the saddle. They passed over roads of the roughest description, in parts almost impassable on account of the recent storms, but Helen often shortened the distance when they came to a curve in the road by urging her fleet horse by a short cut across the fields.

Much fatigued, the party lodged com-

fortably that night with an acquaintance of the Claytons. Similar hardships the following day brought our travellers at noon to the banks of the Bayou River, opposite Port Gibson. The bridge had been burned by the Confederates on the approach of Grant's army, and a few small wherries now offered the only available means for crossing to the town. So small, indeed, were these boats that the wagon had to be taken apart in order to be ferried over, the body being placed in one boat, the wheels in another and a mule in a third. And thus, one by one, women and child, driver, mules and wagon, were taken across. Here once more Miss Gerard came into unconscious contact with one already alluded to whose future was mysteriously interwoven with hers.

Within five miles of Rodney, Helen, happening to precede the wagon, was suddenly confronted by a scout who cried, "Halt! Whither?" She responded, "To Rodney," and with rare presence of mind added the ambiguous language of her old guide, Mr. Firth, in the hope of repeating the password, which in reality was unknown to her; and before the scout had time to interrogate her further she asked him in whose command he was, if there was any news, and trusted that he would be *vigilant* in his duties. At once he respectfully touched his hat and turned to halt the party in the wagon, which was now just coming up. Helen, turning in the saddle, cried out to Mrs. Clayton, "Mother, I'm glad to see you safe thus far on our journey, as we are within sight of Rodney." Completely deceived by this ruse, the scout permitted them to pass on without further parley. In another hour the party stood on the brow of the steep bluff overlooking Rodney, up whose slope the climbing roofs of that city are built, and Helen for the first time gazed on the waters of the Mississippi.

The following morning she went to the bank of the river and, sentinel-like, awaited the welcome appearance of a gunboat. Soon she was rewarded by discovering one approaching. Vigorously waving her handkerchief, she had the gratification of seeing her signal recognized. A small

boat was lowered, and in charge of an officer in Federal uniform was rowed toward the young girl on the shore. After the usual salutations Helen made her wishes known, and was awaiting the officer's reply when she was most unexpectedly interrupted by the voice of Mrs. Clayton, who had come behind her unobserved, and now, with unmeasured volubility, detailed all her grievances to the officer, whether domestic or otherwise, adding a long tirade of abuse, and even attributing the loss of her husband, who had died peacefully in his bed, to Federal interference.

When the old lady stopped to take breath the officer, astounded at such impudence and folly on the part of one who was looking to him for assistance, said, "Ladies, I cannot do anything for you," and ordered the crew to row back to the gunboat. In silence Miss Gerard and her companion walked back to the hotel. Silence was judicious in a strange place in time of war, and so Helen gave no expression to her indignant feelings until they had reached their apartment. She then locked the door, and, quietly laying aside her hat and gloves, seated herself on a trunk. Thoroughly aroused, she opened her batteries on Mrs. Clayton, assuring her in forcible terms that a repetition of such unseasonable loquacity during their journey would cost her her liberty. She turned to the daughter and made an appeal to her for aid in the matter. At that moment a tap at the door was heard, and she turned her wrath to smiles, for on opening the door her long-lost trunk stood before her. How or whence it came she was not able to learn, but its welcome appearance was like the magic apparition in a fairy-tale.

Many days were passed on the river-bank watching vainly for a steamboat. Helen decided that a dormer-window in the attic of the hotel would be a better point of observation, and with field-glass in hand spent many weary days before she saw the smoke of a steamer puffing down the river. While it was making the bend in the river our anxious heroine hastened to the bank and once more floated her white handkerchief in the air.

In her simple dress of homespun and palmetto hat she was indeed an object to gratify the eye of an artist or a poet. The signal was seen, and this time the gunboat herself bore down and came alongside the bank. After the plank had been thrown out an officer stepped on shore and inquired what was wanted. Helen replied, "A New Yorker desires to return to her home after an absence of some years. Family matters alone make it imperative she should do so."

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"No: Judge Clayton's widow and family accompany me to New Orleans. I wish from your captain transportation for us all to that point."

"I will speak to the commanding officer: wait for me here," he replied.

"One moment," exclaimed Helen: "what is the name of your commander? and where from?"

"Captain Belknap of New York," he answered.

In another moment the officer returned with orders to escort Miss Gerard on board. She was led into the presence of a gentleman six feet tall and of herculean frame, with light hair, blue eyes and a face that wore an expression as gentle as that of a woman. Glancing at the lady from head to foot, Captain Belknap asked how so young and interesting a woman could be so far from her mother.

"A sister's love carried me away, and a daughter's love takes me back," she replied.

"Are you travelling with the baggage of a Saratoga belle?" he asked.

"No. Such might be the case if I were the belle. My baggage consists of two trunks for four persons."

"I fear, my young miss, I can render you no assistance," he said. Then ensued a silence which carried despair to her heart. "I might consent to take you," he resumed, "but the taking of a Confederate family is another matter."

"Unless they can accompany me I refuse any such offer," said Helen.

She turned to leave him, when he said, looking at his watch at the same time, "In fifteen minutes my plank will be taken in and my boat headed up the riv-

er: if you and your friends are here within that time I will take you on board."

With a hearty "Thank you," Helen fairly ran from his presence, down the plank and through the streets up to the hotel with the fleetness of a gazelle. On the way she encountered a wheelbarrow drawn by a decrepit old negro. Accosting him hastily, she exclaimed, "Here, uncle: I'll give you five dollars for the use of your wheelbarrow for ten minutes," and, snatching the handles out of his grasp, left him to follow as best he could, for she far outran him. Rushing into Mrs. Clayton's room, in a few hurried words she gave the news. She had kept her own trunk in readiness for departure at a moment's notice, and had advised the Claytons to do the same—advice they had taken care to neglect, as she now discovered to her dismay. While Miss Adèle gathered the loose articles about the room and jammed them into their trunk, Helen seized the street-garments of the mother and hurriedly threw them on the old lady. By this time the negro had arrived, breathless with astonishment.

"Here, uncle," exclaimed Miss Gerard: "catch hold of the other handle of this trunk while I take this one—and you, my friends, follow;" and in the next instant she was wheeling the barrow and both trunks through the streets in the van of the party, watched by a gaping crowd, with the dogs barking at her heels and the old man bringing up the rear.

As they reached the bank the whistle of the steamer was blown for departure. While the crew hastily carried the trunks on board the negro hove in sight. Helen waved the five-dollar Confederate note over her head, which made the old fellow quicken his tottering steps, and he tumbled ahead as if in the last efforts of Nature, his short gray hair blowing like an aureole around his head.

After Miss Gerard and Mrs. Clayton had introduced each other to the captain he courteously invited them to lay aside their bonnets and make themselves as comfortable as his limited accommodations would allow. When he left them

to give some orders on deck Helen took advantage of his absence to admonish the old lady to maintain a discreet control over her tongue. When the captain returned he found Helen looking at the pictures hanging on the panels. Coming to her side, he kindly explained some of them which represented scenes in his life, and by the frank courtesy of his manner soon relieved her of whatever fears she might have had as to the treatment they were to receive on board a United States ship of war.

While they were thus engaged a waiter spread the table for supper, and, singular as it may seem for one of her social position, Helen questioned in her mind whether a place would be assigned to her at the captain's table or elsewhere; but those were times of war, and the heavy pressure of the mailed hand of the North on the South made the people of the latter section imagine that discourtesy toward ladies would characterize the conduct of Northern sailors and soldiers. Hence, Miss Gerard, as she cast furtive glances toward the table, could not help questioning whether the four additional covers were for the officers or for herself and her companions. Meeting the eyes of Mrs. Clayton, Helen perceived the old lady was also revolving similar thoughts in her mind. Could it be that enemies would be permitted to eat with so high a functionary?

Their suspense was soon relieved by supper being announced. Captain Belknap gallantly invited Miss Gerard to preside as his *vis-à-vis*, Mrs. Clayton being seated on his right and the daughter and son on his left. A delicate meal on white china and silver gave zest to the appetite of our heroine, while her mind reverted to the dry bread and raw bacon she had so recently eaten in the saddle, not without a relish.

Four delightful days passed rapidly while they glided over the waters of the Mississippi. Then, as the gunboat was patrolling to and fro, watching the banks of the river, our party had to be transferred to a packet bound for New Orleans, and were told to be in readiness, as one was only three miles distant.

"The packet is alongside, ladies: are you ready?" inquired Captain Belknap, coming into the cabin. "I see you are," he added, and turning to Miss Gerard, "You remain while I escort the others on board." And she was left standing in a dazed condition, listening to the footsteps passing away as in funeral procession to her further hopes, wondering what new skeleton she was now to encounter. Could there be a conspiracy against her liberty concealed under this semblance of hospitality? and would her companions thus selfishly abandon her without so much as an adieu?

These gloomy forebodings were not lessened when Captain Belknap returned to her side and with an authoritative voice requested Miss Gerard to show him every letter or document she might have about her person, for he had already searched her trunk and found none, and the presumption was she must have them concealed in her dress. Without a word she handed him a package of unsealed letters from her pocket. He opened one and a bit of tape dropped to the floor. Picking it up, he commenced reading the letter, but before finishing it replaced the tape and opened another, when a Quaker-colored scrap of silk, the size of a dollar-bill, pasted at one end to the paper, met his scrutiny. Lifting the other end of the silk, he glanced over the first few lines of a closely-filled sheet of foolscap and impatiently exclaimed, "Are all these letters of the same character—dress-patterns and waist-ornaments?"

Helen answered, "No doubt, although I have not read them."

Returning her the letters, he said, "I shall be compelled to detain you, while I have given your friends a pass to their destination."

Tears fell fast from her eyes as she turned them from his gaze and realized her helplessness and the futility of all she had thus far endured. For the first time her courage failed her. After an interval of several moments she looked up and discovered the packet still alongside; which astonishing fact caused her to inquire why it lingered.

Evidently, Captain Belknap thought

this circumstance would have evaded even her keen observation. Laying his hand gently on her shoulder and looking kindly into her tear-streaming eyes, he said with a quiet laugh, "I'm only joking with you, and yet in my dreary sailor life the past four days have been too happy for me willingly to part with you."

"Please let me go! please let me go!" she pleaded.

"Why, certainly," he replied, "though I shall miss you more than you can ever know. Forgive me for this joke and let us part friends."

Wiping away the tears, which had given place to smiles, she laid both her hands in his and said, "I will not only forgive, but bless you for your kindness."

Drawing her hand into his arm, the captain took her on board the packet and gave her a pass to New Orleans.

The passage down the river occupied several days, the boat touching at only a few points. The little party from Rodney, still under the direction of Miss Gerard, who never relaxed the discipline of her authority, were chiefly dependent on each other for society: for obvious reasons she was reluctant to form acquaintances on board, and so great was her vigilance that whenever Mrs. Clayton's voice became too animated or her language of a nature to attract suspicion she would pinch her arm with a severity that could not be mistaken.

One evening the purser, Mr. Anderson, came to Miss Gerard with a book in his hand. After introducing himself he remarked that he had with him a most entertaining novel, and it had occurred to him that perhaps she would like to read it. Naturally, after passing through so many ordeals, Helen asked herself, "Now, what can this man want?" However, she replied without hesitation, "With pleasure: after a couple of days, when I have read it, I wish you would come to the cabin and I will return it to you;" and again she said to herself, "In this way I shall see more of this man and learn his motive." At a later day she discovered that he was from New Orleans, a paroled Confederate prisoner who knew of the Claytons. How he became an

ally at a critical moment will presently appear.

Helen found the book sufficiently interesting to divert her thoughts from dwelling on the further perplexities which she knew were yet to come to vex her soul and perhaps hinder her journey. Retiring to her state-room on the following morning after breakfast, she had again become absorbed in the pages of the novel when she was startled by a loud, authoritative voice in the cabin. Curious to know who it could be, she opened the state-room door, and a glance revealed a new danger. She saw an officer in Federal uniform and with a conspicuously large military moustache about to seat himself at the centre-table, at the same time spreading a large book before him. She perceived that the hour had arrived which was to put to the test all her courage and ingenuity. Unnoticed, she stepped back and locked the door, and climbing up to the highest berth quietly awaited events. Nervously turning the leaves of her novel, she noticed some words written with a pencil on the fly-leaf. With eager eyes she read, "Should you need a friend call on me," signed "Purser," and dated on the previous day. At that instant she was shocked by hearing Mrs. Clayton's loud voice in the cabin. Putting her face close to the lattice over the door of the state-room, she saw the portly Southern dame, who up to this hour had stoutly affirmed that *never* would she take the horrid oath of allegiance to the wicked Yankee government, standing by the table with her right hand uplifted and deliberately repeating the words dictated by the officer. Few people have a conception of what an exquisite instrument of torture was invented when the famous "iron-clad oath," as it was called, was devised for unrepentant rebels. To refuse it was to abridge liberty and privilege, while to take and keep it was to abandon a cause bred into the bone and sinew of the Southerner.

Descending softly but in all haste, Helen unlocked the door, and then climbing back to the berth again she drew her form out to its full length and carefully covered herself with the bed-clothing, smooth-

ing out the wrinkles and entirely concealing herself. Scarcely had she completed this arrangement when the door was opened, and she recognized the voice of the colored chambermaid inquiring if any one was in the state-room who had not yet taken the oath. Fortunately, she did not enter the room for the purpose of making a close inspection. Aware that the woman would return, Helen, as soon as the door was closed, lost no time in getting down from the upper to the lower berth and taking an easy position with the open book in her hand, in order that she might be seen on the next visit. No sooner had she done this than the chambermaid again peered through the door, and seeing Miss Gerard inquired if she had taken the oath.

With a yawn Helen answered, "Aunty, that matter has all been attended to."

"All right, honey;" and the negress left, satisfied with having thoroughly done her duty. In another moment the Federal functionary, with the great book under his arm, departed, evincing evident gratification at having performed his duty.

One great danger had been successfully avoided by Helen, but another was not far distant before she could be permitted to land, of which she was forcibly reminded when Mr. Anderson came that evening for his book. She rose to meet him, in order that they might not be overheard. When she handed the book to him he said in an undertone, "Are you furnished with the necessary documents to go ashore, as in a few hours we shall be in New Orleans?"

Avoiding a direct answer, Helen replied, "I do need a friend."

He answered, "Rely upon me, and when going ashore cling closely to my side."

She gave a searching look at his face, and instinctively divining that she might hazard herself in his power, replied, "Many thanks: I will do so," and returned to her seat, not without a vague uneasiness, however.

The spires of New Orleans appeared gleaming in the rising sun of the following morning, and the steamboat, with all her freight of hopes and fears, glided up

to the levee. Each holding in his hand the official permit to leave, the passengers pressed into the gangway, where two officers with crossed swords barred the passage and carefully examined every paper. The Claytons, having taken the oath, went through without difficulty, while Helen hastened forward to Mr. Anderson, whom she found waiting for her in the gangway. He motioned to her to pass in advance of him. When she came to the crossed swords he cried, "Let this lady, my sister, pass." The swords separated like magic, and with a fast-throbbing heart she stepped on shore, and in another moment was seated in a carriage with her companions. She alighted at the City Hotel, where she parted with the Claytons.

Once more entirely alone in a strange city, Helen considered the next step to be taken in her eventful journey. The following morning, the 4th of February, she proceeded to the agency of the steamer *Morning Star*, advertised to sail on the 8th, and purchased a ticket, but was informed that she must procure a pass from the provost-marshal before attempting to go on board the steamship. The pass could only be obtained in person. Here was indeed a difficulty, but she soon decided to confront the danger boldly, and trust to unforeseen circumstances to suggest some way of extricating herself. Without delay our heroine reached Carondelet street. Ascending to the second story of a conspicuous building where the marshal's office was located, she became one of a crowd impatiently pressing for an audience and separated by an iron railing from the functionary who presided over the scene. While awaiting her chance she had an opportunity carefully to study his handsome features, and quickly discerned him to be a man of action and decision. His keen, dark-gray eye—that gray so often mistaken for black—also cautioned her to beware.

It was soon apparent that he had singled out the attractive young lady from the motley crowd as one who merited unusual attention, for he ordered his clerk to open the gate and admit her within the official domain. As she entered the mar-

shal signalled to her to take a seat at his side, while he continued signing passes. But Helen was conscious that he was furtively observing her quite as much as the paper on which he was writing.

Suddenly he turned and inquired of her, "To what place do you wish a pass?"

"To New York," she answered.

"Have you taken the oath?" he asked again.

"Not yet," she said: "I should like to do so unobserved."

Folding and placing a large folio under his arm, the officer said, "Follow me to my private office, where I will administer it." So saying, he led the way up another flight of stairs to a spacious room. Spreading the registry of oaths on the table, he bade her be seated.

"Never in the presence of a Yankee officer," she exclaimed.

"Well, as you please," he said impatiently: "now hold up your right hand."

"Nor will I take the oath of allegiance," she added with an emphasis and audacity that made him start.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Who are you? and where did you come from?"

In a few brief words Miss Gerard told her story.

"And after this you presume to ask a pass of me!" said the officer; and, putting his pen behind his ear and springing impetuously to his feet, he led her by one hand to the window, while with his other he pointed to a gloomy-looking brick building plainly in sight, and sternly said, "Do you see that parish prison?"

"I do."

"Well, I shall have to put you there unless you consent to take the oath of allegiance."

Thinking to mollify his wrath, Helen replied in a winning tone, as only a woman can, "I shall not object to prison if you will be my jailer"—words that had a prophetic import, as the event proved.

To conceal his feelings, for while she aroused his anger this fascinatingly perverse girl also strangely attracted him, the marshal said, "I shall leave you here for a few moments to consider the matter," and suddenly left the room, but he

took the precaution to lock the door, taking the key with him.

Her eye caught sight of some books and photograph-albums on the table. Taking up one of the latter and turning over the leaves at random, her heart stood pulseless for a moment when she saw the photograph of her own brother; and now she was impatient for Captain McDowell, the provost-marshal, to return and explain to her this singular possession. The unexpected sight of a face she loved more than her own life was enough in this critical situation: not for worlds would she be untrue to the vow she had given him, whatever might be the result of such firmness; and she trembled with these violent emotions while she rose and walked the floor.

After two hours' imprisonment Miss Gerard heard the key turn in the door, and the captain entered. He asked at what hotel she was staying and what hour she dined.

"The City Hotel—at five o'clock," she replied.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you here so long," he said. "You may go now, and I will be there at that hour to dine with you."

Gladly did she avail herself of the permission, saying to herself, "At dinner I will learn how he came to have brother's picture;" and she was stimulated in the idea of entertaining the handsome officer by the thought that she was to show courtesy to one who was perhaps her brother's friend, and might therefore prove himself an assistant on her way home.

Helen paid unusual attention to her toilette on this occasion. All weapons are lawful in war, and none are more conclusive than those fair woman employs to the confusion of the peace of the masculine mind. Scarcely were her preparations for the campaign completed when Captain McDowell was announced. She descended into the parlor to meet him, full of eagerness to learn about the picture, but she controlled her curiosity until dinner was over and they were seated in the parlor. She was then informed that her brother had been a paroled pris-

oner under the charge of Captain McDowell until exchanged. A friendship had sprung up between them, and when parting they had exchanged photographs. The captain assured her of his pleasure at meeting with the sister of one he so highly regarded, and that he was ready to assist her out of her present predicament in every way consistent with his official duties. He left her with the promise of dining with her on the day of sailing and of seeing her on board.

The hour of departure found Miss Gerard at the wharf with Captain McDowell at her side. When they reached the plank leading to the steamer's deck the provost-marshal's authoritative voice to the officers detailed there with crossed swords was a sufficient open sesame to enable Helen to walk quietly on board. After they were in the cabin the gallant captain lingered at her side until he obtained from her a promise to correspond with him. Strange inconsistency! one may say of our fair girl, but not singular in a woman, that after such fidelity to the cause of the South, and bound by such an inflexible vow to her brother, which she never verbally broke, she was at that very hour actually touched by a tender-

ness for one who was doing all in his power to overthrow the Confederacy, and had proved his earnestness on many a hard-fought field, especially at Raymond and Fort Gibson, where they had already trodden the same path without being aware of each other's existence. But this very inconsistency is, after all, the strongest proof that politics holds a secondary place in the heart of woman, and that love is always the first necessity of her being.

Helen, after such various and hazardous adventures, found herself once more in her native city, New York. Many solicitous and finally tender letters passed between the captain and Miss Gerard, but when the formal proposal of marriage was made she placed the missive in her father's hands.

"Daughter, is your heart in this?" he asked.

"Yes," was her modest reply; and the next steamer carried a joint letter from father and daughter extending a cordial invitation to Captain McDowell to make them a visit. In the following autumn one of October's fairest days saw Helen the bride of the officer in blue coat and brass buttons. S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

HEINRICH HEINE.

SOMEWHAT more than twenty years have elapsed since Heine's death. Had he lived to the present time he would have been little past the age of eighty, and there are many of his contemporaries and associates who are still alive. Though an exceptionally isolated figure in the world of letters, he serves to connect us in a great measure with the heroic age of German literature; and not in point of time only, but by the nature of his work, which exhibits certain elements of the Goethe - and - Schiller period, combined with others of the school of "Young Germany," so called. This, at least, is the

position always assigned him; and the following pages may not be uninteresting in showing to some extent, and by means of a few of the more striking points of his character and genius, how far he really occupies this place in literature.

How came Heinrich Heine to be a product of German soil at all? is the first question which naturally arises in regard to him—that "son of the Revolution," as he somewhere styles himself, who made France his adopted country for nearly half his life; with his ardent sympathy for French ideas; with his wonderful wit, which laid presumptuous claim to the man-

tle of Voltaire and Aristophanes; with such rapid and facile powers of expression for his thought as makes even Lowell, who greatly amuses himself at the expense of German composition in general, admit that "Heine can be airily light in German;" with his intense belief in the progressive spirit of his own time, and his intense hatred of its accompanying advance of utilitarianism and philistinism? Even the poet's laurel, the closest tie that bound him to his own people, he would have been willing to lay aside. "I do not know," he writes, "if I fairly deserve to have my grave adorned with the poet's laurel. Poetry, however much I loved her, was always but a sacred plaything to me, or a consecrated means to divine ends. I have never laid much stress on the poet's fame, and care little if my songs get praise or blame. But ye may lay a sword upon my coffin, for I was a brave soldier in the War of Liberation for humanity." And yet, in spite of it all, by his culture, by his sentiment and by his real sympathies, Heine belonged to the land of his birth rather than to the land of his adoption.

But there is one circumstance which must be regarded at the very outset in treating of him—a circumstance of race, which colors more deeply than any other his intellectual as well as his worldly career, and leaves its mark on almost everything that comes from his hand: Heine was a Jew, possessing certain indelible characteristics of his race. This we must never forget, for Heine himself never forgot it. His Jewish origin was always a mingled source of bitterness and pride. His deification of the chosen people and the pitiless mockery which he bestows on them would be hard to reconcile in another. He gloried in what their past could show, but spared no words of ridicule and scorn for the days of their weakness and infirmity: he became unfaithful to their traditions, and was baptized a Christian in order to obtain a university degree; and yet he never escaped what he himself calls "the ineradicable Jew in him."

To be a Jew in Germany in the early

part of the present century meant, if not actual physical persecution, a political and social one of the cruelest kind for all whose intellectual and spiritual necessities carried them beyond the barriers imposed by legislation and by society. It is true that in Berlin there had gathered a brilliant circle of cultivated Israelites who had risen to the highest intellectual attainments; but they were excluded, as well as their less-enlightened brethren, from all national existence, and even from all the learned professions except that of medicine. They had formed what was called a "Society for the Promotion of Culture and Progress among the Jews," in which Heine himself was at one time much interested, but after his baptism he seems to have mingled as little as possible with his own people.

Heine's conversion to Christianity—or rather his baptism, for the word "conversion" cannot be applied to the renunciation of one form of religious dogma and the adoption of another for purely material ends—has been the cause of more controversy than any other incident of his life, and has always been used as a main stronghold and point of attack by his enemies. There is not much defence to offer for the act, for Heine, in spite of a Voltairean scorn of dogma and creed, possessed a deep tinge of religious feeling, and that he felt keenly the humiliation of his position—to use no harsher term—can be seen by the following expression regarding it. "Is it not foolish?" he writes to a friend. "I am no sooner baptized than I am cried down as a Jew: I am now hated by Jew and Christian alike." And again, in speaking of another converted Jew who is engaged in preaching his newly-acquired doctrine: "If he does this from conviction, he is a fool: if he does it from hypocritical motives, he is worse. I shall not cease to love Gans, but I confess I had far rather have learned instead of this that he had stolen silver spoons. That you, dear Moser," he continues, "should think as Gans does I cannot believe, although assured. I should be very sorry if my own baptism should appear to you in any favorable light. I assure you if the laws

permitted the stealing of silver spoons I should not have been baptized." The jest has its pathos as well as its wit, for Heine's pecuniary prospects were always precarious, and the fatal baptism, which only brought upon him the pity and contempt of his friends and doubled the insults of his enemies, defeated its own ends and contributed nothing to his material needs.

Heine's personal history is unusually obscure. An interesting and valuable *Life* of him has been written by Herr Adolph Stroeltmann, but the author's materials are avowedly scanty, and the Heine memoirs, which have long been watched for with hungry eyes by the critics and biographers, are still withheld from publication by members of the family, with the prospect that they will never be given to the public. He was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine December 13, 1799. "On my cradle," he writes, "fell the last moonbeams of the eighteenth century and the first morning-glow of the nineteenth"—words not a little significant of the lifelong sense within him of the genius of a bygone age and the spirit of a coming one. His boyhood was passed during the time of Napoleon's supremacy in the Rhine provinces, and among other changes wrought under French jurisdiction was the establishment by imperial decree of certain state schools called "lyceums," at one of which Heine received the greater part of his school-education. The town was garrisoned by French troops, and here it was that the boy became acquainted with the old French drummer whom he afterward commemorates so charmingly in the sketch of his childhood known as the "Buch Le Grand." These early influences must certainly have been at the root of that passion for French ideas and French manners which characterized his later years, just as his boyish visions of the Great Emperor as he passed through Düsseldorf never quite lost their enchantment in after life, and long blinded him to the real meaning of Bonapartism.

Twice he saw Napoleon—once in 1811, and again in the following year—and his

impressions are worth recording, especially as they are given in his most characteristic manner: "What were my feelings when I saw him with my own favored eyes!—himself, hosannah! the emperor! It was in the avenue of the court-garden at Düsseldorf. As I pushed my way among the gaping people I thought of his battles and his deeds; and yet I thought at the same time of the police regulations against riding through the avenue on pain of a five-thaler fine, and the emperor rode quietly through the avenue and no policeman stopped him. Never will his image vanish from my memory. I shall always see him high upon his steed, with those eternal eyes in his marble imperial face looking down with the calmness of Fate on the guards defiling by. He was sending them to Russia, and the old grenadiers looked up to him in such awful devotion, such deeply-conscious sympathy, such pride of death!—

Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant!

Sometimes a secret doubt creeps over me whether I have really seen him, whether we really were his associates; and then it seems to me as if his image, snatched from the meagre frame of the present, melts ever more proudly and more imperiously into the twilight of the past. His name already sounds like a voice from the ancient world, and as antique and heroic as the names of Alexander and Cæsar." Even to Heine, Napoleon was the representative of the great principles of the Revolution: moreover, he assumed at one time the rôle of liberator of the Jews by conferring on them civil and political rights, while in his armies positions of the highest distinction, dependent only on personal merit, awaited them. But this too ardent hero-worship did not last. "Take me not, dear reader, I pray, for an unconditional Bonapartist," he says sorrowfully on the battle-field of Marengo. "My homage does not touch the actions but the genius of the man, whether his name be Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon. I did love him unconditionally until the Eighteenth Brumaire: then he betrayed liberty." And again,

later: "It is true, it is a thousand times true, that Napoleon was an enemy of freedom, a crowned despot of selfishness:" "he could deal with men and personal interests, not with ideas; and that was his greatest fault and the reason of his fall." "At bottom he is nothing but a brilliant fact, the meaning of which is still half a secret."

Among Heine's home-influences during his childhood that of his mother stands most prominent for good, and he never speaks of her but with reverence and affection. Of the character of his father very little is known. Harry, as the boy was originally named, was destined for a business career, as his parents were unable to send him to the university, and he was placed for this purpose in a banker's office in Frankfort. The situation was exceedingly distasteful to him, and he left it at the end of two weeks. Another attempt was made to establish him in the banking-business at Hamburg under the charge of a millionaire uncle, one of Hamburg's most worthy and respectable citizens, who plays an important part in the earlier part of Heine's career. Here he remained about two years, but with little better result than before. His Hamburg life seems to have been a failure in almost every sense. He got into trouble with certain of his uncle's relations, fell in love with one of his cousins, who shortly after married a more successful rival, and chafed under the dreary monotony which a business life offered to his susceptible temperament; until finally his uncle, seeing that he was in every way unfitted for his occupation, determined to send him to the University of Bonn, under the condition that he should fit himself for the legal profession. Thus Heine was pledged, as it were, from the first to his conversion—a fact all the more remarkable as Solomon Heine, the uncle, was a sturdy adherent of the Jewish faith himself.

The next five years were passed, with certain intervals, at the universities of Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin, and the elder Heine must have watched with some natural concern the career of his wilful protégé, who pursued anything but

the course of study marked out for him, and turned his attention mainly to Oriental and mediæval literature, history, philology and other congenial pursuits, quite to the detriment of his professional studies. It was during the years of his university life that he appeared before the world as an author. His first volume of poems was published in 1821, soon followed by the two tragedies of *Ratcliffe* and *Almanzor*—deservedly the least popular of all his works—and the first volume of the *Reisebilder*. Never were the writings of an unknown author greeted with a speedier recognition, and he stepped at once into the full sunshine of his fame. Nevertheless, fame alone without its more substantial benefits could not free him from a pecuniary dependence on his uncle which was often as humiliating as it was indispensable. "Had the stupid boy learned anything," replied the latter once when congratulated upon his distinguished nephew, "he would not need to write books;" and these words betray an abundant source for those wearisome and ceaseless misunderstandings between uncle and nephew which only ceased with the former's death, and indicate perhaps one reason for the unhappy temper of the young author's genius.

There is but one theme in nearly all the early poems of Heine, and more particularly in those of the *Lyrishes Intermezzo*. The sorrows of an unhappy love are sung with a passion and a fervor such as one finds only in the higher forms of poetry. He adopted for his verse the old mediæval ballad-metre, preserving in a wonderful degree the limpid simplicity of the original, and infusing into it, as into all that comes from his pen, the modern sentiment and spirit. He calls upon all external Nature to share his sufferings, and invests every natural object with an intense personal interest which belongs only to that people whose egoism has outlived centuries of obliterating influences. The following songs, although they are very familiar ones, illustrate particularly well the characteristics just mentioned. I give them in the original, as they suffer unusually by translation :

Und wüssten's die Blumen die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie hießen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie meine Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt mein Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

Or—

Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass,
O sprich, mein Lieb, warum?
Warum sind denn im grünen Gras
Die blauen Veilchen so stumm?

Warum singt denn mit so kläglichem Laut
Die Lerche in der Luft?
Warum steigt denn aus dem Balsamkraut
Hervor ein Leichenduft?

Warum scheint denn die Sonn' auf die Au
So kalt und verdriesslich herab?
Warum ist denn die Erde so grau
Und öde wie ein Grab?

Warum bin ich selbst so krank und so trüb,
Mein liebes Liebchen? Sprich!
O sprich, mein herzallerliebstes Lieb,
Warum verliessest du mich?

Heine could never write in any of the classic metres, and an amusing anecdote is related by Maximilian Heine, the younger brother of the poet, of an attempt once made by the latter at hexameter verse. This brother, Max, was at the time in one of the upper classes of the Gymnasium, and, pluming himself greatly on his own proficiency in the composition of hexameters, urged the young poet to try his skill in the same direction. Heine complied, and came in due time to read to his brother the result of his efforts. Hardly had he reached the third line when Max broke forth impatiently: "For Heaven's sake, dear brother, this hexameter has but five feet!" and he pompously scanned the verse. When convinced of his error Heinrich petulantly tore the paper into bits, exclaiming, "Shoemaker, stick to your last!" and nothing more was heard about hexameters until two days later, when Max was awakened early one morning to find his brother at his bedside. "Ah, dear Max,"

he began with a piteous air, "what a fearful night have I passed! Only think! Directly after midnight, just as I had gone to sleep, I felt a mountain's weight upon me: the unhappy hexameter had come limping on five feet to my bedside, demanding of me, in terrible tones and with the most fearful threats, its sixth foot. Shylock could not have insisted more obstinately upon his pound of flesh. It appealed to its primeval classic right, and left me with the most frightful menaces, only on condition that I never again in my whole life would meddle with a hexameter."

The time of Heine's entrance in the field of literature was no unfavorable one for an individual genius like his own. The so-called Classic and Romantic schools of Germany had each in its own direction reached the ultimate limits of its development. Schiller was dead, Goethe was at work upon the second part of *Faust* and the *Westöstliche Divan*, while such of the Romantic writers as were left had penetrated far into the realms of mediæval mysticism to bring to the light only wild and distorted forms of imagery and the most extravagant creations of morbid fancy. In Heine, who could sing of love and moonlight and nightingales with the best of them, they thought they had found a new champion to revive their now declining glory, little dreaming that ten years later, in his famous essay on the Romantic school, he was destined to deal their cause its death-blow and disperse for ever the lingering mists and spectres of German Romanticism. Nevertheless, all Heine's earlier writings, prose as well as verse, show very clearly the influence of the school. "I am tired of this guerrilla warfare," he writes in 1830, "and long for rest. What an irony of fate, that I, who would rest so gladly on the pillow of a quiet, contemplative inner life—that I should be destined to scourge my poor fellow-countrymen from their comfortable existence and stir them into activity—I, who like best to watch the passing clouds, to invent (*erklügeln*) metrical magic, to hearken to the secrets of the spirits of the elements and absorb myself in the

wonder-world of old tales,—I must edit political annals, preach the topics of the time, stir up the passions!" A little later comes the news of the Révolution in Paris, and all these vague romantic longings have vanished into air, melted away by the beams of the July sun.

These tendencies may have first roused the determined hostility with which the followers of Goethe greeted the new poet and indignantly repelled the claims of his friends for his succession to Goethe's lyric muse. There was, at all events no love lost between the great Goethe himself and his younger contemporary. Goethe simply ignored Heine, and the latter, though he could not reciprocate in this way, did not spare his mighty rival certain home-thrusts on his most vulnerable side. He made a pilgrimage to Weimar in 1824 on his return from the famous Harz journey, but he is exceedingly reticent on the subject, and the following humorous account from the *Romantische Schule* is almost the only one to be had of the visit. "His form," he writes, "was harmonious, clear, joyous, nobly-proportioned, and Greek art could be studied in him as in an antique: his eyes were at rest like those of a god. It is generally the distinguishing mark of the gods that their gaze is steadfast, and their eyes do not wander in uncertainty hither and thither. Napoleon's eyes had this peculiarity also, and therefore I am convinced that he was a god. Goethe's eyes were as divine in his advanced age as in his youth. Time had covered his head with snow, but it could not bend it. He bore it ever proud and high, and when he reached forth his hand, it was as if he would prescribe to the stars their course in the heavens. There are those who profess to have observed the cold lines of egotism about his mouth, but these lines belong also to the immortal gods, and above all to the Father of the gods, the great Jupiter, with whom I have already compared Goethe. In truth, when I visited him in Weimar and stood before him, I glanced involuntarily aside to see if the eagle and the thunderbolts were at hand. I came very near addressing him in Greek, but when I no-

ticed that he understood German I told him in German that the plums on the road between Weimar and Jena tasted very good. I had pondered in so many long winter nights over all the lofty and profound things I should say to Goethe if I should ever see him, and when at last I saw him I told him that the Saxon plums tasted very good; and Goethe smiled with the same lips that had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danaë, Semele, and so many other princesses or even ordinary nymphs."—"My soul is shaken," he cries elsewhere, "and my eye burns, and that is an unfavorable condition for a writer, who should control his material and remain beautifully objective (*hübsch objektiv bleiben soll*), as the Art School requires and as Goethe has done. He has become eighty years old by it," he adds with incomparable irony, "and minister, and well-to-do (*wohlhabend*). Poor German people! this is thy greatest man!" To all this there is a keenly personal edge, but the real gulf between the two lies deeper than wounded vanity on the one side and possible jealousy on the other, and is as wide and impassable as Heine's own distinction between the Hellenic and the Judaic views of life. Heine, vitally absorbed in all the questions that the present brought, and in the very heat and stress of its conflicts, watched the "Great Pagan" in the fulness of his years crystallizing his life's experience in beautiful and polished, but ever more and more lifeless, forms of verse, striving toward pure Hellenism, as Goethe's followers called his imitation of classic forms, withdrawn from all the social and political problems of the day far into the realms of scientific research; and he cried out impatiently about coldness, indifference to the true interests of mankind—compared Goethe's creations to the Greek statues in the Louvre, with no humanity in them, but only divinity and stone. But Goethe, with his theory of color, with his botany, anatomy, osteology and the rest, had caught a spark from what was to be the genius of a future generation, and this Heine was not prophet enough to see.

The time, we have said, was favorable for Heine's entrance into literature: it was anything but favorable for the rôle which he began almost at once to play—that of political and social agitator. The political atmosphere of Germany during the years that preceded the July Revolution was stifling in the extreme. The famous War of Liberation had freed the people from the grasp of Napoleon, but seemed only to have increased the weight of home despotism: the press was subjected to searching government investigation, and as a result all political opinions were suppressed in the daily journals, which in lieu of politics supplied little else but theatrical and musical gossip. This was no condition of things for Heine, who could never move in prescribed paths in any direction, and who had to submit to seeing his work scarred and mutilated by the red pencil of the censorship; and he began to look toward France as a land of refuge in case of accident, as it were, until finally, after the July Revolution, the Rhine became a Jordan and Paris a New Jerusalem to his longing eyes, and he emigrated thither, to the land of freedom and "good cheer," to return but once again to his native country. There is no real evidence of his exile being a compulsory one, but under such circumstances his life at home must have been at best a precarious one. According to his own delightfully humorous account, he had learned from an old councillor at Berlin who had passed many years at the fortress of Spandau how unpleasant it was to wear chains in winter. "' If they had only warmed our chains for us a little they would not have made such an unpleasant impression: they ought, too, to have had the forethought to have them perfumed with essence of roses and laurel, as they do in this country.' I asked my councillor if he often had oysters at Spandau. He said, 'No: Spandau was too far from the sea. Meat,' he said, 'was quite rare there too, and there was no other kind of fowl than the flies which fell into the soup.' And so, as I really needed recreation, and Spandau was too far from the sea for oysters, and the Spandau fowl-broth did not tempt me

especially, and the Prussian chains were very cold in winter and quite detrimental to my health, I resolved to journey to Paris, and there, in the fatherland of champagne and the Marseillaise, to drink the one and to hear the other sung."

Few particulars of Heine's Parisian life are known, notwithstanding that during its earlier period he reached the zenith of his fame and popularity, and lived, according to his own statement, like a god—a life to end, alas! only too soon. He set himself during these years to the task of bringing about a mutual understanding between the French and the German people, and with this end in view he wrote his famous essays on the *Romantic School* and *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, and sent to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* those letters on the politics and art of the day which give one of the most brilliant and vivid pictures in existence of Paris under the "Citizen" monarchy. Well for Heine if those bright Parisian days had lasted! He was overtaken only too soon by a fate as terrible as any that martyr was ever called upon to endure. His nervous organization had always been an exceedingly sensitive one, and he had long suffered from severe and frequent headaches. During the latter part of his life in Paris his health gradually declined, until in 1848 he received his deathblow in a stroke of paralysis which left him almost blind, crippled and helpless, and subject to frequent attacks of intense physical agony—a blow which did not kill him, however, for eight years. His patience—nay, his heroism—through all his lingering torture was the testimony of every one who was a witness of his sufferings; and, what was more wonderful, he retained the powers of his mind in undiminished vigor to the very end. He died in February, 1856, poor as he had almost always lived, and almost in obscurity, for the world had withdrawn from the spectacle of so much suffering, and only a few friends remained to him to the last.

Such a death is terribly sad, but its heroism has all the pathos and nobility of real tragedy, and atones in more than full measure for a life that was not al-

ways heroic. Can it atone as well for a literary name that was not wholly untarnished? Nothing can quite justify certain literary sins which Heine at times committed, but when such offences are noted down it is best to let them go. Heine's life was certainly one of unremitting warfare—one long record of personal attacks on his enemies, of broils with his critics, of unblushing license of speech, of undaunted adherence to the ideas for which he lived and wrote—one long cry of protest against the outward conditions of life and society as he found them, which rings in those strange minor tones of feeling that are the keynote of his genius, rising sometimes to an almost childish petulance, and sinking again into chords of the truest pathos. Where is his place and what was his achievement it is very hard to say. He was one of those figures which arise here and there in the history of literature—of men intensely penetrated with the spirit of the age in which they live, who are alike bitterly impatient of its follies and its conservatism. They cannot see far into the future, they cannot always estimate the past: their genius is not universal, but it has always something of the vitality of present interest about it, and is subject in no common degree to the errors of contemporary judgment. Byron was another such figure, and, though his genius had almost nothing in common with Heine's, the ideas for which they fought were very nearly the same—ideas which were the outgrowth of the Revolution, by which they sought to stem the tide of reactionary feeling that set in so strongly from every direction, in religion and politics as well as in literature, during the early part of our own century. Their method of fighting, too, was the same, for they both used their own persons as weapons in their cause; but where Byron's egotism becomes dreary and oppressive, Heine's awakens that vivid feeling of interest which comes usually with personal intercourse alone. He uses himself, along with and as a part of his material, in such a way that his very egotism lends to his writings the greater part of their force and originality, and becomes

one of the most potent instruments of his irony and wit.

Heine chose for himself the sword of the soldier rather than the poet's laurel, but he chose to fight alone, and the nineteenth century is not the age nor its society the field for single-handed combat. That he seems to have felt this himself, one of his latest poems from the *Roman-cero* will show. I give it in Lord Houghton's admirable translation: it is called

ENFANT PERDU.

In Freedom's war of "Thirty Years" and more
A lonely outpost have I held in vain,
With no triumphant hope or prize in store,
Without a thought to see my home again.

I watched both day and night: I could not sleep
Like my well-tented comrades far behind,
Though near enough to let their snoring keep
A friend awake if e'er to doze inclined.

And thus, when solitude my spirits shook,
Or fear—for all but fools know fear sometimes—
To rouse myself and them I piped, and took
A gay revenge in all my wanton rhymes.

Yes, there I stood, my musket always ready,
And when some sneaking rascal showed his head
My eye was vigilant, my aim was steady,
And gave his brains an extra dose of lead.

But war and justice have far different laws,
And worthless acts are often done right well:
The rascals' shots were better than their cause,
And I was hit—and hit again, and fell!

That outpost is abandoned: while the one
Lies in the dust, the rest in troops depart.
Unconquered, I have done what could be done,
With sword unbroken and with broken heart.

This little poem represents rather pathetically, and in a certain sense the limitations of, Heine's genius; for it is impossible not to feel that his genius never found its highest expression—that confined within a narrower channel its force would have been irresistible where now it is only brilliantly dispersive. It seems as if literature in its proper sense had lost something by Heine's personal enlistment in all the conflicts of his day—as if the man of ideas had tried to approach too closely and too curiously to the realities of life, and had only succeeded in bringing into glaring prominence the irreconcilable nature of the forces at work in the world and in ourselves; and never was reconciliation less possible between the real and the ideal than at the time of which we speak. This is the meaning of the *Weltschmerz* and the *maladie du*

siècle of which we hear so much, and everything seemed to conspire to render Heine its chief representative.

But a negative judgment is not enough for a final estimate of Heinrich Heine. Much of his service to literature and to mankind was of a very positive character. As a man of letters he created a prose style unequalled in clearness and brilliancy by anything previously known in German literature—Goethe's prose is ponderous in comparison—and its influence will be felt long after certain of its mannerisms have passed into oblivion. His wit is destined to immortality by reason of the serious purpose that underlies it. It has a spontaneity which no wit exercised merely for its own ends can ever have. Those who call Heine frivolous and a mocker, simply because he can jest at serious things, can only know him very superficially or else must be ignorant of the real part which humor has to play in the world. Perhaps there never was a writer who shook himself so free of all conventionalities of style. His very mannerisms—and his writings abound in them—have

a spontaneity about them, and only become affectations in the innumerable imitations which cluster around all his literary productions. This is his service to literature: his service to posterity was as great. He did some goodly service in the "War of Liberation of humanity," if in no other way, by setting the example of a man who could speak unflinchingly for principles at a time when such utterance was not easy.

It will not be possible to follow up these general statements with any further examination of Heine's life or his writings. It has been the present purpose to indicate only in the broadest outlines the scope and general character of the man and his work, and leave to the reader to prove the truth of what has been said by his own investigation. There is no single literary figure that is better worth the task of study than Heine, and to sum up briefly what this article has been mainly designed to show, we must pronounce him if not one of the greatest, at least one of the most original, figures in all literature.

A. PARKER.

DAWN.

WHAT was thy dream, sweet Morning? for, behold!
 Thine eyes are heavy with the balm of night,
 And, like reluctant lilies, to the light
 The languid lids of lethargy unfold.
 Was it the tale of Yesterday retold—
 An echo wakened from the western height,
 Where the warm glow of sunset dalliance bright
 Grew, with the pulse of waning passion, gold?
 Or was it some heraldic vision grand
 Of legends that forgotten ages keep
 In twilight, where the Sundering shoals of day
 Vex the dim sails, unpiloted, of sleep,
 Till, one by one, the freighting fancies gay,
 Like bubbles, vanish on the treacherous strand?

JOHN B. TABB.

MRS. MARCELLUS.

BY A GUEST AT HER SATURDAYS.

ALL the celebrated creatures whom Fate or the lecture-committee chance to bring to our town profess themselves amazed that Mrs. Marcellus should continue to make this little-celebrated locality her home. The comment has a double import, containing at once a compliment and the reverse. If therein be conveyed an intimation that Hurville as a place of residence is devoid of those varied opportunities for self-improvement, gayety and æsthetic culture which render existence in the great centres so diversified and so charming, or even should the insinuation go so far as to clearly express the indubitable fact that it is a crude, ragged little town, with a few staring red brick business-houses fronting each other on the muddy or dusty or frozen main street (according to the season), and a numerous colony of wooden cottages dotted around "promiscuous" as an outer fringe—nay, should Hurville even be apostrophized as a "hole," as it was once by a lecturer who came during the mud-reign and failed to draw a house,—why, even the most enthusiastic Hurvillian need take no offence. But whatever the town may be, think what our fellow-townswoman, Mrs. Marcellus, is! One of the greatest favorites our lecture-committee secures for us each year, a dramatic reader with a stentorian voice and a fine frenzy rolling around loose in his eye, expressed the whole thing in what I may call a Shakespearian nutshell by a happy paraphrase of the great bard. "It was not," said Mr. Blankenhoff, "that people appreciated Hurville *less*, but Mrs. Marcellus *more*." That settled it.

I have been very frank, as you see, about Hurville, because, although many of our business-men, in a sort of small beer of local patriotism, insist upon taking up the utterly untenable position that Hurville is the only "live town" in the country outside of New York and Chicago, I am unable to recognize this

astonishing vitality myself, and I always say that if Hurville is "live," I should like to know what something dead looks like, acts like, and especially buys and sells like. The commerce of the place has been completely stagnant for several years, and in Hurville, if ever anywhere, is it a mystery to one half the world how the other half lives. I believe both halves would now be one complete and thoroughly defunct whole were it not that the vital spark is kept alive in both sections by Mrs. Marcellus. Her position in a community so provincial, and in many respects so narrow-minded, as that of our little place, has always been an exceedingly singular one; yet she was lifted to the throne of leadership of our choicest circle on her arrival, and has wielded the sceptre uninterruptedly ever since, without the slightest breath of disaffection having arisen among her courtiers. When she first came to Hurville, fifteen years ago, she was a young widow of thirty, very handsome, very travelled, very cultured, very stylish and passably rich. She is all this yet, and much more that is good and lovable as well. On the left-hand side of the account there is nothing to make a blur except that she is now a motherly lady of forty-five, instead of being, as she was when she first came, just on the last step of the stairs where girlhood shuts the door in a woman's face finally—at thirty.

Her coming to Hurville was rather odd, and at first she had not the slightest intention of remaining. Her object in visiting the place was to negotiate the sale of the residence she now occupies, the best house in the town yet, and fifteen years ago considered a very imposing mansion—so much so that when the railroad came the heavy men of the community insisted on the track being laid in such a way that passengers inside the cars could get a full view of the Marcellus house as they whizzed

by. The house was built for the father of Mrs. Marcellus's husband, a sharp old fellow who came to the town when the general impression prevailed that Hurville was going to make Chicago shut up shop, and ultimately to see the grass grow in what are still very thriving thoroughfares of the city of New York. Old Marcellus made all the money out of Hurville that the town will afford for the next half century at least, and died in the shanty he had always lived in just as the builders were putting the last touch on that elegant mansion, which was supposed to be but the first of a series of princely residences which when completed would make Fifth Avenue and Walnut street wonder what they were begun for if thus so early they were done for by the wealth and enterprise of Hurville. Old Marcellus's son never came to Hurville. He was educated abroad, and married this lady, a young New Yorker, at her home. He was in poor health and died in Paris, leaving his wife a good deal of property, including this house, and two little daughters to take care of.

She stayed a few weeks at the hotel of those days, a most comfortable one—for, though the building was of frame and the furniture old and shabby, travellers often say that the meals were better and the bed-linen cleaner and better aired than in the present imposing Dépôt Hotel—and finding no one willing or able to buy the Marcellus house at anything like its value, she one day astonished everybody by saying that the house was now withdrawn from sale and that she was going to live in it herself. What a sensation occurred when her furniture arrived! She had brought over all her elegant belongings from Paris, those being days when household effects which had been in use by Americans abroad for a year were passed free of duty at the custom-house. Even now you can scarcely find in any community a house more beautifully furnished than Mrs. Marcellus's. She still uses the things she brought from France, and never allows her head to be turned by any vagaries respecting house-decoration. Her pale-

yellow satin drawing-room furniture is charming, a real reminiscence of Marie Antoinette's at the Little Trianon at Versailles. Bronzes and marbles of chaste and beautiful subjects, water-colors and oil-paintings signed by noted names, fresh flowers in lovely abundance at all seasons of the year,—oh, it is a rare home of beauty and culture! And the best of it is, as Mrs. Marcellus often tells us at her pleasant dinner-parties or her cozy Saturday evenings, that by living in Hurville she can enjoy this agreeable and ladylike mode of existence, can do what we know she does for the poor, can subscribe to all periodicals of the day in any way worthy, can entertain her friends often—to their great delight, all loudly exclaim—without being haunted by the slightest shadow of anxiety regarding her income. If she had continued to live in New York she would by this time probably be bankrupt, for a similar manner of living in that costly city would be a dozen times more expensive than it is in Hurville. As it is, she even lays up money; and when her daughters both married, as they did on the same day five years ago, Mrs. Marcellus astonished all the wedding-participants by announcing to them the growth of a plum to the credit of each which she had planted and preserved for them in the hothouse of an old reliable banker's safe in Boston.

I have mentioned Mrs. Marcellus's Saturday evenings. They are the sole means of intellectual exchange Hurville possesses. In fact, without them our mental condition must have degenerated long ere this into something analogous to that of the cabbage, for most of us are too poor to take trips to the cities to brush up our brains, and we have no public or private library worthy the name in the place. Of late even our lecture-course—which used to be renowned as one of the most successful in the country, for a small town—has dwindled down almost to nothing, the hard times affecting this as everything else. No, not everything: hard times make no difference in Mrs. Marcellus's Saturdays, thank the powers! Every Saturday evening we gather around that yellow satin furniture, inspect

once more those oft-inspected pictures (always discovering new beauties in them), try to air a little art-jargon concerning the statuettes and bric-à-brac, look over the last new periodicals, sniff the flowers and say "How sweet!"—the women always asking how she keeps them with the gas, and Mrs. Marcellus always answering that she doesn't: she has them changed. At nine o'clock tea and etceteras are served up. The fine tea-service of rarest old blue Nankin is laid out upon a tablecloth of daintiest linen deeply embroidered with blue of a corresponding shade. Tea-cakes and pâtés whose ingredients are to be found in no cookery-book whatever greet the delighted and unexpectant palate. With her white, shapely, graceful hands Mrs. Marcellus tenders us these luscious lollipops and again and again refills the steaming bowl. At eleven o'clock precisely the neat and pretty maid, who always wears a white cap, brings in Mrs. Marcellus's small bedroom lamp; and this means good-night to visitors. These evenings are the pride and comfort of the town, and it is a point of honor with those of us who know we are welcome to attend every Saturday without intermission. Whenever the gathering chances to be small you may be sure that the cause of it is to be found in a weather-condition when to say "raining cats and dogs," "blowing great guns" or "snowing like Siberia" is to use a comparison quite feeble and inexpressive. But even on such occasions a few gentlemen always contrive to drop in. They are sent by their wives when these cannot come, and they always find Mrs. Marcellus her amiable, reposeful self, whom no chances of temperature can affect.

On a particularly stormy and disagreeable Saturday of the past winter I hesitated long about making my usual call. Not that I did not want to go, nor that I cared much for the weather, but it seemed to me impossible that on such a night Mrs. Marcellus should take the trouble to light her gas-jets (always supplemented by a large, softly-beaming oil-lamp for the centre-table) or ignite the splendid roaring fire of wood and coal mingled

which, burning redly in a deep, low, richly-colored grate of brass and steel, gives in winter the finishing-touch of comfort and home-likeness to that delicious yellow satin drawing-room. In summer the grate is entirely removed, and the vacant space is filled with flowering plants, tastefully framed by the hanging mantelpiece valance above and long, narrow, gracefully-draped curtains at the sides, which take away all look of bareness from that central point of interest in every apartment, the fireplace. Yet the prospect of spending in my own cheerless room and quite alone the only evening of the week on which circumstances permit me to sit up at all late was scarcely flattering. I have to be at the store every morning before eight, and therefore on every night but Saturday I retire at an hour of a primitive earliness only equalled by that prevailing in well-regulated nurseries. On Sunday mornings I am able to sleep rather late, but pay for the privilege by the enforced juxtaposition of the heavy breakfast sausage with the tough dinner roast beef, my landlady, in a fit of the contraries, always advancing dinner many hours on the day when of all others it should be very much retarded, and would be if the digestive apparatus of the American people had any rights which the landlady of the period were bound to respect.

But these details have small bearing on the story I am relating. To resume: Driven out, in spite of the stormy weather, by the cheerlessness of my room, I hastened on the Saturday evening in question to seek the warm and comforting shelter of Mrs. Marcellus's abode. All was as serene within that model home as if the raging elements themselves had been subdued by the grand white hands of Mrs. Marcellus, and at her order had been stuffed with eider-down and covered with yellow satin by a Paris upholsterer. How soothing to the rasped nerves was this interior—the crackling fire, the lights, the flowers, the soft rays from the lamp falling on the gray silk dress and the lace headdress of Mrs. Marcellus as she sat at the solid, large round centre-table with a basket of

gay-colored embroidery-silks before her! Besides myself there were five visitors, all gentlemen of course, and most of them individuals who are not much given to loquacity. The lack of conversation was somewhat marked. Still, no one felt any obligation to keep the ball of small talk rolling. Mrs. Marcellus says that when people come to see her she wants them to converse or to keep silent as the spirit moves. The wings of silence brooded over this gathering again and again, yet no one felt guilty. There were many pleasant and home-like sounds—the tinnabulation of the tea-spoons and sugar-tongs, the pricking of the needle through the stiff linen, the whirl of a book-leaf, the laying down of card upon card in the game of solitaire which some one was playing, the bloodless execution of a paper-knife cutting apart the sheets of a newly-arrived magazine, the rustling of the Saturday's local paper, delivered just at dusk and not opened till now, the fresh ink made doubly pungent in the warm atmosphere till it yielded to the pressure of the summer-like temperature and dried up—like the rest of us.

"It is odd," said Henry L. Thompkins at length, closing a novel which he had been reading by slow instalments at Mrs. Marcellus's Saturdays for the last year at least, and whose finis he had now reached, "that so many authors write love-stories."

"Why shouldn't they," said Mrs. Marcellus, "when so many readers like to peruse them?"

"Who likes to peruse them?"

"Why, you do, I should think, else you would have laid down that book long ago. You've been perfectly absorbed in it: there have been chapters which made your color come and go with their exciting interest. I've watched you;" and she shook her needle at him accusingly.

I scarcely remember how it was that when upon this the conversation became animated it instantly drifted into love-stories and love-affairs and jiltings and heart-breakings, and all the rest of it. Everybody had something to say which he fancied had never before been said about the tender passion; and suddenly a proposi-

tion fell from the lips of Mrs. Marcellus which certainly took the company by surprise. She said that she wished, just for curiosity's sake, every one present would tell her about the last love-affair he had had. It would really be fun: she wished they would. Objections and modest declinings were unanimous at first, of course, but our hostess insisted; and finally this conditional agreement was decided upon: that her desire should be acceded to, provided Mrs. Marcellus would relate her own experience in this line and tell the company the particulars of *her* last love-affair. She instantly consented, though I thought I detected a flying blush tinge her cheek at the rush of recollections brought about by the proposal.

The first autobiographer was Henry L. Thompkins himself. Mr. Thompkins is the principal banker of our place, and, from the almost dead level of Hurvillian impecuniosity, he is considered to be a man of colossal fortune. He is very well off in respect to wealth, and has been a widower for many years. In the grief and loneliness which engulfed him at the loss of his wife, he told us, he had sought solace in the warm affections of his sister, a widow lady with a large number of sons, and had recklessly adopted her boys and promised to be a father to them—an engagement which had placed him in such a position toward a lot of young spendthrifts that by actual experience he was now fully qualified to perform the part of the testy old uncle of Sheridan's plays, whose principal duty in life is to shake a stick in his nephew's face and exclaim, "Zounds! you young rascal!" or "Egad! you young dog!" But instead of one scapegrace nephew he had half a dozen to bleed him. During one of his visits to his sister, who lived in the West, he found there, also on a visit, a young lady who made a marked impression upon him. She was rather good-looking, kind, sensible and quiet in her ways. For her sake he lengthened his visit: every day her influence over him became stronger. On the final Sabbath of his stay it happened that of all the household he and she alone were able to attend service. The sermon had a dis-

tinct bearing on the sanctity of wedded life. As they walked home he resolved to sound her feelings on the subject of marriage. He began by saying that he was glad to see she was a friend of his family, because that empowered him to ask her this question: Would she like to become a member of it? She blushed, bit her lip and said, as Heaven was her judge, she would, but she had no fortune of her own, and she had seen too much of married life in poverty to dare to enter it under those circumstances. "Poverty!" exclaimed Mr. Thompkins: "you need have no fear of that. I will see that you have every comfort—indeed, every luxury." The girl was so startled she stood still in the street and gazed at him, tears flooding her handsome eyes. "Oh, Mr. Thompkins," she murmured, "you are the best man in the world, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. But I have felt from the first moment how really noble and generous you are; and it was only last evening I told Edward, when he took me to the Minstrels, that I believed if he'd muster up courage to ask his uncle for money enough to set him up in business, and tell him he wanted to marry and settle down, that you would do it." The only thing consoling about the affair was, that the girl never suspected anything. She married his eldest nephew, whom he has since set up in business three consecutive times (three consecutive failures following), and the couple are now rearing a plentiful crop of grand-nephews, who, though still young, have already developed to perfection the paternal eye for searching out the main chance, and invariably expect—nay, obstreperously claim—a full line of costly presents at Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving and all the anniversaries of everybody's birthday, wedding and demise.

We were very glad that Mr. Thompkins so framed the concluding sentence of his story as to allow us to laugh. We knew very well, from the character of the second speaker, that we should require all our store of thrills and shivers for his recital. He was a long, thin, red-headed man named McLaughlin, who by perse-

verance had absorbed the most of the leather and findings trade of Hurville and round about, but was always talking of the brilliant and exciting early days of his career, when, fired by a story he had read of the dangers and pleasures of life before the mast, he resolved to run away, and did run away, to sea. His love-story was a wild and inconsequent recital, with staccato stops, of an adventure he had when he was a sailor and his vessel lay in one of the ports of India for some weeks—at Calcutta, I think. Anyhow, there were tiger-skins mixed up in it, and elephants' tusks, and long, moist, horrible serpents trailing after people, and a house where his lady-love lived which was provided with traps and secret panels in the walls and other such trifles; and the lady-love was a native woman who desired to renounce the faith of her people for him, but was interfered with by a cochineal-colored father of a very unpleasant sort, who rampaged around twirling the lance he used in pig-sticking, and often finishing off his enemies with a poisoned creese, such as you read about. Of course there was nothing left for McLaughlin but to fight a duel with this unreasonable parent—a duel which suddenly became contagious, the whole population of Calcutta joining in it; the foreseen conclusion of the terrific narrative being of course that everybody was killed except McLaughlin. No one dared even to smile at this sanguinary catastrophe, for McLaughlin was really a fiery-tempered fellow, and on more than one occasion had been known to back his opinions by inserting his hand under his right coat-tail to find an additional argument wherewith to enforce a similarity of political views. Nevertheless, our hostess slyly asked if it could be possible that the native lady who had wished to relinquish the faith of her cochineal-colored fathers was the amiable—and she might have said, the essentially pale and milk-and-watery—lady who was known to the community as Mrs. McLaughlin, and who would have been, save for the storm, "one of ours" to-night. Mac said, Of course not; but what was the use of sitting down to talk about the jogtrot events

of these later years, during which destiny and leather had bound him, as it were, to Hurville? He thought we wanted romance while we were about it.

No. 3 was our military man, an ex-brigadier-general who still wears the Kosuth hat of his grade, and who holds, to the satisfaction of all, the berth of postmaster at Hurville. Like most amateur army-officers, the general thinks that as regards military tactics he is a very Napoleon, and he has so impressed this opinion on Hurville that we know full well, though the country at large may not, exactly what brigadier-general it was by whom the stamping out of the rebellion was principally performed. In the various engagements which have taken place between the armies of Europe during the last decade none have had so satisfactory a termination as they might had our postmaster-general (if I may so compound him) been in command of the field. The French, for instance: it seems a great pity that that brilliant people should not have put themselves in communication with Hurville, if only by wire, at the time of the disastrous Prussian war. There was our general, every Saturday evening at Mrs. Marcellus's, winning the most stupendous victories for them on a large map of the seat of war, with little flags mounted on pins stuck all over it; and it was really exciting to see how the general caused the Prussian standard to retreat at Sedan, the tri-color advancing in triumph at the head of an overwhelming body of troops rushing upon the enemy *en masse*, hemming him in on all sides, while the stirring tones of an imaginary brass band entoned the glorious Marseillaise, its clarion cry proclaiming once again to *tout le monde* that *les enfants de la patrie* had won another victory for *la grande nation*. "*Marchons! marchons!* tum-ti-tum—and victory or death!" Oh dear! what a surprise it was to us all when the cable-despatch came announcing a very different termination to the fray at Sedan! At first we were incredulous. The brigadier clapped his hand to his head, seized the paper, ran with it into a corner and turned his back on us, that he might study the

matter from the strategic point of view undisturbed by uninformed comment. When he returned he said he saw quite clearly how it was: the French had failed to advance their left flank—the despatches showed it—and there was the fatal error. The despatches also showed quite clearly that the French had no left flank to advance, nor right either, not to speak of any rear; but the general said he couldn't help that—they should have advanced their left flank: that was the only really soldier-like thing for them to do. When armies meet on the battle-field they should almost always (I think he said) advance their left flank. Again (to hasten to recent events), here were these puerile, unspeakable, unutterable heathens, the Turks. Vile as their moral status was, their military advantages were such that had they had among their pachas one man who possessed the slightest glimmering of a conception of the art of war they would not only have held Stamboul, but they would have advanced their left flank right into the heart of Russia and set the Crescent flag to flying from the tops of the palaces on the banks of the Neva.

Naturally, knowing his bellicose proclivities, we were fully prepared to hear that the general's love-affair was intimately connected with the war-period; for Mrs. Marcellus herself proposed that the general should follow Mr. McLaughlin's example and relate, not his last love-affair necessarily, but his most romantic one. Everybody present respected the active, self-helpful wife of the postmaster too much to desire, even for a joke, that the fine sentiments which drew such a woman into marriage should be made the theme of a story told by a fireside for the beguilement of a winter's evening. So the general started by saying that prior to courting and wedding his dear wife he had been led into an affair of the heart: with a contrite spirit he confessed that that affair was one which might have had the most fatal consequences. Luckily, his eyes were opened in time. But had circumstances been otherwise, had the government at Washington known the brink on which he stood, he who was

now honored by his country's confidence to the extent of the postmastership of the town of Hurville might instead be figuring in the reprobatory annals of the republic's history along with Benedict Arnold and Major André. The conviction instantly spread among the listeners that we were now to learn that the general himself on some important occasion had failed to advance his left flank: if so, we should have him on the hip in future—the left hip, of course. But the dreadful episode occurred, it seemed, not on the battle-field, but during the leisure hours when nothing was astir in camp. It was no question of infantry, cavalry or artillery, but the old, old story of a pair of brown eyes. "She" was a Southern girl; they met by chance; he ordered her to walk under the flag; she smiled at him as she did so; stolen interviews followed; she swore to renounce her allegiance to the "Lost Cause" and accompany him to the North. Deceived by her promises, he told her when, how and at what time the corps was to strike tents and leave the locality—secret information. On the night prior to the morning they had fixed upon to go the order to march was countermanded, and the general hastened to his lady-love to tell her the change of plans. Thinking to give her a lover's surprise, he crept up to the veranda of her house on tip-toe and noiselessly peered into the parlor where his enchantress was wont to sit swinging away the heavy hours in the sweet dalliance of a rocking-chair. To his surprise, he found she was not alone: a Confederate officer stood by her side, his arm encircling her taper waist, his lips ever and anon tasting the honey that dwelt on hers. In intervals between these caresses the treacherous beauty poured into her lover's ear all she had gleaned about the change of base of the army, from her too credulous brigadier. A movement made the next day by the Confederates showed they had formed designs in accordance with the information the girl imparted, but the Unionist plan having been altered the consequence was in no degree disastrous to our troops.

The termination of this story found the listeners all very silent. No one seemed

to know what comment to make. From the pained expression of the brigadier's face it was evident that he still looked upon the experience as one which but for an accident might have brought danger to the country and shame and disgrace to himself. Mrs. Marcellus said, as usual, just the right word. She assured the general that she could not see in what way he had swerved from his duty as a loyal soldier in the affair, since the lady had won his confidence by the false assertion that she desired to renew her allegiance to the flag.

The editor now had the floor. The editor is of course the oracle of the community, and his newspaper, in the opinion of the entire population of Hurville—including himself—is an organ which for real power and earnest writing exceeds any of the monster dailies of the large cities, whose fame, stupidly enough, extends the length and breadth of the land, while the *Hurville Gazette* blushes unseen, claiming only an average circulation of two thousand; and some say this is an exaggerated figure. The editor's story was of course thoroughly characteristic—editorial, so to speak—the recital going straight to the point at issue without redundant phraseology or extraneous matter of any kind: it was, in fact, a report, as epigrammatic as a six-lined local paragraph, boiled down to the utmost limit of concentrated fact-essence. Yet the gist of the story greatly surprised us. He had become interested in an anonymous female contributor of love-poems sent every week to a newspaper he was then editing in the West. At length, by dint of perseverance, he had unveiled the incognita of the poetess, in time won her affections, and finally married her. The general impression was that this must refer to a former wife, of whom we had never heard, for every one knew the editor's better half to be a diligent housekeeper, patient mother, a ceaseless sewing-machinist, a walking encyclopædia of cookery-recipes, and the least literary woman of our set. Poetry she never read, and she had even been known to sneer at rhymesters, especially those of her own sex, who, she averred,

might find some better and more profitable way of passing their time than scribbling nonsense. Yet this change of views, the editor now assured us, was due solely to the influence of time and a very large and uncommonly obstreperous family of boys.

The next speaker was the head of the firm of E. T. Perkins & Co., dry-goods merchants of the Perkins Block. An extremely religious though not a bigoted man, generous, good-natured and jovial, everybody likes him, and we all looked forward with pleasure to hearing his story. He seemed to have difficulty at first in remembering anything sufficiently unusual in its incidents to interest us; for, as he said, we all knew that he had married Mrs. Perkins when he was a clerk in the dry-goods store of her late father, and had succeeded to the business on his death, his wife giving great impetus to trade by her own extravagance in dress, which spread like a contagion among the other ladies of the town, who until then had been mostly satisfied with nice calicoes and cheap merinos. As for love-affairs, continued Mr. Perkins, if he had ever had any before he met Mrs. Perkins he couldn't remember them; but in a *friendly* way a curious kind of thing had happened to him many years ago in New York, when he was in the white-goods department of one of the big wholesale houses. He was a very young man, not twenty-one, and trying hard to do right amid the trials and temptations of the great city. He was a church-member, and in aid of the funds of the church to which he belonged he had taken one winter a subscription to a course of lectures to be delivered in some hall down town which has now disappeared. Seats were reserved for ticket-holders; and so it happened that he found himself twice a week seated next a lady and her husband to whom he had been previously introduced by a friend after service one Sunday evening, but with whom he had had till then but a bowing acquaintance. Now they fell to chatting of course. He considered the lady very handsome, though older than himself—about thirty perhaps. She was of a full figure—might

even have been called stout—with rosy cheeks, pouting lips, laughing black eyes, glossy hair, and a gay, pleasant manner that was very attractive. Her husband was very much the senior of his wife, and was cross, ugly, lame and asthmatic. Sometimes he would leave the hall in the middle of a lecture and go and sit outside in the cold till it was over, when he would join his wife, grumbling at everything in general and her in particular. During these absences Mr. Perkins and the lady had time to exchange many of their views on various subjects, which were found to be very much in accord. In brief, the acquaintance was so pleasant that young Perkins, at the last lecture of the course (the husband having stepped out), made bold to hint that he would be glad to have it continue, and would be happy to call, if agreeable. To his surprise, the lady whispered a few hurried words in his ear of a startling character. Her husband was exceedingly jealous—utterly without cause, of course—and the idea of a young gentleman calling at the house in a friendly way was one that was not to be entertained for an instant. This was a state of things such as young Perkins had never dreamed possible except in the exaggerated and wearisome pages of long-winded novels and unreadable poems in cantos. He immediately exalted himself into a hero of romance, nor was the sensation diminished when he felt the folds of a bit of note-paper slipped between his fingers as he shook hands with the lady at parting. When he returned home he made himself acquainted with the contents of the mysterious billetdoux, and the sentiment of adventure was heightened when he read therein a request which the lady must have written previously to coming to the lecture-hall, since it was in ink. She desired, she said, to bid him adieu before parting *for ever*, and as it was impossible for her to do that at her own home, on account of *something*, she had asked a friend of hers to let her see him at *her* house. The call must be made at rather an *unusual* hour—half-past six in the morning. She was going to see a departing friend to the *boat*, and she would stop in Hudson street on her way back.

Now, what was more natural, continued Mr. Perkins, for a foolish young fellow to do than to go to the place on the day appointed? The hour *was* rather unusual, and the morning being bitterly cold the experience was anything but pleasant. The friend's house proved to be in a very disagreeable neighborhood, and the parlor into which he was ushered was a small, musty room, with a dirty carpet on the floor, and otherwise furnished with a few cane-seat chairs and a rickety marble-topped centre-table, the place being rendered still more uninviting by a sheet-iron stove which belched forth volumes of smoke from the unwilling beginnings of a rebellious fire that had just been kindled in it. Mr. Perkins sat down in the cheerless apartment, and waited long, half numbed with cold. Having left his home so early, he was breakfastless, and that fact did not render his condition any the more comfortable. The romance of the adventure oozed out of him from every pore in an almost perceptible stream. The absurdity of the situation became every moment more painfully apparent, when at length in walked the lady. But could this indeed be she? Why, she was completely changed. Instead of the gay, bright, trim, rosy, laughing, sparkling-eyed lady of the evenings, he beheld a stout, untidy, sallow-complexioned, faded-out woman of forty. She was old enough to be his mother—old enough to be ashamed of herself. Never was a youth's foolish illusion more quickly dispelled. He took her proffered hand listlessly, and declined the invitation to reseal himself, pleading the necessity for getting to the store at once. His exit must have been farcical in its abruptness. The most jealous husband in the world could have found no occasion for complaint in such conduct, unless indeed he had changed his views and objected to his wife being treated so cavalierly. The lady's billet-doux had indeed possessed the essential element of truth, as opposed to the fiction of poetry; they bade each other adieu before parting *for ever*.

There may be little enough humor in this story, given thus barely, but Mr.

Perkins's droll tone of voice and the mirthful twinkle in his eye kept us in peals of laughter while he related the adventure. The history gained an added zest from the frankness of the narrator, for it proved once again how little the gold of his nature was cheapened by the dross of an assumed ultra-holiness, which more than anything else is repulsive to young people when coming from a religious Mentor. "Was *you* ever a little girl?" asks the pranksome Miss Lotta in one of her nursery-rhyme plays of a particularly cross and crabbed old grenadier of an aunt. A similar question was never propounded to Mr. Perkins. No boy in Hurville—even the copper-toed ruffians of the editor's wife—entertains any doubts of the unadulterated boyishness, at some remote period, of Mr. Perkins. His pious monitions and enthusiastic essays to lead the boys in the path of a noble manhood lose nothing from the knowledge.

It was now the turn of Mrs. Marcellus to speak. We peremptorily bade her unfold herself, as did Hamlet the Ghost. She smiled and craved a minute's grace in which to serve us all anew fresh jorjums of the fragrant Kyshow Congou—a tea unparalleled which she imports herself direct from Oxford Circus in famed London Town—and when the incense of the fragrant brew rose on the ambient air of the yellow satin drawing-room our hostess desired us to rattle our teaspoons and clatter our cups and saucers with a will, as she thought, she said, that a little confusion would enable her to get through the recital *with* more courage. In spite of this request, the most unobtrusive mice could scarcely have been more noiseless than we as we listened to her narrative, not a word of which escaped our attentive ears.

"You know," began Mrs. Marcellus, "that it is now five years since the double wedding of my two darling daughters, parting from whom was such a dreadful cross for me to bear. Every mother knows how sharp a pang it gives to transfer to another, almost a stranger—a man whose very existence six months or a year before was unknown to us—the

treasured being whose smiles and tears have been since babyhood her mother's rain and sunshine. Ah me! if mothers suffer in this way at the marriage of one daughter, think how doubly great must the trial have been to me when I was called upon to relinquish both my girls at once—to see them both go away on the train, joyous and happy with the men of their choice, while nothing was left for me but to come back here into the empty house and begin a new plan of existence with the vivifying and soul-sustaining element of constant and ever-present love left out! I don't think any one in Hurville had the slightest glimmering of an idea of what I suffered."

Mr. Perkins, who sat next her, shook her hand in testimony of the appreciation of all Hurville of her kindness in never once remitting (in spite of her private feelings) the pleasant social gatherings which were so prized by the community; and all present gave audible assent to the unanimity of opinion on this head.

"You know that some two months before the double wedding I took my daughters to New York for the purpose of completing the purchases I considered necessary to furnish each with a suitable trousseau. Much had been bought here at Mr. Perkins's nice store, almost all the underclothing which was so much admired by their Boston friends when the girls arrived at their husbands' homes was made here by the neat fingers of our Hurville seamstresses, but there were a few things for which the New York style was necessary, or at least so the girls thought, and that was the same thing. We were in New York about ten days, and though every moment, except when we were asleep, was absorbed by the intricate duties of our shopping, my sense of approaching loneliness grew deeper and sadder, until it became so overwhelming that in spite of my efforts to conceal it from them I feared my daughters would observe my melancholy, and that it would cast a gloom over the last joyous days of their maidenhood. But they were too full of spirits and excitement to notice it, and attributed whatever was unusual in my manner to the exceptional fatigue of the

occasion. Finally, our task seemed finished, and we started for home laden with purchases, leaving a number of unfinished orders, which were to be sent us by express when completed. We got to the dépôt rather late, and I found a long line of people standing before me at the ticket-office window. I was almost at the tail of an elongated serpent of humanity which wriggled forward with despairing slowness, and after standing a while I impatiently left the ranks and went to where my daughters were sitting. 'We shall never get all that baggage checked in time,' I said: 'I'm afraid we can't get off by this train.' At that moment a young gentleman who was awaiting his turn, and was only the second or third person from the window, leaned toward us and said to me, 'I'll get your tickets for you if you'll allow me. How many? Three?'—'Yes,' I answered: 'three for Hurville, please,' offering him the money. 'Never mind that now: wait till I bring you the tickets;' and I saw him pay for them out of his well-stuffed wallet. Of course I refunded, with many thanks, as soon as he brought the tickets, which he did in a minute or two, and I then hurried away to check the baggage, while the girls went on the train to secure seats together and get the conductor to let us face each other.

"We had a pleasant day for our journey, but the train was uncomfortably crowded. A succession of way-passengers, one after another, absorbed our vacant seat, and prevented the girls from indulging in that exchange of secret, and in general highly-laughable, confidences with which young people of their age are always bubbling over. Some of these local passengers were not very pleasant company, being frequently encumbered with market-baskets which were not only in everybody's way, but proclaimed by unmistakable odors the nature of their contents. Seeing that it was impossible for us to retain the fourth seat, and having learned from the conductor that there was no room in the parlor-car, it was really a great relief, as a certainty of escape from unpleasant companionship, when the same young gentleman who

had kindly helped me at the ticket-office came up and asked if we had any objection to his sitting there, as he had given up two seats in succession to ladies, and had been standing the most of the time since we left New York. Of course we assented, and for the first time I examined our fellow-traveller minutely. He was very good-looking—a blond, a style of coloring that I have always particularly admired in a man when it does not degenerate into effeminacy, as it certainly did not in this instance. In figure he was tall and slender, with the erect and graceful carriage of the accomplished soldier, not the awkward stiffness of the recruit. His eyes were a deep, rich blue, almost violet—eyes that in themselves would have been sufficient to make a woman's reputation for beauty: his long silken moustache shaded from blond to golden red, and was parted fanlike over his vermilion lips, fragrant and glowing with youth and health. His manners were essentially those of distinguished society, and his well-cut gray travelling-suit, his superlatively fine linen, his tiny gold watch-chain with a valuable pearl set in the slide, his fresh gloves, his dark-blue necktie carelessly twisted in a sailor's knot, his fine shoes fitting every curve of his aristocratic foot and covered by neat cloth gaiters buttoned at the side, his elegant travelling-rug rolled in a pair of Russia-leather straps, his stylish umbrella, his fine handkerchief embroidered evidently in Paris in quite a new way—a fac-simile of a seal in red wax, with a monogram and crest standing out upon it—above all, his silver-fitted travelling-bag, even finer than those we had priced at Tiffany's for one hundred and fifty dollars each,—all gave evidence of a position of something more than ease in regard to money; while his beautifully-white teeth, his exactly-parted hair, his scrupulously-tended hands, all spoke of that extreme care of the person which unmistakably indicates the habit of contact with people of dignity and good-breeding. Remember, friends, I did not judge my new friend from the point of view, naturally restricted, of Hurville. I looked at him from the summits of the

forty centuries of civilization of the European capitals, and I at once adjudged him to be a man of the world and a gentleman.

"Of course we fell into conversation, and his tone of thought and mode of expression fully coincided with the elevated character of his appearance. He was English by descent, he told us, but American by birth. His reading had evidently been extensive, and his comments on every subject that arose showed that an original as well as a scholarly mind had been brought to bear upon it. Yet never was he so absorbed in the discussion as to neglect any of those attentions which are so agreeable, even so necessary, to ladies while travelling. His politeness was constantly on the alert, and his quick eye detected wants even before they were fully felt, much less spoken of.

"His journey might or might not be so long as ours. He had taken his ticket for a place he named, a small station in Pennsylvania, where his father's horses and carriage would be waiting to drive him to the town where their home was, a bustling lumber-centre back among the Alleghanies some twenty miles off the railway. His father was the owner of an immense tract of timber-land there, a property which had come into his hands many years ago in England as an offset to a very bad debt incurred by some scamp who had inherited it, but had never seen it and knew not whether it was valueless or the reverse. For thirty years his father had paid taxes on these unpromising forest-lands, and then suddenly there was a rush of enterprise in that direction and the property became a fortune. The timber was of the finest and the demand for it unlimited. He was his father's business-representative in the cities, and had been to Europe also, where he had visited their English relations, who were very high-toned and all that, but not quite so well off now as those of the family who were in the plebeian bustle of successful trade-enterprise in America—to wit, his father and himself. If the coachman and team were at the station when we arrived (we were to take supper there), he should go home with

him: if the man and horses were *not* there, he should find a telegram from his father, in which case he was to go on to Pittsburg, and would see us at breakfast in the morning at the place where we changed cars for Hurville.

"In the course of conversation I mentioned to him the peculiar and interesting circumstance which had called us to New York, the girls both blushing and ejaculating in a duet, 'Oh don't, mamma!' But I know so well the heart of youth, both male and female, that I did not think it right to expose this young man to a misconception in regard to the position of my girls, more especially as ever since he had joined us he had sat and gazed at the seat which I occupied with my younger daughter with a look in his eyes which betrayed the secret of an inward and sudden yearning which was almost pain. To my surprise, the announcement of the approaching wedding of both my girls produced no especial effect upon him. He seemed interested, and indulged in a little graceful badinage; but this was what struck me as so strange: every time he spoke to the girls he was smiling and gay and joking, but every time he turned his eyes on me his expression of face, his whole manner, changed. His gaze became riveted on my features, and his soulful eyes lingered there with a fixity that abashed and disconcerted me. I could not understand it. Why did he look at me so? Years had passed since last that sort of gaze had been fastened upon my face, for it was a gaze which unmistakably says, 'You have made an impression upon me which I cannot resist: everything about you is pleasing to me.' Try as I would to avoid this look, turn my head as I might to escape the gaze of those bewitching eyes—even when I closed my own and feigned sleep—still I felt their tender rays upon me, and never once did I find it otherwise.

"It is this point of the story, friends, where I feel confession so difficult. You who have known me for fifteen years, pursuing unswervingly the prosaic path of duty, will find it difficult to understand the power of the impression this stranger

made upon my poor heart, widowed in its prime and at that moment about to be further robbed of all it had to love and cherish. All the years during which I had employed the most rigid rules of subjection over myself seemed to vanish like a mist. Every moment I felt more and more strongly a belief that this newborn passion was sincere, and knew that if it should really prove so the time when it would meet with full and grateful return on my part would not be far distant.

"So wore on the daylight hours. Dusk came early, and after the lamps were lit first one and then the other of my girls wrapped herself in her shawl, and cuddling together on one seat with the head of each on the other's shoulders, they both dropped asleep. He and I were now sitting side by side. For a long time neither spoke. I persistently stared out of the window at the flying landscape, almost invisible now in the increasing darkness; but I could feel, though I did not even glance at him, that he had turned in his seat, his elbow resting on the back of it, his cheek on his hand and his eyes on me. At length he bent over toward me, and in so low a tone of voice that the girls could scarce have heard it had they been awake he whispered, 'Will you permit me to say a few words to you?'

"'I have no objection,' I answered coldly—'always with the proviso that what you have to say to me is something which it will be no derogation of my dignity as a mother of grown daughters to hear.'

"'Could you, madam, for a moment believe me capable of saying anything unworthy you, unworthy myself?' he exclaimed reproachfully. 'Oh no: I do not think I have given you any cause to believe me other than a gentleman. I am not in search of a love-affair, believe me, nor have I hitherto been considered as at all of an impressionable nature. I am perhaps not quite so young as I look, and certainly the opportunity of meeting beautiful and fascinating women has not been lacking to me. I know scores of such, and still I have borne hitherto an unoccupied heart. Now, I— But I am tongue-tied: I fear to give offence. I

know very well you would not let me tell you that you have inspired in me one of those passions which, born in an instant, often shape a whole destiny—that I love you as fondly as a man ever loved a woman. No, no, do not stop me. I say that I do *not* make such assertions, because I know you would not allow me; but there is one thing I will make bold to do—one favor I must crave at your hands. Will you grant it?

“What is it?”

“This: that you will let me count myself among your friends. Give me that foothold, and something I feel here in my innermost heart tells me that by it I may lift myself to a niche in yours which no other man now fills. Let time try the sincerity of what I say. All I ask of you is that if I ever come to Hurville (as I surely shall if I'm alive), you will allow me to call upon you merely as a friend: I ask no more.”

“Are you sincere in this wish?”

“As Heaven is my judge, I am. In less than an hour this train will arrive at the station where, in all probability, we shall have to part. I cannot endure to think that in a formal shake of the hand at a railway-dépôt you and I are going to separate, never perhaps to meet in this world again. Both of us have made plenty of such impromptu acquaintances before now, and have seen the end of them approach with the utmost indifference, and never given another thought to these chance friendships of a passing hour. But I feel in my innermost heart that this meeting between you and me was brought about by the hand of Providence itself, and for a purpose that we at this early stage of our knowledge of each other cannot divine. I will not, I cannot, see it fade away. Will you give me leave to come and see you at Hurville?”

“With pleasure,” I replied.

“He sprang to my side as I assented, pressing against me so closely that I withdrew myself hastily lest it should become an open embrace. Yet even as I repulsed him he smiled fondly on me and said in a tender voice, ‘Thank you, my friend: this is all I ask. I shall soon see you again, and I warn you I shall see you

often. I am willing to take my chances for the future. Time will try me.’

“‘Come, come!’ I answered: ‘these hints and insinuations are mere folly. It would be disingenuous in me to pretend not to understand them; but let them stop here: let us banish all nonsense. I am older than yourself by some years, and when you become better acquainted with me you will find that there is nothing in the least extraordinary about me. I am simply a middle-aged, might even be called an old, woman, wrapped up in a pleasant but very unromantic set of friends, and with all the love of my nature buried in the grave of a dead past, except what survives in the persons of those two sizable young ladies who sit nodding opposite.’

“‘Every word you say,’ he said, again drawing near to me in an affectionate way, ‘but confirms the impression you first made upon me. I think you are a woman of the noblest nature, the soundest sense, the warmest heart, I ever met. I admire you as much, as deeply, as I respect you. But this you must permit me to say: you are doing yourself a great injustice by laying out for yourself a loveless future. You will feel the heart-void very powerfully when your daughters leave you. You are *not* an old woman, even in years, while in appearance you are not even middle-aged: no one would dream of your being the mother of these young ladies. Now, is it right in a woman so exceptionally endowed with affections as you are to say you will never love again? Leave the future to take care of itself: you do not know what it has in store for you.’

“With that he pressed my hand, and I pressed his in return, and then drew away from him, and, covering my face with my veil, nestled, half frightened, half joyous, into the window-corner. The emotion he had caused me filled my eyes with tears, yet whether I shed them in happiness or sorrow I could not tell. There was the dead love, the girlhood's sweet dream so cruelly finished, my long conviction that on this earth never again would the delicious oneness of wedded life be mine. Could it really

be that I had inspired in the bosom of this thoughtful young man the sentiments which lead to the devotion of one soul to another? Even as I questioned thus my inner self I raised my veil, and meeting the fixed gaze of those lovely eyes they smiled an assent, and I sank back, trembling in the ecstasy of my new-found joy.

"We arrived at the supper-station, and with his usual gentlemanly care our friend helped us from the car and escorted us into the supper-room. He seated us at a table, and turning down a chair for himself he whispered in my ear, 'I'll go now and see if there is a despatch for me. If there is I shall just have time to jump on the Western-bound train. That is it, there: it is only waiting for this connection. If there is no despatch and my father's man is here, I will come back and have supper with you before starting home. In any case I'll see you soon in Hurville.'

"I was too agitated to partake of food. I tried to sip some scalding tea, but could not, and rising from the table told the girls to pay for the supper when they had finished: they would find me outside on the platform. I heard the whistle of the departing westward train, and as its ponderous weight thundered over the gleaming rails I saw that he was in it, kneeling on a seat and peering anxiously out, trying, no doubt, to get a parting glimpse of me. Just as he was whirled away I saw the flutter of a handkerchief, and knew that at the last instant he had recognized me where I stood.

"'Where's our friend?' said one of the girls, who had now finished supper and come out. 'I thought he was going to have supper: he turned down a chair.'

"'He left on the Western-bound train,' I answered.

"'I suppose he got the despatch he expected and hadn't time to come in, and say good-bye.'

"It was the first time a secret had ever come between me and my daughters. I felt distressed, and even guilty.

"'Girls,' said I when we were again seated in the train, 'what did you think of our travelling-companion?'

"My elder girl thought he was a perfect gentleman, evidently rich, very well bred, very handsome, and, strange to say with all this, a scholar. She had no doubt he moved in the best society wherever he went.

"My younger girl's impression was quite different. In spite of all he had told us about his wealthy father and his lumber-forests, she said she didn't believe but what if the truth were known he would be discovered to be a New York drummer in the button business or perhaps a Western man in the ham trade.

"'Well, my dears, I am going to tell you something about him that will surprise you. He is not what you have said, Minnie, nor what you have said, Jennie, nor what he himself said: he is simply nothing more nor less than a pickpocket!'

"The girls were first horrified, then they laughed: the farce of a thing is very apparent to heedless youth. No doubt the other youthful individual was laughing at the farcicality now. As for me, I could scarcely see the joke. The matter was not so serious as it might have been, however, for the bulk of my money was stitched in the bosom of my dress; but I had kept out about four hundred dollars to pay for a set of silverware which was not ready at the last moment, and that money my friend had seen in my pocket-book when I paid him for the tickets. I discovered the loss at the supper-table almost the instant he left my chair, and my rising and going outside was the natural impulse to stop a thief. I knew now only too well when the transfer had taken place: it was at that blissful moment when this new pattern of a Romeo had pressed up to the side of his silly and elderly Juliet in a tender half embrace. The youthful philosopher was quite right in saying I did not know what the future had in store for me: I had not the remotest conception that in less than an hour it would disclose to my dull mind that I had met a pickpocket in the guise and with the apparent feelings of a gentleman—not to say a lover."

The termination of this recital naturally drew forth comment. Henry L. Thompkins said he really thought better of his nephews now: at least, they never picked pockets. McLaughlin startled the company by declaring that he had met this very man some thirty-five years ago when he was lying off the Bahama Islands—he was sure of it: and even an exact computation, which showed conclusively that the individual in question could not have been born then, was not sufficient to shake him in his belief. Mr. Perkins observed that he hoped the young man might meet Christian influences, and so reform: it was a pity he could not have had Mrs. Marcellus's Christian friendship, for it might have been his salvation. The brigadier's conclusion was that the whole plan was a scheme of deep revenge which had a much broader basis than the mere purloining of a pocket-book. It was the old story of national hatred on the part of England. This man was of English derivation: that he was an American born was no matter—was, in fact, most probably untrue. But Englishmen could

not bear, even after the lapse of a century, to think that this grand empire was not under the control of the British crown. The military facts connected with the war of the Revolution had been so galling: Washington's masterly strategy in always advancing his left flank had proved, as it ever must, the utter annihilation of the redcoats, and had occasioned a series of defeats hard then and now for the proud-spirited British nation to bear. Depend upon it, this pocket had been picked in a spirit of international revenge. When Cornwallis—

Here the editor advanced *his* left flank unexpectedly by asking Mrs. Marcellus if he might put the story in print: the fellow should really be hunted down, if possible, even at this late hour, and brought to punishment. But our hostess would not consent to this, and motioned to me with a smile to begin my confession. But just at that moment the good-night lamp was brought in, and never since then have stories been in order at Mrs. Marcellus's Saturdays.

OLIVE LOGAN.

AUTOMATISM.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

A NEW-BORN babe has been defined as a lump of possibilities: it is a mass of rudiments, the unfolding of which constitutes its growth. But *protoplasm*, which, unlike the babe, is a structureless substance, of undefined form and apparently void, is the basis of *all* life, and contains within itself the germs of an infinite development. The microscopist sees in it only a transparent mass, the chemist so many atoms of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen. But while seemingly the same in its chemical constitution, it differs immeasurably in its properties—always distinguished, however, by the soul of unrest that is within it, by its never-ceasing, self-sustained and self-generated

movements. Protoplasm makes the saliva which moistens the morsel of bread; protoplasm bides its time in the new-laid egg; protoplasm weaves the tissue of the most highly endowed brain: its agency, in short, is visible in all the meanest and the supremest acts of life. No difference can be detected between its highest and its lowest forms. Yet difference must exist. The most primitive forms of life consist of simple specks of protoplasm, mere masses of organic slime, in which the particles enjoy all the life-functions share and share alike. As the babe develops into the man, so in ascending the scale of life, from the protoplasm of the infusorial amœba to that of a Newton's

brain, it is step by step along a constant development and separating of dormant powers. There is nothing in the man that was not in rudiment in the babe, and so also does the amœba in its microscopic speck represent the life-power of a universe.

In the separation of the protoplasm for various specific duties very early is a part of it set aside to constitute a so-called nervous system. The simplest form of this system occurs in the sac-like infusoria known as ascidians. This nervous apparatus is composed of a grayish central mass and certain white fibres which radiate from this mass to the outer surface of the sac that constitutes the body of the ascidian. The central mass contains much of very active protoplasm: it is for the ascidian the chief source of all nervous power and action, and is the simplest form of a so-called "nerve-centre." In the higher forms of life the nerve-centre is very complex, but is really formed by superadding small centres, like to the single central nerve-mass of the ascidian, one above the other, and binding them together with innumerable threads of white matter. The white threads seen in the ascidian are the earliest expressions of the white cords of the higher animals which every one knows as nerves. It is the function or office of the gray nerve-centre to originate waves of nervous influence, whilst to the white threads is given the duty of conducting such waves or impulses. The two parts may be well compared to the cells and the conducting wires of a galvanic battery. There are always at least two sets of the nerve-threads or conductors—one leading from the surface of the body to the nerve-centre, and the other from the centre to the exterior of the organism. Those fibres which start from the surface carry impulses to the centre, and are known by the scientist as afferent nerves: in the higher animals they conduct to the centres of consciousness impulses which give rise to sensations; hence they are often known as *sensory* nerves. The nerve-threads which carry impulses away from the centre to the outer regions of the body are known as efferent nerves, because

through them motion is produced as *motor* nerves.

To the primitive organic slime, which is the lowest form of life, consciousness can hardly come. The ascidian with its distinct though simple nervous system is a different and much higher being. In its microscopic world some floating particle touches it roughly: the ever-sensitive end of the afferent nerve thrills; the vibrations pass along the nerve-fibres to the central nerve-mass and provoke it into action: forthwith it sends down the efferent nerve a strong impulse which travels out until it reaches a mass of contractile tissue known as a muscle and causes it to shorten. In the ascidian, however, the limits of nerve-life are very narrow—no eye to see, no ear to hear, no separation of one kind of sensation from another, if indeed there be sensation at all, for we do not know whether the ascidian lives like the plant, to itself unknown, or whether it enjoys a twilight of semi-consciousness, feeling dimly its own existence and that of surrounding objects. The movements which it makes do not seem to emanate from consciousness, but always to originate in the contact of some foreign body with the exterior of its organism. The central mass of nervous protoplasm appears never to flash of its own volition nervous energy to the muscle, but only when aroused by an impulse from without. All movements seem to be *reflex*—that is, produced by an impulse passing up from the surface along the afferent nerve to the central mass, and thrown or reflected back, as it were, along the motor nerve to the muscle.

Such simple reflex movements occur in all, even the highest, animals as the most primitive expressions of nervous energy. The exigencies of lives fuller than that of the ascidian demand, however, other movements, whose complexity is continually increasing as the scale of life is traversed. Keeping pace with this elevation of function is a progressive setting apart of certain parts of the nervous system for certain purposes. In other words, as function or office becomes more complicated and more separate and particular, so also does the an-

atomy or structure of the nervous system. The whole nerve-life of the ascidian dwells in one cell or central point and a few fibres: that of the man is divided up between some millions of similar cells and fibres, each set aside for the performance of only one act or class of actions. Special powers everywhere require special structure. From the nervous system of the ascidian to that of man is a transition like that from the universal workman of a barbarous society to the complex factory of modern civilization, in which one man does only one little thing, but does this perfectly.

The general structure of the nervous system in all vertebrates from the frog to the man may be thus described: The cerebral hemispheres, or *upper brain*, a large double central nerve-mass which has no distinct nerves; the *lower brain*, which is also situated within the cranium, but below the cerebral hemispheres, and is provided with afferent and efferent nerves; and a *spinal cord*, which springs out of the lower brain and has an abundant supply of nerves connecting it with all parts of the body.

Of these great central nerve-tracts the spinal marrow is the simplest in construction. It is the "silver cord" of the old Hebrew poet, and owes its whitish appearance to the innumerable nerve-like fibres which run up and down or across to bind all parts of the cord together or to pass out from it into the nerves. In the central portions of the spinal marrow is a continuous tract of gray matter which is composed of an infinitude of protoplasmic masses closely resembling the central nerve-mass of the ascidian. This gray matter is indeed a series of such nerve-centres, each capable of discharging energy precisely as the central nerve-mass of the polyp does. The white fibres are the conductors of impulses: during life they are continually occupied in carrying messages to and fro between different portions of the spinal gray matter, or up and down—that is, to and from the brain.

In order to study the functions of the spinal cord the physiologist takes a frog from the ditch and with one sweep of a

sharp knife beheads it, or, what is the same thing, severs the spinal cord just as it enters the skull. No pain is produced, or at most a momentary pang. The spinal cord is thus isolated from the two brains, and all conscious sensibility is lost. The heart continues to beat, and life may go on for hours, but all the muscles are relaxed and the whole body is without feeling. Hang the creature up, and the long legs dangle passive and motionless. Bring, however, a cup of strong vinegar slowly upward from beneath the leg, and the moment the irritating liquid touches the toes the foot is drawn up. The parallel of this experiment may be repeated in the hospital ward. Cross the dangling, insensitive legs of that man whose back has been broken by some one of the murderous engines of modern civilization, and strike it smartly just below the knee with the edge of the hand, when out flies the leg; or as the patient lies in bed tickle the soles of his feet and see how they are drawn up, although all sensibility has vanished. Such movements as these in the frog or in the man are evidently similar to the wriggings caused in the ascidian by the contact of an external bit of matter. They are, in a word, reflex: to produce them an impulse has travelled up the sensory or afferent nerves to the gray matter of the spinal cord, and has been reflected back along the efferent or motor nerves to the muscles.

It is possible that in the ascidian the impulse which causes a reflex movement may be dimly perceived, and therefore awaken some sort of consciousness, but the man whose spinal cord is broken by accident or disease feels nothing below the injury, even if his feet be burnt to a crisp. It is plain that any faculty of consciousness which existed in the central nerve-mass of the polyp has been taken away from the spinal cord of the vertebrate, to be concentrated and perfected within the skull; or, in other words, that in the man, and also in the frog, consciousness and ordinary reflex movements have been separated, the one pertaining to the higher, the other to the lower, nerve-centres.

These unconscious reflex movements are in man of prime importance and frequency. The machinery of conscious movement is far more complex than that of reflex action, and every new cog-wheel, so to speak, involves a loss of time as well as of motion. Most of us do not appreciate the period of time between the willing and the making of a movement, yet the astronomer has to take note of it, and, finding that it varies in individuals, allows for the "personal equation" of the observer. We all recognize that one man is slower than another—*i. e.* that his physical machinery of thinking and doing moves more slowly than does that of his fellow. Every sportsman must have paralleled a little personal experience of my own. Last fall I shot at a flying quail between which and myself at the time of firing a sturdy oak tree raised its trunk. The bird was put up, aimed at, and the impulse sent by the will to the trigger-finger: before the impulse reached the finger I distinctly recognized that the bird had dodged behind the tree, but the countermand sent by the conscious will to the finger could not overtake the first order, and so, in defiance of my wishes, the gun was discharged.

There are many processes necessary to comfortable human life for which consciousness is far too slow in its operations. Had the eye to wait for conscious perception the dust which whirls in the air would soon blind it; but, as Nature has arranged the mechanism, when the speck approaches the eye the lid shuts instantly through a reflex act, even though the man be unconscious or sight has been lost. It will be noticed that in this movement of the eyelid a purpose is served: it is as though the man perceived the speck and willed to close the lid in order to protect the eye. An action done to serve an apparent end is spoken of by the physiologist as "purposeful." It would seem at first that such an action implies consciousness, but it has just been shown that this—in regard to the eye, at least—is not the case, and before this paper is ended it will be demonstrated that adaptation for a useful

end is no proof that an action is directed by consciousness.

If, instead of putting the feet of the prepared frog spoken of a few paragraphs back in acidulated water, we drop the irritant upon the thigh, the corresponding foot is raised at once and bent upward so as to brush off the acid. If the foot has been cut off, the bleeding stump will still be bent upward, and if it be too short to reach the irritated spot, then the other foot will be raised and a determined effort be made to remove the offending liquid. All these movements certainly look as though the frog felt the acid and endeavored to get rid of it. Not so, however. Drop this same frog into water which is gradually heated. The batrachian does not try to get out, but sits motionless until he is boiled. Surely, if he felt the drop of vinegar on his foot, much more would he feel the boiling water bathing his whole surface. Curiously enough, if the acid be put upon the leg of the frog while in the water, the movements will be the same as if he were on the table.

These experiments and the experiences of daily life clearly show the truth of the assertion recently made, that the fact that an action has a purpose does not prove its connection with consciousness. If Evolution be correct, there is no difficulty in explaining the doings of the be-headed frog. It is a law governing nervous function that every time an action is repeated the tendency to repeat the action is increased, until at last habit becomes a governing law, and under certain circumstances actions, at first wilful, become unconscious. The first earth-born batrachian, perhaps, felt during the first hour of his existence some irritant on his leg and scratched it away. The next hour the process was again gone through, and so on until the frog was gathered to his fathers. His children found themselves a little more disposed to scratch than was their progenitor; and at last, so well accustomed did the spinal cord become to move the feet when the irritant touched the leg that the motions were carried out without waiting for the will to command, and the particular re-

flex movements which astonish the late-born human philosopher became a fixed habit.

In such movements as have been described are to be found the simplest form of *automatism*, the term being used to express the doing of actions which are performed for an end, but in which consciousness plays no part.

Having studied the spinal marrow, the physiologist, leaving this untouched, cuts off the upper brain of the frog, leaving the lower brain in union with the spinal cord, and unharmed. A frog so mutilated, sitting upon a leaf or tuft of grass in a swamp, would be apt to be passed unnoticed as anything extraordinary. He sits perfectly still when approached, but touch him and he leaps off vigorously. If an obstacle be in the way, he does not strike it, but springs above, below or to one side as circumstances may favor. If dropped into the water, he swims as well as ever, and if the water be gradually heated, he soon endeavors to get out. If, as he sits upon a board, the latter be quietly and not too suddenly moved, he does not jump away, but continually shifts his position, so as to maintain the centre of gravity in its proper place and to keep the normal erect posture. Stroke the back of the frog gently and he croaks responsively, as if the titillation called back pleasant memories of caresses received in some lover's tussock-bower. The answer to the stroking is so certain that, as suggested by Goltz, a chorus of brainless frogs might be obtained whose batrachian voices would delight the nerves of old Aristophanes with a triumphal burst of *Brekekekèx! koàx! koàx!*

Many other things will the brained frog do—almost enough to convince a superficial observer that the cerebral hemispheres are a luxurious superfluity to the physical and mental well-being of the average inhabitant of the swamp. But no. A little watching shows that for this seemingly intelligent creature past, present and future are alike blotted out. Let the frog alone and it sits motionless, buried not in the profundity of its thoughts, but in the abyss of its thoughtlessness. In the midst of abundance it

starves—not, like Tantalus, because it cannot gratify its desires, but because it has no desires to gratify. It feels no hunger, or if it feels hunger seeks no food. A perfect automaton, it moves when touched, it croaks when stroked, it answers to a multitude of external irritations, but when untouched and left to itself it is as a lifeless clod until the sun dries it up and the winds blow it away.

The fish whose cerebral hemispheres or upper brain has been taken away has, like the frog, all conscious perception blotted out, but, unlike the frog, it is in perpetual motion. Stopping not for food, it rushes through the water, avoiding obstacles, but never ceasing its mad race until muscle-power or nerve-force fails because of excessive use and lack of nourishment.

The cerebral hemispheres can also readily be removed from birds. The pigeon so mutilated presents phenomena similar to those offered by the frog. He remains perfectly quiet, balancing himself readily on his perch, but with drooping eyes and sunken head, motionless so long as undisturbed. Move his perch, and he struggles to maintain equilibrium; fire a pistol near him, and he starts, only to fall back at once into his apathy; approach him in the dark with a bright light, and he gazes at the candle with a fixed stare, and sometimes follows its movements with his head; strike at him from the front, and he will draw back; pinch his toes, and he moves. It is therefore plain that he in a certain sense sees, hears and feels. Yet when perishing with hunger he never pecks at the corn which he sees placed, before him, and if left alone dies. If, however, the food be placed in his mouth he swallows it eagerly, and by care can be kept alive for an indefinite period.

Removal of the cerebrum has been repeatedly practised also upon the rabbit and the guinea-pig. The mutilated rabbit sits motionless whilst undisturbed, starves in the midst of plenty, cries out with its peculiar pathetic scream when pinched, draws back when ammonia is put to its nostrils; in a word sees, hears, feels in the same sense as does the pigeon,

and, like the pigeon, undisturbed remains passive until death. Tread, however, upon the rabbit's foot, and perhaps with a little scream it darts forward in a furious race. Once started, it, like the brainless fish, does not stop until exhausted or until it has dashed its head against some obstruction, for, unlike the mutilated fish, it does not have the power of avoiding obstacles.

Such are the phenomena which in the various species of animals follow the removal of the true brain. Many of the acts are seemingly so purposive, and certainly so complicated, as to suggest that they must be conscious. It has, however, been shown that the fact that an act is apparently purposive and complicated does not prove that it originates in consciousness, and certainly in the brainless animal the past, present and future have been blotted out. There is absolutely no conscious memory, else the needed food would be taken when offered and spontaneous movements would occur. It is hard to conceive of consciousness without memory, and it is certain that no purposive act can be directed by consciousness when memory does not exist in any degree or form. If all memory be lost, though consciousness be preserved, that consciousness would not have the knowledge which should enable an animal to perform a complicated purposive act; nor could it acquire knowledge by experience, because each movement would be forgotten as fast as produced. The phenomena exhibited by the brainless animals must therefore rest upon some other basis than consciousness. The first point to be observed in looking for this basis is that movements never occur so long as there is no external irritation. The frog, the pigeon, the rabbit, all maintain the same absolute repose unless the impulse comes from without. The fish is a seeming, but not a real, exception to this rule. The frog, the pigeon, the rabbit, all are quiet on the land, because their surface is not irritated: the fish in the water rushes forward, because the play of the liquid is all the time irritating the exterior of the body. Throw the frog into

the water, and it is seized with the madness of the fish; toss the pigeon in the air, and it dashes forward; set the rabbit once in motion, and its course also is a headlong fury. Placed under parallel conditions, these various animals exhibit parallel phenomena, and remain quiet unless disturbed by surface-irritations. The facts show that for action in the animal whose upper brain has been removed some external irritation must generate the impulse, which travels upward to a nerve-centre, and then brings into activity certain masses of nervous tissue (ganglia), which, thus aroused, send impulses out to the various muscles without the intervention of consciousness. Movements generated in this way are *reflex* or *automatic*. In brainless* animals the reflex actions are not different in their essence, but only in their degree, from those performed in the frog with a cut spine; or, in other words, the acts originating in the lower brain are reflex and similar to those arising in the spinal cord, only more complicated and more apparently purposive.

The complexity of the reflex movements which are produced through the lower brain indicates a corresponding complexity in the apparatus concerned. In accordance with this, we find that whilst only one kind of nerves capable of carrying impulses from the surface to the nerve-centres enters the spinal cord, to the lower brain pass not less than five distinct varieties of afferent nerves, which carry impulses of as many different characters to the centres. Contact is necessary to arouse reflex movements through the spinal cord. The effect of a pistol report upon a brainless animal demonstrates, however, that its nerve of hearing is capable of carrying to the middle brain an impulse which stirs that centre to action. The brainless pigeon follows with its head the lighted candle: its nerve of sight is therefore capable of taking part in the creation of a reflex movement. The same bird will eat largely when appropriate food is placed in its mouth—an indication that the nerve of taste is also active. In a word, to the middle brain

* The term *brainless* is here applied to animals whose upper brain has been removed.

the nerves of sight, of hearing, of tasting, of smelling, as well as those of common sensibility, bear impulses which find their appropriate nerve-centres and give origin to complicated reflex movements. Partly in the number and variety of the afferent nerves, and partly in the number and variety of the nerve-centres crowded into the lower brain, lie the causes of the great intricacy of the automatic movements which originate in this region.

Of all the acts performed by the brainless frog, fish, bird or mammal, the most difficult to understand are those connected with standing, jumping, swimming, walking, flying, running, etc.; or, in other words, with equilibration, or the function of maintaining the equilibrium. Why does the brainless frog, the automaton, shift his position as the board upon which he sits is slowly tilted? There are apparently no new contacts of the skin: the motion is so quiet, so gentle, that it would seem as if there was nothing to produce irritation of the surface of the body so as to cause reflex acts. If it be true, as is asserted by some observers, that taking off the skin of the legs of the frog (a procedure which causes no pain, as the frog has no consciousness) prevents his shifting himself to maintain his equilibrium when his resting-place is moved, it is plain that the surface-irritations which cause the reflex alterations of position in the brainless frog originate in the skin of the legs and through the sense of touch. There are, however, certain facts which indicate that the impulses under discussion are not of so simple a character.

Before inquiring into these facts it should be observed that there is no movement which the uninjured frog ever performs to restore his equilibrium that the brained frog does not also make with equal promptness. Lay it on its back, on its head, twist its legs into unnatural positions, fix it as you may, so soon as released this unconscious automaton restores itself to its sitting posture. This being the case, it is plain that all the machinery of equilibration must be present in the mutilated frog, and must therefore be situated in the lower brain and its dependencies; and, further, that when the

uninjured frog consciously attempts to maintain the erect position or to alter the gait, it simply calls into action the machinery provided for it in the lower regions of the nervous system. What is true of the frog is also true of the man; and the question naturally arises, What is the character of this machinery which the conscious will employs? This apparatus consists of two parts: first, certain exterior parts which are affected by disturbances of the equilibrium, and which when thus excited send up impulses to the lower brain; second, certain nerve-centres which when aroused by impulses derived from the external parts send back in a reflex manner impulses to the various muscles, which by their contraction produce motion or rectify the mistakes of position. Touch has much to do with equilibration: sight also has much to do with it. There is a disease of the spinal cord known as locomotor ataxia which destroys the sense of touch in the legs. A person suffering from this disorder is said to be ataxic. When a completely ataxic man puts his feet upon the pavement he feels nothing. Under these circumstances the man is unable to walk with his eyes shut. Even if the ataxia be not complete and some sense of feeling remain, the gait becomes so uncertain that progression is impossible. The pavement feels nearer or farther off than it is, and the result reminds one of his experiences in going up stairs in the dark and stepping out at the top in the belief that another step exists. Long before sensation is completely paralyzed the power of walking in the dark is entirely lost by the ataxic; for, indeed, the man, who has still as much muscular power as ever in his legs, may be unable to walk under any circumstances or even to stand unaided by a cane. The movements are vigorous, but uncontrollable: the legs fly about in all directions, refusing to obey at all the most strenuous efforts of the will.

The loss of the sense of touch in the skin is not, however, the sole or even chief reason that the ataxic man cannot walk. I once saw a patient who could march very well by night or by day, al-

though the skin of his legs was so dead that a live coal would scarcely awaken it. The sense that is wanting in locomotor ataxia is that form of general sensibility which is known as the *muscular sense*; that is, that sense or feeling which tells the lower brain exactly how much a muscle is contracted, and when to urge it more, when to let it relax. This is evidently a guiding sense, of whose action we are barely conscious, but of whose existence there is no doubt. We do not feel a muscle contract ordinarily, but we do so when attention is directed to a muscle at work. Thus we judge of the weight of a body by the amount of force which our muscles must put forth to lift it. Any one can satisfy himself by a very simple experiment that the judgment of weight is not founded upon pressure on the skin. Lay the hand upon the table, place the heavy body upon it and try to judge of the weight. Again, whenever we endeavor to estimate accurately how heavy a body is, we raise it again and again into the air, evidently that we may feel the muscles contract again and again, and by repeated efforts judge how much of force they put forth.

The phenomena of ataxia are of great importance as corroborating the experimental proofs spoken of a few pages back, which show that walking is automatic and not simply performed by a conscious power of the will. Thus the ataxic may be able to walk with his eyes open, when he cannot even balance himself erect with his eyes shut. If the conscious will really did by a direct effort produce walking, it should be able to control the movements by itself, and the ataxic man should be able to walk although impulses from the exterior of the body no longer reached his lower brain. The man who turns a cog-wheel himself is independent of external power, but the man who directs a clockwork moved by a spring can only push back the stop and release the spring: if the spring be broken he is powerless. The impulses from the exterior are the springs of locomotion, and all the will can do is to withdraw the checks and call the machinery of walking into action. When the external impulses are

no longer transmitted to the lower brain walking becomes impossible.

As already shown, general sensibility, including in the term the sense of touch and the muscular sense, is of prime importance in equilibration, but it is unquestionable that the nerves of the other senses carry to the nerve-centre impulses from the external parts of the body which are necessary to the highest development of the function. The partially ataxic man can walk with his eyes open, although he does not feel the floor, because sight replaces touch. The blind man, certainly, cannot balance himself so well as he whose eyes are perfect. We all know that the sight of a yawning abyss or the gazing upon whirling objects is prone to produce giddiness.

Some experiments made by the English physiologist Crum Browne show that there must be guiding impulses which are connected with equilibration besides those already discussed. The observer mentioned found that if a blindfolded man lies on a table with a movable top placed upon a central pivot, he can judge in regard to the movements lateral or vertical, even if they be made so carefully and slowly that the man is perfectly quiescent. The subject under experiment is almost always able to decide correctly not only the direction of the motion, but also the angle through which the motion has extended. It is possible that the guiding impulses under these circumstances originate in all parts of the body. Thus, when we lie with the head downward we are at once sensible of a feeling of fullness or pressure due to the gravitation of the blood and other liquids of the body toward the head. Position undoubtedly affects the gravitation of liquids in all parts of the body: the man whose forces are reduced by a low fever gets a congestion of the back of the lungs if he lies too long upon his back. It may be that this flow of fluids toward any unusually dependent part of the body makes an impression upon the nerves of touch, which pass through all parts of the organism, and that in this way peripheral impulses are generated which reach the lower brain.

On the other hand, the extreme deli-

cacy of perception of movement which some persons evince when laid upon the table-top would seem to require a more delicate apparatus than that just spoken of; and there are many facts which point to a peculiar structure in the inner ear as having connection with equilibration. If in the frog the disk back of the eye be wounded deep enough to affect the nerve of hearing, the creature falls upon one side, entirely deprived of its power of balancing itself. Perfectly similar phenomena are seen not only in the mammals operated upon by the physiologist, but also in human beings, in whom wounds of the nerve of hearing, as well as ruptures of blood-vessels in the inner ear, produce a peculiar vertigo, with staggering and loss of power which have been mistaken for apoplexy. Some years since there was under my professional care a man who had been shot in the face, the bullet passing backward toward the inner ear. In this case there was complete loss of hearing on the injured side, and a peculiar giddiness, with staggering gait similar to that which follows hæmorrhage into the inner ear. The bullet had certainly penetrated into the aural region, and the vertigo was evidently like the deafness due to an injury of the inner ear. In the inner ear of all animals are the so-called *semicircular canals*, which are provided with membranous walls, and are filled with liquid. At the end of each of these canals is an enlargement known as an *ampulla*, upon which is a delicate expansion of nerve-tissue derived from the nerve of hearing. These *semicircular canals* are so placed that every motion of the head must produce disturbance of the liquid contents of at least one of them, and consequently alterations of pressure on the nervous tissue in the *ampulla*. The structure and peculiar arrangement of these canals and their contents suggest very naturally that they have some other function than that of aiding in hearing, and that they are in some way connected with equilibration—that they are, as it were, the spirit-levels of the body, and that by the shifting of their contents impulses are constantly sent up to the lower brain to direct it in the main-

tenance of position. This suggestion is confirmed by the results of experiment: in the pigeon and in some mammals the canals can be readily reached and divided. Such injuries to them are followed by great disturbance of the motor function of the animal, the nature of the disturbance being chiefly dependent on the seat and character of the injury. Repeated somersaults backward or forward, bizarre contortions, spinning around worthy of a whirling dervish, loss of the power of balancing on a moving perch or board, staggering gait,—these and other similar phenomena mark the disturbance of equilibration produced by wounds of the *semicircular canals*.

The balancing of the body which occurs even in standing, much more that of walking, running or flying, is the result of a very complicated series of movements, numerous muscles antagonizing one another by regulated contraction, so that just the right position may be secured. To preserve the equilibrium innumerable unfelt impulses are continually passing from the eyes, from the *semicircular canals*, from the various muscles employed, up to the nerve-centres in the lower brain, where they are, as it were, assorted and reflected back as co-ordinated or arranged impulses to all parts of the muscular system, and produce just such contractions as are required for the purposes of equilibration and locomotion. When a child is learning to walk it is simply educating this intricate machinery and developing its latent powers. Very much as the will of man aids a setter in developing the natural instinct to hunt, so does the child's will direct, check and in every way assist the complicated and delicate machinery which presides over locomotion. Perhaps a better comparison is to be found in the drill-sergeant training and educating his squad of men, who at first are utterly unable to obey his will, but who by his reiterated efforts are finally so trained that they move as one piece in strict obedience to his word or go through complicated manœuvres without command. No wonder the child requires so many days of effort to get all its delicate machinery of walking, running,

etc. so trained that it works smoothly and without conscious effort of the will. But as the training becomes more complete, the lower brain becomes more and more independent of the conscious will which resides in the upper brain or cerebrum, until at last the automatic action is so perfect that walking without consciousness is possible. Very many of my readers have no doubt in their younger days, when hard pressed with a lesson, walked to school studying as they went, their attention riveted on the book, their feet carrying them along the well-known pathway. Under such circumstances consciousness does not direct progression. Walking in the sleep is only one step beyond this. In the days of Antietam a friend of the writer's, worn out with the forced marching, whilst on guard as a sentinel, erect and soldier-like in posture, slept until the dark lantern of the relief officer appalled him with its sudden flash. Once after a long tramp I myself, laden with a heavy pack, nearing home, trudged in the unconsciousness of sleep along the oft-trodden road. In the cavalry raids around Richmond during our late war it was not very unusual for men and beasts to become so exhausted that both would go to sleep on the homeward night-march when they were straining all their powers to escape. The whole regiment asleep, horses staggering along in loose order, men swaying to and fro in their saddles, when there was a sharp turn in the road it was necessary to post sentinels to waken the passing ranks, which otherwise in the unconsciousness of sleep would have continued right on into bush or brake. Indeed, in one instance that came to my notice a horse with an officer on his back did in this way walk over a precipice some twenty feet high.

With the knowledge which we have acquired the feats of somnambulists are stripped of all mystery. The various accounts of these sleep-walkers vary in regard to the eyes being open or shut, and

no doubt the fact also varies, the wanderer sometimes going about with open, sometimes with shut, eyes. In either case the sleeper passes from place to place because the automatic apparatus of locomotion is set in action by a dream, and is perfectly able to perform its function unaided by consciousness. I think it will be found that difficult somnambulist feats are performed with the eyes open, or, in other words, with every unconscious sense in fullest activity. Most of us have read of, if not witnessed, the perilous walkings of somnambulists over housetops and in difficult places, and wondered that a man in his sleep should be able to pass such narrow ledges with safety. The fact is, that often in these cases the walker escapes *because* he is asleep. The delicate automatic mechanism presided over by the lower brain when well trained performs its function with marvellous accuracy, while often in times of danger it is baffled by consciousness: fear seizes on its centres and paralyzes their efforts; giddiness whirls it into a fatal slip; conscious will hesitates in its selections and is lost. In the somnambulist all attempt at direction by the will is laid aside, and the clockwork moves along undisturbed, carrying its possessor through deadly peril that sickens him the next day as he looks upon the place over which he has passed and hears the story of his nocturnal wanderings.

Walking is only one of the numerous acts of life, and there are various other automatic actions, commonly mistaken for conscious and wilful, which originate in the lower brain. Enough has, however, been said to illustrate the way in which the lower nervous system works, and some of the more important of these automatic acts not now spoken of will naturally be brought into the foreground in another article, in which it is proposed to discuss automatism in the higher manifestations of passion and thought.

H. C. WOOD, M. D.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A SERMON TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

I KNOW of no brighter, sprightlier, more sensible and energetic young woman than my fair cousin Sue, who having recently graduated at an eminent female college, is universally regarded by her fair companions as a miracle of learning. Sue has several times filled the poet's corner of the county newspaper of late, and the other day read a poem before her maiden friends which they unanimously pronounced good enough for the —; whereupon Sue concluded the matter by furbishing up her rhymes and sending them to the editor of that popular magazine. Presently they came back to her enclosed in that ugly bit of printed paper with which every reader who has had any literary aspirations whatever is acquainted, in which the editor "regrets" that owing to the pressure on his columns, etc., he cannot "make the enclosed article available." Sue came to me with the printed paper in her hand, looking more disturbed than I had ever seen her.

"Cousin," said she, "you are a favorite with the editors: can't you teach me how to succeed with the flinty-hearted creatures? I've spent more time at school than you; my teachers assured me that I had literary talent, and ought to improve it; I take the greatest pains with my poems, and yet they always come back to me with only these printed regrets."

I took paper and poem and read both. "Sue," said I at length, "I want one of those long after-dinner talks that we used to have before you went to college; and if I probe a little deep, as I used to, you must remember that it is the 'galled jade' that winces."

Not long before I had been in the den of the managing editor of one of the great metropolitan dailies, and the conversation had turned on the mass of unavailable communications that flooded his office on the arrival of every mail. "What is

the proportion of accepted to rejected manuscripts?" I inquired.—"One in a hundred," he replied, and continued: "It is strange what crude ideas people have as to the needs and capacities of a daily journal. For instance, in this pile of 'unavailables' are poems, sketches, love-stories, theological disquisitions, scientific treatises, book-reviews, political squibs, biographies and essays on civil and social reform—not one rising above commonplace, and the majority the veriest trash imaginable; and this is sent to us in the face of the fact, which ought to be apparent to all, that we have a regular corps of trained writers and correspondents."—"And who are the producers of all this matter?" was my next query.—"Well," said he, "an editor who is harassed by them three hundred days in the year soon gets to classify them correctly, I think. There are three great classes. First, the dilettante scribblers, young men and young women of elegant leisure, who think literary distinction 'very nice,' and plunge into authorship for a little pleasant excitement or in the hope of winning fame. There are often glimpses of talent in the productions of this class, and with hard work they might succeed; but they only skim the surface, and the result is that their work doesn't reach even the respectable. The second class are those who without special talent embark in literature, expecting to make a living by it. The third class I pity: it consists of those who have some literary talent and a desire to improve it, but who lack the gift of expression or the constructive faculty, or some other requisite, and are simply incapable of producing anything worth putting in print. It is this class of incompetents that put the greatest strain on an editor's sensibilities, for their articles are almost, but never quite, available. If I could reach these literary aspirants I would whisper in their ears that modern journalism is an organized, elaborated profession, and that every

conductor of a better-class journal, whether newspaper or magazine, has a corps of trained writers at command who to literary talent add the experience of years, and whose contributions are generally satisfactory. Yet it by no means follows that first-class articles from outside correspondents are neglected: on the contrary, it is because an occasional nugget is found that readers are employed to examine their miscellaneous correspondence. There now!" he added, laughingly, "I have given you some points for a sermon to the scribbling public, and as you have plenty of leisure you ought really to improve the opportunity."

I told all this to Sue, adding, "I am no sermonizer—not, at least, since my lamentable failure at the obsequies of poor old Tabby—but I feel in the mood for a few plain, honest words on this topic this evening, and only wish I had a larger circle of hearers. I shall not take up any of the points mentioned by my friend the editor, for he has exhausted the subject: he has told you why many fail. I wonder if you have any idea what it costs the successful writers to win, because if you have not I have a friend who is entitled to be placed in this category, and I should like you to know what it cost him to attain his present position. He was eighteen when he discovered an aptitude for literary work by publishing a sketch in the village newspaper, and he was twenty-nine before he succeeded in gaining the slightest public recognition. These eleven years he spent in study, travel, close observation and literary labor, writing home letters to provincial newspapers whose editors published them readily enough, but forgot to send the author either money or thanks; and when he knocked at the door of the paying journals, as he did occasionally during these years, he was dismissed with the same politeness and complacency that you complain of. All this time, remember, he was living the life of a recluse, shunning general society and almost an anchorite as regards the sex: at the same time he was well aware that his friends, who were all engaged in the general scramble for wealth, regarded him pity-

ingly as a man of a chimerical turn of mind, who, despite their efforts, *would* continue to the end in the profitless pursuit of a phantom. Notwithstanding, he held to his purpose with a tenacity of will worthy of the old Scotch Covenanter from whom he descended. His final success, he has often declared, was owing to a lucky chance. When twenty-nine years of age he wrote a book, and succeeded in finding subscribers enough among those interested in his specialty to publish the work. There was evidence of talent in it which somehow attracted the attention of an editor in Massachusetts, conductor of a high-toned literary journal there, who wrote it up, and was followed shortly after by a New York editor of equal standing: this aided little in selling the book, but it gave him literary standing—a coign of vantage but little appreciated by young writers. Our friend next wrote a sketch half romantic, half historical, and armed with it gained a hearing from the editor who had favorably reviewed his book, and who in turn introduced him to the managing editor of his journal. This gentleman was induced by the author's representations to read the manuscript himself, was pleased with it and inserted it in his columns, together with many others of similar character; and as they were unique both in subject and style they were widely copied and commented upon, and placed the young author in the high-road to success.

"Now, Sue, it is possible that with equal exertion of will, perseverance and endurance you may win equal success; but suppose you do, will it pay? I grant there is no joy greater than that of the literary neophyte when his work first obtains recognition in quarters where recognition is worth something; but this is pretty nearly all there is to be gained in authorship. Ease, position and wealth are to be left behind when one embarks in it in earnest. I question if there can be found a civilized people that takes less interest in literature and literary workers than do Americans. Congress, that intensely practical body, has persistently refused to protect or encourage them, reasoning, evidently, that while the au-

thor may be a pleasing and graceful ornament to the kingly power, he is a useless appendage to a republic. Again, it is not for the interest of a publisher to encourage American authors, whom he must pay for their work, for he has the cream of English literature at his command without money and without price. As to the American public, it doesn't read books. It prides itself on being well read, I know, and it is in magazines and newspapers, but the figures in our publishers' offices prove incontestably that of our fifty millions of people between one and two thousand only are regular buyers of books. Forty years ago the case was different: then wealthy men bought books, as they now buy pictures, to encourage American art, and the genial sun of their patronage called out such men as Bryant, Cooper, Irving and Hawthorne. But under the changed conditions of our times what writers have risen up to fill their places? Brilliant magazinists, versatile journalists, skilled producers of the lightest of light literature for summer-resort consumption, I grant, but few distinctive names; for one might as well expect roses to bloom in January as a true national literature to grow and bloom under the blight of universal neglect and indifference.

"But I am carrying my generalizations too far: it is my purpose rather to narrate for your benefit some cases of individual hardships on the part of authors that have come under my own observation. My friend, the accomplished magazinist of whom I spoke, wins the wage of a grocery clerk; and as nothing could induce him to leave his profession—it is his life—he will continue to eat the bread of poverty all his days. I know authors who have fared far worse than this—who would be glad to exchange all the fame their books have brought them for money to meet the obligations incurred in their publication. I have a friend who was not a tyro in authorship when he came up to New York with a newly-completed book seeking a publisher. He first gave his manuscript to a leading publishing-firm, which, after keeping it three weeks for inspection, informed him in the politest

manner that their reader did not advise them to undertake the publication. He then sought another publisher equally eminent, who in due time consented to take the book on the following terms: He would publish it, give it the benefit of the firm's imprint and push its sale through the trade for a certain commission, the author to pay the entire cost of the stereotype-plates when delivered, and also the cost of printing and binding the first edition. The publisher admitted the hardship to authors of this plan, but declared that since the decline of the book-trade it had been almost universally pursued by publishers as a means of ensuring themselves against loss. But, as it happened, my friend succeeded in making better terms with another publisher. In the course of their conversation the latter remarked that he could offset the author's experience with a much severer one, and proceeded to relate the following incident, which he declared to be strictly true: Not long ago a well-known lady writer made arrangements with a large New York publishing-house to publish a book for her. In return for the firm's name on the title-page she agreed to pay the entire cost of the plates and of the first edition of two thousand copies, and the usual per cent. commission for introducing the book, and in addition not to call for any settlement of accounts until the entire edition was exhausted. She did this the more readily as she supposed that the books would be sold in two or three months at the farthest. Time flew on, the book-trade was dull, and the last half of the second year was approaching ere fifteen hundred copies had been sold. She was in urgent need of the money, and to obtain it sent a buyer into the market who bought for her the remaining five hundred copies, paying the publisher his commission on them: in this way she secured payment for the entire edition.

"In these instances I have only hinted at the hardships endured by authors. I mention them not to excite your sympathy for the guild—although none are more deserving of it—but to show you plainly some of the lions in the way of the literary aspirant; and I regret that I

have not in my audience the ten thousand brave, capable young men and women in our country who are looking forward to a literary career—some in the hope of winning distinction, and some as a profession to be used in bread-winning. Certainly, nothing will justify man or woman in embarking in it but the possession of the true *afflatus*, the rich gift of imagination, constructive power and expression which we call literary genius."

Happy is the preacher who sees the seed he sows fall into good ground! Not many days after our talk, happening to glance into the parlor, I saw Sue in suspicious proximity to Fred Alston, the young bank-cashier, and only last night she blushing announced her engagement to him; assuring me that she was content to shine in a literary way only in the home-circle. Fred is a good fellow, besides being desperately in love with her, and, as he hasn't a particle of literary talent himself, will set all the more store by Sue's. C. B. T.

PEOPLE'S HOUSES: A DIALOGUE.

Mrs. PHILIP MARKHAM. PHILIP MARKHAM.
Mrs. FRANK BEVERLY. FRANK BEVERLY.

Frank Beverly. Now that I have a house of my own to furnish, I find that I have a strong reaction of taste in favor of the things I was used to as a boy. It is all very well to go into other people's rooms and see fantasies in sage-and olive-greens and peacock-blues—to admire stained floors and French Turkey rugs, tiles and dadoes, decorated curtains and portières (which latter invention, by the way, I call a mere nuisance, always in the way, letting in draughts and depriving you of the comfort of closed doors). So I tell Ethel that for my part I don't want any of these things.

Mrs. Beverly. What Frank really wants he does not know himself: he is simply too bigoted and old-fashioned to move with the new currents, but all the time has nothing better to propose. We have bought the house, and have gone twice to look at it. I know exactly what would suit me. I should like to have it done up with inlaid floors and wainscotings—tiles in the fire-places, with brass fenders

and andirons. The dining-room should be in oak and brown and gold—Queen Anne's style—the parlors in blue and olives, and the bedrooms in chintzes.

Mrs. Markham. That would be perfectly lovely. One may always be certain of your taste, Ethel.

Philip Markham. I confess I don't see any marvellous display of taste in furnishing rooms like everybody else's.

Mrs. B. But the general styles nowadays are so thoroughly artistic!

Philip M. I suppose they are. I shall be very glad, however, when this everlasting refrain of artistic household furnishing is done with, and people settle down into their surroundings and really get to living. Then, after a little wear and tear, one may find comfort in these new houses: everything is too fine at present. Now, the other night at Gregory's dinner I sat with my back to the fine Eastlake fireplace and was scorched by the blazing wood-fire. I suggested to the servant that he should put a screen behind me: you know the house is full of Japanese screens. On my word, had I proposed burning the house down Mrs. Gregory could hardly have made more of it. She told everybody, as the most delicious joke, that Mr. Markham wanted to put one of her exquisite silk hand-embroidered Japanese screens before the fire! Of course I grinned and made light of it, but I was roasted alive and made almost ill.—Now, that would just suit you, Ethel, to have a fine house and then begrudge the use of it to people.

Mrs. B. But the idea of spoiling one of those lovely screens in that way!

Philip. What were they made for, any way?

Mrs. B. For decoration.

Frank B. I go into very few houses which suggest actual living. The drawing-rooms are Fairyland to look at, but might as well be a show suite in upholsterers' shops. I had a pride and pleasure in my mother's house which had nothing to do with the furniture: its charm and elegance linger in my memory like a perfume. There was no room which did not contain a low chair belonging to my mother, with a work-table

and work-basket beside it. She always sat, a living presence, in either parlor, dining-room or library. I heard her once tell a lady-friend, "I always stay down stairs and arrange my occupations here, that I may be within reach of my husband and sons." You need not doubt but what the first impulse of any one of us on entering the house was to seek her. We were often all grouped about her at once. When I go into the lifeless, dreary houses of most women, I am amazed that they do not cultivate this habit of my mother's.

Mrs. M. There is a good deal in what you say. A set of rooms has quite a different air when the mistress habitually sits there. When I am making visits I have a sort of reluctance to ring the bell at houses where I feel certain of being forced to wait twenty minutes in a dim, empty parlor.

Mrs. B. But then a lady should be ready to receive her guests promptly.

Mrs. M. Of course she should, but, all the same, she never is ready save on her regular reception-days. She sits up stairs in her own room, and it seems absurd to wear a nice dress when she is not certain that anybody will come. She slips, naturally, into her wrapper in order to enjoy her fire and easy-chair, then when the bell rings has a hurried toilette to make.

Mrs. B. I shall make a point of sitting in my parlor.

Mrs. M. Those delicately-furnished rooms grow shabby and faded very soon when lighted and used freely.

Frank B. You see we come back to my notion that in order to live elegantly one must have a house furnished in a certain solid, old-fashioned way.

Philip M. Exactly. Nothing is more inelegant than being over-fine. True elegance consists in the fitting of our surroundings to our needs. There is no elegance in extravagant furniture, which must claim the first place in one's thoughts and forbid real comfort and ease. I don't spend many days at home in the course of the year, but when I am in the house Jenny has a bad time of it, and actually suffers for her chairs and sofa. I like to

"glorify the room," as Sidney Smith used to say. I *will* have light everywhere; I *will* have the good of my furniture: if the fire is too hot to bear, I will put a screen in front of it; if the screen is too fine, it is direct impertinence to me: I consider myself more precious than the screen.

Frank B. Speaking of Sidney Smith, he had good views respecting household comfort. Every guest in his house was formally introduced to a particular easy-chair, table and reading-lamp in the parlor, and informed that said chair, table and lamp were to be sacred to his or her individual use so long as he or she remained.

Philip M. Now, that was a man's idea. Men are the only judges of what is pleasant and convenient in a house: women know nothing whatever about it.

Mrs. M. (sarcastically). Oh dear! no!—nothing at all!

Philip M. Women always want to save in essentials that they may waste in non-essentials. If a woman orders a dinner—that is, unless she has had a long and valuable experience under some sensible man's directions—she will stint you in everything except entrées and dessert.

Mrs. M. For shame! Women are so lectured, so tutored, about extravagance, that they feel the necessity of making their money go as far as it can. Most of us experience a positive sense of guilt when we assume a masculine prerogative and insist upon having the best of things.

Philip M. Indeed! So far as my limited experience goes—

Mrs. M. It is all very well to be sarcastic about us poor women, when you know all the time that you are dependent upon us for everything that makes a house pretty and cheerful. You men know just one thing about furniture—how to spoil it; and one thing about meals—how to eat them. As to knowing how to live, that is wholly a feminine accomplishment.

Frank B. I quite agree with you, dear Mrs. Markham, but then how few people do live!

Mrs. M. My instinct tells me what you mean—that there is either vacuity or an air of bustle and haste about our lives; that we waste our strength upon what is not worth having when it is attained; that we are never satisfied with to-day, but are always longing for the morrow; that we surround ourselves with beautiful things, but fail to get the worth of them in improved ideas and culture.

Frank B. Precisely. *L. W.*

"TIME TURNS THE TABLES."

TEN years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her :
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her : she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket—
Would oil my gun or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap or find my whip—
Ah ! but boys' hearts are stony !
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why ;
Small wonder had she hated :
For scores of dolls she had to cry
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it :
Out fishing I would even dare
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime :
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years. To-day old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five : she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked and bonny :
The curls are golden round her brow ;
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,
But now, through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who could joke with her and tease,
Stand silent now before her ;
Dumb through the very wish to please—
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or if she turns to me to speak
I'm dazzled by her graces :
The hot blood rushes to my cheek ;
I stammer commonplaces.

She's kind and cool : ah, Heaven knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered :
She likes me, and I love her now.
Dear ! dear ! how things have altered !

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

THERE is a prevalent impression that Spiritualism is on the decline, but proof to the contrary exists in the fact that no class of books commands such rapid and extensive sales as those which narrate Spiritualistic experiences and discuss Spiritualistic phenomena. Mr. Howell's last novel is one of the many instances of such popularity. To any one who can remember back about thirty years *The Undiscovered Country* revives vanished impressions, renews old problems and brings up portraits of fervid enthusiasts of every age, all bent on getting an answer to the unanswerable. That was the time when all over the country a favorite social amusement was for a company to sit about a table of light weight in a dusky room, each with his or her fingers lightly pressed upon the board and just sufficiently touching their neighbor to form a connecting link. In this position the "spirits" were patiently waited for: known as they were to be inconsistent, capricious and elusive, their eccentricities were regarded as sacred. The least sound which disturbed the stillness was interpreted as a message from the other world: any inclination to rock on the part of the table gave evidence that the company was surrounded by invisible but powerful spiritual forces. Sometimes everybody waited in vain: the spirits might be invoked from their vasty depths, but would not come. Again, the faithful believers in the group were the victims of an outrageous hoax on the part of some one of the circle who could creak joints or tip tables. But there would come times when patient waiting and intense belief were rewarded—when tables walked, when floor, ceiling and furniture all resounded to startling raps. Then came the opportunity to leap the gulf from time into eternity—to measure distance and compare finite with infinite knowledge.

"Mr. A——," the medium would observe, "there is a spirit who wishes to communicate with you."

Mr. A—— would be thrilled with a sort of ghastly gladness. The angelic visitant was anxious to define his personality by the aid of the Spiritual alphabet, and

turned out to be Mr. A——'s father. In life he had signed his name William C. A——, but after suffering the great change the middle initial had been altered into H. But what matter? Such trifling inaccuracies were not counted.

"Miss S——," the medium would say, "I see a spiritual form standing by you."

"Is it my mother?" miss would cry, the tears gushing to her eyes.

"I think it is. She is dressed in gray silk, with lace about her throat. Her hair is dark, and she wears some sort of ornament among the braids."

"Are you sure the hair is dark?" cries Miss S——, almost in hysterics. "My dear mother's hair was quite light, a beautiful golden."

"I see more clearly now," the medium would reply: "the hair is golden."

"A little gray on top?"

"Yes, a little."

"Oh, my mother!" Miss S—— would shriek, gazing beyond vision to find her.

There was much to disappoint—much, in our experience at least, even to disgust—the seeker after truth in these séances. Still, in spite of a general easy method of pronouncing it all humbug, there were things which could not be explained. A light table might be tipped by visible hands if two people agreed, but how could a dining-table, so heavy that a servant could not move it alone, contrive to rise a foot from the floor, and then, when pressed downward with all the strength of which three stout men were capable, remain there, poised in air?

But the strangest manifestations were cheapened by the gross impositions of some of the professional mediums. I distinctly remember the advent of a noted Spiritualist from Hartford who was to conduct a séance in a house where I was staying. He looked about the parlor with a critical air.

"I don't see the right kind of a table here," he said to his host.

"I supposed any table would do."

"Far from it," was the reply. "The spirits require to be absolutely suited in all minor details before they will appear."

In order to suit these fastidious visitants

from the other world all the light tables in the house were produced.

"This will do," said the medium, choosing one; and, sitting down and placing his hands upon it, he rocked it violently to and fro. "This will do," he said. He did not find it necessary to explain why he needed a table which his lightest touch could control. I distinctly recall the séance which followed. There was a small, rather pretty, lady present, with long curls on each side of her pale face. She averred that she was always accompanied by at least three spirits: they were in the habit of clustering like stars over her head. She also confided to us the grisly fact that when she retired to rest at night the headboard of her bed actually resounded with knockings. Sometimes she was even prevented from going to sleep, and was forced to expostulate with her visitors, who, when implored to be quiet, would come to her pillow, press it gently, and then subside.

I also remember a noted medium of that day, a Mr. B——, who went from place to place accompanied by his daughter Virginia, a girl of nineteen, and, as I recall her, possessing remarkable beauty. Unlike Mr. Howell's hero, Mr. B—— was something of a charlatan. He boasted of his powers as a magnetizer, and would not admit defeat even in the face of failure. His daughter was his favorite subject, but, unlike Egeria, had no distinct powers of her own. I have frequently heard Mr. B—— say that he could call his daughter from no matter what distance. At such times he merely uttered her name and half closed his eyes. As soon as she could traverse the distance between her and her father Virginia was certain to enter, already in a magnetic sleep. Almost every one having first or last witnessed the phenomenon of magnetism, it is not worth while to dwell upon it.

I had a friend by the name of Abbey whose condition during the five years before his death interested even while it repelled me. He had even as a boy been excessively delicate in health, and in manhood he broke down under the pressure of excessive mental labor. Could a medium or magnetizer have got hold of him his hallucinations or clairvoyant powers might

have been made a source of considerable profit. He was calling in my study one day when one of his trances came on. He had been exceedingly anxious to get out of town by the three-o'clock train, and this necessity pursued him even into his unconscious state. He lay on my lounge facing a bookcase and a window whose shade was pulled down. At his back, and quite at the other end of the room, was a small clock on the mantel, with a face so indistinct that I was obliged to get up and peer directly into it in order to find out what time it was.

While I was sitting by the poor fellow he began to moan and mutter. "I must get away," said he, "or I cannot take the three-o'clock train. It is already twenty minutes past twelve."

I took my watch from my pocket. It was twenty minutes past twelve. But how did he know it? He had been lying before me with his eyes closed and his ears apparently impervious to sound for about two hours. Twenty-five minutes later he remarked, "It is a quarter to one." He kept along with the time, and when three o'clock came was in a state of wild delirium over his loss of the train. Had he looked at his watch every other moment for the past three hours he could not have kept a more accurate account of the time.

I saw him frequently in these trances, which sometimes lasted two days. I have held before his closed eyes a succession of photographic portraits, each of which he has recognized without seeing, uttering the name of the person. Once I laid down the pile beside him, and his hands, which always had a trick of feebly wandering, sought the pictures. I waited to see what he would do. He was at the time deeply infatuated with a young lady whose carte-de-visite I had shown him. By some inscrutable instinct he contrived

to select it from the others. His face lighted up when he held it, and as long as I permitted his hand to close upon it he wore an expression of rapture. When I took it away he seemed to suffer a violent shock.

I could now and then, when he was in this state, arouse his mind and persuade him to take an imaginary walk. At such times he frequently startled me, used as I had become to his phenomenal powers of vision, by seeing something which was actually taking place half a mile away. Once he said, "There is the water: I see six sails. What is it they are doing on the tower of Mr. B——'s house? *Oh! oh! oh!*"—here he became violently agitated—"the scaffolding is giving way! *There is a man falling!*" At that very moment the scaffolding on the tower of Mr. B——'s house did give way and a man did fall—without injury, however.

Abbey was ardently attached to his mother, and during her final illness was in terrible distress of mind. Toward the last, worn out with anxiety and watching, he lay down on a couch in the sick room, and at once went into one of his trances. This was at nine o'clock in the evening. The rest of the family, whispering together, declared that the sick woman, although unconscious, was better.

"She will die," muttered Abbey, who was apparently far out of hearing, "at twenty-five minutes to four."

His mother did die at twenty-five minutes to four the next morning.

A thousand curious circumstances connected with poor Abbey are fresh in my memory, but I refrain from giving more. Although he was under the care of several of our best physicians, he was never long free from his malady. Strange to say, it never affected his general health. He died finally, not from any disease, but quite by accident. A. T.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Byron. By John Nichol. (English-Men-of-Letters Series.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

"The quiet, uneventful life of a man of letters" is a phrase not infrequently used, generally by way of excuse for some dull biography. It is doubtful, however, whether the life of the poet, the novelist, or even the scholar, is not apt to be quite as varied and full of incident as those of men whose callings are considered more active and adventurous, while the interest that attaches to the relation of it is almost certain to be more personal and concentrated. The career of the statesman or the warrior is commonly merged in the events of his time; that of the discoverer or the inventor furnishes matter for a chapter in the history of scientific progress; the mere "man of the world" is one of the least important figures in the shifting scenes and disconnected pictures of which his recollections may supply the only memorial. But the man of genius whose writings we have studied with a constant sense of the influence of mind upon mind—his mind upon ours, stirring our emotions, quickening our thoughts, enlarging our conceptions—becomes in his biography a subject for close investigation and analysis, in which every fact is significant, actions and impressions have equal importance, efforts and achievements, success and failure, are viewed as the direct outcome of character and intellect, all events have a common centre, and the world's affairs are noted only in reference to the individual, whether, like Rousseau, he has given them a strong impulse, or, like Dante, has been the victim of their turbulence, or, like Goethe, has stood apart in the attitude of contemplation. The office of such men is to reveal the needs and aspirations of humanity; their voices rise above the general din in musical plaint or exultation; their utterances lead us to examine and understand ourselves; and hence their lives, even when outwardly tranquil, cannot fail, if fully and rightly portrayed, to enchain our sympathies. But it is the exception, rather than the rule, when genius is linked with an apparently serene or commonplace existence. It is the fashion now-a-days to deride the notion that a man of

genius is almost necessarily deficient in prudence, and consequently little fitted to steer his way securely amid the ordinary perils of life. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the great majority of cases the most highly-gifted natures appeal as strongly to our pity or tolerance as to our admiration, that under similar circumstances their errors and misfortunes have been greater or more frequent than those of commoner natures, that with them the "inward storm and outward strife" in which the great lesson of life—"das schwer-verstandene Wort"—is learned—

Von der Gewalt die alle Wesen bindet

Befreit der Mensch sich der sich überwindet—

are not lighter, but more severe and destructive, than with others. And in cases where there has been a conjunction of high intellect and a fiery temperament with outward conditions equally remote from those of ordinary life, the biographer is provided with materials which the novelist would not dare to grapple with, and which the tragic writer would scarcely need to mix with any stronger element of his art.

That Byron's was one of these rare cases no one will be inclined to deny. His genius, if not of the highest order, was marvellously brilliant and fertile, and almost unparalleled in the potency of its charm. His nature was chaotic, his position full of incongruities, his fame an eruption, his career meteoric. "No one ever lived," remarks Mr. Nichol, "who in the same space more thoroughly ran the gauntlet of existence." And all the experiences of his life, all the contrasts in his character and his intellect—his nobleness and his baseness, his sincerity and his affectations, his giant power and his puerile weakness—are reflected and exhibited in his works with a directness and completeness that do not belong to the self-mirrorings of any other writer, not excepting Rousseau. Never has there been a great poet who was less of an artist; never one who could so little transmute an experience or embody a thought as to give it a universal significance; never one whose productions, however diversified in form, have an equal sameness in theme and tone, or present themselves so palpably as fragments of an autobiography. We follow

him in his travels, we are witnesses of his thinly-veiled adventures, we find his cravings and caprices, his piercing mockeries and fantastic imaginings, in the Selims and Conrads, the Manfreds and Cains, the Harolds and Juans, whose forms he assumes as the disguises of a masquerade, we receive the outpourings of his confidence in every mood and on every topic—we gaze, in short, incessantly into the inmost recesses and watch all the wild and wayward movements of a heart that is never at rest and that never shrinks from exposure—and, if strongly impressionable, we yield to the spell, accept the magic, echo the cry, undergo the same sensations, and identify ourselves with the being that has taken possession of us by this strange and violent egotism. One thing more must be remembered in accounting for the intensity of Byron's influence on his contemporaries, the wideness of its diffusion and the suddenness of its decline: this personality, which seems at once so peculiar and so self-engrossed, is nevertheless the child of an epoch, itself full of agitations and contradictions, feverish and tumultuous yet wearied and disgusted with its past excesses, ardent and aspiring yet scornful of its ideals, lavish of its energies yet unable to concentrate them, in revolt against conventional and outworn forms, but powerless to create fit ones for the inrushing life that seems, for lack of them, to spend its force in vain. Had Byron's been a loftier, clearer, calmer spirit, it would not have so well represented the age or impressed it so strongly: its sway would have been less transitory, but not so absolute.

Happily, the period of fascination and that of the inevitable reaction are now both past, and we can examine the phenomenon that was once thought so transcendent and afterward so trivial and delusive with an unbiased judgment. To the question whether the magic that riveted the gaze and enthralled the minds of so many and diverse observers was real or false, we find the reply easy, that it was both. It seems to us difficult to dispute the dictum of Mr. Carlyle, that "no genuine productive thought was ever revealed by Byron to mankind." It is just as undeniable, as Mr. Nichol freely allows, that his gift of expression, with its almost matchless sweep and facility, never embraces that exquisite phraseology, that suggestive and untranslatable diction, that perfect marriage

of words to thought, which is of the very essence of poetry. Furthermore, no writer not palpably imitative ever betrayed in such a degree the influence of his great contemporaries, or culled more unsparingly from books to enrich his own compositions. His total lack of the dramatic faculty is admitted on all hands. It would seem impossible, therefore, to assign him a place in the creative order of minds, or to rank him, as some continental critics still do, with the great masters of poetry. Judged by the strictest tests and soundest canons, one is in doubt whether he should be reckoned as a poet: with the Romans he would have been one, no doubt, but scarcely with the Greeks. But if not a son of heaven, he is a chief among the sons of earth. His intellect is of the keenest, his wit of the sharpest, his passion of the strongest. Every scene, every event, every thought, every feeling, strikes him with electric force and is reproduced with the vividness and intensity of the original impression. His imagery has the effect of physical sensations. His descriptions do not merely represent or suggest, but steep us in the emotions of "a living presence." The sea and the mountains, the night and the storm, the "dewy morn," the "hush of eve," the "light of setting suns," the battle-field and the shipwreck, the chamber of death, the desert and the ruin, the rage of fierce passions, the calmness of despair, stamp themselves upon the reader's brain, and linger like the haunting effigies of personal experiences. Scrutiny reveals innumerable flaws, reflection discloses a want that makes the whole fabric seem little better than phantasmal; but we never lose the sense of an abounding life, of a vigor that cannot be repressed and a splendor that cannot be dimmed, of a genius always ripening, though condemned by its very nature to perpetual immaturity.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Mr. Nichol's execution of a not too easy task. With matter so abundant his restrictions in regard to treatment could not but press hardly upon him. Too often he is compelled to summarize baldly or to rely upon the reader's previous familiarity with details. But subject to the qualifications arising from the conditions imposed upon him, his performance may be pronounced satisfactory and successful. The arrangement is skilful, the story is well told, and the criticism, if somewhat deficient in def-

initeness and force, shows both sympathy and comprehension and steers with tolerable directness between the extremes of praise and censure. Opposing judgments are quoted or referred to with needless iteration, and sometimes, as in the case of Carlyle and Goethe, with an exaggerated emphasis and a misapprehension of the relative points of view. It would be easy to take exception also to particular judgments or the manner in which they are expressed. When we are told, in allusion to *Cain*, that "Lord Byron has elsewhere exhibited more versatility, fancy and richness of illustration, but nowhere else has he so nearly 'struck the stars,'" we cannot but demur to the substitution of a borrowed rhetorical phrase for the more literal statement which the preceding limitations lead us to expect. When we find it said of the *Vision of Judgment* that "every line that does not convulse with laughter stings or lashes," and of the *Letter to the Editor of the British Review* that "no more laughter-compelling composition exists," we can only infer that Mr. Nichol's risible muscles are much more flexible than those of most people. But whatever its faults or shortcomings, this volume, as well from the deep interest of the subject as the ability with which it is handled, is one of the most agreeable, and can hardly fail to be one of the most widely read, of the series to which it belongs.

Four Centuries of English Letters. Edited and arranged by W. Baptiste Scoones. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is hard to decide what may not be done by a clever littérateur with tolerable success in these days of hasty condensations and picturesque generalizations. An age of materialism has its advantages. If it cannot enjoy the inspiration of a distinct and vital idea to shape its own consciousness and give life and originality to its own achievements, it has a good chance to study with curious pains the methods and processes of all preceding epochs. There is, to be sure, something pathetic in our wealth of opportunity—something defeating, even impoverishing, in the very facility with which we set to work to extract the juices and essences from the dry bones of history.

Mr. Scoones must have enjoyed the labors which have their result in the book now before us. It has always seemed to us a pleasant task—worth the carrying out by a man of

wealth and leisure—to select a library which should contain all the published letters of the world. The editor of this collection is no doubt familiar with such a library, and his aim has been to help others to his own sources of pleasure. He has given a fair selection of English letters, not attempting to classify them except by historical periods, which do not, however, always present them in regular sequence. This sort of book is supposed to suit the modern mind, which is understood to aim at the mastery of a little of everything. It is an attractive notion that since nobody now-a-days has time to read all the letters of a single writer, it is a capital thing to read a single letter of every writer. Yet the true significance of a book like this can only be felt by one who has studied the literature of letters familiarly and lovingly. To the student of history the mere turning of its pages brings an influx of thoughts and memories, half of pain, half of delight. In the confused medley the keynote of many a strange, melancholy strain is struck. The history of the world is a very sad one, and never seems more sad than when the relics of all the ages are thus jumbled together. Even what was in itself light-hearted and joyous becomes half tragical, because it belongs to the strange old story. Such a book, to be understood and cared about, must be read more through the imagination than through the eyes. John Dudley's letter from the Tower on the eve of his execution calls up all the passionate, painful, terrible history of one of the world's cruelest times and mirrors it anew for us. Yet it is not the duke of Northumberland's fate which makes our hearts shudder and our eyes moisten, but something that comes more nearly home to us.

Regarding the discrimination shown in the selection of the letters, there must be naturally as many opinions as there are lovers of letters. The reader turns to find the epistles he likes best, and missing them decides that much of what was most worthy has been omitted. It would seem as if Horace Walpole's letters might have been more carefully selected; Charles Lamb's have apparently been taken haphazard, without any accurate idea of their true valuation; and as for Keats's, those everybody ought to know and love him for have been left out altogether.

But unsubstantial things like letters, of which the charm is so delicate and elusive, stand less for what they are absolutely than

for what they have come to mean for us. Sharply contrasted as now when bound up in a single volume, it becomes an interesting literary study to compare the style of one writer with that of another. Some of the "elegant letter-writers" seem barren pretenders enough when their vague, imposing, but patchwork sets of phrases are set side by side with the genuine outcome of real thought and feeling. Some very famous names are appended to tolerably indifferent effusions. It is very easy to decide whom we should have chosen for familiar correspondents. They are, after all, few, and first of all our choice would have been Cowper.

Pencilled Fly-Leaves: A Book of Essays in Town and Country. By John James Piatt. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Mr. Piatt has written a pleasant series of essays on a capital list of subjects. He makes a sort of confession in the title of his book, and in his preface besides, of their being inspired by his favorite authors. They may originally have filled a particular column in some journal, and in such a case were certain to have been turned to by its readers with an expectation of pleasure which they never failed to answer. It is the fashion with critics to make mention more or less slightly of detached pieces bound up in book-form. But, after all, how else should we have had Lamb and Hazlitt? And such essays, from their enforced brevity, are apt to contain a freshness and spirit often lacking in more ambitious papers, where, with the same amount of actual material, three times the space must be filled. Mr. Piatt is a poet, and sees the poetic side of every-day things. He is, besides, a genial optimist, and finds in the disagreeables of life—for instance, going to bed in a cold room—a delightful experience: "But blessed and thrice blessed is he for whom hardy choice or a most beneficent—even when least smiling—Fortune has made his bed and smoothed his pillow in a cold room! He sleeps in Abraham's bosom all the year, indeed. To him are given, night by night, such new sensations as those for which kings might throw away their foolish kingdoms. He conquers his Paradise at one shuddering although faithful leap, and the gentle tropics over the feathers and under the coverlets breathe their tenderest influences to confirm its enjoyments."

The last paper, "How the Bishop Built

his College in the Woods," is the most interesting in the book, giving the history of Kenyon College. It is not probably generally known through what privations and struggles Bishop Chase carried his hope and his resolution to found a college in Ohio, nor how he gained his victory at last. Both the seminary and its site were named after munificent English patrons who came to the good bishop's aid when American friends turned from him. The episode of his runaway slave, Jack, the effect his emancipation had upon the fortunes of his master's beloved enterprise, is a curious one. We may add that Bishop Bedell, who now presides over the diocese of Ohio, has made Kenyon College one of the most interesting religious institutions in the United States.

Books Received.

- The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney (Madame D'Arblay). Revised and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years. By Henry Martyn Dexter. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews. By Michael Heilprin. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
- Uncle Jack's Executors. By Annette Lucille Noble. ("Knickerbocker Novels.") New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Shakespeare's Tragedy of King Richard the Third. By William J. Rolfe, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- A Stranded Ship. By L. Clarke Davis. ("Knickerbocker Novels.") New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- The Sisters. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger.
- American Manual of Parliamentary Law. By George T. Fish. New York: Harper & Brothers.
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AN HISTORICAL ROCKY-MOUNTAIN OUTPOST.



GOING TO THE JUDGE'S.

THE day might have graced the month of June, so balmy was the air, so warmly shone the sun from a cloudless sky. But the snow-covered mountain-range whose base we were skirting, the leafless cottonwoods fringing the Fontaine qui Bouille and the sombre plains that stretched away to the eastern horizon told a different story. It was on one of those days elsewhere so rare, but so common in Colorado, when a summer sky smiles upon a wintry landscape, that we entered a town in whose history are to be found greater contrasts than even those afforded by earth and sky. To-

day Pueblo is a thriving and aggressive city, peopled with its quota of that great pioneer army which is carrying civilization over the length and breadth of our land. Three hundred and forty years ago, as legend hath it, Coronado here stopped his northward march, and on the spot where Pueblo now stands established the farthestmost outpost of New Spain.

The average traveller who journeys westward from the Missouri River imagines that he is coming to a new country. "The New West" is a favorite term with the agents of land-companies and the

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writers of alluring railway-guides. These enterprising advocates sometimes indulge in flights of rhetoric that scorn the trammels of grammar and dictionary. Witness the following impassioned utterances concerning the lands of a certain Western railroad: "They comprise a section of country whose possibilities are simply *infinitesimal*, and whose developments will be revealed in glorious realization through the horoscope of the near future." This verbal architect builded wiser than he knew, for what more fitting word could the imagination suggest wherewith to crown the possibilities of alkali wastes and barren, sun-scorched plains?

A considerable part of the New West of to-day was explored by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago. Before the English had landed at Plymouth Rock or made a settlement at Jamestown they had penetrated to the Rocky Mountains and given to peak and river their characteristic names. Southern Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona have been the theatres wherein were enacted deeds of daring and bravery perhaps unsurpassed by any people and any age; and that, too, centuries before they became a part of our American Union. The whole country is strewn over with the ruins of a civilization in comparison with which our own of to-day seems feeble. And he who journeys across the Plains till he reaches the Sangre del Cristo Mountains or the blue Sierra Mojadas enters a land made famous by the exploits of Coronado, De Vaca and perhaps of the great Montezuma himself.

In the year 1540, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado was sent by the Spanish viceroy of Mexico to explore the regions to the north. Those mountain-peaks, dim and shadowy in the distance and seeming to recede as they were approached, had ever been an alluring sight to the gold-seeking Spaniards. But the coveted treasure did not reveal itself to their cursory search; and though they doubtless pushed as far north as the Arkansas River, they returned to the capital from what they considered an unsuccessful expedition. The way was opened,

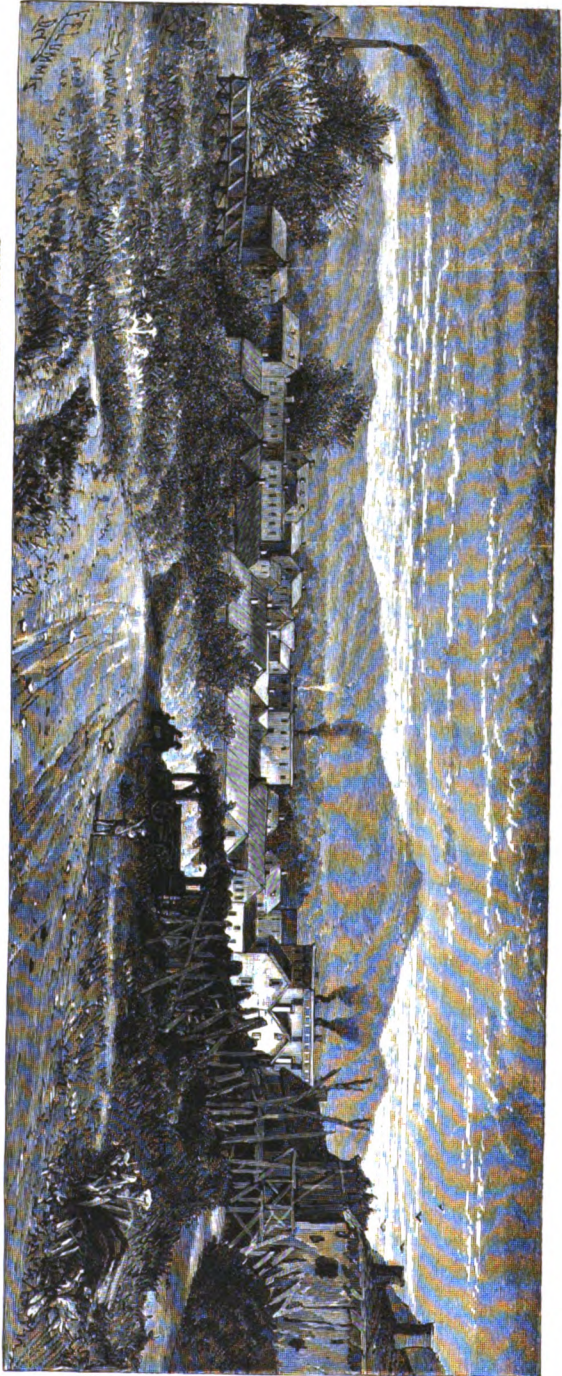
however, and in 1595 the Spaniards came to what is now the Territory of New Mexico and founded the city of Santa Fé. They had found, for the most part, a settled country, the inhabitants living in densely-populated villages, or *pueblos*, and evincing a rather high degree of civilization. Their dwellings of mud bricks, or *adobes*, were all built upon a single plan, and consisted of a square or rectangular fort-like structure enclosing an open space. Herds of sheep and goats grazed upon the hillsides, while the bottom-lands were planted with corn and barley. Thus lived and flourished the Pueblo Indians, a race the origin of which lies in obscurity, but connected with which are many legends of absorbing interest. All their traditions point to Montezuma as the founder and leader of their race, and likewise to their descent from the Aztecs. But their glory departed with the coming of Cortez, and their Spanish conquerors treated them as an inferior race. Revolting against their oppressors in 1680, they were reconquered thirteen years later, though subsequently allowed greater liberty. By the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848 they became citizens of the United States. From one extreme of government to another has drifted this remnant of a stately race, till now at last it finds itself safely sheltered in the arms of our great republic.

Such is the romantic history of a portion of our so-called "New West;" but it was with a view of ascertaining some facts concerning occurrences of more recent date, as well as of seeing some of the actors therein, that we paid a visit to Pueblo. We found it a rather odd mixture of the old and the new, the adobe and the "dug-out" looking across the street upon the imposing structure of brick or the often gaudily-painted frame cottage. It looked as though it might have been indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, except that the duration might have been a century or two. High *mesas* with gracefully rounded and convoluted sides almost entirely surround it, and rising above their floor-like tops, and in fine contrast with their sombre brown tints, appear the blue outlines of the dis-

tant mountains. Pike's Peak, fifty miles to the north, and the Spanish Peaks, the Wawatoyas, ninety to the south, are sublime objects of which the eye never grows weary; while the Sierra Mojadas bank up the western horizon with a frowning mountain-wall. A notch in the distant range, forty miles to the north-west, indicates the place where the Arkansas River breaks through the barriers that would impede its seaward course, forming perhaps the grandest cañon to be found in all this mighty mountain-wilderness. Truly a striking picture was that on which Coronado and his mail-clad warriors gazed.

A motley throng compose the inhabitants of Pueblo. The dark-hued Mexican, his round face shaded by the inevitable *sombrero*, figures conspicuously. But if you value his favor and your future peace of mind have a care how you allude to his nationality. He is a Spaniard, you should know — a pure Castilian whose ancestor was some old hidalgo with as long an array of names and titles as has the Czar of All the Russias himself. Though he now lives in a forsaken-looking adobe hut with dirt floor and roof of sticks and turf that serves only to defile the raindrops that trickle through its many

GENERAL VIEW OF PUEBLO, COLORADO, LOOKING NORTH-WEST—PIKE'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.



gaps—though his sallow wife and ill-favored children huddle round him or cook the scanty meal upon the mud oven in a corner of the room—he is yet a Spaniard, and glories in it. The tall, raw-boned man, straight as a young cottonwood, whose long black hair floats out from beneath his hat as he rides into town from his ranch down the river, may be a half-breed who has figured in a score of Indian fights, and enjoys the proud distinction of having killed his man. There is the hungry-looking prospector, waiting with ill-disguised impatience till he can “cross the Range” and follow again, as he has done year after year, the exciting chase after the ever-receding mirage—the visions of fabulous wealth always going to be, but never quite, attained. The time-honored symbol of Hope must, we think, give place to a more forcible representation furnished by the peculiar genius of our times; for is not our modern Rocky-Mountain prospector the complete embodiment of that sublime grace? His is a hope that even reverses the proverb, for no amount of deferring is able to make him heartsick, but rather seems to spur him on to more earnest endeavor. Has he toiled the summer long, endured every privation, encountered inconceivable perils, only to find himself at its close poorer than when he began? Reluctantly he leaves the mountain-side where the drifting snows have begun to gather, but seemingly as light-hearted as when he came, for his unshaken hope bridges the winter and feeds upon the limitless possibilities of the future. Full of wonderful stories are these same hope-sustained prospectors—tales that are bright with the glitter of silver and gold. Not a single one of them who has not discovered “leads” of wonderful richness or “placers” where the sands were yellow with gold; but by some mischance the prize always slipped out of his grasp, and left him poor in all but hope. And in truth so fascinating becomes the occupation that men who in other respects seem cool and phlegmatic will desert an almost assured success to join the horde rushing toward some unexplored district, impelled by the ever-flying rumors of un-

told wealth just brought to light. The golden goal this season is the great Gunnison Country; and soon trains of *burros*, packed with pick and shovel, tent and provisions, will be climbing the Range.

Pueblo has likewise its business-men, its men of to-day, who manage its banks, who buy and sell and get gain as they might do in any well-ordered city, though, truth to tell, there are very few of them who do not sooner or later catch the prevailing infection—a part of whose assets is not represented by some “prospect” away up in the mountains or frisking about the Plains in herds of cattle and sheep. But perhaps the most curiously-original character in all the town is Judge Allen A. Bradford, of whose wonderful memory the following good story is told: Years ago he, with a party of officers, was at the house of Colonel Boone, down the river. While engaged in playing “pitch-trump,” of which the judge was very fond—and in fact the only game of cards with which he was acquainted—a messenger rushed in announcing that a lady had fallen from her horse and was doubtless much injured. The players left their cards and ran to render assistance, and the game thus broken up was not resumed. Some two years later the same parties found themselves together again, and “pitch-trump” was proposed. To the astonishment of all, the judge informed them how the score stood when they had so hurriedly left the game, and with the utmost gravity insisted that it be continued from that point!

On a bright sunny morning we sought out the judge’s office, only to learn that he had not yet for the day exchanged the pleasures of rural life across the Fontaine for less romantic devotions at the shrine of the stern goddess. Later we were informed, upon what seemed credible authority, that upon the morning in question he was intending to sow oats. Though cold March still claimed the calendar, and hence such action on the part of the judge might seem like forcing the season, yet reflections upon his advanced years caused us to suppress the rising thought that perhaps some allusions to *wild* oats might have been intended. Hence we looked

forward to a rare treat—judicial dignity unbending itself in pastoral pursuits, as in the case of some Roman magistrate. "A little better'n a mile" was the answer to our interrogatory as to how far the judge's ranch might be from town; but having upon many former occasions taken the dimensions of a Colorado mile, we declined the suggestion to walk and sought some mode of conveyance. There chanced to be one right at hand, standing patiently by the wayside and presided over by an ancient colored gentleman. The coach had been a fine one in its day, but that was long since past, and now its dashboard, bent out at an angle of forty-five degrees, the faded trimmings and the rusty, stately occupant of the box formed a complete and harmonious picture of past grandeur seldom seen in the Far West. Two dubious-looking bronchos, a bay and a white, completed this unique equipage, in which we climbed the *mesa* and then descended into the valley of the Fontaine. The sable driver was disposed to be communicative, and ventured various opinions upon current topics. He had been through the war, and came West fourteen years ago.

"You have had quite an adventurous life," we remarked.

"Why, sah," he returned, "if the history ob my life was wrote up it would be wuth ten thousand dollars."

While regarding the valuation as somewhat high, we yet regretted our inability to profit by this unexpected though promising business-opportunity, and soon our attention was diverted by a glimpse of the judge's adobe, and that person himself standing by his carriage and awaiting our by no means rapid approach. He was about to go to town, and the oats were being sown by an individual of the same nationality as our driver, to whom the latter addressed such encouraging remarks as "Git right 'long dere now and sow dat oats. Don't stand roostin' on de fence all day, like as you had the consumshing. You look powerful weak. Guess mebbe I'd better come over dere and show you how."

Judge Bradford's career has been a chequered one, and it has fallen to his lot

to dispense justice in places and under circumstances as various as could well be imagined. Born in Maine in 1815, he has lived successively in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, and held almost every position open to the profession of the law. From the supreme



THE JUDGE.

bench of Colorado he was twice called to represent the Territory as delegate to Congress. In 1852, when he was judge of the Sixth Judicial District of Iowa, his eccentricities of character seem to have reached their full development. He exhibited that supreme disregard for dress and the various social amenities which not infrequently betray the superior mind. Never were his clothes known to fit, being invariably too large or too small, too short or too long. As to his hair, the external evidences were of a character to disprove the rumor that he had a brush and comb, while the stubby beard frequently remained undisturbed upon the judicial chin for several weeks at a time. The atrocious story is even told that once upon a time, when half shaven, he chanced to pick up a newspaper, became

absorbed in its contents, forgot to complete his task, and went to court in this most absurdly unsymmetrical condition. But, despite these personal eccentricities, a more honest or capable judge has rarely been called upon to vindicate the majesty of the law. Upon the bench none could detect a flaw in his assumption of that dignity so intimately associated in all minds with the judiciary, but, the ermine once laid aside for the day, he was as jolly and mirthful as any of his frontier companions. Judge Bradford was no advocate, but by the action of a phenomenal memory his large head was stored so full of law as to emphasize, to those who knew him, the curious disproportion between its size and that of his legs and feet. These latter were of such peculiarly modest dimensions as to call to mind Goldsmith's well-known lines, though in this case we must, of necessity, picture admiring frontiersmen standing round while

Still the wonder grew
That two small feet could carry all he knew.

The judge's mind is of the encyclopædical type, and facts and dates are his especial "strong holt." But his countenance fails to ratify the inward structure when, pausing from a recital, he gazes upon your reception of the knowledge conveyed with a kindly smile—a most innocent smile that acts as a strong disposer to belief. Whether it has been a simple tale of the early days enlivened with recollections of pitch-trump and other social joys, or whether the performances of savage Indians and treacherous half-breeds send a chill through the listener, it is all the same: at its close the judge's amiable features wear the same belief-compelling smile. Under its influence we sit for hours while our entertainer ranges through the stores of his memory, pulling out much that is dust-covered and ancient, but quickly renovated for our use by his ready imagination and occasional wit. With a feeling akin to reverence we listen—a reverence due to one who had turned his face toward the Rocky Mountains before Colorado had a name, who had made the perilous journey across the great Plains behind a bull-team, and who

has since been associated with everything concerned in the welfare and progress of what has now become this great Centennial State, toward which all eyes are turning. Not without its dark days to him has passed this pioneer life, and none were more filled with discouragement than those during which he represented the Territory in Congress. He describes the position as one of peculiar difficulty—on one hand the clamors of a people for aid and recognition in their rapid development of the country, while on the other, to meet them, he found himself a mere beggar at the doors of Congressional mercy and grace, voteless and hence powerless. Truly, in the light of his experience, the office of Territorial delegate is no sinecure.

No one has more closely observed the course of events in the Far West than Judge Bradford, and his opinions on some disputed points are very decided and equally clear. Many have wondered that Pueblo, which had the advantage of first settlement, had long been a rendezvous of trappers and frontier traders, and lay upon the only road to the then so-called Pike's Peak mines, that *viâ* the Arkansas Cañon—that this outpost, situated thus at the very gateway of the Far West, should have remained comparatively unimportant, while Denver grew with such astonishing rapidity. But, in the judge's opinion, it was the war of the rebellion that turned the scale in favor of the Queen City. The first emigrants had come through Missouri and up the Arkansas, their natural route, and as naturally conducting to Pueblo. But when Missouri and South-eastern Kansas became the scenes of guerrilla warfare the emigrant who would safely convey himself and family across the prairies must seek a more northern parallel. Hence, Pueblo received a check from which it is only now recovering, and Denver an impetus whose ultimate limits no man can foresee.

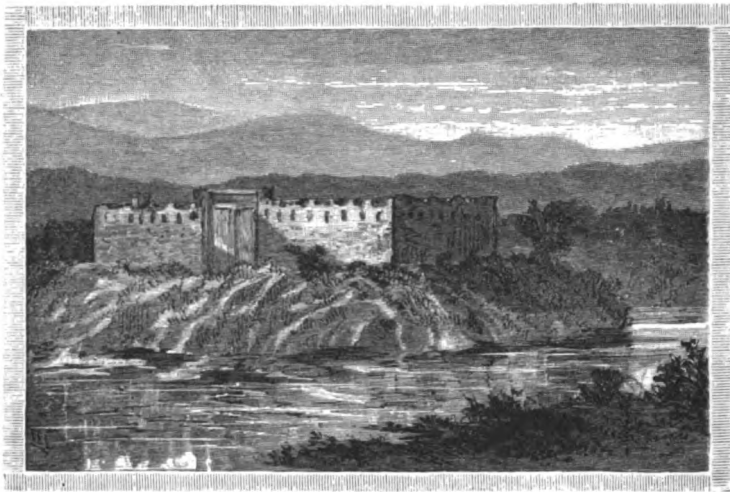
Many strange things were done in the olden time. When the Plains Indians had gathered together their forces for the purpose of persistently harassing the settlement, the Mountain Utes, then the allies

of the whites, offered their services to help repel the common enemy. Petitions went up to the governor and Legislature to accept the proffered services, but they were steadily refused. Our long-headed judge gives the reason: The administration was under the control of men who were feeding Uncle Sam's troops with corn at thirteen cents per pound, and other staples in proportion, and the Indian volunteers promised a too speedy ending of such a profitable warfare.

Thus eventfully has passed the life of

Judge Bradford. During his threescore-and-five years he has moved almost across a continent, never content unless he was on the frontier. Long may he live to ride in his light coverless wagon in the smile of bright Colorado sunshine, honored by all who know him, and affording his friends the enjoyment of his rare good presence!

Thirty years ago this whole Rocky-Mountain region, now appropriated by an enterprising and progressive people, contained, besides the native Indians and the Mexicans in the south, only a



OLD ADOBE FORT.

few trappers and frontier traders, most of them in the employ of the American Fur Company. These were the fearless and intrepid pioneers who so far from fleeing danger seemed rather to court it. Accounts of their adventures—now a struggle with a wounded bear, again the threatened perils of starvation when lost in some mountain-fastness—have long simultaneously terrified and fascinated both young and old. We all have pictured their dress—the coat or cloak, often an odd combination of several varieties of skins pieced together, with fur side in; breeches sometimes of the same material, but oftener of coarse duck or corduroy; and the slouched hat, under

whose broad brim whatever of the face that was not concealed by a shaggy, unkempt beard shone out red from exposure to sun and weather. The American Fur Company had dotted the country with forts, which served the double purpose of storehouses for the valuables collected and of places where the employes could barricade themselves against the too-often troublesome savages. For such a purpose, though not actually by the Fur Company, was built the old adobe fort the ruins of which are still to be seen on the banks of the Arkansas at Pueblo. How old it may have been no one seems to know, but certain it is that for long years, and in the earliest times, it was a

favorite rendezvous. Here was always to be found a jolly good party to pass away the long winter evenings with song and story. Here Kit Carson often stopped to rest from his many perilous expeditions, enjoying, together with Fremont and other noted Rocky-Mountain explorers, the hospitalities of the old fort. Many times were its soft walls indented by the arrows of besieging Indians, but its bloodiest tragedy was enacted in 1854, when the Utes surprised the sleeping company and savagely massacred all.

While these events were transpiring at the old fort a party of Mexicans had journeyed from the south, crossed the Arkansas River and formed a settlement on the east side of the Fontaine. A characteristically squalid and miserable place it was, with the dwellings—they scarce deserved the name of houses—built in the side of the bluffs very much as animals might burrow in the ground. Part dug-out and part adobe were those wretched habitations, and the shed-like parts which projected from the hill were composed of all conceivable and inconceivable kinds of rubbish. Sticks, stones, bits of old iron, worn-out mattings and gunny-sacks entered more or less into the construction of these dens, all stuck together with the inevitable adobe mud. The settlement extended some distance along the side of the bluff, and the sloping plain in front was dignified as the *plaza*. Perhaps the dark-hued immigrants expected a large town to spring from these unpromising beginnings, and their plaza to take on eventually all the importance which a place so named ever deserves in the Spanish and Mexican mind. But the Pike's Peak excitement, originating in 1852 with the finding of gold by a party of Cherokee Indians, and reaching its culmination in 1859, brought a far different class of people to our Rocky-Mountain outpost, and a civilization was inaugurated which speedily compelled the ancient Mexican methods to go by the board. Thus, Fontaine was soon absorbed by the rising town of Pueblo, though the ancient dug-outs still picturesquely dot the hillside, inhabited by much the same idle and vagabond class from which the prosper-

ous ranchman soon learns to guard his hen-roost.

The growth of any of our Far Western towns presents a curious study. In these latter days it frequently requires but a few months, or even weeks, to give some new one a fair start upon its prosperous way. Sometimes a mineral vein, sometimes the temporary "end of the track" of a lengthening railway, forms the nucleus, and around it are first seen the tents of the advance-guard. Before many weeks have elapsed some enterprising individual has succeeded, in the face of infinite toil and expense, in bringing a sawmill into camp. Soon it is buzzing away on the neighboring hillside, and the rough pine boards and slabs are growing into houses of all curious sizes and shapes, irregularly lining the main street. Delightfully free from conventionality are matters in these new towns. Former notions of things go for naught. Values are in a highly-disturbed state, and you will probably be charged more for the privilege of sleeping somewhere on the floor than for all the refined elegancies of the Fifth Avenue. The board-walks along the street, where they exist at all, plainly typify this absence of a well-defined dead level or zero-point in the popular sentiment; for the various sections are built each upon the same eccentric plan that obtains in the corresponding house. The result is an irregular succession of steps equally irregular, with enough literal jumping-off places to relieve any possible monotony attending the promenade. If the growth of the town seems to continue satisfactory, its houses—at least those in or near its central portions—begin gradually to pass through the next stage in their development. During this interesting period, which might be called their chrysalid state, they are twisted and turned, sometimes sawn asunder, parts lopped off here and applied elsewhere, and all those radical changes made which would utterly destroy anything possessed of protean possibilities inferior to those of the common Western frame house. But, as a final result of this treatment and some small additions of new material, at last emerges the shapely and often artistic

cottage, resplendent in paint, and bearing small resemblance to the slab-built barn which forms its framework. If the sometime camp becomes a city—if Auraria grows into a Denver and Fontaine develops into Pueblo—the frame houses will sooner or later share a common fate, that of being mounted on wheels or rollers for a journey suburbward, to make room for the substantial blocks of brick or stone. By this curious process of evolution do most of our Western towns rapidly acquire more or less of a metropolitan appearance.

Pueblo, while not a representative Western town in these respects, yet in its early days presented some curious combinations, most of them growing out of the heterogeneous human mixture that attempted to form a settlement. The famous Green - Russell party, on its way from Georgia to the Pike's Peak country, had passed through Missouri and Kansas in 1858, and there found an element ripe for any daring and adventurous deeds in unknown lands. Many of the border desperadoes, then engaged in that hard-fought prelude to the civil war, found it desirable and expedient to leave a place where their violent deeds became too well known; and these, together with others who hoped to find in a new country relief from the anarchy which reigned at home, fell into the wake of the pioneers. Pueblo received its full share of Kansas outlaws about this time, and, what with those it already contained, even a modicum of peace seemed out of the question. Here, for instance, was found living with the Mexicans by the plaza quarrelsome

fellow named Juan Trujillo, better known by the sobriquet of Juan Chiquito or "Little John," which his diminutive stature had earned for him. This worthy is represented as a constant disturber of the peace, and he met the tragic fate which his reckless life had invited. From being a trusted friend he had incurred the enmity of a noted character named Char-



MEXICAN INTERIOR.

ley Antobeas, than whom, perhaps, no one has had a more varied frontier experience. Coming to the Rocky Mountains in 1836 in the employ of the American Fur Company, he has since served as hunter, trapper, Indian-fighter, guide to several United States exploring expeditions, and spy in the Mexican war as well as in the war of the rebellion. Antobeas still lives on the outskirts of Pueblo, and his scarred and bronzed face, framed by flowing locks of jet-black hair, is familiar to all. The frame that has endured so much is now bent, and health is at last

broken, and about a year since an effort was made by Judge Bradford and others to secure him a pension. But twenty years back he was in his full vigor and able to maintain his own against all odds. Whether or not it is true we cannot say, but certain it is that he is credited with causing the death of Juan Chiquito. An Indian called "Chickey" actually did the deed, lying in ambush for his victim. Perhaps few were sorry at the Mexican's sudden taking off, and in a country where Judge Lynch alone executes the laws the whole transaction was no doubt regarded as eminently proper.

Among those who came to Pueblo with the influx of 1858 were two brothers from Ohio, Josiah and Stephen Smith. Stalwart young men were these, of a different type from the Kansans and Missourians, yet not of the sort to be imposed upon. They were crack rifle-shots, and even then held decided opinions on the Indian question—opinions which subsequent experiences have served to emphasize, but not change. And what with constant troubles with the savages, as well as with the scarcely less intractable Kansans, their first years in the Far West could not be called altogether pleasant. Many a time have their lives been in danger from bands of outlaw immigrants, who, dissatisfied with not finding gold lying about as they had expected, sought to revenge themselves upon the settlers, whom they considered in fault for having led the way. Their personal bravery went far toward bringing to a close this reign of terror and transforming the lawless settlement into a permanent and prosperous town. Still in the prime of life, they look back with pleasure over their most hazardous experiences, for time has softened the dangers and cast over them the glow of romance. And while none are more familiar with everything concerning the early history of Pueblo, it is equally true that none are more ready to gratify an appreciative listener, and the writer is indebted for much that follows to their inimitable recitals.

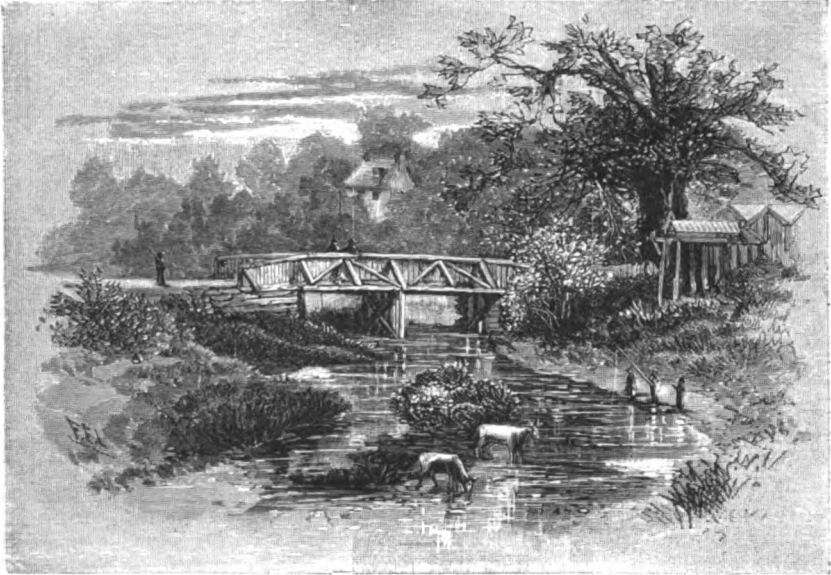
About the first work of any note undertaken in connection with the new town was the building of a bridge across the

Arkansas. This was accomplished in 1860, when a charter was obtained from Kansas and a structure of six spans thrown across the river. It was a toll-bridge, and every crossing team put at least one dollar into the pockets of its owners. But trouble soon overtook the management. While one of the proprietors was in New Mexico, building a mill for Maxwell upon his famous estate, the other was so unfortunate as to kill three men, and was obliged, as Steph Smith felicitously expressed it, to "skip out." Thus the bridge passed into other hands, where it remained till it was partly washed away in 1863. The following little matter of history connected with its palmy days will be best given in the narrator's own words: "We had a blacksmith who misused his wife. The citizens took him down to the bridge, tied a rope around his body and threw him into the river. They kept up their lick until they nearly drowned the poor cuss, then whispered to him to be good to his wife or his time would be short. He took the hint, used his wife well, and everything was lovely. That was the first cold-water cure in Pueblo, and I ain't sure but the last." This incident serves to illustrate the inherent character of American gallantry, for, however wild or in most respects uncivilized men may appear to become under the influence of frontier life, instances are rare in which women are not treated with all the honor and respect due them. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the general sentiment concerning woman is more refined and reverential among the bronzed pioneers at the outposts than under the influence of a higher civilization.

The Arkansas, ever changing its winding course after the manner of prairie-rivers, has long since shifted its bed some distance to the south, leaving only a portion of the old bridge to span what in high water becomes an arm of the river, but which ordinarily serves to convey the water from a neighboring mill. We lean upon its guard-rail while fancy is busy with the past. We picture the prairie-schooners winding around the mesas and through the gap: soon they have come

to the grove by the river-bank ; the horses are picketed and the camp-fire is blazing ; brown children play in the sand while their parents lie stretched out in the shadow of the wagons. They left civilization on the banks of the Missouri more than a month ago, and their eyes are still turned toward those grand old mountain-ranges in the west over which the declining sun is

now pouring its transfiguring sheen. The brightness dazzles the eyes, and the Mexican who rides by on a scarce manageable broncho with nose high in air might be old Juan Chiquito bent upon some murderous errand. But no : the rider has stopped the animal, and is soliciting the peaceful offices of a blacksmith, whose curious little shop, bearing the suggestive



OLD BRIDGE.

name of "Ute," is seen near the bridge. Here bronchos, mules and burros are fitted with massive shoes by this frontier Vulcan and sent rejoicing upon their winding and rocky ways. Our sleepy gaze follows along Santa Fé Avenue, and the eye sees little that is suggestive of a modern Western town. But soon comes noisily along a one-horse street-car, which asserts its just claims to popular notice in consequence of its composing a full half of a system scarce a fortnight old by filling the air with direful screeches as each curve is laboriously described. And later, when the magnificent overland train, twenty-six hours from Kansas City, steams proudly up to the station, fancy can no longer be indulged. The old has become new. The great Plains have been bridged,

and the outposts of but a decade ago become the suburbs of to-day.

Doubtless Old Si Smith now and then indulges in reveries somewhat similar, but his retrospections would be of a minute and personal character. To warm up the average frontiersman, however—and Old Si is no exception—into a style at once luminous and emphatic and embellished with all the richness of the border dialect, it is only necessary to suggest the Indian topic. However phlegmatically he may reel off his yarns, glowing though they be with exciting adventure, it is the red-skins that cause his eyes to flash and his rhetoric to become fervid and impressive. To him the Indian is the embodiment of all that is supremely vile, and hence merits his unmitigated

hatred. Killing Indians is his most delightful occupation, and the next in order is talking about it. His contempt for government methods is unbounded, and the popular Eastern sentiment he holds in almost equal esteem. The Smith brothers have had a varied experience in frontier affairs, in which the Indian has played a prominent part. They hold the Western views, but with less prejudice than is generally found. They argue the case with a degree of fairness, and many of their opinions and deductions are novel and equally just. Said Stephen Smith to the writer: "We've got this thing reduced right down to vulgar fractions, and the Utes have got to go. The mineral lands are worth more to us than the Indians are"—this with a suggestive shrug—"and if the government don't remove them from the reserves, why, we'll have to do it ourselves. There's a great fuss been made about the whites going on the Indian reserves; and what did it all amount to? Maybe fifty or sixty prospectors, all told, have got over the lines, dug a few holes and hurt nobody. But I suppose the Indians always stay where they ought to! I guess not. Some of them are off their reserves half the time, and they go off to murder and kill. Do they ever get punished for that? Not much, except when folks do it on their own account. But let a white man get found on the Indian reserves and there's a great howl. I want a rule that will work both ways, and I don't give much for a government that isn't able to protect me on the Indian reserves the same as anywhere else. Some years ago Indian troubles were reported at Washington, and Sherman was sent out to investigate. Of course they heard he was coming, and all were on their good behavior. They knew where their blankets and ponies and provisions came from. Consequently, Sherman reported everything peaceful: he hadn't seen anybody killed. That's about the kind of information they get in the East on the Indian question.

"Misused? Yes, the Indians have been misused, badly misused. I know that. But who have *they* misused? This

whole country is covered with ruins, and they all go to show that it has been inhabited by a highly-civilized race of people. And what has become of them? I believe the Indians cleaned them out long years ago; and now their turn has come. I find it's a law of Nature"—and here the narrator's tone grew more reverent as if touching upon a higher theme—"that the weak go to the wall. It's a hard law, but I don't see any way out of it. The old Aztecs had to go under, and the Indians will have to follow suit."

Whatever humanitarians and archæologists may conclude concerning these opinions, they are nevertheless extensively held in the Far West. The frontiersman, who sees the Indian only in his native savagery, who has found it necessary to employ a considerable part of his time in keeping out of range of poisoned arrows, and who must needs be always upon the alert lest his family fall a prey to Indian treachery, cannot be expected to hold any ultra-humanitarian views upon the subject. He has not been brought in contact with the several partially-civilized tribes, in whose advancement many see possibilities for the whole race. He cannot understand why the government allows the Indians to roam over enormous tracts of land, rich in minerals they will never extract and containing agricultural possibilities they will never seek to realize. His plan would be to have only the same governmental care exercised over the red man as is now enjoyed by the white, and then look to the law of the survival of the fittest to furnish a solution of the problem. The case seems so clear and the arguments so potent that he looks for some outside reasons for their failure, and very naturally thinks he discovers them in governmental quarters. "There's too many people living off this Indian business for it to be wound up yet a while." Thus does a representative man at the outposts express the sentiment of no inconsiderable class.

Next to the Indian himself, the frontiersman holds in slight esteem the soldiers who are sent for the protection of the border. The objects of his su-

preme hatred still often merit his good opinion for their bravery and fighting qualities, but upon raw Eastern recruits and West-Point fledglings he looks with mild disdain. Having learned the Indian methods by many hard knocks, he doubtless fails to exercise proper charity toward those whose experiences have been less extended; and added to this may be a lurking jealousy—which, however, would be stoutly disclaimed—because the blue uniform is gaining honors and experience more easily and under conditions more favorable than were possible with him in the early days. "They be about the greenest set!" said an old Indian-fighter to whom this subject was broached, "and the sight of an Injun jest about scares 'em to death at first. I never saw any of 'em I was afraid of if I only had any sort of a show. Why, back in '59 I undertook to take a young man back to the States, and we started off in a buggy—a *buggy*, do you mind. When we got down the Arkansas a piece we heard the red-skins was pretty thick, but we went right on, except keeping more of a lookout, you know. But along in the afternoon we saw fifteen or twenty coming for us, and we got ready to give 'em a reception.

SANTA FE AVENUE, FENHIO, COLORADO.



We had a hard chase, but at last they got pretty sick of the way I handled my rifle, and concluded to let us alone for a while. They kept watch of us, though, and meant to get square with us that night. Well, we travelled till dark, stopped just long enough to build a big fire, and then lit out. When those Injuns came for us that night we were some other place, and they lost their grip on that little scalping-bee. They didn't trouble us any more, that's sure. And when we got to the next post there were nigh a hundred teams, six stages and two companies of soldiers, all shivering for fear of the Injuns. It rather took the wind out of 'em to see us come in with that buggy, and they didn't want to believe we had come through. But, like the man's mother-in-law, we were *there*, and they couldn't get out of it. And, sir, maybe you won't believe me, but those soldiers offered me *seventy-five dollars* to go back with them! That's the sort of an outfit the government sends to protect us!"

We have had frequent occasion since our frontier experiences began to ponder the untrammelled opulence of this Western word, *outfit*. From the Mississippi to the Pacific its expansive possibilities are momentarily being tested. There is nothing that lives, breathes or grows, nothing known to the arts or investigated by the sciences—nothing, in short, coming within the range of the Western perception—that cannot with more or less appropriateness be termed an "outfit." A dismal broncho turned adrift in mid-winter to browse on the short stubble of the Plains is an "outfit," and so likewise is the dashing equipage that includes a shining phaeton and richly-caparisoned span. Perhaps by no single method can so comprehensive an idea of the term in question be obtained in a short time, and the proper qualifying adjectives correctly determined, as by simply preparing for a camping-expedition. The horse-trader with whom you have negotiated for a pair of horses or mules congratulates you upon the acquisition of a "boss outfit." When your wagon has been purchased and the mules are duly harnessed in place, you

are further induced to believe that you have a "way-up outfit," though, obviously, this should now be understood to possess a dual significance which did not before obtain, since the wagon represents a component part. The hardware clerk displays a tent and recommends a fly as forming a desirable addition to an even otherwise "swell outfit." The grocer provides you with what he modestly terms a "first-class outfit," albeit his cans of fruits, vegetables and meats are for the delectation of the inner man. Frying-pans and dutch-ovens, camp-stools and trout-scales, receive the same designation. And now comes the crowning triumph of this versatile term, as well as a happy illustration of what might be called its agglutinative and assimilating powers; for when horses and wagon have received their load of tent and equipments, and father, mother and the babies have filled up every available space, this whole establishment, this *omnium gatherum* of outfits, becomes neither more nor less than an "outfit."

The last five years have witnessed a wonderful material progress in the Far West. The mineral wealth discovered in Colorado and New Mexico has caused a great westward-flowing tide to set in. The nation seems to be possessed of a desire to reclaim the waste places and to explore the unknown. Cities that were founded by "fifty-niners," and after a decade seemed to reach the limits of their growth, have started on a new career. And for none of these does the outlook seem brighter than in the case of the city of Pueblo, the old outpost whose early history we have attempted to sketch. Its growth has all along been a gradual one, and its improvements have kept pace with this healthy advance. Its public schools, like those of all Far Western towns which the writer has visited, are model institutions and an honor to the commonwealth. A handsome brick court-house, situated on high ground, is an ornament to the city, and differs widely from that in which Judge Bradford held court eighteen years ago—the first held in the Territory, and that, too, under military protection. Pueblo's wealth is large-

ly derived from the stock-raising business, the surrounding country being well adapted to cattle and sheep. The *rancheros* ride the Plains the year round, and the cattle flourish upon the food which Nature provides—in the summer the fresh grass, and in the winter the same converted into hay which has been cured upon the ground. An important railway-centre is Pueblo, and iron highways radiate from it to the four cardinal points. These advantages of location should procure it a large share of the flood of prosperity that is sweeping over the State. But enterprises are now in progress which cannot fail to add materially to its importance as a factor in the development of the country. On the highest lift of the mesa south of the town, and in a most commanding position, it has been decided to locate a blast-furnace which shall have no neighbor within a radius of five hundred miles. With iron ore of finest quality easily accessible in the neighboring mountains, and coal-fields of unlimited extent likewise within easy reach, the production of iron in the Rocky Mountains has only waited for the growth of a demand. This the advancement and prosperity of the State have now well assured. Many kindred industries will spring up around the furnace, the Bessemer steel-works and the rail-mills that are now projected; and a few years will suffice to transform the level mesa, upon which for untold centuries the cactus and the yucca-lily have bloomed undisturbed, into a thriving manufacturing city whose pulse shall be the throb of steam through iron arms. The onlooking mountains, that have seen strange sights about this old outpost, are to see a still stranger—the ushering-in of a new civilization which now begins its march into the land of the Aztecs.

Perhaps these thoughts were occupying our minds as we climbed the bluffs for a visit to this incipient Pittsburg. The equipage did no credit to the financial status of the iron company, as it consisted of a superannuated express-wagon drawn by a dyspeptic white horse which the boy who officiated as driver found no difficulty in restraining. Two gen-

tlemen in charge of the constructions, their visitor and two kegs of nails comprised this precious load. The day was cloudless and fine, albeit a Colorado "zephyr" was blowing, and the party, with perhaps the single exception of the horse, felt in fine spirits. The jolly superintendent, who both in face and mien



OLD SI SMITH.

reminded one of the typical German nobleman, was overflowing with story, joke and witty repartee. The site of the works was reached in the course of time. Excavations were in progress for the blast-furnace and accessory buildings, and developed a strange formation. The entire mesa seems built up of boulders packed together with a sort of alkali clay, dry and hard as stone, and looking, as our *distingué* guide remarked, as though not a drop of water had penetrated five feet from the surface since the time of the Flood. Two blast-furnaces, each with a capacity of five hundred tons, will be speedily built, to be followed by rail-

mills, a Bessemer steel-plant and all the accessories of vast iron- and steel-works. With the patronage of several thousand miles of railway already assured, and its duplication in the near future apparently beyond doubt, the success of this daring frontier enterprise seems far removed from the domain of conjecture.

All this was glowingly set forth by the courtly superintendent, who, though but three months in the country, is already at heart a Coloradan. That there are some things about frontier life which he likes better than others he is free to admit. Among the few matters he would have otherwise he gives the first place to the tough "range" or "snow-fed" beef upon which the dwellers in this favored land must needs subsist. "I heard a story once," said he, "about a young man, a tenderfoot, who, after long wondering what made the beef so fearfully tough, at length arrived at the solution, as he thought, and that quite by accident. He was riding out with a friend, an old resident, when they chanced to come upon a bunch of cattle. The young man's attention seemed to be attracted, and as the idea began to dawn upon him he faced his companion, and, pointing to an animal which bore the brand "B. C. 45," savagely exclaimed, 'Look there! How can you expect those antediluvians to be anything but tough? Why don't you kill your cattle before they get two or three times as old as Methuselah?'"

We took a long ride that afternoon under a peerless sky, with blue mountain-ranges on one hand, whose ridges, covered with snow, seemed like folds of satin, and on the other the great billowy Plains, bare and brown and smooth as a carpet. The white horse, relieved of the kegs of nails, really performed prodigies of travel, all the more appreciated because unexpected. A stone-quarry for which we were searching was not found, but a teamster was, who, while everything solemnly stood still and waited, and amid the agonies of an indescribable stut-ter, finally managed to enlighten us somewhat as to its whereabouts. These adventures served to put us in excellent humor, so that when the road was found

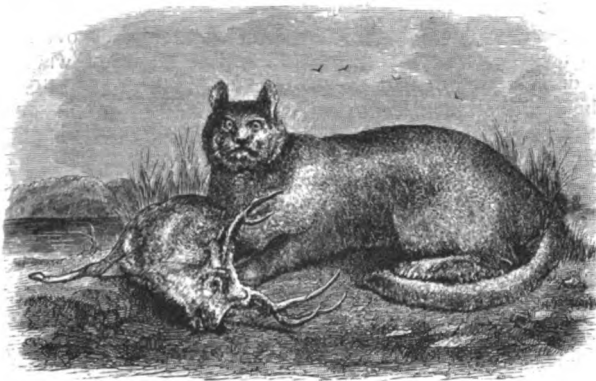
barricaded by a barbed wire fence, it only served to give one of the party an opportunity to air his views upon the subject—to argue, in fact, that the barbed wire fence had been an important factor in building up the agricultural greatness of the West. "For what inducements," he exclaims, "does the top rail of such a fence offer to the contemplative farmer? None, sir! His traditional laziness has been broken up, and great material prosperity is the result."

Whatever causes have operated to produce the effect, certain it is that the West is eminently prosperous to-day. Everywhere are seen growth, enterprise and an aggressiveness that stops at no obstacles. Immigration is pouring into Colorado alone at the rate of several thousands per week. The government lands are being rapidly taken up, and the stable industries of stock-raising and farming correspondingly extended. Manufacturing, too, is acquiring a foothold, and many of the necessities of life, which now must be obtained in the East, will soon be produced at home. The mountains are revealing untold treasures of silver and gold, and the possibilities which may lie hid in the yet unexplored regions act as a stimulus to crowds of hopeful prospectors. But while Colorado is receiving her full share of the influx, a tide seems to be setting in toward the old empire of the Aztecs, and flowing through the natural gateway, our old Rocky-Mountain outpost. It is beginning to be found out that the legends of fabulous wealth which have come down to us from the olden time have much of truth in them, and mines that were worked successively by Franciscan monks, Pueblo Indians, Jesuit priests and Mexicans, and had suffered filling up and obliteration with every change of proprietorship, are now being reopened; and that, too, under a new dispensation which will ensure prosperity to the enterprise. Spaniard and priest have long since abandoned their claim to the rich possessions, and their doubtful sway, ever upon the verge of revolution and offering no incentive to enterprise, has given place to one of a different character. Under the protection of

beneficent and fostering laws this oldest portion of our Union may now be expected to reveal its wealth of resources to energy and intelligent labor. And it may confidently be predicted that American enterprise will not halt till it has built up the waste places of our land, and in this case literally made the desert to blossom as the rose. Thus gloriously does our new civilization reclaim the errors of the past, building upon ancient ruins the enlightened institutions of to-day, and grafting fresh vigor upon effete races and na-

tionalities. And now, at last, the Spanish Peaks, those mighty ancient sentinels whose twin spires, like eyes, have watched the slow rise and fall of stately but tottering dynasties in the long ago, are to look out upon a different scene—a new race come in the might of its freedom and with almost the glory of a conquering host to redeem a waiting land from the outcome of centuries of avacious and bigoted misrule, and even from the thralldom of decay.

GEORGE REX BUCKMAN.



LOST.

I.

I LOST my treasures one by one,
 Those joys the world holds dear:
 Smiling I said, "To-morrow's sun
 Will bring us better cheer."
 For faith and love were one. Glad faith!
 All loss is naught save loss of faith.

II.

My truant joys come trooping back,
 And trooping friends no less;
 But tears fall fast to meet the lack
 Of dearer happiness.
 For faith and love are two. Sad faith!
 'Tis loss indeed, the loss of faith.

MARY B. DODGE.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM the day on which Adam knew that the date of Jerrem's trial was fixed all the hope which the sight of Eve had rekindled was again completely extinguished, and, refusing every attempt at consolation, he threw himself into an abyss of despair a hundred-fold more dark and bitter than before. The thought that he, captain and leader as he had been, should stand in court confronted by his comrades and neighbors (for Adam, ignorant of the disasters which had overtaken them, believed half Polperro to be on their way to London), and there swear away Jerrem's life and turn informer, was something too terrible to be dwelt on with even outward tranquillity, and, abandoning everything which had hitherto sustained him, he gave himself up to all the terrors of remorse and despair. It was in vain for Reuben to reason or for Eve to plead: so long as they could suggest no means by which this dreaded ordeal could be averted Adam was deaf to all hope of consolation. There was but one subject which interested him, and only on one subject could he be got to speak, and that was the chances there still remained of Jerrem's life being spared; and to furnish him with some food for this hope, Eve began to loiter at the gates, talk to the warders and the turnkeys, and mingle with the many groups who on some business or pretext were always assembled about the yard or stood idling in the various passages with which the prison was intersected.

One morning it came to her mind, How would it be for Adam to escape, and so not be there to prove the accusation he had made of Jerrem having shot the man? With scarce more thought than she had bestowed on many another passing suggestion which seemed for the moment practical and solid, but as she turned it round lost shape and floated into air, Eve made the suggestion, and to her surprise found it seized on by Adam as

an inspiration. Why, he'd risk *all* so that he escaped being set face to face with Jerrem and his former mates. Adam had but to be assured the strain would not be more than Eve's strength could bear before he had adopted with joy her bare suggestion, clothed it with possibility, and by it seemed to regain all his past energy. Could he but get away and Jerrem's life be spared, all hope of happiness would not be over. In some of those distant lands to which people were then beginning to go life might begin afresh. And as his thoughts found utterance in speech he held out his hand to Eve, and in it she laid her own; and Adam needed nothing more to tell him that whither he went there Eve too would go. There was no need for vows and protestations now between these two, for, though to each the other's heart lay bare, a word of love scarce ever crossed their lips. Life seemed too sad and time too precious to be whiled away in pleasant speeches, and often when together, burdened by the weight of all they had to say, yet could not talk about, the two would sit for hours and neither speak a word. But with this proposition of escape a new channel was given to them, and as they discussed their different plans the dreadful shadow which at times had hung between them was rolled away and lifted out of sight.

Inspired by the prospect of action, of doing something, Adam roused himself to master all the difficulties: his old foresight and caution began to revive, and the project, which had on one day looked like a desperate extremity, grew by the end of a week into a well-arranged plan whose success seemed more than possible. Filled with anxiety for Eve, Reuben gave no hearty sanction to the experiment: besides which, he felt certain that now neither Adam's absence nor presence would in any way affect Jerrem's fate; added to which, if the matter was detected it might go hard

with Adam himself. But his arguments proved nothing to Eve, who, confident of success, only demanded from him the promise of secrecy; after which, she thought, as some questions might be put to him, the less he knew the less he would have to conceal.

Although a prisoner, inasmuch as liberty was denied to him, Adam was in no way subjected to that strict surveillance to which those who had broken the law were supposed to be submitted. It was of his own free will that he disregarded the various privileges which lay open to him: others in his place would have frequented the passages, hung about the yards and grown familiar with the tap, where spirits were openly bought and sold. Money could do much in those days of lax discipline, and the man who could pay and could give need have very few wants unsatisfied. But Adam's only desire was to be left undisturbed and alone; and as this entailed no undue amount of trouble after their first curiosity had been satisfied, it was not thought necessary to deny him this privilege. From constantly going in and out, most of the officials inside the prison knew Eve, while to but very few was Adam's face familiar; and it was on this fact, aided by the knowledge that through favor of a gratuity friends were frequently permitted to outstay their usual hour, that most of their hopes rested. Each day she came Eve brought some portion of the disguise which was to be adopted; and then, having learnt from Reuben that the Mary Jane had arrived and was lying at the wharf unloading, not knowing what better to do, they decided that she should go to Captain Triggs and ask him, in case Adam could get away, whether he would let him come on board his vessel and give him shelter there below.

"Wa-al, no," said Triggs, "I woan't do that, 'cos they as I'se got here might smell un out; but I'll tell 'ee what: I knaws a chap as has in many ways bin beholden to me 'fore now, and I reckon if I gives un the cue he'll do the job for 'ee."

"But do you think he's to be trusted?" Eve asked.

"Wa-al, that rests on how small a part you'm foaced to tell un of," said Triggs, "and how much you makes it warth his while. I'm blamed if I'd go bail for un myself, but that won't be no odds agen' Adam's goin': 'tis just the place for he. 'T 'ud niver do to car'y a pitch-pot down and set un in the midst o' they who couldn't bide his stink."

"And the crew?" said Eve, wincing under Captain Triggs's figurative language.

"Awh, the crew's right enuf—a set o' gashly, smudge-faced raskils that's near half Maltee and t' other Lascar Injuns. Any jail-bird that flies their way 'ull find they's all of a feather. But here," he added, puzzled by the event: "how's this that you'm still mixed up with Adam so? I thought 'twas all 'long o' you and Reuben May that the Lottery's landin' got blowed about?"

Eve shook her head. "Be sure," she said, "'twas never in me to do Adam any harm."

"And you'm goin' to stick to un now through thick and thin? 'Twill niver do for un, ye know, to set his foot on Cornish ground agen."

"He knows that," said Eve; "and if he gets away we shall be married and go across the seas to some new part, where no one can tell what brought us from our home."

Triggs gave a significant nod. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "but that's a poor lookout for such a bowerly maid as you be! Wouldn't it be better for 'ee to stick by yer friends 'bout here than—"

"I haven't got any friends," interrupted Eve promptly, "excepting it's Adam and Joan and Uncle Zebedee."

"Ah, poor old Zebedee!" sighed Triggs: "'tis all dickey with he. The day I started I see Sammy Tucker to Fowey, and he was tellin' that th' ole chap was gone reg'lar tottlin'-like, and can't tell thickee fra that; and as for Joan Hocken, he says you wouldn't know her for the same. And they's tooked poor foolish Jonathan, as is more mazed than iver, to live with 'em; and Mrs. Tucker, as used to haggle with everybody so, tends on 'em all hand

and foot, and her's given up praichin' 'bout religion and that, and 's turned quite neighborly, and, so long as her can save her daughter, thinks nothin's too hot nor too heavy."

"Dear Joan!" sighed Eve; "she's started by the coach on her way up here now."

"Whether she hath or no!" exclaimed Triggs in surprise. "Then take my word they's heerd that Jerrem's to be hanged, and Joan's comin' up to be all ready to hand for 't."

"No, not that," groaned Eve, for at the mere mention of the word the vague dread seemed to shape itself into a certainty. "Oh, Captain Triggs, don't say that if Adam gets off you don't think Jerrem's life will be spared."

"Wa-al, my poor maid, us must hope so," said the compassionate captain; "but 'tis the warst o' they doin's that sooner or later th' endin, of 'em must come. 'Twould never do to let 'em prosper allays," he added with impressive certainty, "or where 'ud be the use o' parsons praichin' up 'bout heaven and hell? Why, now, us likes good liquor cheap to Fowey, and wance 'pon a time us had it too, but that ha'n't bin for twenty year. Our day's gone by, and so 'ull theirs be now; and th' excise 'ull come, and revenoos 'ull settle down, and folks be foaced to take to lousterin' for the bit o' bread they ates, and live quiet and panceable, as good neighbors should. So try and take heart; and if so be that Adam can give they Bailey chaps the go-by, tell un to come 'longs here, and us 'ull be odds with any o' they that happens to be follerin' to his heels."

Charmed with this friendly promise, Eve said "Good-bye," leaving the captain puzzled with speculations on women and the many curious contradictions which seem to influence their actions; while, the hour being now too late to return to the prison, she took her way to her own room, thinking it best to begin the preparations which in case of Adam's escape and any sudden departure it would be necessary to have completed.

Perhaps it was her interview with Captain Triggs, the sight of the wharf and

the ships, which took her thoughts back and made them bridge the gulf which divided her past life from her present self. Could the girl she saw in that shadowy past—headstrong, confident, impatient of suffering and unsympathetic with sorrow—be this same Eve who walked along with all hope and thought of self merged in another's happiness and welfare? Where was the vanity, where were the tricks and coquetries, passports to that ideal existence after which in the old days she had so thirsted? Trampled out of sight and choked beneath the fair blossoms of a higher life, which, as in many a human nature, had needed sorrow, humiliation and a great watering of tears before there could spring forth the flowers for a fruit which should one day ripen into great perfection.

No wonder, then, that she should be shaken by a doubt of her own identity; and having reached her room she paused upon the threshold and looked around as if to satisfy herself by all those silent witnesses which made it truth. There was the chair in which she had so often sat plying her needle with such tardy grace while her impatient thoughts did battle with the humdrum, narrow life she led. How she had beat against the fate which seemed to promise naught but that dull round of commonplace events in which her early years had passed away! How as a gall and fret had come the thought of Reuben's proffered love, because it shadowed forth the level of respectable routine, the life she then most dreaded! To be courted and sought after, to call forth love, jealousy and despair, to be looked up to, thought well of, praised, admired,—these were the delights she had craved and these the longings she had had granted. And a sigh from the depths of that chastened heart rendered the bitter tribute paid by all to satiated vanity and outlived desire. The dingy walls, the ill-assorted furniture (her mother's pride in which had sometimes vexed her, sometimes made her laugh) now looked like childhood's friends, whose faces stamp themselves upon our inmost hearts. The light no longer seemed obscure, the room no longer gloomy,

for each thing in it now was flooded by the tender light of memory—that wondrous gift to man which those who only sail along life's summer sea can never know in all the heights and depths revealed to storm-tossed hearts.

"What! you've come back?" a voice said in her ear; and looking round Eve saw it was Reuben, who had entered unperceived. "There's nothing fresh gone wrong?" he asked.

"No, nothing;" but the sad smile she tried to give him welcome with was so akin to tears that Reuben's face assumed a look of doubt. "'Tis only that I'm thinking how I'm changed from what I was," said Eve. "Why, once I couldn't bear this room and all the things about it; but now— Oh, Reuben, my heart seems like to break because perhaps 'twill soon now come to saying good-bye to all of it for ever."

Reuben winced: "You're fixed to go, then?"

"Yes, where Adam goes I shall go too: don't you think I should? What else is left for me to do?"

"You feel, then, you'd be happy—off with him—away from all and—everybody else?"

"Happy! Should I be happy to know he'd gone alone—happy to know I'd driven him away to some place where I wouldn't go myself?" and Eve paused, shaking her head before she added, "If he can make another start in life—try and begin again—"

"You ought to help him to it," said Reuben promptly: "that's very plain to see. Oh, Eve, do you mind the times when you and me have talked of what we'd like to do—how, never satisfied with what went on around, we wanted to be altogether such as some of those we'd heard and read about? The way seems almost opened up to you, but what shall I do when all this is over and you are gone away? I can't go back and stick to trade again, working for nothing more but putting victuals in myself."

For a moment Eve did not speak: then, with a sudden movement, she turned, saying to Reuben, "There's something that before our lives are at any mo-

ment parted I've wanted to say to you, Reuben. 'Tis that until now, this time while we've been all together here, I've never known what your worth is—what you would be to any one who'd got the heart to value what you'd give. Of late it has often seemed that I should think but very small of one who'd had the chance of your liking and yet didn't know the proper value of such goodness."

Reuben gave a look of disavowal, and Eve continued, adding with a little hesitation, "You mustn't think it strange in me for saying this. I couldn't tell you if you didn't know how everything lies between Adam and myself; but ever since this trouble's come about all my thoughts seem changed, and people look quite different now to what they did before; and, most of all, I've learnt to know the friend I've got, and always had, in you, Reuben."

Reuben did not answer for a moment. He seemed struggling to keep back something he was yet prompted to speak of. "Eve," he said at length, "don't think that I've not made mistakes, and great ones too. When first I fought to battle down my leaning toward you, why was it? Not because of doubting that 'twould ever be returned, but 'cos I held myself too good a chap in all my thoughts and ways to be taken up with such a butterfly concern as I took you to be. I'd never have believed then that you'd have acted as I've seen you act. I thought that love with you meant who could give you the finest clothes to wear and let you rule the roast the easiest; but you have shown me that you are made of better woman's stuff than that. And, after all, a man thinks better of himself for mounting high than stooping to pick up what can be had for asking any day."

"No, no, Reuben: your good opinion is more than I deserve," said Eve, her memory stinging her with past recollections. "If you want to see a dear, kind-hearted, unselfish girl, wait until Joan comes. I do so hope that you will take to her! I think you will, after what you've been to Jerrem and to Adam. I want you and Joan to like each other."

"I don't think there's much fear of that," said Reuben. "Jerrem's spoke so freely about Joan that I seem to know her before ever having seen her. Let me see: her mind was at one time set on Adam, wasn't it?"

"I think that she was very fond of Adam," said Eve, coloring: "and, so far as that goes, I don't know that there is any difference now. I'm sure she'd lay her life down if it would do him good."

"Poor soul!" sighed Reuben, drawn by a friendly feeling to sympathize with Joan's unlucky love. "Her cup's been full, and no mistake, of late."

"Did Jerrem seem to feel it much that Uncle Zebedee 'd been took so strange?" asked Eve.

"I didn't tell him more than I could help," said Reuben. "As much as possible I made it out to him that for the old man to come to London wouldn't be safe, and the fear of that seemed to pacify him at once."

"I haven't spoken of it to Adam yet," said Eve. "He hasn't asked about his coming, so I thought I'd leave the telling till another time. His mind seems set on nothing but getting off, and by it setting Jerrem free."

But Reuben made no rejoinder to the questioning tone of Eve's words, and after a few minutes' pause he waived the subject by reverting to the description which Eve had given of Joan, so that, in case he had to meet her alone, he might recognize her without difficulty. Eve repeated the description, dwelling with loving preciseness on the various features and points by which Joan might be known; and then Reuben, having some work to do, got up to say good-bye.

"Good-bye," said Eve, holding out her hand—"good-bye. Every time I say it now I seem to wonder if 'tis to be good-bye indeed."

"Why, no: in any way, you'd wait until the trial was over?"

"Yes, I forgot: of course we should."

"Well, then, do you think I'd let you go without a word? Ah, Eve, no! Whatever others are, nobody's yet pushed you from your place, nor ever will so long as my life lasts."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT length the dreaded day was over, the trial was at an end, and, in spite of every effort made, Jerrem condemned to die. The hopes raised by the knowledge of Adam's escape seemed crowned with success when, to the court's dismay, it was announced that the prisoner's accuser could not be produced: he had mysteriously disappeared the evening before, and in spite of a most vigorous search was nowhere to be found. But, with minds already resolved to make this hardened smuggler's fate a warning and example to all such as should henceforth dare the law, one of the cutter's crew, wrought upon by the fear lest Jerrem should escape and baffle the vengeance they had vowed to take, was got to swear that Jerrem was the man who fired the fatal shot; and though it was shown that the night was dark and recognition next to impossible, this evidence was held conclusive to prove the crime, and nothing now remained but to condemn the culprit. The judge's words came slowly forth, making the stoutest there shrink back and let that arrow from the bow of death glance by and set its mark on him upon whose face the crowd now turned to gaze.

"Can it be that he is stunned? or is he hardened?"

For Jerrem stands all unmoved and calm while, dulled by the sound of rushing waters, the words the judge has said come booming back and back again. A sickly tremor creeps through every limb and makes it nerveless; a sense of growing weight presses the flesh down as a burden on the fainting spirit; one instant a thousand faces, crowding close, keep out the air; the next, they have all receded out of sight back into misty space, and he is left alone, with all around faded and grown confused and all beneath him slipping and giving way. Suddenly a sound rouses him back to life: a voice has smote his ear and cleaved his inmost soul; and lifting his head his eyes are met by sight of Joan, who with a piercing shriek has fallen back, deathlike and pale, in Reuben's outstretched arms.

Then Jerrem knows that hope is past and he must die, and in one flash his fate,

in all its misery and shame, stands out before him, and reeling he totters, to sink down senseless and be carried off to that dismal cell allotted to those condemned to death; while Reuben, as best he can, manages to get Joan out of court and into the open air, where she gradually comes back to life again and is able to listen to such poor comfort as Reuben's sad heart can find to give her. For by reason of those eventful circumstances which serve to cement friendships by suddenly overthrowing the barriers time must otherwise gradually wear away, Reuben May and Joan Hocken have (in the week which has intervened between her arrival and this day of trial) become more intimate and thoroughly acquainted than if in an ordinary way they had known each other for years. A stranger in a large city, with not one familiar face to greet her, who does not know the terrible feeling of desolation which made poor Joan hurry through the crowded streets, shrinking away from their bustle and throng toward Reuben, the one person she had to turn to for sympathy, advice, assistance and consolation? With that spirit of perfect trust which her own large heart gave her the certain assurance of receiving, Joan placed implicit reliance in all Reuben said and did; and seeing this, and receiving an inward satisfaction from the sight, Reuben involuntarily slipped into a familiarity of speech and manner very opposed to the stiff reserve he usually maintained toward strangers.

Ten days were given before the day on which Jerrem was to die, and during this time, through the various interests raised in his behalf, no restriction was put upon the intercourse between him and his friends; so that, abandoning everything for the poor soul's welfare, Reuben, Joan and Jerrem spent hour after hour in the closest intercourse. Happily, in times of great extremity the power of realizing our exact situation is mostly denied to us; and in the case of Joan and Jerrem, although surrounded by the terrors and within the outposts of that dreaded end, it was nothing unfrequent to hear a sudden peal of laughter, which often would have as sudden an end in a great burst of tears.

To point to hopes and joys beyond the grave when every thought is centred and fixed on this life's interests and keen anxieties is but a fruitless, vain endeavor; and Reuben had to try and rest contented in the assurance of Jerrem's perfect forgiveness and good-will to all who had shown him any malice or ill-feeling—to draw some satisfaction from the unselfish love he showed to Joan and the deep gratitude he now expressed to Uncle Zeb-
edee.

What would become of them? he often asked when some word of Joan's revealed the altered aspect of their affairs; and then, overcome by the helplessness of their forlorn condition, he would entreat Reuben to stand by them—not to forget Joan, not to forsake her. And Reuben, strangely moved by sight of this poor giddy nature's overwrought emotion, would try to calm him with the ready assurance that while he lived Joan should never want a friend, and, touched by his words, the two would clasp his hands together, telling each other of all the kindness he had showed them, praying God would pay him back in blessings for his goodness. Nor were theirs the only lips which spoke of gratitude to Reuben May: his name had now become familiar to many who through his means were kept from being ignorant of the sad fate which awaited their boon companion, their prime favorite, the once madcap, rollicking Jerrem—the last one, as Joan often told Reuben, whom any in Polperro would have fixed on for evil to pursue or misfortune to overtake, and about whom all declared there must have been "a hitch in the block somewhere, as Fate never intended that ill-luck should pitch upon Jerrem." The repetition of their astonishment, their indignation and their sympathy afforded the poor fellow the most visible satisfaction, harassed as he was becoming by one dread which entirely swallowed up the thought and fear of death. This ghastly terror was the then usual consignment of a body after death to the surgeons for dissection; and the uncontrollable trepidation which would take possession of him each time this hideous recollection forced itself upon

him, although unaccountable to Reuben, was most painful for him to witness. What difference could it make what became of one's body after death? Reuben would ask himself, puzzled to fathom that wonderful tenderness which some natures feel for the flesh which embodies their attractions. But Jerrem had felt a passing love for his own dear body: vanity of it had been his ruling passion, its comeliness his great glory—so much so that even now a positive satisfaction would have been his could he have pictured himself outstretched and lifeless, with lookers-on moved to compassion by the dead grace of his winsome face and slender limbs. Joan, too, was caught by the same infection. Not to lie whole and decent in one's coffin! Oh, it was an indignity too terrible for contemplation; and every time they were away from Jerrem she would beset Reuben with entreaties and questions as to what could be done to avoid the catastrophe.

The one plan he knew of had been tried—and tried, too, with repeated success—and this was the engaging of a superior force to wrest the body from the surgeon's crew, a set of sturdy miscreants with whom to do battle a considerable mob was needed; but, with money grown very scarce and time so short, the thing could not be managed, and Reuben tried to tell Joan of its impossibility while they two were walking to a place in which it had been agreed they should find some one with a message from Eve, who, together with Adam, was in hiding on board the vessel Captain Triggs had spoken of. But instead of the messenger Eve herself arrived, having ventured this much with the hope of hearing something that would lessen Adam's despair and grief at learning the fate of Jerrem.

"Ah, poor sawl!" sighed Joan as Eve ended her dismal account of Adam's sad condition: "'tis only what I feared to hear of. But tell un, Eve, to lay it to his heart that Jerrem's forgiven un every bit, and don't know what it is to hold a grudge to Adam; and if I speak of un, he says, 'Why, doan't I know it ain't through he, but 'cos o' my own headstrong ways and

they sneaks o' revenoo-chaps?' who falsely swore away his blessed life."

"Does he seem to dread it much?" asked Eve, the sickly fears which filled her heart echoed in each whispered word.

"Not *that* he don't," said Joan, lifting her hand significantly to her throat: "'tis after. Oh, Eve," she gasped, "ain't it too awful to think of their cuttin' up his poor dead body into bits? Call theyselves doctors!" she burst out—"the gashly lot! I'll never let wan o' their name come nighst to me agen."

"Oh, Reuben," gasped Eve, "is it so? Can nothing be done?"

Reuben shook his head.

"Nothing now," said Joan—"for want o' money, too, mostly, Eve; and the guineas I've a-wasted! Oh, how the sight o' every one rises and chinks in judgment 'gainst my ears!"

"If we'd got the money," said Reuben soothingly, "there isn't time. All should be settled by to-morrow night; and if some one this minute brought the wherewithal I haven't one 'pon whom I dare to lay my hand to ask to undertake the job."

"Then 'tis no use harpin' 'pon it any more," said Joan; while Eve gave a sigh, concurring in what she said, both of them knowing well that if Reuben gave it up the thing must be hopeless indeed.

Here was another stab for Adam's wounded senses, and with a heavy heart and step Eve took her way back to him, while Reuben and Joan continued to thread the streets which took them by a circuitous road home to Knight's Passage.

But no sooner had Eve told Adam of this fresh burden laid on poor Jerrem than a new hope seemed to animate him. Something was still to be done: there yet remained an atonement which, though it cost him his life, he could strive to make to Jerrem. Throwing aside the fear of detection which had hitherto kept him skulking within the little vessel, he set off that night to find the Mary Jane, and, regardless of the terrible shame which had filled him at the bare thought of confronting Triggs or any of his crew,

he cast himself upon their mercy, beseeching them as men, and Cornishmen, to do this much for their brother-sailor in his sad need and last extremity; and his appeal and the nature of it had so touched these quickly-stirred hearts that, forgetful of the contempt and scorn with which, in the light of an informer, they had hitherto viewed Adam, they had one and all sworn to aid him to their utmost strength, and to bring to the rescue certain others of whom they knew, by whose help and assistance success would be more probable. Therefore it was that, two days before the morning of his sentenced death, Eve was able to put into Reuben's hand a scrap of paper on which was written Adam's vow to Jerrem that, though his own life paid the forfeit for it, Jerrem's body should be rescued and saved.

Present as Jerrem's fears had been to Reuben's eyes and to his mind, until he saw the transport of agitated joy which this assurance gave to Jerrem he had never grasped a tithe of the terrible dread which during the last few days had taken such complete hold of the poor fellow's inmost thoughts. Now, as he read again and again the words which Adam had written, a torrent of tears burst forth from his eyes: in an ecstasy of relief he caught Joan to his heart, wrung Reuben's hand, and from that moment began to gradually compose himself into a state of greater ease and seeming tranquillity. Confident, through the unbroken trust of years, that Adam's promise, once given, might be implicitly relied on, Jerrem needed no further assurance than these few written words to satisfy him that every human effort would be made on his behalf; and the knowledge of this, and that old comrades would be near, waiting to unite their strength for his body's rescue, was in itself a balm and consolation. He grew quite loquacious about the crestfallen authorities, the surprise of the crowd and the disappointment of the ruffianly mob deprived of their certain prey; while the two who listened sat with a tightening grip upon their hearts, for when these things should come to be the life of him who spoke them would have passed away, and the

immortal soul have flown from out that perishable husk on which his last vain thoughts were still being centred.

Poor Joan! The time had yet to come when she would spend herself with many a sad regret and sharp upbraiding that this and that had not been said and done; but now, her spirit swallowed up in desolation and sunk beneath the burden of despair, she sat all silent close by Jerrem's side, covering his hands with many a mute caress, yet never daring to lift up her eyes to look into his face without a burst of grief sweeping across to shake her like a reed. Jerrem could eat and drink, but Joan's lips never tasted food. A fever seemed to burn within and fill her with its restless torment: the beatings of her throbbing heart turned her first hot, then cold, as each pulse said the time to part was hurrying to its end.

By Jerrem's wish, Joan was not told that on the morning of his death to Reuben alone admittance to him had been granted: therefore when the eve of that morrow came, and the time to say farewell actually arrived, the girl was spared the knowledge that this parting was more than the shadow of that last good-bye which so soon would have to be said for ever. Still, the sudden change in Jerrem's face pierced her afresh and broke down that last barrier of control over a grief she could subdue no longer. In vain the turnkeys warned them that time was up and Joan must go. Reuben entreated too that they should say good-bye: the two but clung together in more desperate necessity, until Reuben, seeing that further force would be required, stepped forward, and stretching out his hand found it caught at by Jerrem and held at once with Joan's, while in words from which all strength of tone seemed to die away Jerrem whispered, "Reuben, if ever it could come to pass that when I'm gone you and she might find it some day in your minds to stand together—*one*—say 'twas the thing he wished for most before he went." Then, with a feeble effort to push her into Reuben's arms, he caught her back, and straining her close to his heart again cried out, "Oh, Joan, but death comes bitter when

it means good-bye to such as you!" Another cry, a closer strain, then Jerrem's arms relax; his hold gives way, and Joan falls staggering back; the door is opened—shut; the struggle is past, and ere their sad voices can come echoing back Jerrem and Joan have looked their last in life.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN Reuben found that to be a witness of Jerrem's death Joan must take her stand among the lawless mob who made holiday of such sad scenes as this, his decision was that the idea was untenable. Jerrem too had a strong desire that Joan should not see him die; and although his avoidance of anything that directly touched upon that dreaded moment had kept him from openly naming his wishes, the hints dropped satisfied Reuben that the knowledge of her absence would be a matter of relief to him. But how get Joan to listen to his scruples when her whole mind was set on keeping by Jerrem's side until hope was past and life was over?

"Couldn't 'ee get her to take sommat that her wouldn't sleep off till 'twas late?" Jerrem had said after Reuben had told him that the next morning he must come alone; and the suggestion made was seized on at once by Reuben, who, under pretence of getting something to steady her shaken nerves, procured from the apothecary near a simple draught, which Joan in good faith swallowed. And then, Reuben having promised in case she fell asleep to awaken her at the appointed hour, the poor soul, worn out by sorrow and fatigue, threw herself down, dressed as she was, upon the bed, and soon was in a heavy sleep, from which she did not rouse until well into the following day, when some one moving in the room made her start up. For a moment she seemed dazed: then, rubbing her eyes as if to clear away those happy visions which had come to her in sleep, she gazed about until Reuben, who had at first drawn back, came forward to speak to her. "Why, Reuben," she cried, "how's this? Have I been dreamin', or

what? The daylight's come, and, see, the sun!"

And here she stopped, her parched mouth half unclosed, as fears came crowding thick upon her mind, choking her further utterance. One look at Reuben's face had told the tale; and though she did not speak again, the ashen hue that overspread and drove all color from her cheeks proclaimed to him that she had guessed the truth.

"'Twas best, my dear," he said, "that you should sleep while he went to his rest."

But the unlooked-for shock had been too great a strain on body and mind, alike overtaxed and weak, and, falling back, Joan lay for hours as one unconscious and devoid of life. And Reuben sat silent by her side, paying no heed as hour by hour went by, till night had come and all around was dark: then some one came softly up the stairs and crept into the room, and Eve's whispered "Reuben!" broke the spell.

Yes, all had gone well. The body, rescued and safe, was now placed within a house near to the churchyard in which Eve's mother lay: there it was to be buried. And there, the next day, the commonplace event of one among many funerals being over, the four thus linked by fate were brought together, and Adam and Joan again stood face to face. Heightened by the disguise which in order to avoid detection he was obliged to adopt, the alteration in Adam was so complete that Joan stood aghast before this seeming stranger, while a fresh smart came into Adam's open wounds as he gazed upon the changed face of the once comely Joan.

A terrible barrier—such as, until felt, they had never dreaded—seemed to have sprung up to separate and divide these two. Involuntarily they shrank at each other's touch and quailed beneath each other's gaze, while each turned with a feeling of relief to him and to her who now constituted their individual refuge and support. Yes, strange as it seemed to Adam and unaccountable to Joan, *she* clung to Reuben, *he* to Eve, before whom each could be natural and unrestrained,

while between their present selves a great gulf had opened out which naught but time or distance could bridge over.

So Adam went back to his hiding-place, Reuben to his shop, and Joan and Eve to the old home in Knight's Passage, as much lost amid the crowd of thronged London as if they had already taken refuge in that far-off land which had now become the goal of Adam's thoughts and keen desires. Eve, too, fearing some fresh disaster, was equally anxious for their departure, and most of Reuben's spare time was swallowed up in making the necessary arrangements. A passage in his name for himself and his wife was secured in a ship about to start. At the last moment this passage was to be transferred to Adam and Eve, whose marriage would take place a day or two before the vessel sailed. The transactions on which the successful fulfilment of these various events depended were mostly conducted by Reuben, aided by the counsels of Mr. Osborne and the assistance of Captain Triggs, whose good-fellowship, no longer withheld, made him a valuable coadjutor.

Fortunately, Triggs's vessel, through some detention of its cargo, had remained in London for an unusually long time, and now, when it did sail, Joan was to take passage in it back to Polperro.

"Awh, Reuben, my dear," sighed Joan one evening as, Eve having gone to see Adam, the two walked out toward the little spot where Jerrem lay, and as they went discussed Joan's near departure, "I wish to goodness you'd pack up yer alls and come 'longs to Polperro home with me: 't 'ud be ever so much better than stayin' to this gashly London, where there ain't a blow o' air that's fresh to draw your breath in."

"Why, nonsense!" said Reuben: "you wouldn't have me if I'd come."

"How not have 'ee?" exclaimed Joan. "Why, if so be I thought you'd come I'd never stir from where I be until I got the promise of it."

"But there wouldn't be nothin' for me to do," said Reuben.

"Why, iss there would—oceans," returned Joan. "Laws! I knaws clocks by scores as hasn't gone for twenty year and

more. Us has got two ourselves, that wan won't strike and t' other you can't make tick."

Reuben smiled: then, growing more serious, he said, "But do you know, Joan, that yours isn't the first head it's entered into about going down home with you? I've had a mind toward it myself many times of late."

"Why, then, do come to wance," said Joan excitedly; "for so long as they leaves me the house there'll be a home with me and Uncle Zebedee, and I'll go bail for the welcome you'll get gived 'ee there."

Reuben was silent, and Joan, attributing this to some hesitation over the plan, threw further weight into her argument by saying, "There's the chapel too, Reuben. Only to think o' the sight o' good you could do praichin' to 'em and that! for, though it didn't seem to make no odds before, I reckons there's not a few that wants, like me, to be told o' some place where they treats folks better than they does down here below."

"Joan," said Reuben after a pause, speaking out of his own thoughts and paying no heed to the words she had been saying, "you know all about Eve and me, don't you?"

Joan nodded her head.

"How I've felt about her, so that I believe the hold she's got on me no one on earth will ever push her off from."

"Awh, poor sawl!" sighed Joan compassionately: "I've often had a feelin' for what you'd to bear, and for this reason too—that I knaws myself what 'tis to be ousted from the heart you'm cravin' to call yer own."

"Why, yes, of course," said Reuben briskly: "you were set down for Adam once, weren't you?"

"Awh, and there's they to Polperro—mother amongst 'em, too—who'll tell 'ee now that if Eve had never shawed her face inside the place Adam 'ud ha' had me, after all. But there! all that's past and gone long ago."

There was another pause, which Reuben broke by saying suddenly, "Joan, should you take it very out of place if I was to ask you whether after a bit you could marry me? I dare say now such

a thought never entered your head before."

"Well, iss it has," said Joan; "and o' late, ever since that blessed dear spoke they words he did, I've often fell to wonderin' if so be 't 'ud ever come to pass. Not, mind, that I should ha' bin put out if 't had so happened that you'd never axed me, like, but still I thought sometimes as how you might, and then agen I says, 'Why should he, though?'"

"There's many a reason why I should ask *you*, Joan," said Reuben, smiling at her unconscious frankness, "though very few why you should consent to take a man whose love another woman has flung away."

"Awh, so far as that goes, the both of us is takin' what's another's orts, you know," smiled Joan.

"Then is it agreed?" asked Reuben, stretching out his hand.

"Iss, so far as I goes 'tis, with all my heart." Then as she took his hand a change came to her April face, and looking at him through her swimming eyes she said, "And very grateful too I'm to 'ee, Reuben, for I don't know by neither another wan who'd take up with a poor heart-broke maid like me, and they she's looked to all her life disgraced by others and theyselves."

Reuben pressed the hand that Joan had given to him, and drawing it through his arm the two walked on in silence, pondering over the unlooked-for ending to the strange events they both had lately passed through. Joan's heart was full of a contentment which made her think, "How pleased Adam will be! and won't mother be glad! and Uncle Zebedee 'ull have somebody to look to now and keep poor Jonathan straight and put things a bit in order;" while Reuben, bewildered by the thoughts which crowded to his mind, semed unable to disentangle them. Could it be possible that he, Reuben May, was going down to live at Polperro, a place whose very name he had once taught himself to abominate?—that he could be willingly casting his lot amid a people whom he had but lately branded as thieves, outcasts, reprobates? Involuntarily his eyes turned toward Joan,

and a nimbus in which perfect charity was intertwined with great love and singleness of heart seemed to float about her head and shed its radiance on her face; and its sight was to Reuben as the first touch of love, for he was smitten with a sense of his own unworthiness, and, though he did not speak, he asked that a like spirit to that which filled Joan might rest upon himself.

That evening Eve was told the news which Joan and Reuben had to tell, and as she listened the mixed emotions which swelled within her perplexed her not a little, for even while feeling that the two wishes she most desired—Joan cared for and Reuben made happy—were thus fulfilled, her heart seemed weightied with a fresh disaster: another wrench had come to part her from that life soon to be nothing but a lesson and a memory. And Adam, when he was told, although the words he said were honest words and true, and truly he did rejoice, there yet within him lay a sadness born of regret at rendering up that love so freely given to him, now to be garnered for another's use; and henceforth every word that Reuben spoke, each promise that he gave, though all drawn forth by Adam's own requests, stuck every one a separate thorn within his heart, sore with the thought of being an outcast from the birthplace that he loved and cut off from those whose faces now he yearned to look upon.

No vision opened up to Adam's view the prosperous life the future held in store—no still small voice then whispered in his ear that out of this sorrow was to come the grace which made success sit well on him and Eve; and though, as years went by and intercourse became more rare, their now keen interest in Polperro and its people was swallowed up amid the many claims a busy life laid on them both, each noble action done, each good deed wrought, by Adam, and by Eve too, bore on it the unseen impress of that sore chastening through which they now were passing.

Out of the savings which from time to time Adam had placed with Mr. Macey enough was found to pay the passage-

money out and keep them from being pushed by any pressing want on landing.

Already, at the nearest church, Adam and Eve had been married, and nothing now remained but to get on board the vessel, which had already dropped down the river and was to sail the following morning. Triggs had volunteered to put them and their possessions safely on board, and Reuben and Joan, with Eve's small personal belongings, were to meet them at the steps, close by which the Mary Jane's boat would be found waiting. The time had come when Adam could lay aside his disguise and appear in much the same trim he usually did when at Polperro.

Joan was the first to spy him drawing near, and holding out both her hands to greet the welcome change she cried, "Thank the Lord for lettin' me see un his ownself wance more!—Awh, Adam! aw, my dear! 't seems as if I could spake to 'ee now and know 'ee for the same agen.—Look to un, Reuben! you don't wonder now what made us all so proud of un at home."

Reuben smiled, but Adam shook his head: the desolation of this sad farewell robbed him of every other power but that of draining to the dregs its bitterness. During the whole of that long day Eve and he had hardly said one word, each racked with thoughts to which no speech gave utterance. Mechanically each asked about the things the other one had brought, and seemed to find relief in feigning much anxiety about their safety, until Triggs, fearing they might outstay their time, gave them a hint it would not do to linger long; and, with a view to their leavetaking being unconstrained, he volunteered to take the few remaining things down to the boat and stow them safely away, adding that when they should hear his whistle given it would be the signal that they must start without delay.

The spot they had fixed on for the starting-place was one but little used and well removed from all the bustle of a more frequented landing. A waterman lounged here and there, but seeing

the party was another's fare vouchsafed to them no further interest. The ragged mud-imps stayed their noisy pranks to scrutinize the country build of Triggs's boat, leaving the four, unnoticed, to stand apart and see each in the other's face the reflection of that misery which filled his own.

Parting for ever! no hopes, no expectations, no looking forward, nothing to whisper "We shall meet again"! "Good-bye for ever" was written on each face and echoed in each heart. Words could not soothe that suffering which turned this common sorrow into an individual torture, which each must bear unaided and alone; and so they stood silent and with outward calm, knowing that on that brink of woe the quiver of an eye might overthrow their all but lost control.

The sun was sinking fast; the gathering mists of eventide were rising to shadow all around; the toil of day was drawing to its close; labor was past, repose was near at hand; its spirit seemed to hover around and breathe its calm upon those worn, tried souls. Suddenly a shrill whistle sounds upon their ears and breaks the spell: the women start and throw their arms around each other's necks. Adam stretches his hand out, and Reuben grasps it in his own.

"Reuben, good-bye. God deal with you as you shall deal with those you're going among!"

"Adam, be true to her, and I'll be true to those you leave behind."

"Joan!" and Adam's voice sounds hard and strained, and then a choking comes into his throat, and, though he wants to tell her what he feels, to ask her to forgive all he has made her suffer, he cannot speak a word. Vainly he strives, but not a sound will come; and these two, whose lives, so grown together, are now to be rent asunder, stand stricken and dumb, looking from out their eyes that last farewell which their poor quivering lips refuse to utter.

"God bless and keep you, Eve!" Reuben's voice is saying as, taking her hands within his own, he holds them to his heart and for a moment lets them rest there.—"Oh, friends," he says, "there is a land

where partings never come : upon that shore may we four meet again !”

Then for a moment all their hands are clasped and held as in a vice, and then they turn, and two are gone and two are left behind.

And now the two on land stand with their eyes strained on the boat, which slowly fades away into the vapory mist which lies beyond : then Reuben turns and takes Joan by the hand, and silently the two go back together, while Adam and Eve draw near the ship which is to

take them to that far-off shore to which Hope's torch, rekindled, now is pointing.

Good-bye is said to Triggs, the boat pushes off, and the two left standing side by side watch it away until it seems a speck, which suddenly is swallowed up and disappears from sight. Then Adam puts his arm round Eve, and as they draw closer together from out their lips come sighing forth the whispered words, ‘farewell ! farewell !’

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

OUR GRANDFATHERS' TEMPLES.

IF on the fourteenth day of May, 1607, when the Rev. Robert Hunt celebra-



THE OLD SOUTH, BOSTON.

ted the first sacramental service of the Church of England on American soil,

there had suddenly sprung up at Jamestown the pillars and arches of a fully-equipped cathedral, whose stones had remained to tell us of the days when they first enshrined the worship of the earliest colonists, our most ancient Christian church would still be less than three hundred years old—a hopelessly modern structure in comparison with many an abbey and cathedral of England and the Continent.

In a comparative sense, we look in vain for old churches in a new country, for in our architecture, if nowhere else, we are still a land of yesterday, where age seems venerable only when we refuse to look beyond the ocean, and where even a short two hundred years have taken away the larger share of such perishable ecclesiastical monuments as we once had. Our grandfathers' temples, whether they stood on the banks of the James River or on the colder shores of Massachusetts Bay, were built cheaply for a scanty population : their material was usually wood, sometimes unshapen logs, and their sites, chosen before the people and the country had become fitted to each other, were afterward often needed for other uses. So long as London tears down historic churches, even in the present days of fashionable devotion to the

old and the quaint, and so long as the Rome of 1880 is still in danger from vandal hands, we need only be surprised that the list of existing American churches of former days is so long and so honorable as it is. If we have no York Minster or St. Alban's Abbey or Canterbury Cathedral, we may still turn to an Old South, a St. Paul's and a Christ Church. It is something, after all, to be able to count our most famous old churches on the fingers of both hands, and then to enu-

merate by tens those other temples whose legacy from bygone times is scarcely less rich.

The American churches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were plain structures, unpretending without and unadorned within; and this for other reasons than the poverty of the community, the lack of the best building-materials, and the absence both of architects and of artistic tastes. It was a simple ritual which most of them were to house, and



KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON, IN 1872.

the absence of an ornate service demanded the absence of ornamentation, which would be meaningless because it would symbolize nothing. The influence of the Puritans in Massachusetts, the Baptists in Rhode Island, the Dutch Reformed in New York, the Lutherans and Presbyterians in the Middle and Southern colonies, and the Friends in Pennsylvania, whatever their denominational differences, was a unit in favor of the utmost simplicity consistent with decency and order; and though there was a difference between Congregational churches like the Old South in Boston and the Friends' meeting-houses in Philadelphia, the difference

was far less marked than that existing between the new and old buildings of the Old South society, which the modern tourist may compare at his leisure in the Boston of to-day. Even the Episcopalians shared, or deferred to, the prevailing spirit of the time: they put no cross upon their Christ Church in Cambridge, nearly a hundred and thirty years after the settlement of the place, lest they should offend the tastes of their neighbors. The Methodists, the "Christians," the Swedenborgians, the Unitarians and the Universalists were not yet, and the Moravians were a small and little-understood body in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Nearly all the colonists, of whatever name, brought from Europe a conscientious love of religious simplicity and unpretentiousness: for the most part, the English-speaking settlers were dissenters from the Church which owned all the splendid architectural monuments of the country whence they came; and it was not strange that out of their religious

likely to be devoid of the beauty their designers fancied that they possessed. But it was, at any rate, an honest embodiment of a sincere idea—the idea of "freedom to worship God;" and it was adapted to the uses which it was designed to serve. It stood upon a hill, a square box with square windows cut in its sides—grim without and grim within, save as



CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

thought grew churches that symbolized the sturdy qualities of a faith which, right or wrong, had to endure exile and poverty and privation—privation not only from social wealth, but from the rich store of ecclesiastical traditions which had accumulated for centuries in cathedral choirs and abbey cloisters.

Therefore, the typical New England meeting-house of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may perhaps be taken as the best original example of what America has to show in the way of church-building. To be sure, its cost was modest, its material was perishable wood, its architectural design was often a curious medley of old ideas and new uses, and even its few ornaments were

the mellowing seasons toned down its ruder aspects, and green grass and waving boughs framed it as if it were a picture. Within, the high pulpit, surmounted by a sounding-board, towered over the square-backed pews, facing a congregation kept orderly by stern tithing-man and sterner tradition. There was at first neither organ nor stove nor clock. The shivering congregation warmed itself as best it might by the aid of foot-stoves; the parson timed his sermon by an hour-glass; and in the singing-seats the fiddle and the bass-viol formed the sole link (and an unconscious one) between the simple song-service of the Puritan meeting-house and the orchestral accompaniments to the high masses of European cathedrals. The men still sat at the end of the pew—a custom which had grown up in

the days when they went to the meeting-house gun in hand, not knowing when they should be hastily summoned forth to fight the Indians. In the earliest days the drum was the martial summons to worship, but soon European bells sent forth their milder call. Behind the meeting-houses were the horse-sheds for the use of distant comers—a species of ecclesiastical edifice still adorning the greater number of American country churches, and not likely to disappear for many a year to come.

In the elder day there was no such difference as now between city and country churches, for the limitations of money and material bore upon both more evenly. But with growing wealth and the

choice of permanent locations for building came brick and stone; English architects received orders; and the prevailing revival led by Sir Christopher Wren and his followers dotted the Northern colonies with more pretentious churches, boasting spires not wholly unlike those which were then piercing London skies. With costlier churches of permanent material there came also the English fashion of burial

in churchyards and chancel-vaults, and mural tablets and horizontal tombstones were laid into the mortar which has been permitted, in not a few cases, to preserve them for our own eyes.

But our oldest churches, as a rule, have been made more notable by the political events with which they have been associated than by the honorable interments that have taken place beneath



ST. MICHAEL'S, MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS.

their shadow. Their connection with the living has endeared them to our memories more than their relations to the dead. Not because it is Boston's Westminster Abbey or Temple Church has the Old South been permitted to come down to us as the best example of the Congregational meeting-houses of the eighteenth century, but because of the Revolutionary episodes of which it was the scene, and which are commemorated in the stone tablet upon its front. The Old South Church, built in 1729, belong-

VOL. XXVI.—43

ed to the common class of brick structures which replaced wooden ones; for, like Solomon's temple, its predecessor had been built of cedar sixty years before. The convenient location of the Old South and the capaciousness of its interior brought to it the colonial meetings which preceded the Revolution, and especially that famous gathering of December 13, 1773, whence marched the disguised patriots to destroy the taxed tea in Boston harbor. The convenient access and spacious audience-room of

the old church also led to its occupancy as a riding-school for British cavalry in 1775. Even now, in the quiet days following the recent excitement attending its escape from fire and from sale and demolition, the ancient church still finds occasional use as a place for lectures and public gatherings. Its chequered days within the past decade have at least served to make its appearance and its part in colonial history more familiar to us, and have done something to save other churches from the destruction which might have overtaken them.

As the Old South stands as the brick-and-mortar enshrinement of the best Puritan thought of the eighteenth century, so King's Chapel in Boston, built twenty-five years later, represents the staterlier social customs and the more conservative political opinions of the early New England Episcopalians. Its predecessor, of wood, was the first building of the Church of England in New England. The present King's Chapel, with its sombre granite walls and its gently-lighted interior, suggests to the mind an impression of independence of time rather than of age. One reads on the walls, to be sure, such high-sounding old names as Vassall and Shirley and Abthorp, and on a tomb in the old graveyard near by one sees the inscriptions commemorating Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts and his son John, governor of Connecticut. But King's Chapel seems the home of churchly peace and gracious content; so that, as we sit within its quaint three-sided pews, it is hard to remember the stormy scenes in which it has had part. Its Tory congregation, almost to a man, fled from its walls when the British general, Gage, evacuated Boston; the sterner worshippers of the Old South occupied its Anglican pews for a time; and later it was the scene of a theological movement which caused, in 1785, the first Episcopal church in New England—or rather its remnant—to become the first Unitarian society in America.

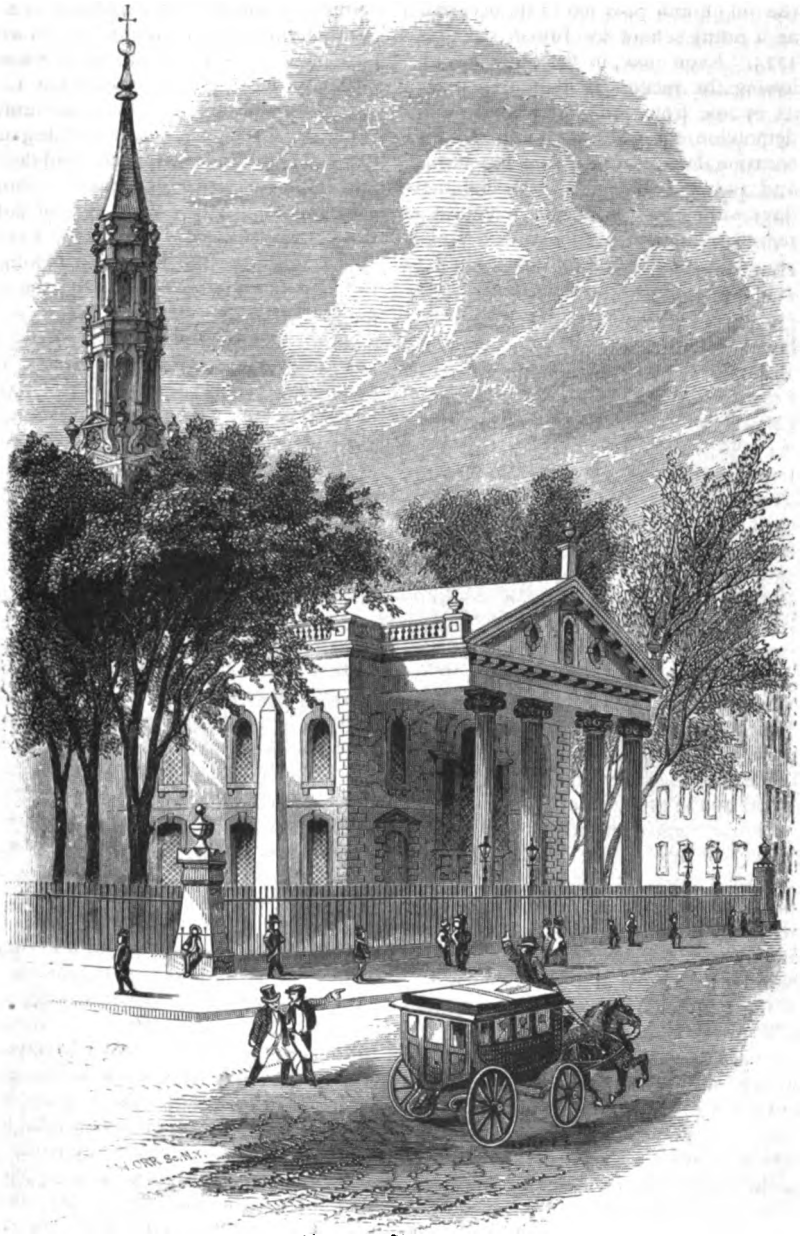
In Salem street, Boston, left almost alone at the extreme north end of the city, is Christ Church, built in 1723. Its tower contains the oldest chime of bells in

America, and from it, according to some antiquarians, was hung the lantern which on April 18, 1775, announced to the waiting Paul Revere, and through him to the Middlesex patriots in all the surrounding country, that General Gage had despatched eight hundred men to seize and destroy the military stores gathered at Concord by the Massachusetts Committees of Safety and Supplies. Thus opened the Revolutionary war, for the battles at Lexington and Concord took place only the next day.

The white-spired building at the corner of Park and Tremont streets, Boston, known as the Park Street Church, is hardly so old as its extended fame would lead one to suppose, for it dates no farther back than the first quarter of the present century. Its position as the central point of the great theological controversies of 1820 in the Congregational churches of Eastern Massachusetts has made it almost as familiar as the "Saybrook Platform." The meeting-house was built at the time when the greater part of the Boston churches were modifying their creeds, and when the Old South itself would have changed its denominational relations but for the vote of a State official, cast to break a tie. Its inelegance and rawness are excused in part by its evident solidity and sincerity of appearance. In its shadow rest Faneuil, Revere, Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

Boston has other churches which, like the Park Street, are neither ancient nor modern, the Hollis Street Church and the First Church in Roxbury being good examples. New England has hardly a better specimen of the old-fashioned meeting-house on a hill than this old weather-beaten wooden First Church in Roxbury, the home of a parish to which John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, once ministered. Another quaint memorial of the old colonial days survives in the current name, "Meeting-house Hill," of a part of the annexed Dorchester district of Boston.

St. Paul's Church, on Boston Common, was the first attempt of the Episcopalians of the city, after the loss of King's Chapel,



ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK.

to build a temple of imposing appearance. Controversies theological and architectural rose with its walls, and young Ed-

ward Everett, if report is to be credited, was the author of a tract, still in circulation, in which its design and its principles

formed the text for a criticism on the religion to whose furtherance it was devoted. Standing as it does next the United States court-house, the uses of the two buildings seem to have been confused in the builders' minds; for there is something ecclesiastical in the appearance of the hall of justice, which was originally a Masonic temple, and something judicial in the face of the church.

In Cambridge, three miles from Boston, the eighteenth-century Episcopalians not only possessed a church, but also displayed to unwilling eyes a veritable "Bishop's Palace"—the stately house of the Rev. East Apthorp, "missionary to New England" and reputed candidate for the bishopric of that region. Mr. Apthorp was rich and influential, but his social and ecclesiastical lot was not an easy one, and he soon returned to England discouraged, leaving his "palace" to come down to the view of our own eyes, which find in it nothing more dangerous to republican institutions than is to be discovered in a hundred other of the three-story wooden houses which used so to abound in Massachusetts. Christ Church, Cambridge, in which the bishop *in posse* used to minister, and which stands opposite Harvard College, was designed by the architect of King's Chapel, and has always been praised for a certain shapely beauty of proportion. For the last twenty years it has boasted the only chime of bells in Cambridge, whose quiet shades of a Sunday evening have been sweetly stirred by the music struck from them by the hands of a worthy successor of the mediæval bell-ringers, to whom bells are books, and who can tell the story of every ounce of bell-metal within twenty miles of his tower. It was of this church, with its Unitarian neighbor just across the ancient churchyard where so many old Harvard and colonial worthies sleep, that Holmes wrote:

Like sentinel and nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green:
One seems to guard, and one to weep,
The dead that lie between.

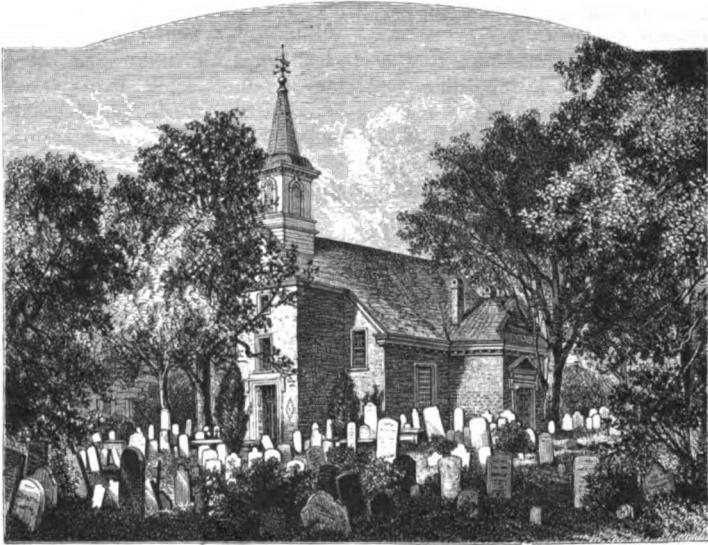
The suburbs of Boston are not poor in churches of the eighteenth, or even of the seventeenth, century. The oldest church

in New England—the oldest, indeed, in the Northern States—still standing in Salem, was built in 1634, and its low walls and tiny-paned windows have shaken under the eloquence of Roger Williams. It has not been used for religious purposes since 1672. In Newburyport is one of the American churches, once many but now few, in which George Whitefield preached, and beneath it the great preacher lies buried. A curious little reminder of St. Paul's, London, is found here in the shape of a whispering gallery. Another landmark is the venerable meeting-house of the Unitarian society in Hingham, popularly known as the "Old Ship." Built in 1681, it was a Congregational place of worship for nearly a century and a half. Its sturdiness and rude beauty form a striking illustration of the lasting quality of good, sound wooden beams as material for the sanctuary. Preparations have already been undertaken for celebrating the second centennial of the ancient building. Nearly as old, and still more picturesque with its quaint roof, its venerable hanging chandelier of brass, its sober old reredos and its age-hallowed communion-service, is St. Michael's, Marblehead, built in 1714, where faithful rectors have endeavored to reach six generations of the fishermen and aristocracy of the rocky old port. The antiquarian who has seen these old temples and asks for others on the New England coast will turn with scarcely less interest to St. John's, Portsmouth; the forsaken Trinity Church, Wickford, Rhode Island, built in 1706; or Trinity, Newport, where Bishop Berkeley used to preach. In Newport, indeed, one may also speculate beneath the Old Mill on the fanciful theory that the curious little structure was a baptistery long before the days of Columbus—the most ancient Christian temple on this side the sea.

It is not uncommon to find comparatively new American churches to which their surroundings or their sober material or their quiet architecture have given a somewhat exaggerated appearance of age. Such is the case with the curious row of three churches—the North and Centre Congregational and Trinity Episcopal—

standing side by side on the New Haven green in a fashion unknown elsewhere in our own country. Any one of these three churches looks quite as old as that shapely memorial of pre-Revolutionary days, St. Paul's Chapel, New York, built in 1766 in the prevailing fashion of the

London churches. As with St. Paul's, there was also no marked appearance of antiquity in the North Dutch Church, New York, removed in recent years. The poor old Middle Dutch Church in the same city, with its ignoble modern additions and its swarm of busy tenants, would



OLD SWEDES' CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

have looked old if it could have done so, but for modern New Yorkers it has no more venerable memory, in its disfigurement and disguise, than that furnished by its use, for a time, as the city post-office.

New York is poor in old buildings, and especially poor in old churches. Besides St. Paul's, the comparatively modern St. John's Chapel and the John Street Methodist Church, it really has nothing to show to the tourist in search of ancient places of worship. The vicinity can boast a few colonial temples—the quaint old Dutch church at Tarrytown, dear to the readers of Irving; the Tennent Church on the battle-ground of Monmouth, New Jersey, with its blood-stains of wounded British soldiers; and a charmingly plain little Friends' meeting-house, no bigger than a small parlor, near Squan, New Jersey, being the most strikingly attract-

ive. In Newark one notes the deep-set windows and solid stone walls of the old First Presbyterian Church, and the quiet plainness of Trinity Episcopal Church, which looks like Boston's King's Chapel, with the addition of a white wooden spire.

Philadelphia is richer than any other American city in buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. On the older streets it is a frequent sight to see quaint little houses of imported English brick modestly laid in alternate red and black, curiously like the latest modern fashion. The ample room for growth possessed by this widespreading city has saved many an ancient house for present use as dwelling or store. One is not surprised, therefore, to find on the old streets near the Delaware three churches of weather-stained brick which seem trying to make the piety of an elder age useful to the worshippers of to-day. All

three of these churches—Gloria Dei, Christ and St. Peter's—now have their chief work among the poor people whom one always finds in a business quarter near the river-front, but each attracts, by its old-time associations and its modern missionary spirit, a goodly circle of attendants from the western parts of the city. Gloria Dei Church, the oldest of the three, was built in 1700 by Swedish Lutherans on the spot where the Swedish predecessors of the Friends had located their fortified log church twenty-three years earlier. Its bell and communion-service and some of its ornamental woodwork were presented by the king of Sweden. It is surrounded by the usual graveyard, in which lies Alexander Wilson, the lover and biographer of birds, who asked to be buried here, in a "silent, shady place, where the birds will be apt to come and sing over my grave." The Old Swedes' Church retained its Lutheran connection until recent years, when it became an Episcopal parish.

Christ Church and St. Peter's were formerly united in one parochial government, and to the two parishes ministered William White, the first Church-of-England minister in Pennsylvania, the friend and pastor of Washington, the chaplain of Congress and one of the first two bishops of the American Church. The present structure of Christ Church was begun in 1727, but not finished for some years. The parish is older, dating from 1695. Queen Anne gave it a communion-service in 1708. In 1754 came from England its still-used chime of bells, which were laboriously transferred during the Revolution to Allentown, Pennsylvania, lest they should fall into British hands and be melted up for cannon. At Christ Church a pew was regularly occupied by Washington during his frequent residence in Philadelphia; and here have been seated Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison and many another patriot, besides Cornwallis, Howe, André and others on the English side. Around and beneath the church are many graves covered by weather-worn stones, and on the walls of the interior there are a number of mural tablets.

St. Peter's Church was begun in 1758, and completed three years later. In quiet graciousness of appearance it is like another Christ Church, and its interior arrangements are still more quaint, the chancel being at the eastern end of the church, while the pulpit and lectern are at the western. In the adjoining churchyard is a monument to Commodore Decatur.

One cannot find in all America sweeter and quainter memorials of a gentle past—memorials still consecrated to the gracious work of the present—than the churches and other denominational houses in the old Moravian towns of Pennsylvania. At Bethlehem, as one stands in the little three-sided court on Church street and looks up at the heavy walls, the tiny dormer windows and the odd-shaped belfry which mark the "Single Sisters' House" and its wings, one may well fancy one's self, as a travelled visitor has said, in Quebec or Upper Austria. Still more quaint and quiet is Willow Square, behind this curious house, where, beneath drooping willow-boughs, one finds one's self beside the door of the old German chapel, with the little dead-house, the boys' school and the great and comparatively modern Moravian church near by. Through Willow Square leads the path to the burying-ground, where lie, beneath tall trees, long rows of neatly-kept graves, each covered with a plain flat stone, the men and the women lying on either side of the broad central path. Several of the ancient Moravian buildings date from the middle of the last century. The Widows' House stands opposite the Single Sisters' Range, and across the street from the large church is the Moravian Seminary for Young Ladies, established in 1749, and by far the oldest girls' school in the United States.

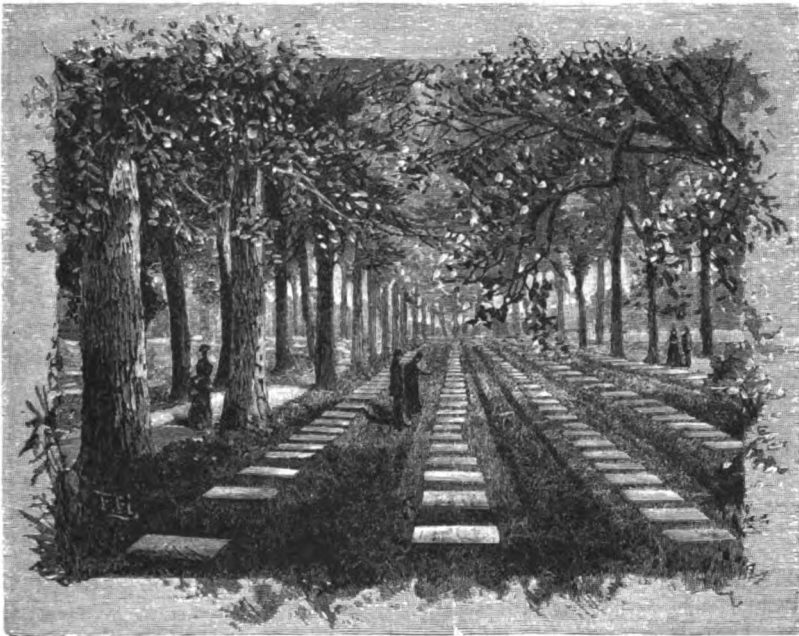
It was in 1778 that the Single Sisters gave to Pulaski that banner of crimson silk which is commemorated in Longfellow's well-known "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns at Bethlehem." The poem, however, written in the author's early youth, and preserved for its rare beauty of language and fine choice of subject, rather than for its historical accuracy, has done much to perpetuate a wrong idea

of the Moravian spirit and ritual. Mr. Longfellow writes in his first stanza—

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowléd head,
And the censer burning swung,
When before the altar hung
That proud banner, which, with care,
Had been consecrated there ;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

But the Moravians know nothing of chancels, tapers, cowléd heads, censers,

altars or nuns. Their faith has always been the simplest Protestantism, their churches are precisely such as Methodists or Baptists use, and their ritual is plainer than that of the most "evangelical" Episcopal parish. Their "single sisters' houses," "widows' houses" and "single brethren's houses"—the last long disused—are simply arrangements for social convenience or co-operative housekeeping. Mr. Longfellow's poetic description applies to the Moravian ceremonial no more accurately than to a



THE MORAVIAN CEMETERY, BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA.

Congregational prayer-meeting or a Methodist "love-feast."

Beside the deep and silent waters of the James River in Virginia, undisturbed by any sound save the flight of birds and the rustle of leaves, stands all that is left of the first church building erected by Englishmen in America. A good part of the tower remains, the arched doorways being still intact, and it seems a pitiable misfortune that the honestly-laid bricks of the venerable building could

not have come down to our day. But, as it is, this ancient square block of brick forms our one pre-eminent American ruin. Nothing could be a more solemn monument of the past than the lonely tower, surrounded by thick branches and underbrush and looking down upon the few crumbling gravestones still left at its base. Jamestown, long abandoned as a village, has now become an island, the action of the waters having at last denied it the remaining solace of connection with the

mainland of the Old Dominion, of whose broad acres it was once the chief town and the seat of government—the fore-runner of all that came to America at the hands of English settlers.

In the slumberous old city of Williamsburg, three miles from Jamestown, stands the Bruton parish church, two hundred and two years old, and still the home of a parish of sixty communicants. Built of brick, with small-paned windows and wooden tower, its walls have listened to the eloquence of the learned presidents of the neighboring William and Mary College, and its floor has been honored by the stately tread of many a colonial governor, member of the legislature or Revolutionary patriot; for Williamsburg was the capital and centre of Virginia until the end of the eighteenth century, and shared whatever Virginia possessed of political or personal renown. Washington, of course, was more than once an attendant at Bruton Church, and so were Jefferson and Patrick Henry and an honorable host. In the church and in the chapel of William and Mary College—which the ambitious colonists used to think a little Westminster Abbey—was the religious home of a good share of what was stateliest or most honorable in the early colonial life of the South.

Other old churches still dot the Virginia soil—St. John's, Richmond; Pohick Church, Westmoreland county; Christ Church, Lancaster county; St. Anne's, Isle of Wight county. Their antiquities, and those of other ancient sanctuaries of the Old Dominion, have been painstakingly set forth by Bishop Meade and other zealous chroniclers, and their attractiveness is increased, in most cases—as at Jamestown—by the loneliness of their surroundings. Another old church, left in the midst of sweet country sights and gentle country sounds, is St. James's, Goose Creek, South Carolina. St. Michael's and St. Philip's at Charleston in the same State have heard the roar of hostile cannon, but have come forth unscathed. The demolished Brattle Street Church in Boston was not the only one of our sacred edifices to be wounded by cannonballs, for the exigences of the fight more

than once, during the Revolution and the civil war, brought flame and destruction within the altar-rails of churches North and South.

The growth of the Roman Catholic Church in America has been so recent that it can show but few historical landmarks. The time-honored cathedral at St. Augustine, Florida, and the magnificent ruin of the San José Mission near San Antonio, Texas, and one or two weather-stained little chapels in the North-west, are nearly all the churches that bring to us the story of the priestly work of the Roman ecclesiastics during the colonial days.

We have no State Church, and the different Presidents have made a wide variety of choice in selecting their places of worship in Washington. St. John's, just opposite the White House, has been the convenient Sunday home of some of them: others have followed their convictions in Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian and other churches. But the city of Washington is itself too young to be able to boast any very ancient associations in its churches, and few of its temples have been permitted to record the names of famous occupants during a series of years. Our whole country, indeed, is a land of many denominations and a somewhat wandering population; and older cities than Washington have found one church famous for one event in its history, and another for another, rather than, in any single building, a series of notable occurrences running through the centuries. The nearest approach to the record of a succession of worthies occupying the same church-seats year after year is to be found in the chronicles of our oldest college-chapels, as, for instance, at Dartmouth, where the building containing the still-used chapel dates from 1786. But though poverty and custom unite in making our colleges conservative, their growth in numbers demands, from time to time, new and more generous accommodations for public worship; and so the little buildings of an earlier day are either torn down or kept for other and more ignoble uses, like Holden Chapel at Harvard. This quaint

little structure was built in 1744, and is now used for recitation-rooms, but at one period in its career it served as the workshop of the college carpenter.

In the years since our grandfathers built their places of worship we have seen strange changes in American church buildings—changes in material, location and adaptation to ritual uses. We have had a revival of pagan temple-building

in wood and stucco; we have seen Gothic cathedrals copied for the simplest Protestant uses, until humorists have suggested that congregations might find it cheaper to change their religion than their unsuitable new churches; we have ranged from four plain brick walls to vast and costly piles of marble or greenstone; we have constructed great audience-rooms for Sunday-school uses alone, and have



RUINS OF THE OLD CHURCH-TOWER, JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

equipped the sanctuary with all culinary attachments; we have built parish-houses whose comfort the best-kept mediæval monk might envy, and we have put up evangelistic tabernacles only to find the most noted evangelists preferring to work in regular church edifices rather than in places of easy resort by the thoughtless crowd of wonder-seekers. But not all these doings have been foolish or mistaken: some of them have been most hopeful signs, and the next century will find excellent work in the church-building of our day. The Gothic and Queen Anne revivals, at their best, have pro-

moted even more than the old-time honesty in the use of sound and sincere building-material; and not a few of our newer churches prove that our ecclesiastical architects have something more to show than experiments in fanciful "revivals" that are such only in name. We shall continue to do well so long as we worthily perpetuate the best material lesson taught by our grandfathers' temples—the lesson of downright honesty of construction and of a union between the spirit of worship and its local habitation.

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

WILL DEMOCRACY TOLERATE A PERMANENT CLASS OF NATIONAL OFFICE-HOLDERS?

IT is no doubt a public misfortune that so much of that thoughtful patriotism which, both on account of its culture and its independence, must always be valuable to the country, should have been wasted, for some time past, upon what are apparently narrow and unpractical, if not radically unsound, propositions of reform in the civil service. There is unquestionably need of reform in that direction: it would be too much to presume that in the generally imperfect state of man his methods of civil government would attain perfection; but it must be questioned whether the subject has been approached from the right direction and upon the side of the popular sympathy and understanding. At this time propositions of civil-service reform have not even the recognition, much less the comprehension, of the mass of the people. Their importance, their limitations, their possibilities, have never been demonstrated: no commanding intellectual authority has ever taken up the subject and worked it out before the eyes of the people as a problem of our national politics. It remains a question of the closet, a merely speculative proposition as to the science of government.

What, then, are the metes and bounds of this reform? How much is demanded? How much is practicable?

Not attempting a full answer to all of these questions, and intending no dogmatic treatment of any, let us give them a brief consideration from the point of view afforded by the democratic system upon which the whole political fabric of the United States is established. We are to look at *our* civil-service reform from that side. Whatever in it may be feasible, that much must be a work in accord with the popular feeling. It may be set down at the outset, as the first principle of the problem, that any practicable plan of organizing the public service of the United States must not only be founded

upon the general consent of the people, but must also have, in its actual operation, their continual, easy and direct participation. Any scheme, no matter by what thoughtful patriot suggested, no matter upon what model shaped, no matter from what experience of other countries deduced, which does not possess these essential features can never be worth the serious attention of any one who expects to accomplish practical and enduring results.

(Possibly this may seem dogmatic, to begin with; but if we agree to treat the question as one in democratic politics, the principle stated becomes perfectly apparent.)

It must be fair, then, and for the purposes of this article not premature, to point out that the measure which is especially known as "civil-service reform," and which has been occasionally recognized in the party platforms along with other generalities, is one whose essence is *the creation of a permanent office-holding class*. Substantially, this is what it amounts to. A man looking forward to a place in the public service is to regard it as a life occupation, the same as if he should study for a professional career or learn a mechanical trade. Once in office, after a "competitive examination" or otherwise, he will expect to stay in: he will hold, as the Federal judges do, by a life-tenure, "during good behavior." This is now substantially the system of Great Britain, which, in the judgment of Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, is so much better than our own as to actually reduce the rate of criminality in that country, and which, he declares, only political baseness can prevent us from imitating. A change of administration there, Mr. Eaton adds, only affects a few scores of persons occupying the highest positions: the great mass of the officials live and die in their places, indifferent to the fluctuation of parliament-

ary majorities or the rise and fall of ministries.

We must ask ourselves does this system accord with American democracy?

A little more than half a century has passed since John Quincy Adams, unquestionably the best trained and most experienced American administrator who ever sat in the Presidency, undertook to establish in the United States almost precisely the same system as that which Great Britain now has. Admission to the places was not, it is true, by means of competitive examination, but the feature—the essential feature—of permanent tenure was present in his plan. Mr. Adams took the government from Mr. Monroe without considering any change needful: his Cabinet advisers even included three of those who had been in the Cabinet of his predecessor, and these he retained to the end, though at least one of the three, he thought, had ceased to be either friendly or faithful to him. Retaining the old officers, and reappointing them if their commissions expired, selecting new ones, in the comparatively rare cases of death, resignation or ascertained delinquency, upon considerations chiefly relating to their personal capabilities for the vacant places, Mr. Adams was patiently and faithfully engaged during the four years of his Presidency in establishing almost the precise reform of the national service which has been in recent times so strenuously urged upon us as the one great need of the nation—the administrative purification which, if effectually performed, would prove that our system of government was fit to continue in existence. Mr. Adams's plan did, indeed, seem excellent. It commanded the respect of honest but busy citizens absorbed in their private affairs and desirous that the government might be fixed, once for all, in settled grooves, so that its functions would proceed like the steady progress of the seasons. It was an attempt to run the government, as has been sometimes said, "on business principles." The President was to proceed, and did proceed, as if he had in charge some great estate which he was to manage and direct as a faithful and exact trustee. This, no one can

deny, had the superficial look of most admirable administration.

But President Adams had left out of account largely what we are compelled to sedulously consider—public opinion. He had acquired most of his experience abroad, and his principal service at home, as Secretary of State, had been in a remarkably quiet time, when party movements were neither ebbing nor flowing, so that he had forgotten how strong and vigorous the democratic feeling was amongst the population of these States. This is a forgetfulness to which all men are liable who long occupy official position, and who seldom have to submit themselves to that severe and rude competitive examination which the plan of popular elections establishes. Unfortunately for him, he was not responsible to a court of chancery for the management of his trust, but to a tribunal composed of a multitude of judges. His accounts were to be passed upon not by one learned and conservative auditor guided by familiar precedents and rules of law, but a great, tumultuous popular assembly, which would approve or disapprove by a majority vote. When, therefore, it appeared to the people that he was forming a body of permanent office-holders—was recruiting a civil army to occupy in perpetuity the offices which they, the mass, had created and were taxed to pay for—the fierce, and in many respects scandalous, partisan assault which Jackson represented, if he did not direct, gathered overwhelming force. It seemed to the popular view that a narrow, an exclusive, an aristocratic system was being formed. The President appeared to be, while honestly and carefully preserving their trust from waste or loss, committing it to a control independent of them—an official body which, having a permanent tenure, would be altogether indifferent to their varying desires. Such a scheme of government was therefore no more than an attempt to stand the pyramid on its apex: Mr. Adams's administration, supported chiefly by those whose aspirations were for an honest and capable bureaucracy, and who could not or would not face the rude questionings of democracy, ended

with his first four years, and went out in such a whirlwind of partisan opposition as brought in, by reaction, the infamous "spoils system" that at the end of half a century we are but partially recovered from.

To designate more particularly the great fact which had been disregarded in this notable experiment of fifty years ago, and which is apparently not sufficiently considered in the measures of reform that have been more recently pressed upon us, we may declare that the government of the United States is, as yet, the direct outcome of what may be called the *political activity of the people*. Whether or not, having read history, we must anticipate a time here when the many, weary of preserving their own liberties, will resign their power to a few, it is certain that no such inclination yet appears. The government is the product of the public mind and will when these are moved with reference to the subject. It is created freshly at short intervals, and the manner of the creation is seldom languid or careless, but usually earnest, intense and heated. Upon this point there has no doubt been much misapprehension. As it has happened—perhaps rather oddly—that those of our thoughtful patriots whose warnings and appeals have reached public notice have had their experiences mostly in city life, surrounded by the peculiar conditions which exist there, the conclusions they have drawn in some respects are applicable only to their own surroundings. They have discovered persons who had forgotten or did not believe that liberty could be bought only with the one currency of eternal vigilance, and coupled with these others who were too busy to attend to the active processes by which the government is from time to time renewed; and they have concluded, with fatal inaccuracy of judgment, that this exceptional disposition of a small number of persons was a type of the whole population. Nothing could be more absurdly untrue. Outside of a very limited circle no such political fatigue exists. The people generally are deeply interested in public affairs and willing to attend to their own public

duties. Their concern in regard to measures, methods and candidates is seldom laid aside. The *political activity* to which we have called attention thus at some length is earnest, persistent and exacting.

It will be useful for the reformer of the civil service to give some study to the manifestations of this activity. He will find it one of the most marked and characteristic features in the life of the American people. If he will take the pains to examine the civil organization of the country, he will find that its roots run to every stratum of society. The number of persons interested in politics, not as a speculative subject, but as a practical and personal one, is wonderfully great. Thus, in most of the States there exists that modification of the ancient Saxon system of local action by "hundreds"—the township organization. This alone carries a healthy political movement into the farthest nook and corner of the body politic: every citizen of common sense may well be consulted in this primary activity, and every household may be interested in the question whether its results are good or bad. But besides this, simple and slightly compensated as are the positions belonging to the township, there are in every community many willing to fill them. To be a supervisor of the roads,* to be township constable and collector of the taxes, to audit the township accounts, to be a member of the school board, to be a justice of the peace, is an inclination—it may be a desire—entertained by many citizens; and if the ambition may seem to be a narrow one, its modesty does not make it unworthy or discreditable. But these men alone, active in the politics of townships, form a surprising array. If we consider that in Pennsylvania there are sixty-seven counties, with an average of say forty townships in each, here are twenty-six hundred and eighty townships, having each not less than ten officials, and making nearly twenty-seven thousand persons actually on duty at one time in a

* I use here the official nomenclature of Pennsylvania: by whatever title the local officials are known in the various States, the general fact is of course the same in all.

single State in this fundamental branch of the service. And if we estimate that besides those who are in office at least two persons are inclined and willing, if not actually desirous, to occupy the place now filled by each one—a very moderate calculation—we multiply twenty-six thousand eight hundred by three, and have over eighty thousand persons whose minds are quick and active in local politics on this one account. But we may proceed further. There are the cities and boroughs, their official business more complex and laborious, and in most cases receiving much higher compensation. The competition for these is in many instances very great: in the case of large cities we need not waste words in elaborating the fact. It is difficult to estimate the number of persons to whom the municipal corporations give place and pay compensation in the State of Pennsylvania, but five thousand is not an extravagant surmise, while it would be equally reasonable to presume that for each place occupied at least three others would be willing to fill it, so that on this account we may make a total of twenty thousand. But there are also the county offices. Besides the judicial positions, altogether honorable, held by long terms of election and receiving liberal compensation, there are in each county an average of fifteen other officials, making in the State, in round numbers, one thousand. These, again, may be multiplied by four: there are certainly three waiting aspirants for each place. But ascend now to the State system, with its several executive departments, the legislature, the charitable and penal institutions and the appointments in the gift of the governor. Great and small, these may reach one thousand (the Legislature alone, with its officers and employés, accounts for over three hundred), and certainly there are at least five persons looking toward each of the several places.

Upon such an estimate, then, of the political activities of one State we have such a showing as this:

Citizens politically active as to townships,	80,000
“ “ “ cities and boroughs,	20,000
“ “ “ counties,	4,000
“ “ “ the State,	5,000
Making a total of	109,000

Some allowance should be made, no doubt, for persons whose inclinations for position cover all the different fields—who may be said to be watching several holes. But we have not considered how many citizens of Pennsylvania are inclined to national positions—the Presidency, seats in Congress or some of the numerous places in the general service of the Federal government. These two classes, it is probable, would offset each other.

Subtracting, however, the odd thousands from the total stated, we may fix at one hundred thousand the number of citizens in the one State who, by reason of occupying some position of public duty or of being inclined to fill one, are actively interested in the subject of politics. This is almost exactly one-seventh of the whole number of voters in the State: it presents the fact that in every group of seven citizens there is one, presumably of more than the average in capacity and intelligence, whose mind is quick and sensitive to every question affecting political organization. We are brought thus to the same point which we reached by an observation of the township system—the fact that every part of society is permeated by the general political circulation. It is like the human organism: nerves and blood-vessels extend, with size and capacity proportioned for their work, to the most remote extremity, and the whole is alive.

Let us, however, guard strictly, at this point, against a possible misconception. It is not to be understood that these one hundred thousand citizens are simply “office-seekers,” using the ordinary and offensive sense of the term. The activity in affairs which we describe is distinct from a sordid desire to grab the emoluments of office. The vast majority of the places, including all those in the townships—which, with the aspirants to them, make four-fifths of the whole—are either without any pay at all or have an amount so small as to be beneath our consideration. But a small part of the offices which we have enumerated carry emoluments sufficient to furnish a living for the most economical incumbent. The

inspiration of the political interest evidenced by this one-seventh part of the citizenship is not an unworthy one at all: on the contrary, it is that essential democratic inclination without which our form of government must quickly stagnate. It would be foolish to say that no selfish motive enters into this tremendous manifestation of energy and effort (until humanity assumes a higher form the moving power of the mercenary principle must be very great), but it is fair and it is accurate to ascribe to the men in affairs a much loftier and more honorable impulse—the aspiration to share in the conduct of their own government, the unwillingness to be ignored or excluded in the administration of what is universally denominated a common trust. That they enjoy, if they do not covet, such pecuniary advantage as their places bring is reasonable, but it is true, to their credit, that they do appreciate more than this the honor that attaches to the public station and the pleasure which may be experienced in the discharge of its conspicuous duties.

Let us presume that even this imperfect study of the political activities of a single State may present some conception of the tremendous force and energy that go to the making, year by year, of the various branches of our government. Certainly, any student of this field may accept with respect the admonition that there is no languor, no fatigue, no feeling of genteel disgust with politics, in what has thus been presented him. If, then, his plan of reorganization for the civil service is intended to be set up without consulting the popular inclination, or possibly even in opposition to it, he may well stand hesitant as to his likelihood of success. The question may confront him at once: Is the organization of a permanent official class in the administration of the general government likely to accord with the desires of the people? And we may add, Is it consistent with the general character of our form of government? Is it not attended by conclusive objections?

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt answering these questions fully. We do not propose to throw ourselves

across the path of those undoubtedly sincere, and probably wise, students of this subject who have arrived at the positive conclusion that to establish a permanent tenure for the great body of the national office-holders, and to appoint to vacancies among them upon the tests of a competitive or other examination, is the panacea for all our public disorders, the regenerative process which will lift our whole system into a higher and purer atmosphere. We do not say that these gentlemen may not be right, but we are willing to examine the subject.

Upon viewing, then, the tremendous popular activity in local and State affairs—and we must reflect that there is "more politics to the square foot" in some of the newer States than there is in Pennsylvania—the inquiry is natural whether this stops short of all national politics. Certainly it does not. The offices in the general government, though their importance and their influence are usually overestimated, are a great object of attention with the whole country. The vehement democratic movement toward them that marked the time of Jackson is still apparent, though it proceeds with diminished force and is regulated and tempered by the strong protest which has been made against the scandals of the "spoils system," and against the theory that government by parties must be a continual struggle for plunder. It is noticeable that no administration has ever really attempted the formation of an irremovable body of officials. No party has ever yet explicitly declared itself in favor of such a policy. No actual leader of any party, bearing the responsibility of its success or failure in the elections, has ever yet sincerely and persistently advocated the measure. None wish to undertake so tremendous a task. He would indeed be a powerful orator who could carry a popular gathering with him in favor of the proposition that hereafter the holding of office was to be made more exclusive—that the people were to be put away from themselves, by a renunciation of their own powers, the expectancy of occupying a great part of the public places. Rare as may be the persuasive ability of

the true stump-orator, and serene as his confidence may be in his powers, there would be but few volunteers to enter a campaign upon such a platform as that. It would be a forlorn hope indeed.

The view of the people undoubtedly is (1) that the public places are common property; (2) that any one may aspire to fill them; and (3) that the elevation to them is properly the direct or nearly direct result of election. The elective principle is democratic. It has been, since the beginning of the government, steadily consuming all other methods of making public officers. In most States the appointing power of the governor, which years ago was usually large, has been stripped to the uttermost. It is thirty years in Pennsylvania since even the judiciary became elective by the people. And in those States—of which Delaware furnishes an example—where most of the county officers are still the appointees of the governor, the tendency to control his action by a display of the popular wish—such an array of petitions, etc. as amounts to a polling of votes—is unmistakable. The governor is moved, obviously, by the people. And if to some this general tendency toward the elective idea seems dangerous, it must be answered that it is not really so if the people are in fact capable of self-government. Conceding this as the foundation of our system, we cannot, at this point and that, expect to interpose a guardianship over their expression.

To the permanency of tenure it is that we have given, and expect will generally be given, most attention. This is the essence of the proposed "reform." The manner of selecting new appointees is of no great consequence if the vacancies are to occur so seldom as must be the case where incumbents hold for life. Whether the new recruits come in upon the certificates of a board of examiners, such as the British Civil-Service Commission, or upon the scrutiny of the Executive and his advisers, as now, is a consideration of minor importance. It is the idea of an official class, an order of office-holders, which appears to throw itself across the path of the democratic

activity which we have attempted to describe. This is the point of conflict—if any. We might, it is true, take many measures to ensure the colorless and harmless character of the system. Up to a recent time the government clerks in England were deprived of the suffrage, in order that they might be perfectly indifferent to politics. It is probable that in time our own officials would lose the ordinary instincts of a democratic citizenship, and would regard with coldness, if not contempt, the activities that lead to a renewal of the government. But however smoothly they might move in the pursuance of their clerical routine, however faultless they might become in their round of prescribed duties, would they not still obstruct the public purpose? Would not even this emasculate order of placemen, standing apart a sacrificed though favored class, still present themselves as unpardonable offenders? When it should be discovered that they claimed the possession in perpetuity of the offices in the national government, and had organized themselves as a standing army of placemen, can it be believed that they would not be swept aside by the same iconoclastic onset which ended the Adams administration?

We do not pause here to represent the apparent inconsistency of desiring to decitizenize a large number of intelligent members of the community, or the risk of creating a class in the republic forbidden to take any active interest in the renewals of its organization, or the impolicy of diminishing the force and courage of the popular will in its grapple with the problem of self-government; but all these comments may suggest themselves.

Popular expectancy, it may fairly be declared, follows all the stations of public life with a jealous if not an eager eye. There is abundant evidence of this in the county and township systems. Taking, for example, the administration of county affairs in any of the States, it will be found that the officers, by a rule that seems generally satisfactory, hold during short terms, and are seldom re-elected immediately to the same place. The rule is rotation—giving a large number of per-

sons their "turn"—and changes are regularly made. A man disappointed this year for a particular place waits until the time comes to fill it again, and in many counties, other things being about equal, the fact that he has waited patiently and now presents the oldest claim governs the selection. The antipathy to one who seeks to hold on to his place beyond the ordinary term—the dislike for a grabber who desires more than is usually assigned—is a perfectly well-known feature in politics. The county system of Pennsylvania will afford abundant proof of the statements here made: the terms of the officers, who are all elective, do not average more than four years, even including such court-officials as the clerks and prothonotaries, whose duties are in some particulars technical and difficult, requiring an acquaintance with the forms of legal procedure. But it is further true that in the States where county officers are appointed by the governor no protracted tenure results. On the contrary, the pressure upon him of the public expectation seldom permits the reappointment of an officer whose commission is expiring.

With this rule of change, primary as its application is, and within the direct comprehension and control of the people, there does not appear to be any general discontent. It is accepted, so far as we can discover, as a just and proper system by which an equality of claims upon the common favor is maintained. It is reasonable to presume, therefore, that amongst a people fairly acquainted with their own business, and possessing a fair education both of the schools and of experience in life, many persons in every community are competent to serve as its officials. At any rate, in the midst of these usages we discover no demand that the terms of office be made permanent, and that the place-holders be put beyond the reach of a removal. There is no apparent realization that such a "reform" is demanded; and if it be difficult, as has been stated, to awaken popular enthusiasm in behalf of a permanent tenure in the national civil service, there seems to be nothing in the rules of primary politics to help smooth the way.

It may be asked now whether it is not almost certainly true that some sound principle lies in the methods which an intelligent community, unrestrained by ancient conventional ideas or repressive systems of law, applies to its own political organization. Is not this instinctive democratic plan an essential principle of a government founded upon equal rights? *Is it not a law of Change which characterizes the civil service of a democracy, and not a law of Permanence?*

We can hardly doubt that the facts which have been stated concerning the disposition of the people toward the offices in their government are capable of a philosophical explanation; and as they proceed with evident freedom and naturalness from the very bosom of communities accustomed to independent thought and action, the conclusion is irresistible that this is the temper and the tendency of a free government. Startling as it may be to propose change rather than permanency in the civil service, that may prove to be best adapted to our wants. Consciously or not, such a rule has been established by the people themselves; and while it has scarcely found a formal presentation, much less had careful examination and argument, there can be little doubt that such a principle, substantially as we have described, lies close to the hearts of the people. The right of election, the idea that public officers should be elective, and the expectation that there will be a rotation of duties and honors, are popular principles which are unmistakable.

Apart from the consideration that whatever is fundamental in popular government, whatever tends to the preservation of individual freedom and equality of rights, must be a safe principle, there could be much said from the most practical stand-point in favor of rotation in office. All human experience proves the usefulness of change. Rest is the next thing to rust. In physics things without motion are usually things without life; and in government it is the bureaus least disturbed by change that are most stagnated and most circumlocutory. The apparent misfortune of having men

experienced in public affairs make way, at intervals, for others of less experience is itself greatly exaggerated. There are facts so important in compensation that the assumed evil becomes one of very moderate proportions. For it will be seen upon careful observation that no important function of the government, not even in the national service, calls for a character or qualification—sometimes, but rarely, for any sort of special or technical skill—which is not being continually formed and trained either in the movements of private life and business experience or in the political schools which are furnished by the State, the county and the township. The functions of the government are substantially the guardianship of the same interests for which the State, the county, the township and the individual exercise concern. Government has lost its mystery: even diplomacy has somewhat changed from lying and chicanery to common-sense dealing. The qualities that are required in the government—industry, economy, integrity, knowledge of men and affairs—are precisely those which are of value to every individual citizen, and which are taught day by day everywhere—to the lads in school and college and to the men in their occupations of life. Such qualities a community fit to govern itself must abundantly possess. There is nothing occult in the science of government. The administration in behalf of the people of the organization which they have ordered is nothing foreign to their own knowledge. They have ceased to consider themselves unfit for self-rule: they no longer think of calling in from other worlds a different order of beings to govern them.

We may accept without fear principles which seem startling, but which are proved to be rooted in democratic ground, so long as we have faith in the democratic system itself. There is no road open for the doubter and questioner of popular rights but that which leads back to abandoned ground. We may proceed, then, with an attempt to explain the philosophy of the rule of Change. Shall it not be stated thus:

VOL. XXVI.—44

That, due regard being had to the preservation of simplicity and economy—forbidding thus the needless increase of offices and expenses—it is then true that the active participation by the largest number of persons in the practical administration of their own government is an object highly to be desired in every democratic republic.

The government must be the highest school of affairs. Shall it be declared that to study there and to have its diploma is not desirable for all? Is it not perfectly evident that the more who can learn to actually discharge the duties belonging to their own social organization, the better for them and the better for it?

All these propositions necessarily imply the existence of an intelligent and patriotic people, at least of such a majority. So always does every plan of popular government. Whatever of disappointment presents itself to the author of any scheme of "reform," upon finding that he has constructed a system which is ridden down by the political activity of the people, he must blame the plan upon which our fabric is built. If he is chagrined to find that his *imperium in imperio* is not practicable, and that nothing can make here a power stronger than the source of power, he must solace his hurt feelings with the reflection that the system was never adapted to his contrivance, and that our fathers, when in the beginning they resolved to establish a government by the people, gave consent thereby to all the apparent risks and inconveniences of having the people continually minding their own affairs.

With a just comprehension of the democratic forces that give motion and life to the governmental system of the United States, and of the manner in which they affect the public service in all its departments, the wise advocate of reform must approach his work. His patriotism and thoughtfulness are both necessary. To proceed against the democratic law is not practicable: to establish a new system which is inconsistent with the abundant vitality and conscious strength of that already established is a futile proposition indeed.

THE PRICE OF SAFETY.

THIRTY-THREE years ago—that is, shortly before Christmas, 1847—I went over to Paris to pass a few weeks with my family. The great railway schemes of the two previous years in England had broken down a good many men in our office—draughtsmen, surveyors and so on. I wonder if the present public recollects those days, when the *Times* brought out double supplements to accommodate the advertisements of railroads, when King Hudson was as much a potentate as Queen Victoria, when Brunel and Stephenson were autocrats, and when everybody saw a sudden chance of getting rich by shares or damages? Those days were the beginning of that period of prosperity of which the recent "hard times" were the reaction. Then twenty guineas a night for office-work was sometimes paid to youngsters not yet out of their teens. In the great offices the young men worked all day and the alternate nights to get plans ready for Parliament, sustained by strong coffee always on the tap, till some of them went mad with the excitement and the strain.

I had worked hard both in the field and office during the closing months of 1847, but I broke down at last, and was sent to recover my health under the care of my family. That family consisted of my father—a half-pay English officer—my mother and three sisters, then living *au troisième* in the Rue Neuve de Berri, not far from the newly-erected Russian church, and the windows of the *appartement* commanded a side view down the Champs Élysées. I only needed rest and recreation, both of which my adoring family eagerly provided me. My sisters were three lively, simple-hearted, honest English girls, who had a large acquaintance in Paris, and took great pride and pleasure in introducing to it their only brother. We were not only invited to our embassy and on visiting terms with all the English Colony (that colony whose annals at that period are written in *The Adventures of*

Philip, and to which Thackeray's mother and nearest relatives, like ourselves, belonged), but we were, in virtue of some American connections, admitted to the American embassy on the footing of semi-Americans.

We enjoyed our American friends greatly. I formed the opinion then, which I retain now, that cultivated Americans, the top-skimming of the social cream, are some of the most charming people to be met with in cultivated society. To all that constitutes "nice people" everywhere they join a *souçon* of wild flavor which gives them individuality. They are to society what their own wild turkeys and canvasbacks are to the *menu*.

One of my sisters, Amy, the eldest, had been ill that winter, and was not equal to joining in the gayeties that the others enjoyed. Her principal amusement was walking in the Gardens of Monceaux, a private domain of King Louis Philippe in the Batignolles, a quiet, humdrum spot, where she could set her foot upon green turf and gravel. The streets of Paris, the Boulevards, and the Champs Élysées were too attractive to a pleasure-seeker like myself to allow me to content myself with the pale attractions of Monceaux, but I went there with my sister once or twice, because French etiquette forbade her walking even in these quiet garden-paths alone.

One day it was proposed by her that we should go again. I could not, in common humanity, refuse, and so consented. Poor Amy "put on her things," as our girls called it, and we descended to the porte-cochère, intending to engage the first passing citadine. As we stepped into the street, however, a gay carriage with high-stepping gray horses, a chasseur with knife and feathers, and a coachman in a modest livery on a hammer-cloth resplendent with yellow fringes and embroideries, drew up at our door: a pretty hand was laid upon the portière

and a voice cried, "Amy! Amy! I was coming for you."

"My brother—Miss Leare," said Amy.

Miss Leare bowed to me gracefully and motioned to her chasseur to open the carriage-door. "Get in," she said. "I have the carriage for two hours: what shall we do with it? Mamma is at the dentist's.—Amy, I thought you would enjoy a drive, and so I came for you."

I helped Amy in, and was making my bow when Miss Leare stopped me. "Come too," she said cordially: "Amy's brother surely need not be taboo. Shall we drive to the Bois?"

"I was going to Monceaux," said Amy. "Would it be quite the thing for us to drive alone to the Bois?"

"Oh-h-h!" said Miss Leare, prolonging her breath upon the vocative.—"You see," she added, turning to me, "I am so unprepared by previous training that I shall never become *au fait* in French proprieties. Indeed, I hold them in great reverence, but they seem to be for ever hedging me in; nor can I understand the meaning of half of them. In America I was guided by plain right and wrong.—Why shall we not outrage etiquette, Amy, by 'going alone,' as you call it, to Monceaux? Is it that the place is so stiff and solemn and out of the way that we may walk there without a chaperon? I should have thought seclusion made a place more dangerous, allowing that there be any danger at all.—In America, Mr. Farquhar, your escort would be enough for us, and the fact that Amy is your sister would give a sort of double security to your protection."

"Oh, dear Miss Leare—" began Amy.

"Hermie, Amy—Hermione, which is English and American for Tasso's Erminia.—Do you like my name, Mr. Farquhar? We have strange names in America, English people are pleased to say.—Victor!" she went on, calling to the chasseur without pausing for any reply, "stop at some place where they sell candy. Mr. Farquhar will get out and buy us some."

Obediently to her order, we stopped at a confectioner's. I was directed to put my hand into the carriage-pocket, where

I should find some "loose change," kept there for candy and the hurdy-gurdy boys. Then I was directed to go into the "store" and choose a pound of all sorts of "mixed candy."

I had not more than made myself intelligible to a young person behind the counter when the carriage-door was opened and both the girls came in, Miss Hermione declaring that she knew I should be embarrassed by the multitude of "sweeties," and that I should need their experience to know what I was about.

With dawdling, laughing and good-comradeship we chose our bonbons, and getting back into the barouche we proceeded to crunch them as we drove on to Monceaux. It was like being children over again, with a slight sense of being out of bounds. I had never seen confectionery eaten wholesale in that fashion. Such bonbons were expensive, too. Trained in the personal economy of English middle-class life, it would never have occurred to me to buy several francs' worth of sugar-plums and to eat them by the handful. But as the fair American sat before me, smiling, laughing, petting Amy and saying fascinating impertinences to myself, I thought I had never seen so bewitching a creature. Her frame, though *svette* and admirably proportioned, gave me an idea of vigor and strength not commonly associated at that time with the girls of America. Her complexion, too, was healthy: she was not so highly colored as an English country girl, but her skin was bright and clear. Her face was a perfect oval, her hair glossy and dark, her eyes expressive hazel. Her points were all good: her ears, her hands, her feet, her upper lip and nostrils showed blood, and the daintiness and taste of her rich dress seemed to denote her good taste and fine breeding. My sisters could not tie their bonnet-strings as she tied hers, nor were their dresses anything like hers in freshness, fit or daintiness of trimming.

We alighted at last at old Monceaux, and walked about its solemn alleys. Sometimes Miss Leare talked sense, and talked it well. Those were exciting days in Paris. It was February, 1848, and a great crisis was nearer at hand in politics

than we suspected; besides which there had been several events in private life which had increased the general excitement of the period—notably the murder of Marshal Sebastiani's daughter, the poor duchesse de Praslin. Hermione could talk of these things with great spirit, but sometimes relapsed into her grown-up childishness. She talked, too, with animation of the freedom and happiness of her American girlhood. My sister Amy had always taken life *au grand sérieux*; Ellen was a little too prompt to flirt with officers and gay young men, and needed repression; Lætitia went in for book-learning, and measured every one by what she called their "educational opportunities." My sisters were as different as possible from this butterfly creature, who seemed to sip interest and amusement out of everything.

At the end of two hours we drove back to Mrs. Leare's hôtel, which was opposite our own apartment in the Rue Neuve de Berri, the hôtel that a few weeks later was occupied by Prince Jerome. Here Hermione insisted upon our coming in while the carriage drove to the dentist's for her mother.

The reception-rooms in Mrs. Leare's hôtel were very showy. They were filled with buhl and knick-knacks gathered on all parts of the Continent, and lavishly displayed, not always in good keeping. A little sister, Claribel, came running up to us when we entered, and clung fondly to Hermione, who sat down at the Erard grand piano and sang to us, without suggestion, a gay little French song. She was taking lessons, Amy afterward told me, of the master most in vogue in Paris and of all others the most expensive. Amy, who could sing well herself, disparaged Hermione's voice to me, and sighed as she thought of the waste of those inestimable lessons.

Then Miss Hermione lifted the top of an ormolu box on the chimney-piece of a boudoir and showed Amy and me, under the rose as it were, some cigarettes, with a laugh. "Mamma's," she said: "she has a *faiblesse* that way."

"Oh, Hermione! you don't?" cried Amy.

"No, I don't," said Hermione more gravely.

I was so amused by her, so fascinated, so completely at my ease with her, that I could have stayed on without taking note of time had not Amy remembered that it was our dinner-hour. We took our leave, and met Mrs. Leare on the staircase ascending to her apartment. She greeted Amy with as much effusion as was compatible with her ideas of fashion, and said she was "right glad" to hear we had been passing the morning with Hermione.

"I wish you would come very often. I like her to see English girls: you do her so much good, Amy.—Mr. Farquhar, we shall hope to see you often too. I have a little reception here every Sunday evening."

With that she continued her course up stairs, and we descended to the portecochère.

She was a faded woman, "dressed to death," as Amy phrased it, and none of my people had a good word for her.

"The Leares are rolling in riches, I believe," remarked my father, "and an American who is rich has no hereditary obligations to absorb his wealth, so that it becomes all 'spending-money,' as Miss Hermione says. The head of the family—King Leare I call him—stays at home in some sort of a counting-room in New York and makes money, giving Mrs. Leare and Miss Hermione *carte blanche* to spend it on any follies they please. I never heard anything exactly wrong concerning Mrs. Leare, but she does not seem to me the woman to be trusted with that very nice young daughter. I feel great pity for Miss Leare."

"Miss Leare has plenty of sense and character," said my mother: "I do not think her mother's queer surroundings seem to affect her in any way. She moves among the Frenchmen, Poles and Italians of her mother's court like that lady Shakespeare—or was it Spenser?—wrote about among the fauns and satyrs. With all her American freedom she avoids improprieties by instinct. I have no fears for her future if she marries the right man."

"Indeed, mamma," said Amy, "I wish she would keep more strictly within the limit of the proprieties. She makes me nervous all the time we are together."

"My dear, you never heard her breathe a really unbecoming word or saw her do an immodest thing?" said my mother interrogatively.

"Oh no, of course not," said Amy.

"They say Mrs. Leare wants to marry her to that Neapolitan marquis who is so often there," put in Ellen. "*On dit*, she will have a *dot* of two millions of francs, or, as they call it, half a million of dollars."

"Such a rumor," I broke in, rather annoyed by this turn in the conversation, "may well buy her the right to be a marchioness if she will."

"Indeed it won't, then," said Ellen sharply, "for she thinks Americans should not 'fix' themselves permanently abroad. She says she means to marry one of her own folks, as she calls her countrymen."

"She knows an infinite variety of things, and has had all kinds of masters," sighed Lætitia: "she speaks all the languages in Europe. I believe Americans have a peculiar facility for pronunciation, like the Russians, and she learned at her school in America philosophy, rhetoric, logic, Latin, algebra, chemistry."

"I wonder she should be so sweet a woman," said my father. "She seems a good girl—I never took her for a learned one—but her mother is a fool, and I should think her father must be that or worse. I wonder what he can be like? It seems to an Englishman so strange that a man should stay at home alone for years, and suffer his wife and family to travel all over the Continent without protection."

Though my father, mother and sisters declined the Sunday invitation of Mrs. Leare, I went to her reception. The guests were nearly all Italians, Poles, Spaniards or Frenchmen. There was no Englishman present but myself, and only one or two Americans. I felt at once how out of place my mother, the country matron, and my father, *ce respectable viellard*, would have been in such a circle. But Mrs. Leare's guests

were not the *jeunesse dorée* nor the dubious nobility I had expected to meet in her *salon*. The Frenchmen among them were all men whose names were familiar in French political circles—men of revolutionary tendencies and of advanced opinions. I afterward discovered they had taken advantage of Mrs. Leare's desire to be the head of a salon to use her rooms as a convenient rendezvous. It was safe ground on which to simmer their revolutionary cauldron. It was seething and bubbling that night, although neither the Leares nor myself were aware of what was brewing. The talk was all about the Banquets, especially the impending reform banquet in the Rue Chaillot. The gentlemen present were not exactly conspirators: they were for the most part political reformers, who, being cut off from the usual modes of expressing themselves through a recognized parliamentary opposition or by the medium of petition, had devised a system of political banquets, some fifty of which had already been held in the departments, and they were now engaged in getting one up in Paris in the Twelfth arrondissement.

At that time, in a population of thirty-five millions, there were but a quarter of a million of French voters, and as in France all places (from that of a railroad guard to a seat on the bench) were disposed of by the government, it was very easy for ministers to control the legislature. A reform, really needed in the franchise, was the object proposed to themselves by the original heads of the Revolution of 1848, though when they had set their ball in motion they could neither control it nor keep up with it as it rolled downward.

The prevalent idea in Mrs. Leare's salon was that the banquet of the Rue Chaillot would go off quietly, that the prefect of police would protest, and that the affair would then pass into the law-courts, where it would remain until all interest in the subject had passed away. One was sensible, however, that there was a general feeling of excitement in the atmosphere. Paris swarmed with troops, evidently under stricter discipline than

usual. People looked into each other's faces interrogatively and read the daily papers with an anxious air.

Though I did not at the time fully appreciate what I saw, I was struck by the business-like character of the men about me. The guests, I thought, took very little notice of the lady of the house. I did not then suspect that they were using her hospitality for their own purposes, and that they felt secure in her total incapacity to understand what they were doing. She, meantime, intent on filling her reception-rooms with celebrities and titled persons, was charmed to have collected so many distinguished men around her.

Hermione appeared bewildered, uncomfortable and restless, like a spectator on the edge of a great crowd. "There are too many strangers here to-night," she said: "mamma and I do not know one half of them. They have been brought here by their friends. To have a salon is mamma's ambition, but this is not my idea of it. I feel as if we were out of place among these men, who talk to each other and hardly notice us at all."

We sat together and exchanged our thoughts in whispers. It was one of those crowds that create a solitude for lovers. Not that we talked sentiment or that we were lovers. We conversed about the excitements of the day—of the Leste affair, in which the king and the king's ministry were accused of protecting dishonesty; of the Beauvallon and D'Equivilley duel and the Praslin murder, in connection with both of which the royal family and the ministry were popularly accused of protecting criminals—and at last the conversation strayed away from France to Hermione's own girlhood. She told me of her happy country home in Maryland with her grandmother, and sighed. I asked her if she was going to the English ball to be given on Wednesday night at the beautiful Jardin d'Hiver in the Champs Élysées.

"I suppose so," she replied, "but I don't care for large assemblies: I feel afraid of the men I meet. I wish your mother could chaperon me: it would be much nicer to be with her than with my

own. Mamma understands nothing about looking after me; she wants to have a good time herself, and I am only in her way. Do you know, Mr. Farquhar, I have a theory that when women have missed anything they ought to have enjoyed in early life, they always want to go back and pick it up. Mamma had no pleasures in her youth, no attentions, no gayety. If I am to be chaperoned, I like the real thing. If I were at home in Maryland, where my father came from, I should need no one to protect me: *you* could take me to the ball."

"I, Miss Hermione?"

"Yes, you. You would call for me, and wait till I was ready to come down. Then you and I would go *alone*," she added, enjoying my look of incredulity. "It is the custom: no harm could come of it," she added. "We would walk to our ball."

"No harm in the case that you have supposed, but in some other cases—"

"You suppose a good deal," she interrupted. "You suppose a girl without self-respect or good sense, and perhaps a man without honor. Here, of course, things cannot be like that. Society seems founded upon different ideas from those prevalent with us about men and women. *Here*, I admit, a girl finds comfort and protection and ease of mind in a good chaperon. Yet it seemed strange to me to put on leading-strings when I came out here: I had been used to take care of myself for so many years."

"Why, Miss Leare," I said, laughing, "you cannot have been many years in society."

"I am twenty," she said frankly, "and we came to Europe about three years ago. But before that time I had been in company a good deal. Not in the city, for I was not 'out,' but in the hotels at Newport, at the Springs and in the country. In America one has but to do what one knows is kind and right, and no one will think evil: here one may do, without suspecting it, so many compromising things."

"Does the instinct that you speak of to be kind and right always guide the young American lady?"

"I suppose so—so far as I know. It *must*. She walks by it, and sets her feet down firmly. Here I feel all the time as if I were walking among traps blindfolded."

The ball of the Jardin d'Hiver in the Champs Élysées was a superb success. The immense glass-house was fitted up for dancing, and all went merry as a marriage-bell, with a crater about to open under our feet, as at the duchess of Richmond's ball at Brussels.

Miss Leare was there, but quiet and dignified. There was not the smallest touch of vulgarity about her. The coarse readiness to accept publicity which distinguishes the underbred woman, whether in England or America, the desire to show off a foreign emancipation from what appear ridiculous French rules, were not in her.

Yet she might have amused herself as she liked with complete impunity, for Mrs. Leare appeared to leave her entirely alone. I danced with her as often as she would permit me, and my heart was no longer in my own possession when I put her into her carriage about dawn.

Two or three days after I called, but the ladies were not in, so that except at church at the Hôtel Marbœuf on Sunday morning I saw nothing of Miss Hermione. Monday, February 21st, was sunny and bright. The public excitement was such that an unusual number of workmen were keeping their St. Crispin. The soldiers, however, were confined to their quarters: not a uniform was to be seen abroad. Our night had been disturbed by the continuous rumble of carts and carriages.

"Is it a fine day for the banquet?" I heard Amy say as our maid opened her windows on Tuesday morning.

"There is to be no banquet," was the answer. "*Voyez donc* the proclamation posted on the door of the barrack at the corner of the Rue Chaillot."

I sprang from my bed and looked out of my window. A strange change had taken place in the teeming little caserne at the corner. Instead of the usual groups of well-behaved boy-soldiers in rough uniforms, the barrack looked deserted, and its lower windows had been closed

up to their top panes with bags of hay and mattresses. Not a soldier, not even a sentry, was to be seen.

I dressed myself and went out to collect news. The carts that had disturbed us during the night had been not only employed in removing all preparations for the banquet, but in taking every loose paving-stone out of the way. I found the Place de la Madeleine full of people, all looking up at the house of Odillon Barrot, asking "What next?" and "What shall we do?" Odillon Barrot was the hero of the moment—literally, *of the moment*. In forty-eight hours from that time his name had faded from the page of history. In the Place de la Concorde there was more excitement, for threats were being made to cross the bridge and to insult the Chambers. The Pont de l'Institut, notwithstanding the efforts of the garde municipale or mounted police, was greatly crowded. A party of dragoons, on sorrel ponies barely fourteen hands high, rode up and began to clear the bridge, but gently and gradually. The crowd was retiring as fast as its numbers would permit, when some of the municipal guard rode through the ranks of the dragoons and set themselves, with ill-judged roughness, to accelerate the operation. The crowd grew angry, and stones began to be thrown at the guard and soldiers.

Growing anxious for the women I had left in the Rue Neuve de Berri, I returned home by side-streets. A crowd had collected on the Champs Élysées about thirty yards from the corner of our street, and was forming a barricade. All were shouting, all gesticulating. Citizens at full speed were driving out of reach of requisition; horses were going off disencumbered of their vehicles; the driver of a remise was seated astride his animal, the long flaps of his driving-coat covering it from neck to tail; a noble elm was being hewn down by hatchets and even common knives. An omnibus, the remise, a few barrels and dining-tables, a dozen yards of *pavé* torn up by eager hands, a sentry-box, some benches and the tree, formed the barricade. *Gamins* and *blouses* worked at it. The respect-

ables looked on and did not trouble the workers. Suddenly there was a general stampede among them. A squadron of about fifty dragoons charged up the Champs Élysées. One old peasant-woman in a scanty yellow-and-black skirt, which she twitched above her knees, led the retreat. But soon they stopped and turned again, while the dragoons rode slowly back, breathing their horses. Nobody was angry, for nobody had been hurt, but they were frightened enough.

At this moment, stealing from a portecochère where she had taken refuge during the fright and *sauve qui peut*, came a figure wrapped in dark drapery. Could it be possible? Hermione Leare! In a moment I was at her side. She was very pale and breathless, and she was glad to take my arm. "What brings you here?" I whispered.

"Our servants have all run away: they think mamma is compromised. Victor, our chasseur, broke open mamma's secretary and took his wages. She is almost beside herself. She wanted to send a letter to the post, and as it is steamer-day I thought papa had better know that thus far nothing has happened to us. There was nobody to take the letter: I said I would put it in the box in the Rue Ponthieu."

"And did you post it?"

"No: I could not get to the Rue Ponthieu. They were firing down the street, and now I dare not."

"Trust it to me, Miss Leare, and promise me to send for me if you have any more such errands. You must never run such risks again."

"I have to be the man of the family," she answered, almost with an apologetic air.

"Do not say that again. I shall come over three times a day while this thing lasts to see if you have any commissions."

She smiled and pressed my hand as she turned into her own portecochère. Frightened servants and their friends were in the porter's lodge, who gazed after her with exclamations as she went up the common stair.

The remainder of that day passed with very little fighting. Up to that time it

had been a riot apropos of a change of ministry, but in the night the secret societies met and flung aside the previous question.

When we awoke on Wednesday morning, February 23d, we were struck by the strange quiet of the streets. No provisions entered Paris through the barrier, no vehicles nor venders of small wares. The absolute silence, save when "Mourir pour la Patrie" sounded hoarsely in the distance, was as strange as it was unexpected. I had always connected an insurrection with noise. It was rumored that Guizot the Unpopular had been dismissed, and that Count Molé, a man of half measures, had been called to the king's councils. The affair looked to me as if it were going to die out for want of fuel. But I was mistaken: the blouses, who had not had one gun to a hundred the day before, had been all night arming themselves by domiciliary requisitions. The national guard was not believed to be firm.

The night before, an hour after I had parted with Miss Hermione, I had made an attempt to see her and Mrs. Leare, without any success. Not even bribery would induce the concierge to let me in. His orders were peremptory: "*Pas un seul, monsieur, personne*"—madame received nobody.

Early on Wednesday morning I again presented myself: the ladies were not visible. Later in the day I called again, and was again refused. But several times Amy had seen Hermione at a window, and they had made signs across the street to one another. I began to understand that Mrs. Leare was overwhelmed by the responsibility she had incurred in opening her salon to men whom she now perceived to have been conspirators, and that she was obstinately determined not to compromise herself further by giving admittance to any one.

Our bonne had been able to ascertain from the concierge of the Leare house that madame was hysterical, and could hardly be controlled by mademoiselle.

I was in the streets till five o'clock on Wednesday, when, concluding all was over, I came home, intending to make

another effort to see the Leares, and if possible to take Miss Hermione, with Ellen and Lætitia, to view the débris of the two days' fight—to let them get their first glimpse of real war in the Place de la Concorde, where a regiment was littering down its horses for the night, and a peep into the closed gardens of the Tuileries.

When I got up to our rooms I found my sisters at a window overlooking the courtyard of Mrs. Leare's hôtel, and they all cried out with one voice, "Mrs. Leare's carriage is just ready to drive away."

I looked. A travelling-equipage stood in the courtyard. On it the concierge was hoisting trunks, and into it was being heaped a promiscuous variety of knick-knackery and wearing apparel. A country postilion—who, but for his dirt, would have looked more like a character in a comedy than a real live, serviceable post-boy—was standing in carpet slippers (having divested himself of his boots of office) harnessing three undersized gray Normandy mares to an elegant travelling-carriage.

Hermione herself, Claribel her little sister, Mrs. Leare and the old colored nurse got quickly in. Mrs. Leare was in tears, with her head muffled in a yard or two of green *barège*, then the distinctive mark of a travelling American woman. The child's-nurse had long gold ear-drops and a head-dress of red bandanna. There was not a man of any kind with them except the postilion. The concierge opened the gates of the courtyard.

"Stop! stop!" I cried, and rushed down our own staircase and out of our front door.

As I ran past their entrance a woman put a paper into my hand. I had no time to glance at it, for the carriage had already turned into the Rue Ponthieu. For some distance I ran after it, encountering at every step excited groups of people, some of whom seemed to me in search of mischief, while some had apparently come out to gather news. There were no other carriages in the streets, and that alone enabled me to track the one I was in chase of, for everybody I met had

noticed which way it had turned. It wound its way most deviously through by-streets to avoid those in which paving-stones had been torn up or barricades been formed, and the postilion made all possible speed, fearing the carriage might be seized and detached from his horses. But the day's work was finished and the disorders of the night were not begun.

Forced at last to slacken my speed and to take breath, I glanced at the paper that I still held in my hand. It contained a few words from Hermione: "Thank you for all the kindness you have tried to show us, dear sir. My mother has heard that all the English in Paris are to be massacred at midnight by the mob, and directs me to give you notice, which is the reason I address this note to you and not to Amy. Mamma is afraid of being mistaken for an Englishwoman. We have secured post-horses and are setting out for Argenteuil, where we shall take the railway. Again, thank you: your kindness will not be forgotten by H. LEARE."

This note reassured me. I no longer endeavored to overtake the carriage, but I pushed my way as fast as possible beyond the nearest barrier. Once outside the wall of Paris, I was in the Banlieu, that zone of rascality whose inhabitants are all suspected by the police and live under the ban. Of course on such a gala-day of lawlessness this hive was all astir. At a village I passed through I tried to hire a conveyance to Argenteuil. I also tried to get some railway information, but nobody could tell me anything and all were ravenous for news. I secured, however, without losing too much time, a seat with a stout young countryman who drove a little country cart with a powerful gray horse, and was going in the direction I wanted to travel.

"What will be the result of this affair?" I said to him when he had got his beast into a steady trot.

He shrugged his shoulders. A French workingman has a far larger vocabulary at his command than the English laborer. "Bon Dieu!" he exclaimed: "who knows what will come of it? A land without a master is no civilized land. We shall

fall back into barbarism. What there is certain is, that we shall all be ruined."

At length, to my great relief, we saw a carriage before us; and we drove into the railway-station at the same moment as the Leares.

Before the ladies could alight I was beside the window of their carriage.

"You here, Mr. Farquhar?" cried Hermione. "How good of you! You cannot guess the relief. Help me to get them out, these helpless ones."

We lifted Mrs. Leare on to the platform of the railway, weeping and trembling. The old colored nurse could not speak French, and seemed to think her only duty was to hold the hand of little Claribel and to stand where her young mistress placed her. All looked to Hermione. She carried a canvas bag of five-franc pieces and paid right and left. I tried to interfere, as she was giving the postilion an exorbitant sum.

"No, hush!" she whispered: "we can afford to pay, but in our situation we cannot afford to dispute."

She then deputed me to see after the "baggage," as she called the luggage of the party, and went with her mother into the glass cage that the French call a *salle d'attente* at a railway-station.

We had come from the seat of war, and every one crowded around us asking for news. I had little to tell, but replied that I believed the affair was nearly over. I did not foresee that two hours later a procession roaring "*Mourir pour la Patrie*" under the windows of the *Hôtel des Affaires Étrangères* would be fired into by accident, and that the *émeute* of February, 1848, would be converted into a revolution.

It was nine o'clock in the evening. The lamps were lighted in the station. The night was cloudy, but far off on the horizon we could see a gleam of radiance, marking the locality of the great city.

After an hour of very anxious waiting, during which Mrs. Leare was beside herself with nervous agitation, the locked doors of our prison were flung open and we were permitted to seat ourselves in a railway-carriage.

Hermione's tender devotion to her

mother, the old servant and the child was beautiful to witness. Now that Mrs. Leare was helpless on her daughter's hands, they seemed to have found their natural relations. Hermione said few words to me, but a glance now and then thanked me for being with them. The train started. For about three miles all went on well, although we travelled cautiously, fearing obstructions. Suddenly the speed of our train was checked, and there was a cry of consternation as we rounded a sharp curve. The bridge over the Seine at its third bend was ablaze before us!

All the men upon the train sprang out upon the track as soon as the carriage-doors were opened, and in a few moments we were surrounded by ruffians refusing to let us go on.

"Back the train!" cried the railroad official in charge.

No, they were not willing to let us go back to Paris. Conspirators against the people might be making their escape. They had set fire to the bridge, they said, to prevent the train from passing over. It must remain where it was. If we passengers desired to return to Paris, we must walk there.

"Walk?" I exclaimed: "it is ten miles! Women—delicate ladies—children!"

My remonstrance was drowned in the confusion. Suddenly the party of women under my charge stood at my elbow: Mrs. Leare was leaning on Hermione's arm; Mammy Christine and Claribel covered close and held her by her drapery.

"Make no remonstrances," she said in a low voice: "let us not excite attention. An Englishman never knows when not to complain: an American accepts his fate more quietly. These people mean to sack the train. We had better get away as soon as possible."

"But how?" I cried.

"I can walk. We must find some means of transporting mamma, Mammy Chris and Clary."

As Hermione said this she turned to an official and questioned him upon the subject. He thought that there was a little cart and horse which might be hired at a neighboring cottage.

"Let us go and see about it, Mr. Farquhar," said Hermione.

"I will."

"No: I put greater trust in my own powers of persuasion. — Mammy dear, take good care of mamma: we shall be back directly."

Her *we* was very sweet to me, and I shared her mistrust of my French and my diplomacy.

The glare of the burning bridge lighted our steps: the air was full of falling flakes of fire. The cottage was a quarter of a mile off. Hermione refused my arm, but, holding her skirts daintily, stepped bravely at my side. She exhibited no bashfulness, no excitement, no confusion, no fear: she was simply bent on business. We reached the peasant's farmyard. He and his family were outside the house. We like to say a Frenchman has no word for *home*. But the conclusion that the man of Anglo-Saxon birth deduces from this lack in his vocabulary is false: no man cares more for the domicile that shelters him. Hermione made her request with sweet persuasiveness. I saw at once it would have been refused if I had made it, but to her they made excuses. The old horse, they said, was very old, the old cart was broken.

"Let me look at it," said Hermione. At this they led us into an outhouse, where she assisted me to make a careful inspection. I might have rejected the old trap at once, but she offered a few suggestions, which she told me in an aside were the fruit of her experiences in Maryland and Virginia, and the cart was pronounced safe enough to be driven slowly with a light load.

A half-grown son of the house was put in charge of it. Hermione suggested he should bring the family clothes-line in case of a breakdown, and prevailed upon the farmer's wife to put in plenty of fresh straw, a blanket and a pillow. She made a bargain, less extravagant than I expected, with the peasant proprietor, promising, however, a very handsome *pourboire* to his son in the event of our good fortune. The farmer stipulated, in his turn, that cart, horse and lad were not to pass the barrier, that the boy should walk at

the horse's head, and that the cart was to contain only two women and little Claribel.

It was harnessed up immediately. Hermione and I followed it on foot back to the little band of travellers waiting beside the railway.

"Can we not get some of your trunks out?" I said to her.

"No," she answered: "leave them to their fate. I dare not overload the cart, and I doubt whether those men with hungry eyes would let us take them. Mammy," she whispered, "has her diamonds."

"You will get into the cart, Miss Leare?" I said as I saw her motioning to the old colored woman to take the place beside her mother.

"No indeed," she replied: "our contract stipulated only for mamma, Mammy and Clary: Mammy is crippled with rheumatism. If you have no objection I will walk with you."

"Objection? No. But it is ten miles."

"A long stretch," she said with a half sigh, "but I am young, strong, and excitement counts for something: besides, there is no remedy. We must consider them."

There had been about fifteen other persons on the train. A dozen of these, finding we were going to walk back to Paris, proposed to join us. The night was growing dark, and we pushed on. There was no woman afoot but Hermione. "Madame" they called her, evidently taking her for my wife, but by no word or smile did she notice the blunder. After a while she accepted my arm, drawing up her skirts by means of loops or pins. We had one lantern among us, and from time to time its glare permitted me to see her dainty feet growing heavy with mud and travel.

It was not what could be called a lovers' walk, tramping in the dark through mud and water, on a French country road, at a cart's tail, and hardly a word was exchanged between us; yet had it not been for fears about her safety it would have been the most delightful expedition I had ever known.

From time to time Mrs. Leare and the old nurse in the cart complained of their

bones. Hermione was always ready with encouragement, but she said little else to any one. She appeared to be reserving all her energies to assist her physical endurance and to strengthen her for her task of taking care of the others.

I had always seen my sisters and other girls protected, sheltered, cared for: it gave me a sharp pang to see this beautiful and dainty creature totally unthought of by those dependent on her. Nor did Mrs. Leare seem to feel any anxiety about my comradeship with her daughter. I could fully appreciate Hermione's remark about her chaperonage being very unsatisfactory.

Every now and then we passed through villages along whose straggling streets the population was aswarm, eager for news and wondering at our muddy procession. In one of the villages I suggested stopping, but Mrs. Leare was now as frantic to get home again as she had been to get away. She said, and truly, that it had been a wild plan to start from Paris—that if she had seen me and had heard that I thought the émeute was at an end and that the report about the English was untrue, she should never have left her apartment. She had been frightened out of her senses by some men *en blouse* who had made their way into her rooms and had carried off her pistol and a little Turkish dagger. Victor's theft of his own wages had upset her. She had insisted upon setting out. Hermione had got post-horses somehow: Hermione ought never to have let her come away.

About three in the morning we reached a larger village than we had hitherto passed. The inhabitants had been apprised of the events in the Rue Neuve des Capucines before the ministry of the Affaires Étrangères, and the revolutionary element had increased in audacity. A crowd of turbulent-looking workingmen dressed in blouses, armed with muskets, old sabres and all kinds of miscellaneous weapons, stopped our way. Some seized the head of the old horse, some gathered round the cart and lifted lanterns into the faces of the ladies. The French workman is a much more athletic man than the French soldier. I

own to a sensation of deadly terror for a moment when I saw the ladies in the midst of a lawless rabble whose brawny arms were bared as if prepared for butchery of any kind. Far off, too, a low rattle of distant musketry warned us that the tumult in Paris was renewed.

"Mourir pour la Patrie" appeared to come from every throat, and many of the crowd were the worse for liquor. Indeed, these patriots had rendezvoused at a cabaret at the entrance of the village, and swarmed from its tables to intercept us. The ladies, they insisted, must alight and be examined. Mammy Chris was drawn out of the cart, looking as if her face had been rubbed in ashes: Mrs. Leare was nervously excited, Hermione went up to her, supported her and drew her bag of diamonds out of her hand. I took Claribel in my arms.

"Vos passeports," they demanded.

"Here are our American passports," said Hermione: "we are Americans."

"Yes, Americans, republicans!" cried Mrs. Leare: "we fraternize with all republicans in France."

"Aristos," said a man between his teeth, glancing at her dress and at that of Hermione.

"What does he say?" cried Mrs. Leare, who did not catch the word.

"Hush, mother!" said Hermione.

"But what did he say?" she shrieked. "Tell me at once: do not keep it from me."

Hermione replied (unwilling to use the word "aristocrat") by an American idiom: "He said we belonged to the Upper Ten."

"But we don't! Oh, Hermie, your father belongs to a good family in Maryland, but *my* grandfather made shoes. I was quite poor when he married me. I was only sixteen."

"What you say?" said a railroad-hand who knew a little English. "You say you are not some aristos?"

"No, sir," said I: "these ladies claim to be Americans and republicans."

"Vive la République!" cried the man.

"Vive la République!" quickly echoed Hermione.

"C'est bien! c'est bien!" cried another.

er, raising his lantern to her blanched and beautiful face.

"You will let us all pass, monsieur?" she said persuasively: "you will even be our escort a little way. We will pay handsomely for your protection."

Before he could answer her two or three fellows, more drunk than the rest, burst out with a proposition: "She says they are not aristos, but republicans. Let her prove it. She cannot, if she be a true republican, refuse to kiss her fellow-patriots."

I started and was about to knock the rascal down with the bag of diamonds.

But Hermione laid a restraining hand upon my arm. "Gentlemen," she said in clear tones and perfect French, "it is quite true that we are Americans and republicans. We wish you well, and if it be for the good of France to be free under a republican form of government, no one can wish her prosperity more than ourselves. But in our free country, messieurs, a woman is held free to give her kiss to whom she will, and according to our custom she gives it only to her betrothed or to her husband." Here stooping she picked up a little boy who had worked himself into the forefront of the crowd, and before I knew what she was about to do she had lifted him upon the cart beside her. She looked a moment steadily at the men around her, holding the boy's hand in both her own, then turning toward him and pressing her lips upon his face, she said, "Messieurs, I kiss your representative: I cannot embrace a multitude;" and placed a piece of money in the gamin's hand.

For a moment there was some doubt what view the crowd might take of this, but her beauty, her fearlessness, and, above all, the awe inspired by her womanliness, prevailed. They shouted "Vive la République!"

"With all my heart," replied Hermione. "Now shout for me, gentlemen: Vive la République des États Unis!"

They were completely won. A French crowd is never dangerous or unmanageable till it has tasted blood, and besides it has—or at least in those days it used to have—*sentiments*, to which it was pos-

sible with a little tact to appeal successfully.

The opposition to our progress came to an end. Mrs. Leare and old Mammy were helped back into the cart, and a man offered them some wine. They brought some also to Hermione. I pressed her to drink it, which she did to their good health, and giving back the glass placed in it a napoleon. "Do me the favor, messieurs," she said, "to drink your next toast to our American republic."

Cheers rose for her. There was no longer any talk of detaining us: the old horse was urged forward. Hermione took my arm. We marched on, escorted by the rabble. At the end of the village-street they all gave us an unsteady cheer and turned back to their wine-tables. Hermione proceeded in silence a little farther. Then I felt her slipping from my arm, and was just in time to catch her.

Without compunction I requested Mammy Chris to get out of the cart and put her young lady in her place, pillowing her head as carefully as I could on my own coat, and proceeding in my shirt-sleeves.

We were then not half a mile from the Banlieu, which we passed without adventure, much to my surprise, its inhabitants having taken advantage of the confusion to pour into Paris and infest its richer quarters.

The ladies were obliged to get out at the barrier and to send back the cart to its proprietor. Again I had the happiness of supporting Hermione while I carried little Claribel, and Mrs. Leare and Mammy walked on ahead.

"I feel humiliated," I said, "that the whole burden of those dreadful moments should have fallen upon you."

"And to avoid that feeling you were ready to knock down a drunken blouse in English style?" she said, smiling. "No, Mr. Farquhar, nothing but the power that a woman finds in her own womanhood could have brought us through safely. Those men had all had mothers, and each man had some sort of womanly ideal. I could not have managed a crowd of *poissardes*, but, thank Heaven, there

is yet a chord that a woman may strike in the hearts of men."

The dawn of Thursday, February 24, 1848, was breaking at the eastward when I arrived with Mrs. Leare, Hermione, the nurse and child at their own apartment. I went up stairs with them. All was cold and cheerless in the rooms. There were no servants. Mrs. Leare sat down; the old nurse bemoaned her rheumatism and her aching bones; Hermione, with the assistance of the concierge's wife, lighted a fire, made some tea and waited on her mother.

For several days afterward she was very ill. She knew nothing of passing events—of the king's flight, of the triumphal and victorious processions that passed up the Champs Élysées, of the sudden impossibility of procuring supplies of change, and of the consequent difficulty of paying household bills with *billets de mille francs* without gold or silver.

Each day I went several times to make inquiries, and twice I saw Mrs. Leare in bed, but Hermione was invisible.

My father, an honorable British officer of the old school, perceived how things were with me. "My son," he said one day, "there are two courses open to you. You have nothing but your profession. Your education and the premium on your admittance to the office of the great man for whom you work have been my provision for you: the little property I have to leave must support your sisters. You cannot under such circumstances address Miss Leare. You must either go back at once to your work in England and forget this episode, or you may go out to America and see her father. You can tell him you have nothing on which to support his daughter, and ask if he will give you leave to address the young lady. No son of mine, situated like yourself, shall offer himself in any other way to an heiress whose father is three thousand miles away, and who is supposed to have two millions of francs for her dowry."

I saw he was right, but, forlorn as the hope was of any appeal to Mr. Leare, I would not relinquish it. I resolved to go out to America and see him, and wrote

to England to secure letters of introduction to the chief engineers in the United States and Canada. Meantime, my father proposed that we should go together and call upon Mrs. and Miss Leare.

Hermione received us in the boudoir, looking like a bruised lily: her mother came in afterward.

"We are going right straight home," she said, "the moment we can get money to get away. I have written to Mr. Leare that he must find some means to send me some."

"I am glad to hear you say this, madame," said my father. "My son has just made up his mind to go out to America and seek employment on one of your railways."

Hermione looked up with a question in her eyes: so did her mother.

"Why, Mr. Farquhar, that will suit us exactly," cried Mrs. Leare.—"Hermione, won't it be lovely if Mr. Farquhar takes care of us on the voyage?—You will engage your passage—won't you?—in the same steamer as we do?—No one was ever so good a squire of dames as your son, Captain Farquhar. Hermione and I shall never forget our obligations to him."

"No, madame," said my father; and he got up and walked to the fireplace, where in his embarrassment he laid his hand upon the ornamented box which held the cigarettes of the fast lady.

She rose up too and went hastily toward him, anxious he should not surprise her little frailty.

"The truth is, madame," whispered my father, who never could restrain his tongue from any kindly indiscretion, "the poor fellow is suffering too much from the attractions of Miss Leare. He has nothing but his profession, and I tell him he must not dare to address her in her father's absence."

"My dear captain, what does that matter? And I believe Hermione would have him too," said her mother.

"Disparity of means—" began my father.

"Oh, no matter," interrupted Mrs. Leare: "her father always told her just to please herself. Mr. Farquhar is an Englishman and of good family. He

has his profession to keep him out of mischief, and Hermie will more than pay her own expenses. Indeed, I dare not go home without a gentleman to look after us on the passage: my nerves have been too shattered, and I never again shall trust a courier. Do let your son go back with us," she implored persuasively; and added, as she saw that he still hesitated, "Besides, what rich man in America knows how long he may be rich? 'Spend your money and enjoy yourself' has always been my motto."

Thus urged, what could my father do but suppose that Mrs. Leare knew Mr. Leare's views better than he did? He no longer held out on the point of honor.

In twenty-four hours Hermione and I were engaged to be married.

During the voyage to New York I

learned to understand her father's character, and when he met us on the wharf I was no longer afraid of him.

Hermione's choice in marriage seemed to be wholly left to herself. Mr. Leare told me, when I had that formidable talk with him dreaded by all aspirants to the hand of a man's daughter, that Hermione had too much good sense, self-respect and womanliness to give herself away to a man unworthy of her. "That she can love you, sir," he said, "is sufficient recommendation."

That it might be sufficient in my case I hoped with all my soul, but felt, as Hermione had expressed it early in our acquaintance, that society in America must be founded upon very different opinions than our own in regard to the relations of men and women.

E. W. LATIMER.

THE AUTHORS OF "FROUFROU."

NO doubt it will surprise some theatre-goers who are not special students of the stage to be told that the authors of *Froufrou* are the authors also of the *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* and of *La Belle Hélène*, of *Carmen* and of *Le Petit Duc*. There are a few, I know, who think that *Froufrou* was written by the fertile and ingenious M. Victorien Sardou, and who, without thinking, credit M. Jacques Offenbach with the composition of the words as well as the music of the *Grande Duchesse*; and as for *Carmen*, is it not an *Italian* opera, and is not the book, like the music, the work of some Italian? As a matter of fact, all these plays, unlike as they are to each other, and not only these, but many more—not a few of them fairly well known to the American play-goer—are due to the collaboration of M. Henri Meilhac and M. Ludovic Halévy.

Born in 1832, M. Henri Meilhac, like M. Émile Zola, dealt in books before he

began to make them. He soon gave up trade for journalism, and contributed with pen and pencil to the comic *Journal pour Rire*. He began as a dramatist in 1855 with a two-act play at the Palais Royal Theatre: like the first pieces of Scribe and of M. Sardou, and of so many more who have afterward abundantly succeeded on the stage, this play of M. Meilhac's was a failure; and so also was his next, likewise in two acts. But in 1856 the *Sarabande du Cardinal*, a delightful little comedy in one act, met with favor at the Gymnase. It was followed by two or three other comediettas equally clever. In 1859, M. Meilhac made his first attempt at a comedy in five acts, but the *Petit fils de Mascarille* had not the good fortune of his ancestor. In 1860, for the first time, he was assisted by M. Ludovic Halévy, and in the twenty years since then their names have been linked together on the title-pages of two score or more plays of all kinds—drama, comedy,

farce, opera, operetta and ballet. M. Meilhac's new partner was the nephew of the Halévy who is best known out of France as the composer of the *Jewess*, and he was the son of M. Léon Halévy, poet, philosopher and playwright. Two years younger than M. Henri Meilhac, M. Ludovic Halévy held a place in the French civil service until 1858, when he resigned to devote his whole time, instead of his spare time, to the theatre. As the son of a dramatist and the nephew of a popular composer, he had easy access to the stage. He began as the librettist-in-ordinary to M. Offenbach, for whom he wrote *Ba-ta-clan* in 1855, and later the *Chanson de Fortunio*, the *Pont des Soupirs* and *Orphée aux Enfers*. The first very successful play which M. Meilhac and Halévy wrote together was a book for M. Offenbach; and it was possibly the good fortune of this operetta which finally affirmed the partnership. Before the triumph of the *Belle Hélène* in 1864 the collaboration had been tentative, as it were: after that it was as though the articles had been definitely ratified—not that either of the parties has not now and then indulged in outside speculations, trying a play alone or with an outsider, but this was without prejudice to the permanent partnership.

This kind of literary union, the long-continued conjunction of two kindred spirits, is better understood amongst us than the indiscriminate collaboration which marks the dramatic career of M. Eugène Labiche, for instance. Both kinds were usual enough on the English stage in the days of Elizabeth, but we can recall the ever-memorable example of Beaumont and Fletcher; while we forget the chance associations of Marston, Dekker, Chapman and Ben Jonson. And in contemporary literature we have before us the French tales of M. Erckmann-Chatrian and the English novels of Messrs. Besant and Rice. The fact that such a union endures is proof that it is advantageous. A long-lasting collaboration like this of M. Meilhac and Halévy must needs be the result of a strong sympathy and a sharp contrast of character, as well as of the possession

by one of literary qualities which supplement those of the other.

One of the first things noticed by an American student of French dramatic literature is that the chief Parisian critics generally refer to the joint work of these two writers as the plays of M. Meilhac, leaving M. Halévy altogether in the shade. At first this seems a curious injustice, but the reason is not far to seek. It is not that M. Halévy is some two years the junior of M. Meilhac: it lies in the quality of their respective abilities. M. Meilhac has the more masculine style, and so the literary progeny of the couple bear rather his name than his associate's. M. Meilhac has the strength of marked individuality, he has a style of his own, one can tell his touch; while M. Halévy is merely a clever French dramatist of the more conventional pattern. This we detect by considering the plays which each has put forth alone and unaided by the other. In reading one of M. Meilhac's works we should feel no doubt as to the author, while M. Halévy's clever pictures of Parisian society, wanting in personal distinctiveness, would impress us simply as a product of the "Modern French School."

Before finally joining with M. Halévy, M. Meilhac wrote two comedies in five acts of high aim and skilful execution, and two other five-act pieces have been written by M. Meilhac and Halévy together. The *Vertu de Célémène* and the *Petit fils de Mascarille* are by the elder partner—*Fanny Lear* and *Froufrou* are the work of the firm. Yet in these last two it is difficult to see any trace of M. Halévy's handiwork. Allowing for the growth of M. Meilhac's intellect during the eight or ten years which intervened between the work alone and the work with his associate, and allowing for the improvement in the mechanism of play-making, I see no reason why M. Meilhac might not have written *Fanny Lear* and *Froufrou* substantially as they are had he never met M. Halévy. But it is inconceivable that M. Halévy alone could have attained so high an elevation or have gained so full a comic force. Perhaps, however, M. Halévy deserves credit

for the better technical construction of the later plays: merely in their mechanism the first three acts of *Froufrou* are marvellously skilful. And perhaps, also, his is a certain softening humor, which is the cause that the two later plays, written by both partners, are not so hard in their brilliance as the two earlier comedies, the work of M. Meilhac alone.

It may seem something like a discussion of infinitesimals, but I think M. Halévy's co-operation has given M. Meilhac's plays a fuller ethical richness. To the younger writer is due a simple but direct irony, as well as a lightsome and laughing desire to point a moral when occasion serves. Certainly, I shall not hold up a play written to please the public of the Palais Royal, or even of the Gymnase, as a model of all the virtues. Nor need it be, on the other hand, an embodiment of all the cardinal sins. The frequenters of the Palais Royal Theatre are not babes; young people of either sex are not taken there; only the emancipated gain admittance; and to the seasoned sinners who haunt theatres of this type these plays by MM. Meilhac and Halévy are harmless. Indeed, I do not recall any play of theirs which could hurt any one capable of understanding it. Most of their plays are not to be recommended to ignorant innocence or to fragile virtue. They are not meant for young men and maidens. They are not wholly free from the taint which is to be detected in nearly all French fiction. The mark of the beast is set on not a little of the work done by the strongest men in France. M. Meilhac is too clean and too clever ever to delve in indecency from mere wantonness: he has no liking for vice, but his virtue sits easily on him, and though he is sound on the main question, he looks upon the vagaries of others with a gentle eye. M. Halévy, it seems to me, is made of somewhat sterner stuff. He raises a warning voice now and then—in *Fanny Lear*, for instance, the moral is pointed explicitly—and even where there is no moral tagged to the fable, he who has eyes to see and ears to hear can find "a terrible example" in almost any of these plays, even the light-

est. For the congregation to which it was delivered there is a sermon in *Toto chez Tata*, perhaps the piece in which, above all others, the Muse seems Gallic and *égrillarde*. That is a touch of real truth, and so of a true morality, where Tata, the fashionable courtesan, leaning over her stairs as Toto the school-boy bears off her elderly lover, and laughing at him, cries out, "Toi, mon petit homme, je te repincerai dans quatre ou cinq ans!" And a cold and cutting stroke it is a little earlier in the same little comedy where Toto, left alone in Tata's parlor, negligently turns over her basket of visiting-cards and sees "names which he knew because he had learnt them by heart in his history of France." Still, in spite of this truth and morality, I do not advise the reading of *Toto chez Tata* in young ladies' seminaries. Young ladies in Paris do not go to hear Madame Chaumont, for whom *Toto* was written, nor is the Variétés, where it was played, a place where a girl can take her mother.

It was at the Variétés in December, 1864, that the *Belle Hélène* was produced: this was the first of half a score of plays written by MM. Meilhac and Halévy for which M. Jacques Offenbach composed the music. Chief among these are *Barbe-bleue*, the *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, the *Brigands* and *Périchole*. When we recall the fact that these five operas are the most widely known, the most popular and by far the best of M. Offenbach's works, there is no need to dwell on his indebtedness to MM. Meilhac and Halévy, or to point out how important a thing the quality of the opera-book is to the composer of the score. These earlier librettos were admirably made: they are models of what a comic opera-book should be. I cannot well imagine a better bit of work of its kind than the *Belle Hélène* or the *Grande Duchesse*. Tried by the triple test of plot, characters and dialogue, they are nowhere wanting. Since MM. Meilhac and Halévy have ceased writing for M. Offenbach they have done two books for M. Charles Lecocq—the *Petit Duc* and the *Grande Demoiselle*. These are rather light comic operas than true *opéras-bouffes*, but if there is an elevation in the style of the

music, there is an emphatic falling off in the quality of the words. From the *Grande Duchesse* to the *Petit Duc* is a great descent: the former was a genuine play, complete and self-contained—the latter is a careless trifle, a mere outline sketch for the composer to fill up. The story—akin in subject to Mr. Tom Taylor's fine historical drama *Clancarty*—is pretty, but there is no trace of the true poetry which made the farewell letter of *Périchole* so touching, or of the true comic force which projected *Général Boum*. *Carmen*, which, like *Périchole*, owes the suggestion of its plot and characters to Prosper Mérimée, is little more than the task-work of the two well-trained play-makers: it was sufficient for its purpose, no more and no less.

Of all the opera-books of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, that one is easily first and foremost which has for its heroine the Helen of Troy whom Marlowe's Faustus declared

Fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

In the *Belle Hélène* we see the higher wit of M. Meilhac. M. Halévy had been at the same college with him, and they had pored together over the same legends of old time, but working without M. Meilhac on *Orphée aux Enfers*, M. Halévy showed his inferiority, for *Orphée* is the old-fashioned anachronistic skit on antiquity—funny if you will, but with a fun often labored, not to say forced—the fun of physical incongruity and exaggeration. But in the *Belle Hélène* the fun, easy and flowing, is of a very high quality, and it has root in mental, not physical, incongruity. Here indeed is the humorous touchstone of a whole system of government and of theology. And, allowing for the variations made with comic intent, it is altogether Greek in spirit—so Greek, in fact, that I doubt whether any one who has not given his days and nights to the study of Homer and of the tragedians, and who has not thus taken in by the pores the subtle essence of Hellenic life and literature, can truly appreciate this French farce. Planché's *Golden Fleece* is in the same vein, but the ore is not as rich. Frère's *Loves*

of the Triangles and some of his *Anti-Jacobin* writing are perhaps as good in quality, but the subjects are inferior and temporary. Scarron's vulgar burlesques and the cheap parodies of many contemporary English play-makers are not to be mentioned in the same breath with this scholarly fooling. There is something in the French genius akin to the Greek, and here was a Gallic wit who could turn a Hellenic love-tale inside out, and wring the uttermost drop of fun from it without recourse to the devices of the booth at the fair, the false nose and the simulation of needless ugliness. The French play, comic as it was, did not suggest hysteria or epilepsy, and it was not so lacking in grace that we could not recall the original story without a shudder. There is no shattering of an ideal, and one cannot reproach the authors of the *Belle Hélène* with what Theophrastus Such calls "debasing the moral currency, lowering the value of every inspiring fact and tradition."

Surpassed only by the *Belle Hélène* is the *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*. It is nearly fifteen years since all the world went to Paris to see an Exposition Universelle and to gaze at the "sabre de mon père," and since a Russian emperor, going to hear the operetta, said to have been suggested by the freak of a Russian empress, sat incognito in one stage-box of the little Variétés Theatre, and glancing up saw a Russian grand duke in the other. It is nearly fifteen years since the tiny army of Her Grand-ducal Highness took New York by storm, and since American audience after audience hummed its love for the military and walked from the French Theatre along Fourteenth street to Delmonico's to supper, sabring the waiters there with the venerated weapon of her sire. The French Theatre is no more, and Delmonico's is no longer at that Fourteenth-street corner, and Her Highness Mademoiselle Tostée is dead, and M. Offenbach's sprightly tunes have had the fate of all over-popular airs, and are forgotten now. *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*

It has been said that the authors regretted having written the *Grande Duchesse*, because the irony of history soon

made a joke on Teutonic powers and principalities seem like unpatriotic satire. Certainly, they had no reason to be ashamed of the literary quality of their work: in its class it yields only to its predecessor. There is no single figure as fine as Calchas—Général Boum is a coarser outline—but how humorous and how firm is the drawing of Prince Paul and Baron Grog! And Her Highness herself may be thought a cleverer sketch of youthful femininity than even the Hellenic Helen. It is hard to judge the play now. Custom has worn its freshness and made it too familiar: we know it too well to criticise it clearly. Besides, the actors have now overlaid the action with overmuch "business." But in spite of these difficulties the merits of the piece are sufficiently obvious: its constructive skill can be remarked; the first act, for example, is one of the best bits of exposition on the modern French stage.

Besides these plays for music, and besides the more important five-act comedies to be considered later, MM. Meilhac and Halévy are the authors of thirty or forty comic dramas—as they are called on the English stage—or farce-comedies in one, two, three, four, and even five acts, ranging in aim from the gentle satire of sentimentality in *La Veuve* to the outspoken farce of the *Réveillon*. Among the best of the longer of these comic plays are *Tricoche et Cacolet* and *La Boule*. Both were written for the Palais Royal, and they are models of the new dramatic species which came into existence at that theatre about twenty years ago, as M. Francisque Sarcey recently reminded us in his interesting article on the Palais Royal in *The Nineteenth Century*. This new style of comic play may be termed realistic farce—realistic, because it starts from every-day life and the most matter-of-fact conditions; and farce, because it uses its exact facts only to further its fantasy and extravagance. Consider *La Boule*. Its first act is a model of accurate observation; it is a transcript from life; it is an inside view of a commonplace French household which incompatibility of temper has made unsupportable. And then take

the following acts and see how on this foundation of fact, and screened by an outward semblance of realism, there is erected the most laughable superstructure of fantastic farce. I remember hearing one of the two great comedians of the Théâtre Français, M. Coquelin, praise a comic actor of the Variétés whom we had lately seen in a rather cheap and flimsy farce, because he combined "la vérité la plus absolue avec la fantasia la plus pure." And this is the merit of *La Boule*: its most humorous inventions have their roots in the truth.

Better even than *La Boule* is *Tricoche et Cacolet*, which is the name of a firm of private detectives whose exploits and devices surpass those imagined by Poe in America, by Wilkie Collins in England, and by Gaboriau in France. The manifold disguises and impersonations of the two partners when seeking to outwit each other are as well-motivated and as fertile in comic effect as any of the attempts of Crispin or of some other of Regnard's interchangeable valets. Is not even the *Légataire Universel*, Regnard's masterpiece, overrated? To me it is neither higher comedy nor more provocative of laughter than either *La Boule* or *Tricoche et Cacolet*; and the modern plays, as I have said, are based on a study of life as it is, while the figures of the older comedies are frankly conventional. Nowhere in Regnard is there a situation equal in comic power to that in the final act of the *Réveillon*—a situation Molière would have been glad to treat.

Especially to be commended in *Tricoche et Cacolet* is the satire of the hysterical sentimentality and of the forced emotions born of luxury and idleness. The parody of the amorous intrigue which is the staple of so many French plays is as wholesome as it is exhilarating. Absurdity is a deadly shower-bath to sentimentalism. The method of Meilhac and Halévy in sketching this couple is not unlike that employed by Mr. W. S. Gilbert in *H. M. S. Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. Especially to be noted is the same perfectly serious pushing of the dramatic commonplaces to an absurd conclusion. There is the same

kind of humor too, and the same girding at the stock tricks of stage-craft—in *H. M. S. Pinafore* at the swapping of children in the cradle, and in *Tricoche et Cacolet* at the "portrait de ma mère" which has drawn so many tears in modern melodrama. But MM. Meilhac and Halévy, having made one success, did not further attempt the same kind of pleasantry—wiser in this than Mr. Gilbert, who seems to find it hard to write anything else.

As in the *Château à Toto* MM. Meilhac and Halévy had made a modern perversion of *Dame Blanche*, so in *La Cigale* did they dress up afresh the story of the *Fille du Régiment*. As the poet asks—

Ah, World of ours, are you so gray,
And weary, World, of spinning,
That you repeat the tales to-day
You told at the beginning?
For lo! the same old myths that made
The early stage-successes
Still hold the boards, and still are played
With new effects and dresses.

I have cited *La Cigale*, not because it is a very good play—for it is not—but because it shows the present carelessness of French dramatists in regard to dramatic construction. *La Cigale* is a very clever bit of work, but it has the slightest of plots, and this made out of old cloth; and the situations, in so far as there are any, follow each other as best they may. It is not really a play: it is a mere sketch touched up with Parisianisms, "local hits" and the wit of the moment. This substitution of an off-hand sketch for a full-sized picture can better be borne in a little one-act play than in a more ambitious work in three or four acts.

And of one-act plays Meilhac and Halévy have written a score or more—delightful little *genre* pictures, like the *Été de Saint-Martin*, simple pastels, like *Toto chez Tata*, and vigorous caricatures, like the *Photographe* or the *Brésilien*. The Frenchman invented the ruffle, says Emerson: the Englishman added the shirt. These little dramatic trifles are French ruffles. In the beginning of his theatrical career M. Meilhac did little comedies like the *Sarabande* and the *Autographe*, in the Scribe formula—dramatized anecdotes, but fresher

in wit and livelier in fancy than Scribe's. This early work was far more regular than we find in some of his latest, bright as these are: the *Petit Hôtel*, for instance, and *Lolotte* are etchings, as it were, instantaneous photographs of certain aspects of life in the city by the Seine or stray paragraphs of the latest news from Paris.

It is perhaps not too much to say that Meilhac and Halévy are seen at their best in these one-act plays. They hit better with a single-barrel than with a revolver. In their five-act plays, whether serious like *Fanny Lear* or comic like *La Vie Parisienne*, the interest is scattered, and we have a series of episodes rather than a single story. Just as the egg of the jelly-fish is girt by circles which tighten slowly until the ovoid form is cut into disks of independent life, so if the four intermissions of some of Meilhac and Halévy's full-sized plays were but a little longer and wider and deeper they would divide the piece into five separate plays, any one of which could fairly hope for success by itself. I have heard that the *Roi Candaule* was originally an act of *La Boule*, and the *Photographe* seems as though it had dropped from *La Vie Parisienne* by mistake. In M. Meilhac's earlier five-act plays, the *Vertu de Célimène* and the *Petit fils de Mascarille*, there is great power of conception, a real grip on character, but the main action is clogged with tardy incidents, and so the momentum is lost. In these comedies the influence of the new school of Alexandre Dumas *fils* is plainly visible. And the inclination toward the strong, not to say violent, emotions which Dumas and Angier had imported into comedy is still more evident in *Fanny Lear*, the first five-act comedy which Meilhac and Halévy wrote together, and which was brought out in 1868. The final situation is one of truth and immense effectiveness, and there is great vigor in the creation of character. The decrepit old rake, the Marquis de Noriolis, feeble in his folly and wandering in helplessness, but irresistible when aroused, is a striking figure; and still more striking is the portrait of his wife, now the Marquise de Noriolis, but once *Fanny Lear* the adventuress—a woman

who has youth, beauty, wealth, everything before her, if it were not for the shame which is behind her: gay and witty, and even good-humored, she is inflexible when she is determined; hers is a velvet manner and an iron will. The name of Fanny Lear may sound familiar to some readers because it was given to an American adventuress in Russia by a grand-ducal admirer.

After *Fanny Lear* came *Froufrou*, the lineal successor of *The Stranger* as the current masterpiece of the lachrymatory drama. Nothing so tear-compelling as the final act of *Froufrou* had been seen on the stage for half a century or more. The death of Froufrou was a watery sight, and for any chance to weep we are many of us grateful. And yet it was a German, born in the land of Charlotte and Werther,—it was Heine who remarked on the oddity of praising the "dramatic poet who possesses the art of drawing tears—a talent which he has in common with the meanest onion." It is noteworthy that it was by way of Germany that English tragedy exerted its singular influence on French comedy. Attracted by the homely power of pieces like *The Gamester* and *Jane Shore*, Diderot in France and Lessing in Germany attempted the *tragédie bourgeoise*, but the right of the "tradesmen's tragedies"—as Goldsmith called them—to exist at all was questioned until Kotzebue's pathetic power and theatrical skill captured nearly every stage in Europe. In France the bastard offspring of English tragedy and German drama gave birth to an equally illegitimate *comédie larmoyante*. And so it happens that while comedy in English literature, resulting from the clash of character, is always on the brink of farce, comedy in French literature may be tinged with passion until it almost turns to tragedy. In France the word "comedy" is elastic and covers a multitude of sins: it includes the laughing *Boule* and the tearful *Froufrou*: in fact, the French Melpomene is a sort of *Jeanne qui pleure et Jeanne qui rit*.

• So it happens that *Froufrou* is a comedy. And indeed the first three acts are comedy of a very high order, full of wit and rich in character. I mentioned

The Stranger a few lines back, and the contrast of the two plays shows how much lighter and more delicate French art is. The humor to be found in *The Stranger* is, to say the least, Teutonic; and German humor is like the simple Italian wines: it will not stand export. And in *The Stranger* there is really no character, no insight into human nature. *Misanthropy and Repentance*, as Kotzebue called his play (*The Stranger* was Sheridan's title for the English translation he revised for his own theatre), are loud-sounding words when we capitalize them, but they do not deceive us now: we see that the play itself is mostly stalking sententiousness, mawkishly overladen with gush. But in *Froufrou* there is wit of the latest Parisian kind, and there are characters—people whom we might meet and whom we may remember. Brigard, for one, the reprobate old gentleman, living even in his old age in that Bohemia which has Paris for its capital, and dyeing his few locks because he feels himself unworthy to wear gray hair,—Brigard is a portrait from life. The Baron de Cambri is less individual, and I confess I cannot quite stomach a gentleman who is willing to discuss the problem of his wife's virtue with a chance adorer. But the cold Baronne herself is no commonplace person. And Louise, the elder daughter of Froufrou, the one who had chosen the better part and had kept it by much self-sacrifice,—she is a true woman. Best, better even than Brigard, is Gilberte, nicknamed "Froufrou" from the rustling of her silks as she skips and scampers airily around. Froufrou, when all is said, is a real creation, a revelation of Parisian femininity, a living thing, breathing the breath of life and tripping along lightly on her own little feet. Marrying a reserved yet deeply-devoted husband because her sister bid her; taking into her home that sister, who had sacrificed her own love for the husband; seeing this sister straighten the household which she in her heedless seeking for idle amusement had not governed, then beginning to feel herself in danger and aware of a growing jealousy, senseless though it be, of the sister who has so innocently sup-

planted her by her hearth, and even with her child; making one effort to regain her place, and failing, as was inevitable, —poor Froufrou takes the fatal plunge which will for ever and at once separate her from what was hers before. What a fine scene is that at the end of the third act, in which Froufrou has worked herself almost to a frenzy, and, hopeless in her jealousy, gives up all to her sister and rushes from the house to the lover she scarcely cares for! And how admirably does all that has gone before lead up to it! These first three acts are a wonder of constructive art. Of the rest of the play it is hard to speak so highly. The change is rather sudden from the study of character in the first part to the demand in the last that if you have tears you must prepare to shed them now. The

brightness is quenched in gloom and despair. Of a verity, frivolity may be fatal, and death may follow a liking for private theatricals and the other empty amusements of fashion; but is it worth while to break a butterfly on the wheel and to put a humming-bird to the question? To say what fate shall be meted out to the woman taken in adultery is always a hard task for the dramatist. Here the erring and erratic heroine comes home to be forgiven and to die, and so after the fresh and unforced painting of modern Parisian life we have a finish full of conventional pathos. Well, death redeems all, and, as Pascal says, "the last act is always tragedy, whatever fine comedy there may have been in the rest of life. We must all die alone."

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE KING'S GIFTS.

CYRUS the king in royal mood
 Portioned his gifts as seemed him good:
 To Artabasis, proud to hold
 The priceless boon, a cup of gold—
 A rare-wrought thing: its jewelled brim
 Haloed a nectar sweet to him.
 No flavor fine it seemed to miss;
 But when the king stooped down, a kiss
 To leave upon Chrysantas' lips,
 The jewels paled in dull eclipse
 To Artabasis: hard and cold
 And empty grew the cup of gold.
 "Better, O Sire, than mine," cried he,
 "I deem Chrysantas' gift to be."
 Yet the wise king his courtiers knew,
 And unto each had given his due.

To all who watch and all who wait
 The king will come, or soon or late.
 Choose well: thy secret wish is known,
 And thou shalt surely have thine own—
 A golden cup thy poor wealth's sign,
 Or on thy lips Love's seal divine.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

BAUBIE WISHART.

"I HAVE taken you at your word, you see, Miss Mackenzie. You told me not to give alms in the street, and to bring the begging children to you. So here is one now."

Thus introduced, the begging child was pushed forward into the room by the speaker, a lady who was holding her by one shoulder.

She was a stunted, slim creature, that might have been any age from nine to fourteen, barefooted and bareheaded, and wearing a Rob Roy tartan frock. She entered in a sidelong way that was at once timid and confidently independent, and stared all round her with a pair of large brown eyes. She did not seem to be in the least frightened, and when released by her guardian stood at ease comfortably on one foot, tucking the other away out of sight among the not too voluminous folds of her frock.

It was close on twelve o'clock of a March day in the poor sewing-women's workroom in Drummond street. The average number of women of the usual sort were collected together—a depressed and silent gathering. It seemed as if the bitter east wind had dulled and chilled them into a grayer monotony of look than usual, so that they might be in harmony with the general aspect which things without had assumed at its grim bidding. A score or so of wan faces looked up for a minute, but the child, after all, had nothing in her appearance that was calculated to repay attention, and the lady was known to them all. So "white seam" reasserted its old authority without much delay.

Miss Mackenzie laid down the scissors which she had been using on a bit of coarse cotton, and advanced in reply to the address of the newcomer. "How do you do? and where did you pick up this creature?" she asked, looking curiously at the importation.

"Near George IV. Bridge, on this side of it, and I just took hold of her and

brought her off to you at once. I don't believe"—this was said *sotto voce*—"that she has a particle of clothing on her but that frock."

"Very likely.—What is your name, my child?"

"Baubie Wishart, mem." She spoke in an apologetic tone, glancing down at her feet, the one off duty being lowered for the purpose of inspection, which over, she hoisted the foot again immediately into the recesses of the Rob Roy tartan:

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Yes, mem."

"What does your father do?"

Baubie Wishart glanced down again in thought for an instant, then raised her eyes for the first time directly to her questioner's face: "He used to be a Christy man, but he canna be that any longer, sae he goes wi' boards."

"Why cannot he be a Christy man any longer?"

Down came the foot once more, and this time took up its position permanently beside the other: "Because mother drinks awfu', an' pawned the banjo for drink." This family history was related in the most matter-of-fact, natural way.

"And does your father drink too?" asked Miss Mackenzie after a short pause.

Baubie Wishart's eyes wandered all round the room, and with one toe she swept up a little mass of dust before she answered in a voice every tone of which spoke unwilling truthfulness, "Just whiles—Saturday nights."

"Is he kind to you?"

"Ay," looking up quickly, "except just whiles when he's fou—Saturday nights, ye ken—and then he beats me; but he's rale kind when he's sober."

"Were you ever at school?"

"No, mem," with a shake of the head that seemed to convey that she had something else, and probably better, to do.

"Did you ever hear of God?" asked the lady who had brought her.

"Ay, mem," answered Baubie quite

readily: "it's a kind of a bad word I hear in the streets."

"How old are you?" asked both ladies simultaneously.

"Thirteen past," replied Baubie, with a promptness that made her listeners smile, suggesting as it did the thought that the question had been put to her before, and that Baubie knew well the import of her answer.

She grew more communicative now. She could not read, but, all the same, she knew two songs which she sang in the streets—"Before the Battle" and "After the Battle;" and, carried away by the thought of her own powers, she actually began to give proof of her assertion by reciting one of them there and then. This, however, was stopped at once. "Can knit too," she added then.

"Who taught you to knit?"

"Don' know. Wis at a Sunday-schuil too."

"Oh, you were? And what did you learn there?"

Baubie Wishart looked puzzled, consulted her toes in vain, and then finally gave it up.

"I should like to do something for her," observed her first friend: "it is time this street-singing came to an end."

"She is intelligent, clearly," said Miss Mackenzie, looking curiously at the child, whose appearance and bearing rather puzzled her. There was not a particle of the professional street-singer about Baubie Wishart, the child of that species being generally clean-washed, or at least soapy, of face, with lank, smooth-combed and greasy hair; and usually, too, with a smug, sanctimonious air of meriting a better fate. Baubie Wishart presented none of these characteristics: her face was simply filthy; her hair was a red-brown, loosened tangle that reminded one painfully of oakum in its first stage. And she looked as if she deserved a whipping, and defied it too. She was just a female arab—*an arab plus an accomplishment*—bright, quick and inconsequent as a sparrow, and reeking of the streets and gutters, which had been her nursery.

"Yes," continued the good lady, "I must look after her."

"Poor little atom! I suppose you will find out where the parents live, and send the school-board officer to them. That is the usual thing, is it not? I must go, Miss Mackenzie. Good-bye for to-day. And do tell me what you settle for her."

Miss Mackenzie promised, and her friend took her departure.

"Go and sit by the fire, Baubie Wishart, for a little, and then I shall be ready to talk to you."

Nothing loath apparently, Baubie established herself at the end of the fender, and from that coign of vantage watched the on-goings about her with the stoicism of a red Indian. She showed no symptom of wonder at anything, and listened to the disquisitions of Miss Mackenzie and the matron as to the proper adjustment of parts—"bias," "straights," "gatherers," "fells," "gussets" and "seams," a whole new language as it unrolled its complexities before her—with complacent indifference.

At last, all the web of cotton being cut up, the time came to go. Miss Mackenzie buttoned up her sealskin coat, and pulling on a pair of warm gloves beckoned Baubie, who rose with alacrity: "Where do your father and mother live?"

"Kennedy's Lodgings, in the Grassmarket, mem."

"I know the place," observed Miss Mackenzie, to whom, indeed, most of these haunts were familiar. "Take me there now, Baubie."

They set out together. Baubie trotted in front, turning her head, dog-fashion, at every corner to see if she were followed. They reached the Grassmarket at last, and close to the corner of the West Bow found an entry with the whitewashed inscription above it, "Kennedy's Lodgings." Baubie glanced round to see if her friend was near, then vanished upward from her sight. Miss Mackenzie kilted her dress and began the ascent of the stairs, the steps of which, hollowed out as they were by the tread of centuries of human feet, afforded a not too safe footing.

Arrived at the third floor, she found

Baubie waiting for her, breathless and panting.

"It's here," she said—"the big kitchen, mem."

A long, narrow passage lay before them, off which doors opened on all sides. Precipitating herself at one of these doors, Baubie Wishart, who could barely reach the latch, pushed it open, giving egress to a confusion of noises, which seemed to float above a smell of cooking, in which smell herrings and onions contended for the mastery.

It was a very large room, low-ceilinged, but well enough lighted by a couple of windows, which looked into a close behind. The walls had been whitewashed once upon a time, but the whitewash was almost lost to view under the decorations with which it was overlaid. These consisted of pictures cut out of the illustrated weekly papers or milliners' books. All sorts of subjects were represented: fashion-plates hung side by side with popular preachers and statesmen, race-horses and Roman Catholic saints; red-and white-draped Madonnas elbowed the "full-dress" heroines of the penny weeklies. It was a curious gallery, and a good many of the works of art had the merit of being antique. Generations of flies had emblazoned their deeds of prowess on the papers: streaks of candle-grease bore witness to the inquiring turn of mind, attracted by the letter-press, or the artistic proclivities of Kennedy's lodgers. It was about two, the dinner-hour probably, which accounted for the presence of so many people in the room. Most, but not all, seemed to be of the wandering class. They were variously employed. Some were sitting on the truckle-beds that ran round the walls; one or two were knitting or sewing; a cripple was mending baskets in one of the windows; and about the fire a group were collected superintending the operations which produced, though not unaided, the odors with which the room was reeking.

Miss Mackenzie stood for a few minutes, unnoticed apparently, looking about her at the motley crowd. Baubie on entering the room had raised herself for a second on tiptoe to look into a distant

corner, and then, remarking to herself, half audibly, "His boards is gane," subsided, and contented herself with watching Miss Mackenzie's movements.

There seemed to be no one to do the honors. The inmates all looked at each other for a moment hesitatingly, then resumed their various occupations. A young woman, a sickly, livid-faced creature, rose from her place behind the door, and, advancing with a halting step, said to Miss Mackenzie, "Mistress Kennedy's no' in, an' Wishart's oot wi's boards."

"I wanted to see him about this child, who was found begging in the streets today."

Miss Mackenzie looked curiously at the woman, wondering if she could belong in any way to the Wishart family. She was a miserable object, seemingly in the last stage of consumption.

"Eh, mem," she answered hurriedly, and drawing nearer, "ye're a guid leddy, I ken, an' tak' t' lassie away oot o' this. The mither's an awfu' wuman: tak' her away wi' ye, or she'll sune be as bad. She'll be like mysel' and the rest o' them here."

"I will, I will," Miss Mackenzie said, shocked and startled, recoiling before the spirit-reeking breath of this warning spectre. "I will, I will," she repeated hastily. There was no use remaining any longer. She went out, beckoning to Baubie, who was busy rummaging about a bed at the top of the room.

Baubie had bethought her that it was time to take her father his dinner. So she slipped over to that corner of the big kitchen which was allotted to the Wishart family and possessed herself of a piece of a loaf which was hidden away there. As she passed by the fire she profited by the momentary abstraction of the people who were cooking to snap up and make her own a brace of unconsidered trifles in the shape of onions which were lying near them. These, with the piece of bread, she concealed on her person, and then returned to Miss Mackenzie, who was now in the passage.

"Baubie," said that lady, "I will send some one here about you. Now, don't let me hear of your singing in the streets

or begging again. You will get into trouble if you do."

She was descending the stairs as she spoke, and she turned round when she had reached the entry: "You know the police will take you, Baubie."

"Yes, mem," answered Baubie, duly impressed.

"Well, now, I am going home. Stay: are you hungry?"

Without waiting for her answer, Miss Mackenzie entered a tiny shop close by, purchased a mutton-pie and handed it to Baubie Wishart, who received it with wondering reverence. Miss Mackenzie took her way home westward up the Grassmarket. She turned round before leaving it by way of King's Stables, and caught sight of Baubie's frock by the entry of Kennedy's Lodgings—a tiny morsel of color against the shadow of the huge gray houses. She thought of the big kitchen and its occupants, and the face and words of the poor girl, and promised herself that she would send the school-board officer to Kennedy's Lodgings that very night.

Baubie waited till her friend was well out of sight: then she hid her mutton-pie in the same place with the onions and the piece of bread, and started up the Grassmarket in her turn. She stopped at the first shop she passed and bought a pennyworth of cheese. Then she made her way to the Lothian road, and looked up and down it anxiously in search of the walking advertisement-man. He was not there, so she directed her course toward Princes street, and after promenading it as far east as the Mound, she turned up into George street, and caught sight of her father walking along slowly by the curbstone. It was not long before she overtook him.

"Od, lassie, I wis thinkin' lang," he began wearily as soon as he realized her apparition. Baubie did not wait for him to finish: with a peremptory nod she signified her will, and he turned round and followed her a little way down Hanover street. Then Baubie selected a flight of steps leading to a basement store, and throwing him a look of command flitted down and seated herself at the bot-

tom. It was sheltered from the cold wind and not too much overlooked. Wishart shifted the boards from about his shoulders, and, following her, laid them against the wall at the side of the basement-steps, and sat down heavily beside her. He was a sickly-looking man, sandy-haired, with a depressed and shifty expression of face—not vicious, but weak and vacillating. Baubie seemed to have the upper hand altogether: every gesture showed it. She opened the paper that was wrapped about her fragment of rank yellow cheese, laid it down on the step between them, and then produced, in their order of precedence, the pie, the onions and the bread.

"Wha gied ye that?" asked Wishart, gazing at the mutton-pie.

"A leddy," replied Baubie, concisely.

"An' they?" pointing to the onions.

A nod was all the answer, for Baubie, who was hungry, was busy breaking the piece of loaf. Wishart with great care divided the pie without spilling much more than half its gravy, and began on his half of it and the biggest onion simultaneously. Baubie ate up her share of pie, declined cheese, and attacked her onion and a great piece of crust. The crust was very tough, and after the mutton-pie rather dry and tasteless, and she laid it down presently in her lap, and after a few minutes' passive silence began: "That," nodding at the cheese, or what was left of it rather, "wis all I got—ae penny. The leddy took me up till a hoose, an' anither ane that wis there came doon hame and gaed in ben, an' wis speirin' for ye, an' says she'll gie me till the polis for singin' an' askin' money in t' streets, an' wants you to gie me till her to pit in schuil."

She stopped and fixed her eyes on him, watching the effect of her words. Wishart laid down his bread and cheese and stared back at her. It seemed to take some time for his brain to realize all the meaning of her pregnant speech.

"Ay," he said after a while, and with an effort, "I maun tak' ye to Glasgae, to yer aunt. Ye'll be pit in schuil if yer caught."

"I'll no bide," observed Baubie, finish-

ing off her onion with a grimace. The raw onion was indeed strong and hot, even for Baubie's not too epicurean palate, but it had been got for nothing—a circumstance from which it derived a flavor which many people more dainty than Baubie Wishart find to be extremely appetizing.

"Bide!" echoed her father: "they'll mak' ye bide. Gin I had only the banjo agen!" sighed the whilom Christy man, getting up and preparing to adjust the boards once more.

The last crumb of the loaf was done, and Baubie, refreshed, got up too. "When'll ye be hame?" she questioned abruptly when they had reached the top of the steps.

"Seven. Gae way hame wi' ye, lassie, noo. Ye didna see *her*?" he questioned as he walked off.

"Na," replied Baubie, standing still and looking about her as if to choose which way she should take.

He sighed deeply, and moved off slowly on his way back to his post, with the listless, hopeless air that seems to belong to the members of his calling.

Baubie obeyed her parent's commands in so far as that she did go home, but as she took Punch and Judy in her course up the Mound, and diverged as far as a football match in the Meadows, it was nearly seven before Kennedy's Lodgings saw her again.

The following morning, shortly after breakfast, Miss Mackenzie's butler informed her that there was a child who wanted to speak with her in the hall. On going down she found Baubie Wishart on the mat.

"Where is your father? and why did he not come with you?" asked Miss Mackenzie, puzzled.

"He thought shame to come an' speak wi' a fine leddy like you." This excuse, plausible enough, was uttered in a low voice and with downcast eyes, but hardly was it pronounced when she burst out rapidly and breathlessly into what was clearly the main object of her visit: "But please, mem, he says he'll gie me to you if ye'll gie him the three shillin's to tak' the banjo oot o' the pawn."

This candid proposal took Miss Mackenzie's breath away. To become the owner of Baubie Wishart, even at so low a price, seemed to her rather a heathenish proceeding, with a flavor of illegality about it to boot. There was a vacancy at the home for little girls which might be made available for the little wretch without the necessity of any preliminary of this kind; and it did not occur to her that it was a matter of any moment whether Mr. Wishart continued to exercise the rôle of "sandwich-man" or returned to his normal profession of banjo-player. Baubie was to be got hold of in any case. With the muttered adjuration of the wretched girl in Kennedy's Lodgings echoing in her ears, Miss Mackenzie determined that she should be left no longer than could be helped in that company.

How earnest and matter of fact she was in delivering her extraordinary errand! thought Miss Mackenzie to herself, meeting the eager gaze of Baubie Wishart's eyes, looking out from beneath her tangle of hair like those of a Skye terrier.

"I will speak to your father myself, Baubie—tell him so—to-morrow, perhaps: tell him I mean to settle about you myself. Now go."

The least possible flicker of disappointment passed over Baubie's face. The tangled head drooped for an instant, then she bobbed by way of adieu and vanished.

That day and the next passed before Miss Mackenzie found it possible to pay her long-promised visit to Mr. Wishart, and when, about eleven in the forenoon, she once more entered the big kitchen in Kennedy's Lodgings, she was greeted with the startling intelligence that the whole Wishart family were in prison.

The room was as full as before. Six women were sitting in the middle of the floor teasing out an old hair mattress. There was the same odor of cooking, early as it was, and the same medley of noises, but the people were different. The basket-making cripple was gone, and in his place by the window sat a big Irish beggar-woman, who was keeping up a conversation with some one (a compatriot

evidently) in a window of the close behind.

The mistress of the house came forward. She was a decent-looking little woman, but had rather a hard face, expressive of care and anxiety. On recognizing her visitor she curtsied: "The Wisharts, mem? Yes, they're a' in jail."

"All in jail?" echoed Miss Mackenzie. "Will you come outside and speak to me? There are so many people—"

"Eh yes, mem: I'm sure ye fin' the room closs. Eh yes, mem, the Wisharts are a' in the lock-up."

They were standing outside in the passage, and Mrs. Kennedy held the door closed by the latch, which she kept firmly grasped in her hand. It struck Miss Mackenzie as being an odd way to secure privacy for a privileged communication, to fasten the door of their room upon those inside. It was expressive, however.

"Ye see, mem," began the landlady, "Wishart's no a very bad man—jist weak in the heid like—but's wife is jist something awfu', an' I could not let her bide in a decent lodging-house. We hae to dra' the line somewhere, and I dra' it low enough, but she wis far below that. Eh, she's jist terrible! Wishart has a sister in Glasgae verra weel to do, an' I h'ard him say he'd gie the lassie to her if it wer na for the wife. The day the school-board gentleman wis here she came back: she'd been away, ye ken, and she said she'd become a'totaller, an' so I sed she nicht stay; but, ye see, when nicht came on she an' Wishart gaed out thegither, an' jist to celebrate their bein' frien's again she an' him gaed intil a public, an' she got uproarious drunk, an' the polis took her up. Wishart wis no sae bad, sae they let him come hame; but, ye see, he had tasted the drink, an' wanted mair, an' he hadna ony money. Ye see, he'd promised the gentleman who came here that he widna send Baubie oot to sing again. But he *did* send her oot then to sing for money for him, an' the polis had been put to watch her, an' saw her beg, an' took her up to the office, an' came back here for Wishart. An' so before the day was dune they were a' lockit up thegither."

Such was the story related to Miss Mackenzie. What was to be done with Baubie now? It was hardly fair that she should be sent to a reformatory among criminal children. She had committed no crime, and there was that empty bed at the home for little girls. She determined to attend the sheriff-court on Monday morning and ask to be given the custody of Baubie.

When Monday morning came, ten o'clock saw Miss Mackenzie established in a seat immediately below the sheriff's high bench. The Wisharts were among the first batch tried, and made their appearance from a side-door. Mrs. Wishart came first, stepping along with a resolute, brazen bearing that contrasted with her husband's timid, shuffling gait. She was a gypsy-looking woman, with wandering, defiant black eyes, and her red face had the sign-manual of vice stamped upon it. After her came Baubie, a red-tartan-covered mite, shrinking back and keeping as close to her father as she could. Baubie had favored her mother as to complexion: that was plain. The top of her rough head and her wild brown eyes were just visible over the panel as she stared round her, taking in with composure and astuteness everything that was going on. She was the most self-possessed of her party, for under Mrs. Wishart's active brazenness there could easily be seen fear and a certain measure of remorse hiding themselves; and Wishart seemed to be but one remove from imbecility.

The charges were read with a running commentary of bad language from Mrs. Wishart as her offences were detailed; Wishart blinked in a helpless, pathetic way; Baubie, who seemed to consider herself as associated with him alone in the charge, assumed an air of indifference and sucked her thumb, meantime watching Miss Mackenzie furtively. She felt puzzled to account for her presence there, but it never entered her head to connect that fact with herself in any way.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the sheriff-clerk.

"There's a kin' lady in coort," stam-

mered Wishart, "an' she kens a' about it."

"Guilty or not guilty?" reiterated the clerk: "this is not the time to speak."

"She kens it a', an' she wis to tak' the lassie."

"Guilty or not guilty? You must plead, and you can say what you like afterward."

Wishart stopped, not without an appealing look at the kind lady, and pleaded guilty meekly. A policeman with a scratched face and one hand plastered up testified to the extravagances Mrs. Wishart had committed on the strength of her conversion to tectotal principles.

Baubie heard it all impassively, her face only betraying anything like keen interest while the police-officer was detailing his injuries. Three months' imprisonment was the sentence on Margaret Mactear or Wishart. Then Wishart's sentence was pronounced—sixty days.

He and Baubie drew nearer to each other, Wishart with a despairing, helpless look. Baubie's eyes looked like those of a hare taken in a gin. Not one word had been said about her. She was not to go with her father. What was to become of her? She was not long left in doubt as to her fate.

"I will take the child, sheriff," said Miss Mackenzie eagerly and anxiously. "I came here purposely to offer her a home in the refuge."

"Policeman, hand over the child to this lady at once," said the sheriff.—"Nothing could be better, Miss Mackenzie. It is very good of you to volunteer to take charge of her."

Mrs. Wishart disappeared with a parting volley of blasphemy; her husband, casting, as he went, a wistful look at Miss Mackenzie, shambled fecklessly after the partner of his joys and sorrows; and the child remained alone behind. The policeman took her by an arm and drew her forward to make room for a fresh consignment of wickedness from the cells at the side. Baubie breathed a short sigh as the door closed upon her parents, shook back her hair, and looked up at Miss Mackenzie, as if to announce her readiness and good-will. Not one vestige of her internal mental attitude could be gather-

ed from her sun- and wind-beaten little countenance. There was no rebelliousness, neither was there guilt. One would almost have thought she had been told beforehand what was to happen, so cool and collected was she.

"Now, Baubie, I am going to take you home. Come, child."

Pleased with her success, Miss Mackenzie, so speaking, took the little waif's hand and led her out of the police-court into the High street. She hardly dared to conjecture that it was Baubie Wishart's first visit to that place, but as she stood on the entrance-steps and shook out her skirts with a sense of relief, she breathed a sincere hope that it might be the child's last.

A cab was waiting. Baubie, to her intense delight and no less astonishment, was requested to occupy the front seat. Miss Mackenzie gave the driver his order and got in, facing the red tartan bundle.

"Were you ever in a cab before?" asked Miss Mackenzie.

"Na, niver," replied Baubie in a rapt tone and without looking at her questioner, so intent was she on staring out of the windows, between both of which she divided her attention impartially.

They were driving down the Mound, and the outlook, usually so far-reaching from that vantage-ground, was bounded by a thick sea-fog that the east wind was carrying up from the Forth and dispensing with lavish hands on all sides. The buildings had a grim, black look, as if a premature old age had come upon them, and the black pinnacles of the Monument stood out sharply defined in clear-cut, harsh distinctness against the floating gray background. There were not many people stirring in the streets. It was a depressing atmosphere, and Miss Mackenzie observed before long that Baubie either seemed to have become influenced by it or that the novelty of the cab-ride had worn off completely. They crossed the Water of Leith, worn to a mere brown thread owing to the long drought, by Stockbridge street bridge, and a few yards from it found themselves before a gray stone house separated from the

street by a grass-plot surrounded by a stone wall: inside the wall grew chestnut and poplar trees, which in summer must have shaded the place agreeably, but which this day, in the cold gray mist, seemed almost funereal in their gloomy blackness. The gate was opened from within the wall as soon as Miss Mackenzie rang, and she and Baubie walked up the little flagged path together. As the gate clanged to behind them Baubie looked back involuntarily and sighed.

"Don't fear, lassie," said her guide: "they will be very kind to you here. And it will be just a good home for you."

It may be questioned whether this promise of a good home awoke any pleasing associations or carried with it any definite meaning to Baubie Wishart's mind. She glanced up as if to show that she understood, but her eyes turned then and rested on the square front of the little old-fashioned gray house with its six staring windows and its front circumscribed by the wall and the black poplars and naked chestnuts, and she choked down another sigh.

"Now, Mrs. Duncan," Miss Mackenzie was saying to a comfortably-dressed elderly woman, "here's your new girl, Baubie Wishart."

"Eh, ye've been successful then, Miss Mackenzie?"

"Oh dear, yes: the sheriff made no objection. And now, Mrs. Duncan, I hope she will be a good girl and give you no trouble.—Come here, Baubie, and promise me to do everything you are told and obey Mrs. Duncan in everything."

"Yes, mem," answered Baubie reverently, almost solemnly.

There seemed to be no necessity for further exhortation. Baubie's demeanor promised everything that was hoped for or wanted, and, perfectly contented, Miss Mackenzie turned her attention to the minor details of wardrobe, etc.: "That frock is good enough if it were washed. She must get shoes and stockings; and then underwear, too, of some sort will be wanted."

"That will it," responded the matron;

"but I had better send her at once to get a bath."

A big girl was summoned from a back room and desired to get ready a tub. It was the ceremony customary at the reception of a neophyte—customary, and in general very necessary too.

Baubie's countenance fell lower still on hearing this, and she blinked both eyes deprecatingly. Nevertheless, when the big girl—whom they called Kate—returned, bringing with her a warm whiff of steam and soap, she trotted after her obediently and silently.

After a while the door opened, and Kate's yellow head appeared. "Speak with ye, mem?" she said. "I hae her washen noo, but what for claes?"

"Eh yes.—Miss Mackenzie, we can't put her back into those dirty clothes."

"Oh no.—I'll come and look at her clothes, Kate." As she spoke Miss Mackenzie rose and followed the matron and Kate into a sort of kitchen or laundry.

In the middle of the floor was a tub containing Miss Wishart mid-deep in soapsuds. Her thick hair was all soaking, and clung fast to her head: dripping locks hung down over her eyes, which looked out through the tangle patient and suffering. She glanced up quickly as Miss Mackenzie came in, and then resigned herself passively into Kate's hands, who with a piece of flannel had resumed the scrubbing process.

Miss Mackenzie was thinking to herself that it was possibly Baubie Wishart's first experience of the kind, when she observed the child wince as if she were hurt.

"It's yon as hurts her," said Kate, calling the matron's attention to something on the child's shoulders. They both stooped and saw a long blue-and-red mark—a bruise all across her back. Nor was this the only evidence of ill-treatment: other bruises, and even scars, were to be seen on the lean little body.

"Puir thing!" said the matron in a low tone, sympathizingly.

"Baubie, who gave you that bruise?" asked Miss Mackenzie.

No answer from Baubie, who seemed to be absorbed in watching the drops run-

ning off the end of her little red nose, which played the part of a gargoyle to the rest of her face.

Miss Mackenzie repeated the question, sternly almost: "Baubie Wishart, I insist upon knowing who gave you that bruise."

"A didna gie't to mysel', mem," was the answer from the figure in the soap-suds. There was a half sob in the voice as of terror, and her manner had all the appearance of ingenuousness.

The matron and Miss Mackenzie looked at each other significantly, and agreed tacitly that there was no use in pushing the question.

"Od!" said Kate, who had paused in the act of taking a warm towel from the fireplace to listen, "a'body kens ye didna gie it till yoursel', lassie."

"Where are her clothes?" said the matron. "Oh, here. Yon frock's good enough if it was washed; but, losh me! just look at these for clothes!" She was exhibiting some indescribable rags as she spoke.

"Kate," said Miss Mackenzie, "dress her in the lassie Grant's clothes: they are the most likely to fit her. Don't lose time: I want to see her again before I go."

Kate fished up her charge, all smoking, from the soap-suds and rubbed her down before the fire. Then the tangled wet hair was parted evenly and smoothed into dark locks on either side of her face. Raiment clean, but the coarsest of the coarse, was found for her. A brown wincey dress surmounted all. Shoes and stockings came last of all, probably in the order of importance assigned to them by Kate.

From the arm-chair of the matron's sitting-room Miss Mackenzie surveyed her charge with satisfaction. Baubie looked subdued, contented, perhaps grateful, and was decidedly uncomfortable. Every vestige of the picturesque was gone, obliterated clean by soap and water, and Kate's hair-comb, a broken-toothed weapon that had come off second best in its periodic conflicts with her own barley-mow, had disposed for ever of the wild, curly tangle of hair. Her eyes had red rims to them, caused by superfluous soap and water, and in its present barked condition, when all the

dirt was gone, Baubie's face had rather an interesting, wistful expression. She seemed not to stand very steadily in her boots, which were much too big for her.

Miss Mackenzie surveyed her with great satisfaction. The brown wincey and the coarse apron seemed to her the neophyte's robe, betokening Baubie's conversion from arab nomadism to respectability and from a vagabond trade to decorous industry.

"Now, Baubie, you can knit: I mean to give you needles and worsted to knit yourself stockings. Won't that be nice? I am sure you never knitted stockings for yourself before."

"Yes, mem," replied Baubie, shuffling her feet.

"Now, what bed is she to get, Mrs. Duncan? Let us go up stairs and see the dormitory."

"I thought I would put her in the room with Kate: I changed the small bed in there. If you will just step up stairs, Miss Mackenzie?"

The party reached the dormitory by a narrow wooden staircase, the whiteness of which testified to the scrubbing powers of Kate's red arms and those of her compeers. All the windows were open, and the east wind came in at its will, nippingly cold if airy. They passed through a large, low-ceilinged room into a smaller one, in which were only four beds: a small iron stretcher beside the window was pointed out as Baubie's. Miss Mackenzie turned down the red-knitted coverlet and looked at the blankets. They were perfectly clean, like everything else, and, like everything else too, very coarse and very well worn.

"This will do very nicely.—Baubie, this is to be your bed."

Baubie, fresh from the lock-up and Kennedy's Lodgings, might have been expected to show some trace of her sense of comparison, but not a vestige of expression crossed her face: she looked up in civil acknowledgment of having heard: that was all.

"I shall look in again in the course of a week," announced Miss Mackenzie.—"Good-bye, Baubie: do everything Mrs. Duncan tells you."

With this valedictory Miss Mackenzie left the matron, and Kate attended her down stairs; and Baubie was at last alone.

She remained standing stock-still when they left her by the bedside—when the door, shut by Kate, who went out last, hid them from 'her view. She listened in a stupid kind of way to the feet tramping on the bare boards of the outer dormitory and down the stairs: then all was still, and Baubie Wishart, clean, clothed and separated from her father for the first time in her life, was left alone to consider how she liked "school." She felt cold and strange and lonely, and for about three minutes' space she abandoned herself without reserve to the sensation. Then the heavy shoes troubled her, and in a fit of anger and impatience she suddenly began to unlace one. Some far-off sound startled her, and with a furtive, timorous look at the door she fastened it up again. No one came, but instead of returning to the boot she sprang to the window, and, mounting the narrow sill, prepared to survey the domain that lay below it. There was not much to see. The window looked out on the back green, which was very much like the front, save that there was no flagged walk. A few stunted poplars ran round the walls: the grass was trodden nearly all off, and from wall to wall were stretched cords from which fluttered a motley collection of linen hung out to dry. There was no looking out of it. Baubie craned her adventurous small neck in all directions. One side of the back green was overlooked by a tenement-house; the other was guarded by the poplars and a low stone wall; at the bottom was a dilapidated outhouse. The sky overhead was all dull gray: a formless gray sea-mist hurried across it, driven by the east wind, which found time as well to fill, as it passed, all the fluttering garments on the line and swell them into ridiculous travesties of the bodies they belonged to, tossing them the while with high mockery into all manner of weird contortions.

Baubie looked at them curiously, and wondered to herself how much they would all pawn for — considerably more than

three shillings no doubt. She established that fact to her own satisfaction ere long, although she was no great arithmetician, and she sighed as she built and demolished an air-castle in her own mind. Though there was but little attraction for her in the room, she was about to leave the window when her eye fell on a large black cat crouched on the wall, employed in surveillance of the linen or stalking sparrows or in deadly ambush for a hated rival. Meeting Baubie's glance, he sat up and stared at her suspiciously with a pair of round yellow, unwinking orbs.

"Ki! ki! ki!" breathed Baubie discreetly. She felt lonely, and the cat looked a comfortable big creature, and belonged to the house doubtless, for he stared at her with an interested, questioning look. Presently he moved. She repeated her invitation, whereon the cat slowly rose to his feet, humped his back and yawned, then deliberately turned quite round, facing the other way, and resumed his watchful attitude, his tail tucked in and his ears folded back close, as if to give the cold wind as little purchase as possible. Baubie felt snubbed and lonely, and drawing back from the window she sat down on the edge of her bed to wait events.

Accustomed as she was to excitement, the experiences of the last few days were of a nature to affect even stronger nerves than hers, and the unwonted bodily sensations caused by the bath and change of garments seemed to intensify her consciousness of novelty and restraint. There was another not very pleasant sensation too, of which she herself had not taken account, although it was present and made itself felt keenly enough. It was her strange sense of desolation and grief at the parting from her father. Baubie herself would have been greatly puzzled had any person designated her feelings by these names. There were many things in that philosophy of the gutter in which Baubie Wishart was steeped to the lips undreamt of by her. What she knew she knew thoroughly, but there was much with which most children, even of her age and class in

life, are, it is to be hoped, familiar, of which Baubie Wishart was utterly ignorant. Her circumstances were different from theirs—fortunately for them; and amongst the poor, as with their betters, various conditions breed various dispositions. Baubie was an outer barbarian and savage in comparison with some children, although they perhaps went barefooted also; but, like a savage too, she would have grown fat where they would have starved. And this she knew well.

Kate's yellow head, appearing at the door to summon her to dinner, put an end to her gloomy reverie. And with this, her first meal, began Baubie's acquaintance with the household of which she was to form an integral portion from that hour.

They gave her no housework to do. Mrs. Duncan, whom a very cursory examination satisfied as to the benighted ignorance of this latest addition to her flock, determined that Baubie should learn to read, write and sew as expeditiously as might be. In order that she might benefit by example, she was made to sit by the lassie Grant, the child whose clothes had been lent to her, and her education began forthwith.

It was tame work to Baubie, who did not love sitting still: "white seam" was a vexation of spirit, and her knitting, in which she had beforehand believed herself an adept, was found fault with. The lassie Grant, as was pointed out to her, could knit more evenly and possessed a superior method of "turning the heel."

Baubie Wishart listened with outward calmness and seeming acquiescence to the comparison instituted between herself and her neighbor. Inwardly, however, she raged. What about knitting? Anybody could knit. She would like to see the lassie Grant earn two shillings of a Saturday night singing in the High street or the Lawnmarket. Baubie forgot in her flush of triumphant recollection that there had always been somebody to take the two shillings from her, and beat her and accuse her of malversation and embezzlement into the bargain. Artist-like, she remembered her triumphs only:

VOL. XXVI.—46

she could earn two shillings by her brace of songs, and for a minute, as she revelled in this proud consciousness, her face lost its demure, watchful expression, and the old independent, confident bearing reappeared. Baubie forgot also in her present well-nourished condition the never-failing sensation of hunger that had gone hand in hand with these departed glories. But even if she had remembered every circumstance of her former life, and the privations and sufferings, she would still have pined for its freedom.

The consequence of her being well fed was simply that her mind was freed from what is, after all, the besetting occupation of creatures like her, and was therefore at liberty to bestow its undivided attention upon the restraints and irksomeness of this new order of things. Her gypsy blood began to stir in her: the charm of her old vagabond habits asserted itself under the wincey frock and clean apron. To be commended for knitting and sewing was no distinction worth talking about. What was it compared with standing where the full glare of the blazing windows of some public-house fell upon the Rob Roy tartan, with an admiring audience gathered round and bawbees and commendations flying thick? She never thought then, any more than now, of the cold wind or the day-long hunger. It was no wonder that under the influence of these cherished recollections "white seam" did not progress and the knitting never attained to the finished evenness of the lassie Grant's performance.

None the less, although she made no honest effort to equal this model proposed for her example, did Baubie feel jealous and aggrieved. Her nature recognized other possibilities of expression and other fields of excellence beyond those afforded by the above-mentioned useful arts, and she brooded over her arbitrary and forcedly inferior position with all the intensity of a naturally masterful and passionate nature. It was all the more unbearable because she had no real cause of complaint: had she been oppressed or ill-treated in the slightest degree, or had anybody else been unduly favored, there would have been a pretext for an

outbreak or a shadow of a reason for her discontent. But it was not so. The matron dispensed even-handed justice and motherly kindness impartially all round. And if the lassie Grant's excellences were somewhat obtrusively contrasted with Baubie's shortcomings, it was because, the two children being of the same age, Mrs. Duncan hoped to rouse thereby a spark of emulation in Baubie. Neither was there any pharisaical self-exaltation on the part of the rival. She was a sandy-haired little girl, an orphan who had been three years in the refuge, and who in her own mind rather deprecated as unfair any comparison drawn between herself and the newly-caught Baubie.

Day followed day quietly, and Baubie had been just a week in the refuge, when Miss Mackenzie, faithful to her promise, called to inquire how her *protégée* was getting on.

The matron gave her rather a good character of Baubie. "She's just no trouble—a quiet-like child. She knows just nothing, but I've set her beside the lassie Grant, and I don't doubt but she'll do well yet; but she is some dull," she added.

"Are you happy, Baubie?" asked Miss Mackenzie. "Will you try and learn everything like 'Lisbeth Grant? See how well she sews, and she is no older than you."

"Ay, mem," responded Baubie, meekly and without looking up. She was still wearing 'Lisbeth Grant's frock and apron, and the garments gave her that odd look of their real owner which clothes so often have the power of conveying. Baubie's slim figure had caught the flat-backed, square-shoulder form of her little neighbor, and her face, between the smooth-laid bands of her hair, seemed to have assumed the same gravely-respectable air. The disingenuous roving eye was there all the time, could they but have noted it, and gave the lie to her compressed lips and studied pose.

That same day the Rob Roy tartan frock made its appearance from the wash, brighter as to hue, but somewhat smaller and shrunken in size, as was the nature of its material for one reason, and for

another because it had parted, in common with its owner when subjected to the same process, with a great deal of extraneous matter. Baubie saw her familiar garb again with joy, and put it on with keen satisfaction.

That same night, when the girls were going to bed—whether the inspiration still lingered, in spite of soapsuds, about the red frock, and was by it imparted to its owner, or whether it was merely the prompting of that demon of self-assertion that had been tormenting her of late—Baubie Wishart volunteered a song, and, heedless of consequences, struck up one of the two which formed her stock in trade.

The unfamiliar sounds had not long disturbed the quiet of the house when the matron and Kate, open-eyed with wonder, hastened up to know what was the meaning of this departure from the regular order of things. Baubie heard their approach, and only sang the louder. She had a good and by no means unmusical voice, which the rest had rather improved; and by the time the authorities arrived on the scene there was an audience gathered round the daring Baubie, who, with shoes and stockings off and the Rob Roy tartan half-unfastened, was standing by her bed, singing at the pitch of her voice. The words could be heard down the stairs:

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding: 'tis the signal for the fight.
Now, may God protect us, mother, as He ever does the right.

"Baubie Wishart," cried the astonished mistress, "what do you mean?"

The singer was just at the close of a verse:

Hear the battle-cry of Freedom! how it swells upon the air!
Yes, we'll rally round the standard or we'll perish nobly there.

She finished it off deliberately, and turned her bright eyes and flushed face toward the speaker.

"Who gave you leave, Baubie Wishart," went on the angry matron, "to make yon noise? You ought to think shame of such conduct, singing your good-for-nothing street-songs like a tink-

ler. One would think ye would feel glad never to hear of such things again. Let me have no more of this, do ye hear? I just wonder what Miss Mackenzie would say to ye!—Kate, stop here till they are all bedded and turn off yon gas."

Long before the gas was extinguished Baubie had retired into darkness beneath the bed-clothes, rage and mortification swelling her small heart. 'Good-for-nothing street-songs! Tinkler! Mrs. Duncan's scornful epithets rang in her ears and cut her to the quick. She lay awake, trembling with anger and indignation, until long after Kate had followed the younger fry to rest, and their regular breathing, which her ears listened for till they caught it from every bed, warned her that the weary occupants were safely asleep: then she sat up in bed. The moonlight was streaming into the room through the uncurtained window, and lit up her tumbled head and hot face. After a cautious pause she stepped out on the floor and went round the foot of her bed to the window. She knelt down on the floor, as if she were in search of something, and began feeling with her hand on the lower part of the shutter. Then, close to the floor, and in a place where they were likely to escape detection, she marked clearly and distinctly eight deep, short scratches in an even line on the yellow-painted woodwork. She ran her fingers over them until she could feel each scratch distinctly. Eight! She counted them thrice to make sure, then jumped back into bed, and in a few minutes was as fast asleep as her neighbors.

The days wore into weeks, and the weeks had soon made a month, and time, as it went, left Baubie more demure, quieter and more diligent—diligent apparently at least, for the knitting, though it advanced, showed no sign of corresponding improvement, and the rest of her work was simply scamped. March had given way to April, and the late Edinburgh spring at last began to give signs of its approach. The chestnuts showed brown glistening tips to their branch-ends, and their black trunks became covered with an emerald-colored mildew; the rod-like branches of the poplars turned

a pale whitish-green and began to knot and swell; the Water of Leith overflowed, and ran bubbling and mud-colored under the bridge; and the grass by its banks, and even that in the front green of the refuge, showed here and there a red-eyed daisy. The days grew longer and longer, and of a mild evening the thrush's note was to be heard above the brawling of the stream from the thickets of Dean Terrace Gardens.

Baubie Wishart waited passively. Every day saw her more docile and demure, and every day saw a new scratch added to her tally on the window-shutter behind her bed.

May came, and the days climbed with longer strides to their goal, now close; on reaching which they return slowly and unwillingly, but just as surely; and to her joy, about the third week in May, Baubie Wishart counted one warm, clear night fifty-nine scratches on the shutter. Fifty-nine! She knew the number well without counting them.

Whether she slept or watched that night is not known, but the next morning at four saw Baubie make a hasty and rather more simple toilette than usual, insomuch as she forgot to wash herself, brush her hair or put on her shoes and stockings. Barefooted and bareheaded, much as she had come, she went. She stole noiselessly as a shadow through the outer dormitory, passing the rows of sleepers with bated breath, and not without a parting glance of triumph at the bed where her rival, Elizabeth Grant, was curled up. Down the wooden stair, her bare feet waking no echoes, glided Baubie, and into the school-room, which looked out on the front green. She opened the window easily, hoisted herself on the sill, crept through and let herself drop on the grass below. To scramble up the trunk of one of the chestnuts and swing herself over the wall was quickly done, and then she was once more on the flagged path of the street, and the world lay before her.

As she stood for one moment, breathless with her haste and excitement, she was startled by the sudden apparition of the house cat, who was on his way home

as surreptitiously as she was on hers abroad. He had one bloody ear and a scratched nose, and stared at her as he passed: then, probably in the hope of finding an open door after her, he jumped over the wall hurriedly. Baubie was seized with a sudden panic lest the cat should waken some one in the house, and she took to her heels and ran until she reached the bridge. The morning sun was just beginning to touch the tall tops of the houses, and the little valley through which the Water of Leith ran lay still in a kind of clear grayish light, in which the pale tender hues of the young leaves and the flowering trees were all the more vividly beautiful. The stream was low, and it hurried along over its stony bed, as if it too were running away, and in as great a hurry to be free of all restraints as truant Baubie Wishart, whose red frock was now climbing the hilly gray street beyond.

She could hear, as she strained herself to listen for pursuing voices, the rustle and murmur of the water with an odd distinctness as it rose upon the still air of the summer morning.

Not a creature was to be seen as she made her way eastward, shaping her course for Princes street, and peering, with a gruesome fear of the school-board officer, round every corner. That early bird, however, was not so keenly on the alert as she gave him the credit of being, and she reached her goal unchallenged after coasting along in parallel lines with it for some time.

The long beautiful line of Princes street was untenanted as the Rob Roy tartan tacked cautiously round the corner of St. David street and took a hasty look up and down before venturing forth.

The far-reaching pale red beams of the morning sun had just touched and kindled as with a flame the summit of the Rock, and the windows of the Castle caught and flashed back the greeting in a dozen ruddy reflections. The gardens below lay partly veiled in a clear transparent mist, faintly blue, that hovered above the trees and crept up the banks, and over which the grand outlines of the Rock towered as it lifted its head

majestically into the gold halo that lay beyond.

Not a sound or stir, even the sparrows were barely awake, as Baubie darted along. Fixing her eye on that portion of the High School which is visible from Princes street, she pushed along at a pace that was almost a run, and a brief space saw her draw up and fall exhausted on the steps that lead up to the Calton Hill.

Right before her was the jail-gate.

The child's feet, unused now for some time to such hardships, were hot and bruised, for she had not stopped to pick her footing in her hasty course, and she was so out of breath and heated that it seemed to her as if she would never get cool or her heart cease fluttering as if it would choke her. She shrank discreetly against the stone wall at her side, and there for three long hours she remained crouched, watching and waiting for the hour to chime when the grim black gate opposite would open.

The last tinge of crimson and purple had faded before the golden glories of the day as the sun climbed higher and higher in the serene blue sky. The red cliffs of Salisbury Crags glared with a hot lustre above the green slopes of the hill, and in the white dust of the high-road a million tiny stars seemed to sparkle and twinkle most invitingly to Baubie's eyes. The birds had long been awake and busy in the bushes above her head, and from where she sat she could see, in the distant glitter of Princes street, all the stir of the newly-raised day.

It was a long vigil, and her fear and impatience made it seem doubly longer. At last the clock began to chime eight, and before it was half done the wicket in the great door opened with a noisy clang after a preliminary rattle.

First came a boy, who cast an anxious look round him, then set off at a run; next a young woman, for whom another was waiting just out of sight down the road; last of all (there were only three released), Baubie, whose heart was beginning to beat fast again with anxiety, saw the familiar, well-known figure sham-

ble forth and look up and down the road in a helpless, undecided way. The next moment the wicket had clapped to again. Wishart glanced back at it, sighed once or twice, and blinked his eyes as though the sunlight were too strong for them.

Baubie, scarce breathing, watched him as a cat watches just before she springs.

After a second of hesitation he began to move cityward, obeying some sheep-like instinct which impelled him to follow those who had gone on before. Baubie saw this, and, just waiting to let him get well under way and settle into his gait, she gathered herself up and sprang across the road upon him with the suddenness and rapidity of a flash.

He fairly staggered with surprise. There she was, exactly as he had left her, dusty, barefooted and bareheaded. The wind had tossed up her hair, which indeed was only too obedient to its will, and it clustered all the more wildly about her face because of having been cropped to the regulation length of the refuge.

"Lassie, is't you?" he ejaculated, lost in astonishment. Then, realizing the fact, he gave expression to his feeling by grinning in a convulsive kind of way and clapping her once or twice on the shoulder next him. "Od! I niver! Didna the leddy—"

Baubie cut him short. "Sed I widna bide," she observed curtly and significantly.

Gestures and looks convey, among people like the Wisharts, far more meaning than words, and Baubie's father perfectly understood from the manner and tone of her pregnant remark that she had run away from school, and had severed the connection between herself and the "kind leddy," and that in consequence the situation was highly risky for both. They remained standing still for a moment, looking at each other. The boy and the woman were already out of sight, and the white, dusty high-road seemed all their own domain.

Wishart shuffled with his feet once

more, and looked in the direction of Princes street, and then at Baubie inquiringly. It was for her, as usual, to decide. Baubie had been his Providence for as long as he had memory for—no great length of time. He was conjecturing in his own mind vaguely whether his Providence had, by any chance, got the desiderated three shillings necessary for the redemption of the banjo hidden away in the Rob Roy tartan. He would not have been surprised had it been so, and he would have asked no questions.

Seeing that her eyes followed the direction of his with a forbidding frown, he said tentatively, "Ye didn'—didna—"

"What?" snapped Baubie crossly: she divined his meaning exactly. "Come awa' wi' ye!" she ordered, facing right round countryward.

"We'll gae awa' til Glasgae, Baubie, eh? I'm thinkin' to yer auntie's. *She*"—with a gesture of his head backward at the prison—"will no' be oot this month; sae she'll niver need to ken, eh?"

Baubie nodded. He only spoke her own thoughts, and he knew it.

The first turn to the right past the High School brought them out on the road before Holyrood, which lay grim and black under the sun-bathed steep slopes of Arthur's Seat. On by the Grange and all round the south-eastern portion of the city this odd couple took their way. It was a long round, but safety made it necessary. At last, between Corstorphine's wooded slopes and the steeper rise of the Pentlands, they struck into the Glasgow road. In the same order as before they pursued their journey, Baubie leading as of old, now and again vouchsafing a word over her shoulder to her obedient follower, until the dim haze of the horizon received into itself the two quaint figures, and Baubie Wishart and the Rob Roy tartan faded together out of sight.

The Author of "Flitters, Tatters and the Counsellor."

GAS-BURNING, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"IT is remarkable what attention has been attracted all over the country by the recent experiments with Edison's inventions," observed my friend the traveller as our host turned a fuller flow of gas in the chandelier. "Even in the little villages out West, of only one bank and *not* one good hotel, the topics which last spring generally excited most interest in all circles were Edison's electric light and Bell's telephone."

"Very likely," replied our host, an elderly gentleman of fortune. "If we had such impure gas as is found in many of the villages and small cities not so very far West, I'd never light a burner in my library again. As it is, I do so very rarely. The products of gas-combustion act on the bindings until firm calf drops in pieces, and even law-sheep loses its coherency, as the argument of the opposing counsel does when your own lawyer begins to talk."

"The effect on the upholstery and metallic ornaments is as bad as upon the books," added our hostess. "This room will have to be refurnished in the spring—all on account of the changes in color both of the paper and the silk and cotton fabrics; and the bronze dressing on those statuettes is softening, so that there are lines and spots of rust all over them."

"Perhaps, my dear, they would have suffered equally from the atmosphere without gas," replied the old gentleman, looking at his wife over his glasses.

"Our friend here has a hundred thousand more in gas stock than he had a year ago, and I suspect that he is still a bear in the market," said his neighbor a chemist, who had just dropped in.

"If I lose I shall lay it to your advice."

"You did well to buy—if you sell at once," said the traveller, who was interested in the electric light to some unknown extent: "gas stock will finally have to go down."

"When the sun shines in the night, not before," asserted a young accountant from

the gas-works who had been holding a private talk with the daughter of the house at the other corner of the room.

"Gas companies can manufacture at less cost than formerly," said the chemist.

"But yet gas has gone up again lately. You may thank the electric-light boom for the temporary respite you have had from poor gas at high prices."

"Yes: some of the companies put gas down lower than they could manufacture it, in order to hold their customers at a time when people almost believed that Edison's light would prove a success."

"But it *was* a success. It proved an excellent light, displayed a neat lamp, and gave no ill effects upon either the atmosphere or the eyes; and the perfect carbons showed a surprising endurance. The only difficulty is that the invention is not yet perfected so as to go immediately into use."

"But the lower part of the glasses becomes dark with deposited carbon," returned the chemist. "If carbons could be made to last long enough to render the lamps cheap, this smoking of the globes would set a limit at which the lamps would cease to be presentable; and the cleaning, and the exhausting of air again, are difficult and expensive."

"That remains to be proved. But coal is sure to grow dearer."

"That isn't likely within a century. Besides, by the fault of the consumer gas-light costs now one-third more than it should for the same light. The best English authorities state this to be the case in Great Britain, and I have no question that such is the fact here."

"How would you remedy the evil of waste?"

"By the use of economical burners and of governors to regulate the flow of gas."

"That is very easily said. What is the name of your economical burner?"

"I am not an advocate of any special burner, but of all that are constructed on right principles."

"There are many kinds of burners. Do you not have some classification for them?" inquired the young lady, who was fresh from Wellesley.

"The usual forms of the burner," replied the chemist—"or, more properly, the forms of the tip—are the fishtail, the batwing and the argand. In the first the gas issues through two holes which come together at the top, so that the two jets of gas impinge and form a flat flame; in the batwing the gas issues in a thin sheet through a slit in a hollow knob; while in the argand the gas enters a short cylinder or broad ring, escaping thence through numerous holes at the upper edge. There are many varieties of each of these, differing in the construction of the part below the tip. The argand has long been the favorite burner for the table and desk. Its advantages are a strong, steady light, but, as you know, it is apt to smoke at every slight increase in the pressure of the gas, though there are recent improved forms in which this fault is in a measure corrected. A properly-made argand burner will give a light equal to three whole candles (spermaceti, of the standard size and quality) for every foot of gas burned. Of the argand burners, Guise's shadowless argand has been considered the best, but of late years Sugg's Lethby burner has carried off the palm. Wood's burner has been a favorite, as, being a fishtail, it could be used with a short chimney, which gives the flame steadiness. By the arms on the chimney-frame the flame is broadened at the bottom, with a smaller dark space at the base than in any other flat-flame burner. It is so constructed that the quantity of gas passing is regulated by turning a tap in the lower part of the burner, which changes the size of the orifice in the tube. Ten years ago this burner, with a regulator at the meter, was generally thought to be the most economical contrivance possible. It is now little used. Yet either the batwing or the fishtail tip can be used in any common burner except the argand. The old brass and iron tips are mostly superseded by those of "lava," being liable to an early change of the orifice from incrustation and rust. In

the flat-flame burners there are differences in the internal arrangement. Perhaps our young gas-manufacturer here can tell us what is now the most approved burner."

The young man confessed that he had specimens of the best kinds of flat-flame burners in his pocket. He quickly brought from his overcoat in the hall a small paper parcel from which he produced several bright little brass tubes, explaining that he carried them because somebody was always inquiring about the best kind of burner. "These save talk," said he.

With a small wrench he removed one of the old burners, and the several kinds were successively tested in its place. Some gave a better light, but it was objected that they might consume more gas. Whereupon the chemist tore a strip from his well-worn handkerchief, and, having damped it, wound the ribbon several times around the top of the old burner (which had been replaced), leaving the orifice uncovered. The new burner was screwed down over this, making a gas-tight connection. "There," said he, "we have a gauge. The new burner will receive the same amount of gas that the old one consumed—no more, no less—but the current is slightly checked."

The burner gave the same amount of light as before, so far as the eye could perceive.

"In the combustion of gas for heating purposes," continued the chemist, "seek the burner with free, rapid delivery through small holes. For light you want something different. Suppose you send a current of gas up into this sewing-thimble: it can find an exit only by turning backward. Then suppose it escapes from the thimble only to enter a larger cavity above it, whence it must issue through a burner-tip with an orifice of the usual size. The current, you perceive, is twice completely broken. It will be seen that only the expansive force of the gas, together with its buoyancy, acts upon the jets, instead of a direct current. Now, it will always be found that the burner which best carries out the principles just illustrated—other points being equal—will give more light with a less quantity of gas than any

other. This also exhibits the chief principle of most of the governors or regulators.

"You will observe that this checking of the current is attained in various ways in different burners," continued the chemist as he unscrewed and dissected the samples before him. "In some it is done by a perforated metal disk in the orifice; in others, by a bit of wool, which checks slightly a slow current, and by the pressure of a strong one becomes compacted and forms a more effective obstacle. In most cases, however, it soon becomes solid with condensed matters from the gas. Another form of check is a small cap having perpendicular slits at the sides. The cylinder of the cap, being smaller than the orifice of the burner, screws down into it; the openings being shortened or lengthened according as the cylinder is screwed up or down. One objection to this is the trouble required in regulating. Here is another burner, in which the orifice ends in a cap whose sides, near the bottom, are pierced with four pin-holes directed downward. This reverses the direction of the current of gas, which then escapes through the pin-holes downward into a chamber, then turns upward along its sides to the tip, on entering which it again turns. Each burner is able to consume economically a flow of gas peculiar to itself, which can be ascertained by a minute's experiment, and then regulated by the tap in the pipe. But this requires much care, and is apt to be neglected. A very small tap in the burner (as in the Wood and Ellis burners), which can be adjusted so as to require no further attention, seems the best method of effecting this graduation."

The chemist now pulled a manuscript from his pocket and read from it as follows: "The quantity of light decreases with disproportionate rapidity by reduced consumption; for, as experiments have shown, when consuming only two feet per hour, eighty-five per cent. of the gas is lost; with two and a half feet the loss is sixty per cent.; and with three and a half feet it is thirty-four per cent. of that derived from the gas when burning the full quantity for which the burn-

er is constructed. In some experiments made upon this matter under the direction of referees appointed by the London Board of Trade the loss at the other extreme is given. They report: 'Instead of the gas giving increased light as the rate of consumption is increased, it will be seen that *in every case* there is a point beyond which the *light decreases* relatively to the proportion of gas consumed. In every case, too, this point lies far below the maximum of gas-consumption, observing the turning-points in the case of the different burners.' Again, every burner has a certain amount of gas which it will consume to the greatest advantage as to both light and economy; which in a completely-regulated burner is quickly found, and the delivery fixed by the small tap. When the gas is issuing from the burner at so low a pressure that the flame is just on the point of smoking, the maximum effect for the quantity of gas consumed in that particular burner is attained, because in that case the quantity and intensity of the light are most advantageously balanced. For the same reason, the burner best suited for light is one in which the jet-openings are proportionately large, so as to prevent as much as possible too great contact with the air in the lower part of the flame. In case the air-currents disturb the light, it is necessary to turn on a stronger flow, which secures steadiness, but sets economy at naught."

"It would be a good thing," said the young fellow, interrupting him, "if some person would invent a burner that should heat the gas before its discharge. We could then get a perfect combustion of the carbon, and so greater brilliancy and economy."

"That is a very common error. Mr. Leslie's burner was designed on that very theory: the result was contrary to expectation."

"What was the form of the burner?" inquired our host.

"Leslie's burner is a form of the argand. The gas, instead of issuing from holes pierced in a solid ring, is conducted to the flame in separate small tubes upward of an inch long. Twenty-eight of these tubes are inserted in a ring two

inches in diameter, and converge to one inch at the ends, where the gas escapes. These tubes become hot very quickly when the gas is lighted, and it issues at a high temperature. Here is the result of a test made by Mr. Clegg, and given on page 344 of his valuable work on coal gas:

COMMON ARGAND, FIFTEEN HOLES.

Consumption per hour in cubic feet:

6 feet, light = 17.4 standard candles.

5 " " = 13.64 " "

LESLIE'S BURNER, TWENTY-EIGHT HOLES.

6 feet, light = 14.73 standard candles.

5 " " = 11.28 " "

"In experimenting with common burners, argand and others, it is found that, if the aperture in the tip is too small for the orifice in the body of the burner, the escaping gas is too highly heated and is consumed too quickly. So with Leslie's burner in an increased degree. Theories brought to the test of experiment are often disappointing."

The chemist now proceeded to illustrate his harangue with the argand upon the table, which he lighted and turned on full, without replacing the chimney. The dull-red flame streamed up to a height of eight inches or more, waving and smoking slightly. He now turned down the gas and replaced the chimney, then set the tap at the same angle as before. "Here," said he, "we have a flame barely four inches high—of brilliant white—which gives more light than the taller flame did. The cause of the shortening of the flame is the more rapid combustion of the gas, owing to the increased draught or air-supply in the chimney. From the greater intensity of this flame a much larger quantity of light is produced than by the longer flame. If too tall a chimney is used, the flame is shortened still more and its brilliancy increased, but not to a degree sufficient to compensate for the diminished surface. The light, you are doubtless aware, comes from the incandescence of the carbon, heated by the union of the hydrogen of the gas with a portion of the oxygen of the air."

The chemist now read from his manuscript again: "Carburetted hydrogen of

a passably good quality requires two volumes of pure oxygen for its complete combustion and conversion into carbonic acid and water. Atmospheric air contains, in its pure state, about twenty per cent. of oxygen; therefore, one cubic foot of gas requires for its perfect combustion ten cubic feet of air. If less be admitted to the flame, a quantity of free carbon will escape, and be deposited in the form of black smoke. If an excess of air be admitted, we shall find that the quantity of nitrogen accompanying this excess has a tendency to extinguish the flame, while it takes no part in the elective affinity constantly going on between the other elements—namely, hydrogen, oxygen and the vapor of carbon.

"Again," said he, turning down the gas, "if the flame be reduced to a consumption of two feet per hour, its light will be equal to that of one candle only; but on raising the chimney, thus, about half an inch from the gallery or support the light is greatly increased, or by simply placing a disk on top of the chimney the light is increased ninefold; both of which effects seem to result from a diminished current of air, while at the same time there is an ample supply. Lastly, with the ordinary glass moon-globe so generally used in dwellings with the fishtail burner little difference can be perceived between the light given from the flame by four feet and that from six feet of gas per hour, in consequence of the strong current of air passing up through the globe; but if the top of the glass be enclosed by a talc cover having an orifice in the centre about an inch in diameter, then the conditions of the burner are completely changed. The light is greatly increased, because the highest economical advantage is then approached."*

"Smoke from the aperture and lamp-black on the cover must result from such

* In some tests given in Richards' *Treatise on Coal Gas* (p. 293) the following results were shown:

Obstruction of light by—

A clear	glass globe, about 12 per cent.		
An engraved	" "	24	"
Obscured all over	" "	40	"
Opal	" "	60	"
Painted	" "	64	"

an arrangement," objected the old gentleman.

"There need be very little of either," responded the chemist. "From some burners there is little light without smoke. A smoky flame may arise from too much carbon, but the gas companies in this part of the country are not apt to make their product too rich; and such a condition is not likely to occur except with vapor-gas when warm weather quickly succeeds to a cold spell in the winter season. The consumer's immediate remedy in any case is to use a smaller tip with the fishtail and batwing burners, and a taller chimney with the argand; which devices will give a quicker movement to the gas in one case and to the air in the other. The smoking, however, may be caused by carbonic acid, which checks combustion. There is always more or less of this in gas, arising from a partial combustion in the retorts when charging them with coal or while withdrawing the exhausted charge. But it is only by excessively slow and careless work that this can happen to a serious extent. Only an expert can tell when this condition exists, though if the symptoms do not yield to manipulations of the chimney and tap, it may be suspected. There is no effective remedy for this adulteration which can be applied by the consumer except a vigorous complaint against the company which supplies the stuff.

"There remains one burner or lamp to be mentioned, contrived with special reference to health," he continued—"the ventilating standard lamp of Doctor Faraday, used in the House of Lords. In this there is an outer glass by which the vitiated air passes away through the pipe communicating with the external air. The lamp is interesting, but there is a question whether there is any practical advantage in its use. Rutter's ventilating lamp is of different form, having a globe instead of an outer cylinder, the gas and air coming in from above. Some of the best dwellings now being erected in the vicinity of New York are provided with tin pipes leading from the burners to the open air. In some the pipe receives the foul air from an open metallic or mineral

shade over the burner; others have a larger pipe enclosing the gas-pipe for ventilation, the tops of the two pipes (including the burner) being enclosed by a globe pierced with holes for fresh air. There is said to result a good ventilation, with economy of gas, an increased steadiness of the flame and power of light. A better arrangement is a third pipe enclosing the gas-pipe and enclosed in the ventilating-pipe, opening to the air, instead of the holes in the globe, which in this case should be air-tight. This plan is said to have reached its perfection when the three pipes are filled with wire gauze to some extent. This, being heated by the escape of hot gases in the ventilating-pipe, sends both the air and the gas to the flame already highly heated. The result is said to be admirable as regards ventilation, steadiness and power of the light and economy of gas.

"With these lamps the pressure of the gas-current is of great importance; and I now turn to that subject. It is a general complaint in buildings whose rooms are high that the flow of gas on the lower floor is deficient, while on the upper floors there is a greater supply than is necessary. This inconvenience arises from the upper stories being subjected to less atmospheric pressure than the lower, every rise of ten feet making a difference in the pressure of about one-tenth of an inch of water; and, consequently, a column of gas acquires that amount of pressure additional. The following table, recording an experiment of Mr. Richards, will show the result in respect to light:

Gas issuing from the burner at a pressure of—	
10	inch of water gave the light of 12 candles.
7½	" " " " " " " " 6 "
18	" " " " " " " " 2 "
18	" " " " " " " " no appreciable light.

Suppose a building of six floors is supplied from the gas-mains at a pressure of six-tenths, and that the difference of altitude between the highest and lowest light is equal to fifty feet: the gas in the highest or sixth floor will issue from the burners at a pressure of eleven-tenths; the fifth floor, at ten-tenths; and so on. In order to secure an entirely equable flow and economical light a regulator is

necessary on each floor above the first. The gas companies are frequently obliged to supply mills at a much greater pressure than is stated above as necessary, in order that the ground floors may have sufficient light."

"How about incorrect meters?" asked the traveller.

"Little need be said of them, as they fall within the domain of the companies and the public inspector of gas. Under favorable conditions gas-meters will remain in order for ten years or more; and when they become defective they as often favor the consumer, probably, as they do the gas company. Their defects do not often occasion inconvenience; and when they once get out of order they run so wild that their condition is soon detected, when the errors in previous bills should be corrected by estimate of other seasons."

"You haven't mentioned the apparatus (carburetters) for increasing the richness of the gas, which can be applied by the consumer upon his own premises," said the old gentleman.

"There is little need. The burners should be adjusted to the quality of gas furnished. If there were any real gain in this method of enrichment, the gas companies are the parties who could make the most of it: indeed, many of them do to such an extent as can be made profitable. But whenever the temperature of the atmosphere falls, the matter added to the gas is deposited in the pipes, sometimes choking them entirely at the angles. No: arrange your burners and regulators to suit the gas that is furnished, demand of the company that it fulfil the law and the contract in regard to the quality of the gas, and give all gas-improving machines the go-by.*

"Light having, perhaps, been sufficiently considered for the present needs, we have now to note the effects of the combustion of gas upon the atmosphere, and through this upon the furnishing of rooms and the health of the persons liv-

* There is a recent method of adding carbon to the gas which is not liable to the objection of clogging the pipes. By a small apparatus a stick of naphthaline is attached to the burner so as to be slowly vaporized. It is not yet in the hands of dealers in gas-fixtures.

ing therein," said the chemist, again taking up his manuscript. "The usual products from the combustion of common illuminating gas are carbonic acid, sulphuric acid, ammonia and water-vapor. Every burner consuming five cubic feet of gas per hour spoils as much air as two full-grown men: it is therefore evident that the air of a room thus lighted would soon become vitiated if an ample supply of fresh air were not frequently admitted.

"Remember," said he, looking up from the paper, "that nearly the same effects proceed from the combustion of candles and lamps of every kind when a sufficient number of these are burned to give an equal amount of light. Carbonic acid is easily got rid of, for the rooms where gas is burned usually have sufficient ventilation near the floor by means of a register, or even the slight apertures under the doors—together with their frequent opening—to carry off the small quantity emitted by one or two burners. But there are other gases which must have vent at the upper part of the room, while fresh air should be admitted to supply the place of that which is chemically changed."

Returning to his manuscript, he continued: "The burners which give the least light, burning instead with a low, blue flame, form the most carbonic acid and free the most nitrogen. Such are all the burners for heat rather than light. But the formation of sulphuric acid gas may be the same in each. In the yellow flame the carbon particles escape to darken the light colors of the room, not being heated sufficiently to combine with the oxygen. This product of the combustion of gas (free carbon) might be regarded as rather wholesome than otherwise (as its nature is that of an absorbent) were it not the worst kind of dust to breathe—in fact, clogging the lungs to suffocation. In vapor gas—made at low heat—the carbon is in a large degree only mechanically mixed with the hydrogen, and is liable, especially in cold weather, to be deposited in the pipes. This leaves only a very poor, thin gas, mainly hydrogen, which burns with a pale blue flame, as

seen in cold spells in winter. High heats and short charges in the retorts of the manufactory give a purer gas and a larger production. Gas made at high heat will reach the consumer in any weather very nearly as rich as when it leaves the gas-holder; for, thus made, the hydrogen and carbon are chemically combined, instead of the hydrogen merely bearing a quantity of carbon-vapor mechanically mixed and liable to deposit with every reduction of temperature. To relieve the atmosphere of the gases and vapors proceeding from combustion is, of course, the purpose of ventilation. The sulphuric acid gas and ammonia will be largely in combination with the water-vapor, which also proceeds from combustion, so that all will be got rid of together. The vaporization of libraries to counteract the excessive dryness (or drying, rather) which causes leather bindings to shrink and to break at the joints, would be of doubtful utility, since it might only serve to carry into the porous leather still more of the gases just mentioned. The action of both sulphuric acid and ammonia is, undoubtedly, to destroy the fibre of leather, so that it crumbles to meal or falls apart in flakes.

"In a very interesting paper read by Professor William R. Nichols of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology before the American Association of Science at its Saratoga meeting in 1879, the results of many analyses of leather bindings were given, showing the presence of the above-named substances in old bindings in many times greater quantity than in new. Still, their presence did not prove them to be the cause of the decay; and Professor Nichols proposes to ascertain the fact by experiments requiring some years for demonstration.

"In the hope of deciding the question with reasonable certainty at once, I have made careful examinations of the books in the three largest libraries of Boston and Cambridge, each differing from the others in age and atmosphere. The bindings of the volumes examined bore their own record in dates and ownership, by which the conditions of their atmosphere in respect to gas and (approximately) to

heat were made known for periods varying from current time to over two hundred years. In the Public Library the combined influences of gas, heat and effluvia have wrought upon the leather until many covers were ready to drop to pieces at a touch. The binding showed no more shrinkage than in the other libraries, but in proportion to the time the books had been upon the shelves the decay of the leather was about the same as in the Athenæum. I am informed that many of the most decayed have from time to time been rebound, so that a full comparison cannot be made between this and the others. In the Athenæum less gas has been used, and there is very little effluvia, but the mealy texture of the leather is general among the older tenants of the shelves. Numbers of volumes in the galleries were losing their backs, which were more or less broken off at the joints from the shrinkage and brittleness of the leather. The plan has been proposed of introducing the vapor of water to counteract the effects of dryness upon the bindings. In this library the atmosphere has the usual humidity of that out of doors, being warmed by bringing the outer air in over pipes conveying hot water, while the other libraries have the higher heat of steam-pipes. If, therefore, its atmosphere differs from that of the other libraries in respect to moisture, the variation is in the direction of greater humidity, without any corresponding effect on the preservation of bindings. In fact, proper ventilation and low shelves seem to be the true remedies for these evils, or, rather, the best means of amelioration, since there is no complete antidote to the decay common to all material things. The last condition involves the disuse of galleries and of rooms upon more than one flat, unless the atmosphere in the upper portions of the lower rooms be shut off from the higher, as it should be. Another precaution which might be taken with advantage is to use the higher shelves for cloth bindings.

"In the Harvard College Library no gas has ever been used, nor any other artificial illuminator to much extent. Neither had any large number of the volumes

been exposed to the products of gas-combustion, except for a brief time before they were placed here. The bindings in this library showed very little crumbling, but many covers were breaking at the joints from the shrinking which arises from excessive dryness. In common with many other substances, leather yields moisture to the air much more readily than it receives it from that medium. Cloth bindings showed no decay at all here—very little in any of the libraries, except in the loss of color. It should be stated that the volumes which I examined at Harvard College were generally older than those inspected in the other libraries. There are parchment bindings in each of the libraries hundreds of years old, apparently just as perfect in texture as when first placed upon the shelves of the original owner. The parchment was often worn through at the angles, but there was no breakage from shrinking, the material having been shrunken as much as possible when prepared from the skin. At Harvard College I examined an embossed calf binding stretched on wooden sides which was above a hundred years old. It was in almost perfect preservation, and not much shrunken. This volume, being very large, was on a shelf next the ground floor—a position which it had probably held ever since the erection of the building.

Professor Nichols does not mention morocco in his tables of analyses. Indeed, morocco was so little used for bookbindings until within about thirty years that it affords a less ample field for investigation than any other of the leathers now in common use. My attention was therefore directed specially to this material, of which I found some specimens having a record of nearly fifty years. My observation was, that in all the libraries these were less affected by decay, in proportion to their age, than other leathers. In Harvard College Library the best Turkey morocco, with forty years of exposure, showed no injury except from chafing. The outer integument was often worn away, exposing the texture of the skin, which was still of strong fibre. In the Athenæum, on the contrary,

many of the moroccos showed the same decay as the calf, russia and sheep. There was, however, a wide difference in the condition of moroccos of the same age—some showing as much decay as the calf, while others had scarcely any of the disintegration common to the older calf bindings. The same might, indeed, be said of all leathers, those tanned by the quick modern methods, with much more acid than is used in old processes, in which time is a large factor, showing always a more rapid deterioration. But, the methods being the same, morocco, the oiliest of the common leathers and the one having the firmest cuticle, endures the best.

“The order of endurance of leather (as observed by librarians) against atmospheric effects is as follows, descending from the first to the last in order: Parchment, light-colored morocco, sheep, russia, calf. Cloth wears out quickly by use, but appears—the linen especially—to be affected by the atmosphere only in loss of color. These observations all refer to the ordinary humidity of the air in frequented rooms.

“This, then, is the result of my inquiries: I found the shrinking and breaking resulting from heat much the same in all the libraries, but most in that where the heating is from the outer air brought in over hot-water pipes, the two other libraries examined being warmed by steam-pipes having a higher temperature. I found the mealy structure—or instead thereof flakiness—to prevail most in the Athenæum, next in the Public Library: in the latter, however, many volumes have been rebound, thus raising the average of condition. In the Harvard College Library no gas—in fact, little if any artificial light—is used, and here, too, the mealy structure and disintegration are mostly absent. I conclude, therefore, from these limited observations, that heat is responsible for a large part of the damage to leather bindings, its effects being evidently supplemented and hastened by gas-combustion.

“The ventilating lamps before described, though rather cumbrous to eyes accustomed to the small and simple apparatus commonly used, might prove val-

uable in rooms containing fabrics liable to be injured by the gases from open burners."

As the chemist concluded his reading the traveller remarked to the somewhat weary listeners, "You now see the vast amount of study and care required to use gas with economy and safety. I could not have argued the cause of a new, clean, gasless and vaporless light like electricity any better myself."

"It will be found," responded the chemist, "that there are more troubles and dangers connected with the electric

light—besides the larger expense—than are thought of now."

"That is so!" ejaculated the young fellow.

"At any rate," said the old gentleman, "gas stock won't go lower for twenty years than it has been this winter."

"You are all wedded to your idols," was the final protest of the traveller.

"I wish I was," murmured the young fellow, with a side-glance at his fair neighbor, who immediately removed to another part of the room.

GEORGE J. VARNEY.

THE ἄΠΑΞ ΛΕΓΟΜΕΝΑ IN SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN we examine the vocabulary of Shakespeare, what first strikes us is its copiousness. His characters are countless, and each one speaks his own dialect. His little fishes never talk like whales, nor do his whales talk like little fishes. Those curious in such matters have detected in his works quotations from seven foreign tongues, and those from Latin alone amount to one hundred and thirty-two.

Our first impression, that the Shakespearian variety of words is multitudinous, is confirmed by statistics. Mrs. Cowden Clarke has counted those words one by one, and ascertained their sum to be not less than fifteen thousand. The total vocabulary of Milton's poetical remains is no more than eight thousand, and that of Homer, including the *Hymns* as well as both *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, is about nine thousand. In the English Bible the different words are reckoned by Mr. G. P. Marsh in his lectures on the English language at rather fewer than six thousand. Those in the Greek Testament I have learned by actual count to be not far from five thousand five hundred.

Some German writers on Greek grammar maintain that they could teach Plato and Demosthenes useful lessons concern-

ing Greek moods and tenses, even as the ancient Athenians, according to the fable of Phædrus, contended that they understood squealing better than a pig. However this may be, any one of us to-day, thanks to the Concordance of Mrs. Clarke and the Lexicon of Alexander Schmidt, may know much in regard to Shakespeare's use of language which Shakespeare himself cannot have known. One particular as to which he must have been ignorant, while we may have knowledge, is concerning his employment of terms denominated ἄπαξ λεγόμενα.

The phrase ἄπαξ λεγόμενα—literally, *once spoken*—may be traced back, I think, to the Alexandrian grammarians, centuries before our era, who invented it to describe those words which they observed to occur once, and *only once*, in any author or literature. It is so convenient an expression for statistical commentators on the Bible, and on the classics as well, that they will not willingly let it die.

The list of ἄπαξ λεγόμενα—that is, words used once and *only once*—in Shakespeare is surprisingly long. It embraces a greater multitude than any man can easily number. Nevertheless, I have counted those beginning with two letters. The result is that the ἄπαξ λεγόμενα with

initial *a* are 364, and those with initial *m* are 310. There is no reason, that I know of, to suppose the census with these initials to be proportionally larger than that with other letters. If it is not, then the words occurring only once in all Shakespeare cannot be less than five thousand, and they are probably a still greater legion.

The number I have culled from one hundred and forty-six pages of Schmidt is 674. At this rate the total on the fourteen hundred and nine pages of the entire Lexicon would foot up 6504. It is possible, then, that Shakespeare discarded, after once trying them, more different words than fill and enrich the whole English Bible. The old grammarians tell us that a certain part of speech was called *supine*, because it was very seldom needed, and therefore almost always lying *on its back*—i. e. in Latin, *supinus*. The supines of Shakespeare outnumber the employés of most authors.

The array of Shakespearian ἄπαξ λεγόμενα appears still vaster if we compare it with expressions of the same nature in the Scriptures and in Homer. In the English Bible words with the initials *a* and *m* used once only are 132 to 674 with the same initials in Shakespeare. The scriptural *once-onlys* would be more than twice as many as we find there were they as frequent in proportion to their total vocabulary as his are.

The Homeric ἄπαξ λεγόμενα with initial *m* are 78, but were they as numerous in proportion to Homer's whole world of words as Shakespeare's are, they would run up to 186; that is, to more than twice as many as their actual number.

In the Greek New Testament I have enumerated 63 ἄπαξ λεγόμενα beginning with the letter *m*—a larger number than you would expect, for it is as large as that in both English Testaments beginning with that same letter, which is also exactly 63. It indicates a wider range of expression in the authors of the Greek original than in their English translators.

The 310 Shakespearian words with initial *m* used *once only* I have also compared with the whole verbal inventory of our language so far as it begins with that letter. They make up one-fifth almost

of that entire stock, which musters in Webster only 1641 words. You will at once inquire, "What is the *nature* of these rejected Shakespearian vocables, which he seems to have viewed as milk that would bear no more than one skimming?"

The percentage of *classical* words among them is great—greater indeed than in the body of Shakespeare's writings. According to the analysis of Weisse, in an average hundred of Shakespearian words one-third are classical and two-thirds Saxon. But then all the classical elements have inherent meaning, while half of the Saxon have none. We may hence infer that of the significant words in Shakespeare one-half are of classical derivation. Now, of the ἄπαξ λεγόμενα with initial *a*, I call 262 words out of 364 classical, and with initial *m*, 152 out of 310; that is, 414 out of 674, or about four-sevenths of the whole Shakespearian host beginning with those two letters. In doubtful cases I have considered those words only as classical the first etymology of which in Webster is from a classical or Romance root. In the biblical words used once only the classical portion is enormous—namely, not less than sixty-nine per cent.—while the classical percentage in Shakespearian words of the same class is no more than sixty-one.

Among the 674 *a* and *m* Shakespearian words occurring once only the proportion of words now *obsolete* is unexpectedly small. Of 310 such words with initial *m*, only one-sixth, or 51 at the utmost, are now disused, either in sense or even in form. Of this half-hundred a few are used in Shakespeare, but not at present, as verbs; thus, to *maculate*, to *miracle*, to *mud*, to *mist*, to *mischief*, to *moral*—also *merchandized* and *musicked*. Another class now wellnigh unknown are *misproud*, *misdread*, *maphery*, *mansionry*, *marybuds*, *masterdom*, *mistership*, *mistrressship*.

Then there are slight variants from our modern orthography or meanings, as *mained* for maimed, *markman* for marksman, *make* for mate, *makeless* for mateless, *mirable*, *merveillous*, *mess* for mass,

manakin, minikin, meyny for many, *momentarry* for momentary, *moraler, mountainer, misgraffing, misanthropos, mott* for motto, to *mutine, mi'nutely* for every minute.

None seem wholly dead words except the following eighteen: To *mammock*, tear; *mell, meddle*; *mose, mourn*; *micher*, truant; *mome*, fool; *mallecho*, mischief; *maund*, basket; *marcantant*, merchant; *mun*, sound of wind; *mure*, wall; *meacock*, henpecked; *mop*, grin; *militarist*, soldier; *murrion*, affected with murrain; *mammering*, hesitating; *mountant*, raised up; *mered*, only; *man-entered*, grown up.

About one-tenth of the remaining ἄπαξ λεγόμενα with initial *m* are descriptive compounds. Among them are the following adjectives: *Maiden-tongued, maiden-widowed, man-entered* (before noted as obsolete), *many-headed, marble-breasted, marble-constant, marble-hearted, marrow-eating, mean-apparelled, merchant-marring, mercy-lacking, mirth-moving, moving-delicate, mock-water, more-having, mortal-breathing, mortal-living, mortal-staring, motley-minded, mouse-eaten, moss-grown, mouth-filling, mouth-made, muddy-mettled, momentary-swift, maid-pale*. From this list, which is nearly complete, it is evident that such compounds as may be multiplied at will form but a small fraction of the words that are used *once only* by Shakespeare.

The words used *once only* by Shakespeare are often so beautiful and poetical that we wonder how they could fail to be his favorites again and again. They are jewels that might hang twenty years before our eyes, yet never lose their lustre. Why were they never shown but once? They remind me of the exquisite crystal bowl from which I saw a Jewess and her bridegroom drink in Prague, and which was then dashed in pieces on the floor of the synagogue, or of the Chigi porcelain painted by Raphael, which as soon as it had been once removed from the Farnesina table was thrown into the Tiber. To what purpose was this waste? Why should they be used up with once using? Specimens of this sort, which all poets but Shakespeare would have pa-

raded as pets many a time, are multifarious. Among a hundred others never used but once, we have *magical, mirthful, mightful, mirth-moving, moonbeams, moss-grown, mundane, mollo, matin, mural, multipotent, mourningly, majesticly, marbled, martyred, mellifluous, mountainous, meander, magnificence, magnanimity, mockable, merriness, masterdom, masterpiece, monarchize, menaces, mar-rowless*.

Again, a majority of Shakespearian ἄπαξ λεγόμενα being familiar to us as household words, it seems impossible that he who had tried them once should have need of them no more. Instances—all with initial *m*—are as follows: *mechanics, machine, maxim, mission, mode, monastic, marsh, magnify, malcontent, majority, manly, malleable, malignancy, maritime, manna, manslaughter, masterly, market-day-folks, maid-price, mealy, meekly, mercifully, merchant-like, memorial, mercenary, mention, memorandums, mercurial, metropolis, miserably, mindful, meridian, medal, metaphysics, ministration, mimic, misapply, misgovernment, misquote, misconstruction, monstrously, monster-like, monstrosity, mutable, moneyed, monopoly, mortise, mortised, muniments, to moderate, and mother-wit*. These words, and five thousand more equally excellent, which have remained part of the language of the English-speaking world for three centuries since Shakespeare, and will no doubt continue to belong to it for ever, we are apt to declare he should have worn in their newest gloss, not cast aside so soon. Why was he as shy of repeating any one of them even once as Hudibras was of showing his wit?—

Who bore it about,
As if afraid to wear it out
Except on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.

This question, why a full third of Shakespeare's verbal riches was never brought to light more than once, is probably one which nobody can at present answer even to his own satisfaction. Yet the phenomenon is so remarkable that every one will try after his own fashion to account for it. My own attempt at a provisional ex-

planation I will present in the latter part of this paper.

Let us first, however, notice another question concerning the ἄπαξ λεγόμενα—namely, that which respects their *origin*. Where did they come from? how far did Shakespeare make them? and how far were they ready to his hand? No approach to answering this inquiry can be made for some years. Yet as to this matter let us rejoice that the unique dictionary of the British Philological Society is now near publication. This work, slowly elaborated by thousands of co-workers in many devious walks of study on both sides of the Atlantic, aims to exhibit the first appearance in a book of every English word. In regard to the great bulk of Shakespeare's diction it will enable us ten years hence to determine how much of it was known to literature before him, and how much of it he himself gathered or gleaned in highways and byways, or caused to ramify and effloresce from Saxon or classical roots and trunks, thus "endowing his purposes with words to make them known." Meantime, we are left to conjectures. As of his own coinage I should set down such vocables as *motley-minded*, *mirth-moving*, *mockable*, *marbled*, *martyred*, *merriness*, *marrowless*, *mightful*, *multipotent*, *masterdom*, *monarchize*, etc. etc.

But, however much of his linguistic treasury Shakespeare shall be proved to have inherited ready-made—whatever scraps he may have stolen at the feast of languages—it is clear that he was an imperial creator of language, and lived while his mother-tongue was still plastic. Having a mint of phrases in his own brain, well might he speak with the contempt he does of those "fools who for a tricky word defy the matter;" that is, slight or disregard it. He never needed to do that. Words were "correspondent to his command, and, Ariel-like, did his spiriting gently."

In a thousand cases, however, Shakespeare cannot have rejected words through fear lest he should repeat them. It has taken three centuries for the world to ferret out his ἄπαξ λεγόμενα: can we believe that he knew them all himself?

VOL. XXVI.—47

Unless he were the Providence which numbers all hairs of the head, he had not got the start of the majestic world so far as that, however myriad-minded we may consider him. An instinct which would have rendered him aware of each and every individual of five thousand that he had employed once only would be as inconceivable as that of Falstaff, which made him discern the heir-apparent in Prince Hal when disguised as a highwayman. In short, Shakespeare could not be conscious of all the words he had once used, more than Brigham Young could recognize all the wives he had once wedded.

In the absence of other theories concerning the reasons for Shakespeare's ἄπαξ λεγόμενα being so abundant, I throw out a suggestion of my own till a better one shall supplant it.

Shakespeare's forte lay in characterization, and that endlessly diversified. But when he sketched each several character it seems that he was never content till he had either found or fabricated the aptest words possible for representing its form and pressure most true to life. No two characters being identical in any particular more than two faces are, no two descriptions, as drawn by his genius, could repeat many of the selfsame characterizing words. Each of his vocables thus became like each of the seven thousand constituents of a locomotive, which fits the one niche it was ordained to fill, but everywhere else is out of place, and even *dislocated*. The more numerous his ethical differentiations, the more his language was differentiated.

His personages were as multifarious as have been portrayed by the whole band of Italian painters; but, as a wizard in words, he resembled the magician in mosaic, who can delineate in stone every feature of those portraits because he can discriminate and imitate shades of color more numberless than even Shakespeare's words.

It is hard to believe that the Shakespearean characters were born, like Athene from the brain of Zeus, in panoplied perfection. They grew. The play of *Troilus* was a dozen years in growth.

According to the best commentators, "Shakespeare, after having sketched out a play on the fashion of his youthful taste and skill, returned in after years to enlarge it, remodel it, and enrich it with the matured fruits of years of observation and reflection. *Love's Labor Lost* first appeared in print with the annunciation that it was 'newly corrected and augmented,' and *Cymbeline* was an entire *rifacimento* of an early dramatic attempt, showing not only matured fulness of thought, but laboring intensity of compressed expression." So speaks Verplanck, and his utterance is endorsed by Richard Grant White.

Such being the facts, it is clear that Shakespeare treated his dramas as Guido did the *Cleopatra*, which he would not let leave his studio till ten years after the non-artistic world deemed that portrait fully finished. Meantime, the painter in moments of inspiration was pencilling his canvas with curious touches, each approximating nearer his ideal. So the poet sought to find out acceptable words, or what he terms "an army of good words." He poured his new wine into new bottles, and never was at rest till he had arrayed his ideas in that fitness of phrase which comes only by fits.

Had he survived fifty years longer, I suppose he would to the last have been perfecting his phrases, as we read in Dionysius of Halicarnassus that Plato up to the age of eighty-one was "combing and curling, and weaving and unweaving, his writings after a variety of fashions." Possibly, the great dramatist would at last have corrected one of his couplets as a modern commentator has done for him, so that it would stand,

Find leaves on trees, stones in the running brooks,
Sermons in books, and all in everything.

To speak seriously with a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "His manner in diction was progressive, and this progress has been deemed so clearly traceable in his plays that it can enable us to determine their chronological sequence." The result is, that while other authors satiate and soon tire us, Shakespeare's speech for ever "breathes an indescribable freshness."

Age cannot wither
Nor custom stale his infinite variety.

In the last line I have quoted there is a ἄπαξ λεγόμενον, but it is a word which I think you would hardly guess. It is the last word—*variety*.

On every average page of Shakespeare you are greeted and gladdened by at least five words that you never saw before in his writings, and that you never will see again, speaking once and then for ever holding their peace—each not only rare, but a nonsuch—five gems just shown, then snatched away. Each page is studied with five stars, each as unique as the century-flower, and, like the night-blooming cereus, "the perfume and suppliancy of a minute"—*ipsa varietate varia*. The mind of Shakespeare was bodied forth as Montezuma was apparelled, whose costume, however gorgeous, was never twice the same. Hence the Shakespearian style is fresh as morning dew and changeful as evening clouds, so that we remain for ever doubtful in relation to his manner and his matter, which of them owes the greater debt to the other. The Shakespearian plots are analogous to the grouping of Raphael, the characters to the drawing of Michael Angelo, but the word-painting superadds the coloring of Titian. Accordingly, in studying Shakespeare's diction I should long ago have said, if I could, what I read in Arthur Helps, where he treats of a perfect style—that "there is a sense of felicity about it, declaring it to be the product of a happy moment, so that you feel it will not happen again to that man who writes the sentence, nor to any other of the sons of men, to say the like thing so choicely, tersely, mellifluously and completely."

In the central court of the Neapolitan Museum I saw grape-clusters, mouldings, volutes, fingers and antique fragments of all sorts wrought in rarest marble, lying scattered on the pavement, exposed to sun and rain, cast down the wrong side up, and as it were thrown away, as when the stones of the Jewish sanctuary were poured out in every street. Nothing reveals the sculptural opulence of Italy like this apparent wastefulness. It seems to proclaim that Italy can afford to make

nothing of what would elsewhere be judged worthy of shrines. We say to ourselves, "If such be the things she throws away, what must be her jewels?" A similar feeling rises in me

while exploring Shakespeare's prodigality in *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα*. His exchequer appears more exhaustless than the Bank of England.

JAMES D. BUTLER.

AN EPISODE OF SPANISH CHIVALRY.

DON QUIJOTE'S readers are aware of the enormous popularity of the romances of chivalry, but they are apt to imagine that these represent a purely ideal state of things. This is undoubtedly the case as far as knight-errantry is concerned, but certain distinctive habits and customs of chivalry prevailed in Spain and elsewhere long after the feudal system and the earlier and original form of chivalry had passed away. One of the most curious instances of this survival of chivalry occurred in Spain in the first half of the fifteenth century, and after commanding the admiration of Europe furnished Don Quijote with an admirable argument for the existence of Amadis of Gaul and his long line of successors. The worthy knight had been temporarily released from his confinement in the Enchanted Cage, and had begun his celebrated reply to the canon's statement that there had never been such persons as Amadis and the other knights-errant, nor the absurd adventures with which the romances of chivalry abound. Don Quijote's answer is a marvellous mixture of sense and nonsense: the creations of the romancer's brain are placed side by side with the Cid, Juan de Merlo and Gutierre Quijada, whose names were household words in Spain: "Let them deny also that Don Fernando de Guerara went to seek adventures in Germany, where he did combat with Messer George, knight of the household of the duke of Austria. Let them say that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones, him of the Pass, were a jest."

It is to these jousts, as one of the most

characteristic episodes of the reign of John II. and of the times, that we wish to call attention.*

On the evening of Friday, the 1st of January, 1434, while the king and his court were at Medina del Campo and engaged in the rejoicings customary on the first day of the New Year, Suero de Quiñones and nine knights clad in white entered the saloon, and, coming before the throne, kissed the hands and feet of the king, and presented him through their herald with a petition of which the following is the substance:

"It is just and reasonable for those who are in confinement or deprived of their freedom to desire liberty; and since I, your vassal and subject, have long been in durance to a certain lady—in witness whereof I bear this chain about my neck every Thursday—now, therefore, mighty sovereign, I have agreed upon my ransom, which is three hundred lances broken by myself and these knights, as shall more clearly hereafter appear—three with every knight or gentleman (counting as broken the lance which draws blood) who shall come to a certain place this year; to wit, fifteen days before and fifteen days after the festival of the apostle St. James, unless my ransom shall be completed before the day last mentioned. The place shall be on the highway to Santiago, and I hereby testify to all strange knights and gentlemen that they

* Our narrative is drawn from the *Libro del Passo Honroso, defendido por el excelente caballero Suero de Quiñones, copilado de un libro antiguo de mano por Fr. Juan de Pineda, Religioso de la orden de San Francisco. Segunda edición.* Madrid, 1783, in the *Crónicas españolas*, vol. v.

will there be provided with armor, horses and weapons. And be it known to every honorable lady who may pass the aforesaid way that if she do not provide a knight or gentleman to do combat for her, she shall lose her right-hand glove. All the above saving two things—that neither Your Majesty nor the constable Don Alvaro de Luna is to enter the lists."

After the reading of this petition the king took counsel with his court and granted it, for which Quiñones humbly thanked him, and then he and his companions retired to disarm themselves, returning shortly after in dresses more befitting a festal occasion.

After the dancing the regulations for the jousts, consisting of twenty-two chapters, were publicly read. In addition to the declarations in the petition, it is provided that in case two or more knights should come to ransom the glove of any lady, the first knight only will be received, and no one can ransom more than one glove. In the seventh chapter Quiñones offers a diamond to the first knight who appears to do combat for one of three ladies to be named by him, among whom shall not be the one whose captive he is. No knight coming to the Pass of Honor shall select the defender with whom to joust, nor shall he know the name of his adversary until the combat is finished; but any one after breaking three lances may challenge by name any one of the defenders, who, if time permits, will break another lance with him. If any knight desires to joust without some portion of his armor named by Quiñones, his request shall be granted if reason and time permit. No knight will be admitted to the lists until he declare his name and country. If any one is injured, "as is wont to happen in jousts," he shall be treated as though he were Quiñones himself, and no one in the future shall ever be held responsible for any advantage or victory he may have gained over any of the defenders of the Pass. No one going as a pilgrim to Santiago by the direct road shall be hindered by Quiñones unless he approach the aforesaid bridge of Orbigo (which was somewhat distant from the highway). In case, however, any

knight, having left the main road, shall come to the Pass, he shall not be permitted to depart until he has entered the lists or left in pledge a piece of his armor or right spur, with the promise never to wear that piece or spur until he shall have been in some deed of arms as dangerous as the Pass of Honor. Quiñones further pledges himself to pay all expenses incurred by those who shall come to the Pass.

Any knight who, after having broken one or two lances, shall refuse to continue, shall lose his armor or right spur as though he had declined to enter the lists. No defender shall be obliged to joust a second time with any one who had been disabled for a day in any previous encounter.

The twenty-first chapter provides for the appointment of two knights, "*caballeros antiguos é probados en armas é dignas de fe*," and two heralds, all of whom shall swear solemnly to do justice to all who come to the Pass, and who shall decide all questions which may arise.

The last chapter provides "that if the lady whose I [Quiñones] am shall pass that way, she shall not lose her glove, and no one but myself shall do combat for her, for no one in the world could do it so truly as I."

When the preceding provisions had been read, Quiñones gave to the king-at-arms a letter signed and sealed, which invited to the Pass all knights so disposed, granting safe conduct to those of other kingdoms, and declaring the cause of said trial of arms. Copies of the above letter were also given to other heralds, who were provided with everything necessary for long journeys, and in the six months that intervened before the day fixed for the jousts the matter had been proclaimed throughout all Christendom. Meanwhile, Quiñones provided horses and arms and everything necessary for "such an important enterprise."

In the kingdom of Leon, about ten miles east of Astorga and on the highway from that city to the capital, is the bridge of Orbigo. Suero de Quiñones did not select Orbigo with reference to

convenience of access from the Castiles, but because it must be passed by pilgrims to Santiago; and that year (1434) was especially sacred to the saint, whose festival, on the 25th of July, has always been celebrated with great pomp. The Spaniards having been forbidden to go to Jerusalem as crusaders, and being too much occupied at home with the Moors to make such a long pilgrimage, wisely substituted Santiago, where the remains of St. James, the patron of Spain, is supposed to rest. His body is said to have floated in a stone coffin from Joppa to Padron (thirteen miles below Santiago) in seven days, and for nearly eight centuries lay forgotten in a cave, but was at length miraculously brought to light by mysterious flames hovering over its resting-place, and in 829 was removed to Santiago. In 846 the saint made his appearance at the celebrated battle of Clavijo, where he slew sixty thousand Moors, and was rewarded by a grant of a bushel of grain from every acre in Spain. His shrine was a favorite resort for pilgrims from all Christendom until after the Reformation, and the saint retained his bushel of grain (the annual value of which had reached the large sum of one million dollars) until 1835.

It was near the highway, in a pleasant grove, that Quiñones erected the lists, a hundred and forty-six paces long and surrounded by a palisade of the height of a lance, with various stands for the judges and spectators. At the opposite ends of the lists were entrances—one for the defenders of the Pass—and there were hung the arms and banners of Quiñones, as well as at the other entrance, which was reserved for the knights who should come to make trial of their arms. In order that no one might mistake the way, a marble king-at-arms was erected near the bridge, with the right arm extended and the inscription, "To the Pass."

The final arrangements were not concluded until the 10th of July, the first day of the jousts. Twenty-two tents had been erected for the accommodation of those engaged in the enterprise as well as for mere spectators, and Quiñones had pro-

vided all necessary servants and artisans, among whom are mentioned kings-at-arms, heralds, trumpeters and other musicians, notaries, armorers, blacksmiths, surgeons, physicians, carpenters, lance-makers, tailors, embroiderers, etc. In the midst of the tents was erected a wooden dining-hall, hung with rich French cloth and provided with two tables—one for Quiñones and the knights who came to the Pass, and the other for those who honored the jousts with their presence. A curious fact not to be omitted is that the king sent one of his private secretaries to prepare daily accounts of what happened at the Pass, which were transmitted by relays to Segovia (where he was engaged in hunting), so that he should receive them within twenty-four hours.

On Saturday, the 10th of July, 1434, all the arrangements having been completed, the heralds proceeded to the entrance of the lists and announced to Quiñones that three knights were at the bridge of Orbigo who had come to make trial of their arms—one a German, Messer Arnoldo de la Floresta Bermeja of the marquisate of Brandenburg, "about twenty-seven years old, blond and well-dressed;" the others two brothers from Valencia, by name Juan and Per Fabla. Quiñones was greatly delighted at their coming, and sent the heralds to invite them to take up their quarters with him, which they did, and were received with honor at the entrance of the lists in the presence of the judges. It being Saturday, the jousting was deferred until the following Monday, and the spurs of the three knights were hung up in the judges' stand as a sort of pledge, to be restored to their owners when they were ready to enter the lists.

The next morning the trumpets sounded, and Quiñones and his nine companions heard mass in the church of St. John at Orbigo, and took possession of the lists in the following fashion: First came the musicians with drums and Moorish fifes, preceded by the judge, Pero Barba. Then followed two large and beautiful horses drawing a cart filled with lances of various sizes pointed

with Milan steel. The cart was covered with blue and green trappings embroidered with bay trees and flowers, and on every tree was the figure of a parrot. The driver of this singular conveyance was a dwarf. Next came Quiñones on a powerful horse with blue trappings, on which were worked his device and a chain, with the motto *Il faut deliberer*.* He was dressed in a quilted jacket of olive velvet brocade embroidered in green, with a cloak of blue velvet, breeches of scarlet cloth and a tall cap of the same color. He wore wheel-spurs of the Italian fashion richly gilt, and carried a drawn sword, also gilt. On his right arm, near the shoulder, was richly embroidered his device in gold two fingers broad, and around it in blue letters,

Si a vous ne plait de avoyr me sure,
Certes ie dis,
Que ie suis,
Sans venture.†

With Quiñones were his nine companions in scarlet velvet and blue cloaks bearing Quiñones' device and chain, and the trappings of their horses blue, with the same device and motto. Near Quiñones were many knights on foot, some of whom led his horse to do him honor. Three pages magnificently attired and mounted closed the procession, which entered the lists, and after passing around it twice halted before the judges' stand, and Quiñones exhorted the judges to decide impartially all that should happen, giving equal justice to all, and especially to defend the strangers in case they should be attacked on account of having wounded any of the defenders of the Pass.

The next day, Monday, at dawn the drums beat the reveille, and the judges, with the heralds, notaries and kings-at-arms, took their places in their stands. The nine defenders meanwhile heard mass in a large tent which served as a private chapel for Quiñones, and where mass was said thrice daily at his expense by some Dominicans. After the defenders were armed they sent for the judges

* In modern French, *Il faut delivrer*—"It is necessary to release," referring to the chain worn by Quiñones.

† "If it does not please you to show moderation, I say, in truth, that I am unfortunate."

to inspect their weapons and armor. The German knight, Arnaldo, had a disabled hand, but he declared he would rather die than refrain from jousting. His arms and horse were approved, although the latter was superior to that of Quiñones. The judges had provided a body of armed soldiers whose duty it was to see that all had fair play in the field, and had a pile of lances of various sizes placed where each knight could select one to suit him.

Quiñones and the German now entered the lists, accompanied by their friends and with "much music." The judges commanded that no one should dare to speak aloud or give advice or make any sign to any one in the lists, no matter what happened, under penalty of having the tongue cut out for speaking and a hand cut off for making signs; and they also forbade any knight to enter the lists with more than two servants, one mounted and the other on foot. The spur taken from the German the previous Saturday was now restored to him, and the trumpets sounded a charge, while the heralds and kings-at-arms cried *Legeres aller! legeres aller! è faire son deber*.

The two knights charged instantly, lance in rest, and Quiñones encountered his antagonist in the guard of his lance, and his weapon glanced off and touched him in the armor of his right hand and tore it off, and his lance broke in the middle. The German encountered him in the armor of the left arm, tore it off and carried a piece of the border without breaking his lance. In the second course Quiñones encountered the German in the top of his plastron, without piercing it, and the lance came out under his armpit, whereupon all thought he was wounded, for on receiving the shock he exclaimed *Olas!* and his right vantbrace was torn off, but the lance was not broken. The German encountered Quiñones in the front of his helmet, breaking his lance two palms from the iron. In the third course Quiñones encountered the German in the guard of his left gauntlet, and passed through it, and the head of the lance stuck in the rim without breaking, and the German failed to encounter. In the fourth course Quiñones encounter-

ed the German in the armor of his left arm without breaking his lance, and the German failed to encounter. In the next course both failed to encounter, but in the sixth Quiñones encountered the German in the joint of his left vantbrace, and the iron passed half through without breaking, while the shaft broke in the middle, and the German failed to encounter. After this last course they went to the judges' stand, where their jousting was pronounced finished, since they had broken three lances between them. Quiñones invited the German to supper, and both were accompanied to their quarters by music, and Quiñones disarmed himself in public.

The two Valencian knights did not delay to challenge Quiñones, since he had remained uninjured; and, as they had the right to demand horses and arms, they chose those which Quiñones had used in the last joust. The chronicler adds: "It seems to me that they did not ask it so much for their honor as for the safety of their skins." The judges decided that Quiñones was not bound to give his own armor, as there were other suits as good: nevertheless, he complied, and sent in addition four horses to choose from. He was also anxious to joust with them, but Lope de Estuñiga refused to yield his place, and cited the chapter of the regulations which provided that no one should single out his adversary. Quiñones offered him a very fine horse and a gold chain worth three hundred doubloons, but Estuñiga answered that he would not yield his turn although he were offered a city.

At vespers Estuñiga and Juan Fabla were armed and the judges examined their arms, and although Fabla had the better horse, they let it pass. At the sound of the trumpet Estuñiga entered the lists magnificently attired, and attended by two pages in armor bearing a drawn sword and a lance. Juan Fabla followed immediately, and at the given signal they attacked each other lance in rest. Fabla encountered Estuñiga in the left arm, tearing off his armor, but neither of them broke his lance. In the four following courses they failed to encounter. In the sixth Fabla encountered his adversary in

the breastplate, breaking his lance in the middle, and the head remained sticking in the armor. They encountered in the seventh course, and Estuñiga's servant, who was in the lists, cried out, "At him! at him!" The judges commanded his tongue to be cut out, but at the intercession of those present the sentence was commuted to thirty blows and imprisonment. They failed to encounter in the eighth course, but in the ninth Estuñiga broke his lance on Fabla's left arm: the latter failed to encounter, and received a great reverse. After this they ran nine courses without encountering, but in the nineteenth Estuñiga met Fabla in the plastron, and his lance slipped off on to his helmet, but did not break, although it pierced the plastron and the iron remained sticking in it. By this time it had grown so dark that the judges could not distinguish the good from the bad encounters, and for this reason they decided that the combat was finished the same as though three lances had been broken. Estuñiga invited Fabla to sup with Quiñones, "and at table there were many knights, and after supper they danced."

That same day there arrived at the Pass nine knights from Aragon, who swore that they were gentlemen without reproach. Their spurs were taken from them, according to the established custom, and hung up in the judges' stand until they should enter the lists.

The succeeding combats were but repetitions, with trifling variations, of those just described. From dawn, when the trumpet sounded for battle, until the evening grew so dark that the judges could not distinguish the combatants, the defenders maintained the Pass against all comers with bravery and honor.

The third day there passed near Orbigo two ladies, and the judges sent the king-at-arms and the herald to ascertain whether they were of noble birth and provided with knights to represent them in the lists and win them a passage through Orbigo, and also to request them to give up their right-hand gloves. The ladies answered that they were noble and were on a pilgrimage to Santiago; their names were Leonora and Guiomar de la Vega; the

former was married and accompanied by her husband; the latter was a widow. The king-at-arms then requested their gloves to be kept as a pledge until some knight should ransom them. Frances Davio, an Aragonese knight, immediately offered to do combat for the ladies. The husband of Doña Leonora said that he had not heard of this adventure, and was unprepared to attempt it then, but if the ladies were allowed to retain their gloves, as soon as he had accomplished his pilgrimage he would return and enter the lists for them. The gloves, however, were retained and hung in the judges' stand. The matter caused some discussion, and finally the judges decided that the gloves should not be kept, for fear it should seem that the defenders of the Pass were interfering with pilgrims, and also on account of Juan de la Vega's chivalrous response. So the gloves were sent on to Astorga to be delivered to their owners, and Juan de la Vega was absolved from all obligation to ransom them, "and there was strife among many knights as to who should do battle for the sisters."

On the 16th of July, Frances Davio jousted with Lope de Estuñiga, and when the trial of arms was ended with great honor to both, Davio swore aloud, so that many knights heard him, "that never in the future would he have a love-affair with a nun, for up to that time he had loved one, and it was for her sake that he had come to the Pass; and any one who had known it could have challenged him as an evil-doer, and he could not have defended himself." Whereat Delena, the notary and compiler of the original record of the Pass, exclaims, "To which I say that if he had had any Christian nobleness, or even the natural shame which leads every one to conceal his faults, he would not have made public such a sacrilegious scandal, so dishonorable to the religious order and so injurious to Christ."

The same day the king-at-arms and herald announced to Quiñones that a gentleman named Vasco de Barrionuevo, servant of Ruy Diaz de Mendoza, mayordomo of the king, had come to make trial

of his arms, but as he was not a knight he prayed Quiñones to confer that honor on him. Quiñones consented, and commanded him to wait at the entrance of the lists, whither he and the nine defenders went on foot accompanied by a great crowd. Quiñones asked Vasco if he desired to become a knight, and on his answering in the affirmative he drew his gilt sword and said, "Sir, do you promise to keep and guard all the things appertaining to the noble order of chivalry, and to die rather than fail in any one of them?" He swore that he would do so, and Quiñones, striking him on the helmet with his naked sword, said, "God make thee a good knight and aid thee to live and act as every good knight should do!" After this ceremony the new knight entered the lists with Pedro de los Rios, and they ran seven courses and broke three lances.

On the festival of St. James (July 25th) Quiñones entered the lists without three of the principal pieces of his armor—namely, the visor of his helmet, the left vantbrace and breastplate—and said, "Knights and judges of this Passo Honroso, inasmuch as I announced through Monreal, the king's herald, that on St. James's Day there would be in this place three knights, each without a piece of his armor, and each ready to run two courses with every knight who should present himself that day, know, therefore, that I, Suero de Quiñones, alone am those three knights, and am prepared to accomplish what I proclaimed." The judges after a short deliberation answered that they had no authority to permit him to risk his life in manifest opposition to the regulations which he had sworn to obey, and declared him under arrest, and forbade all jousting that day, as it was Sunday and the festival of St. James. Quiñones felt greatly grieved at their decision, and told them that "in the service of his lady he had gone into battle against the Moors in the kingdom of Granada with his right arm bared, and God had preserved him, and would do so now." The judges, however, were inflexible and refused to hear him.

The last day of July, late in the after-

noon, there arrived at the Pass a gentleman named Pedro de Torrecilla, a retainer or squire of Alfonso de Deza, but no one was willing to joust with him, on the ground that he was not an *hidalgo*. The generous Lope de Estuñiga, hearing this, offered to dub him a knight, but Torrecilla thanked him and said he could not afford to sustain in becoming manner the honor of chivalry, but he would make good the fact that he was an *hidalgo*. Lope de Estuñiga was so much pleased by this discreet answer that he believed him truly of gentle blood, and to do him honor entered the lists with him. It was, however, so late that they had only time to run three courses, and then the judges pronounced their joust finished. Torrecilla esteemed so highly the fact that so renowned a knight as Lope de Estuñiga should have condescended to enter the lists with him that he swore it was the greatest honor he had ever received in his life, and he offered him his services. Estuñiga thanked him, and affirmed that he felt as much honored by having jostled with him as though he had been an emperor.*

A few days after the above events an incident occurred which shows how contagious the example of Quiñones and his followers was, and to what amusing imitations it led. A Lombard trumpeter made his appearance at the Pass, and said that he had been to Santiago on a pilgrimage, and while there had heard that there was at the Passo Honroso a trumpeter of the king of Castile named Dalmao, very celebrated in his line, and he had gone thirty leagues out of his way in order to have a trial of skill with him; and he offered to stake a good trumpet against one of Dalmao's. The latter took the Lombard's trumpet and blew so loud and skilfully that the Italian, in spite of all his efforts, was obliged to confess himself conquered, and gave up his trumpet.

* Prosper Mérimée, in a note to his *History of Peter the Cruel* (London, 1849, vol. i., p. 35), says, referring to the above episode, "I do not think that at that period an example of similar condescension could be found anywhere except in Spain. A century later the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, the valiant Bayard, refused to mount a breach in company with lansquenets."

So far, the encounters, if not entirely bloodless, had not been attended by any fatal accident. The defenders had all been wounded, more or less severely: once Quiñones concealed the fact until the end of the joust in which his antagonist had been badly hurt, and it was only when the knights were disarmed that it was discovered that Quiñones was bleeding profusely. On another occasion his helmet was pierced by his adversary's lance, the fragment of which he strove in vain to withdraw. All believed him mortally wounded, but he cried, "It is nothing! it is nothing! Quiñones! Quiñones!" and continued as though nothing had occurred. After three encounters the judges descended from their stands and made him remove his helmet to see whether he was wounded. When it was found that he was not, "every one thought that God had miraculously delivered him." Quiñones was also wounded in his encounter with Juan de Merlo, and again concealed the fact until the end of the combat, when he asked the judges to excuse him from jousting further that day, as his right hand, which he had previously sprained, was again dislocated, and caused him terrible suffering; and well it might, for the flesh was lacerated and the whole arm seemed paralyzed.

The wounds received the 28th of July were, unfortunately, sufficiently healed by the 6th of August to enable him to enter the lists with the unhappy Esberte de Claramonte, an Aragonese. "Would to God," exclaims the chronicler, "he had never come here!" In the ninth encounter Quiñones' lance entered his antagonist's left eye and penetrated the brain. The luckless knight broke his lance in the ground, was lifted from his saddle by the force of the blow, and fell dead without uttering a word; "and his face seemed like the face of one who had been dead two hours." The Aragonese and Catalans present bewailed his death loudly, and Quiñones was grieved in his soul at such a great misfortune. Every possible honor was shown the dead knight, and the welfare of his soul was not forgotten. Master Anton, Quiñones' confessor, and the other priests were sent

for to administer the sacraments, and Quiñones begged them to chant the *Re-sponsorium** over the body, as was customary in the Church, and do in all respects as though he himself were the dead man. The priest replied that the Church did not consider as sons those who died in such exercises, for they could not be performed without mortal sin, neither did she intercede for their souls; in proof whereof he referred to the canonical law, cap. *de Torneamentis*.† However, at the earnest request of Quiñones, Messer Anton went with a letter to the bishop of Astorga to ask leave to bury Claramonte in holy ground, Quiñones promising if it were granted to take the dead knight to Leon and bury him in his own family chapel. Meanwhile, they bore the body to the hermitage of Santa Catalina, near the bridge of Orbigo, and there it remained until night, when Messer Anton returned without the desired license; so they buried Claramonte in unconsecrated ground near the hermitage, with all possible honor and amid the tears of the assembled knights. This mournful event does not seem, however, to have made a very deep impression, for that same afternoon the jousting was continued.

The remaining days were marked by no unusual occurrence: several were seriously but not fatally wounded, and one by one the defenders of the Pass were disabled; so that when the 9th of August, the last day of the jousts, arrived, Sancho de Ravenal was the only one of the ten defenders who was able to enter the lists. He maintained the Pass that day against two knights, and then the jousts were declared ended. When the decision was known there was great rejoicing and blowing of trumpets, and the lists were illuminated with torches. The judges returned the spurs which still hung in the stand to the owners who through lack of time had not been able to joust. Quiñones and eight of his companions (Lope de Aller was confined to his bed by

his wounds) entered the lists in the same manner and order as on the first day, and halting before the judges Quiñones addressed them as follows: "It is known to Your Honors how I presented myself here thirty days ago with these companions, and the cause of my so doing was to terminate the captivity in which until this moment I was to a very virtuous lady, in token of which I have worn this iron collar continually every Thursday. The condition of my ransom was, as you know, three hundred lances broken or guarding this Pass thirty days, awaiting knights and gentlemen who should free me from said captivity; and whereas I believe, honorable sirs, that I have fulfilled everything according to the terms set down at the beginning, I therefore beg you will command me to remove this iron collar in testimony of my liberty."

The judges answered briefly as follows: "Virtuous gentleman and knight, after hearing your declaration, which seems just and true, we hereby declare your enterprise completed and your ransom paid; and be it known to all present that of the three hundred lances mentioned in the agreement but few remain yet to be broken, and these would not have remained unbroken had it not been for lack of adversaries. We therefore command the king-at-arms and the herald to remove the collar from your neck and declare you from this time henceforth free from your enterprise and ransom."

The king-at-arms and the herald then descended from the stand, and in the presence of the notaries with due solemnity took the collar from Quiñones' neck in fulfilment of the judges' command.

During the thirty days' jousting sixty-eight knights had entered the lists: of these, one, Messer Arnolfo de la Floresta Bermeja (Arnold von Rothwald?), was a German; one an Italian, Messer Luis de Aversa; one Breton,‡ three Valencians, one Portuguese, thirteen Aragonese, four Catalans, and the remaining

* Beginning, "Libera me, Domine, de morte eterna," etc.

† The Church as early as 1131 (Council of Rheims) endeavored to prevent these dangerous amusements by denying burial in consecrated ground with funeral rites to those who were killed in tournaments.

‡ Puymaigre explains this almost total absence of Frenchmen by the fact that in 1434 the wars between Charles VII. and the English were being waged. The English pilgrims to Santiago (the large number of whom we have previously mentioned) were probably non-combatants.

forty-four were from the Castiles and other parts of Spain. The number of courses run was seven hundred and twenty-seven, and one hundred and sixty-six lances were broken.

Quiñones was afterward killed by Gu-

tierre Quijada, one of the knights who took part in the Passo Honroso, and with whom he seems to have had some kind of a feud. Quiñones' sword may still be seen at Madrid in the Royal Armory, No. 1917. T. F. CRANE.

AUTOMATISM.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

A FEW months ago, walking along Fifteenth street, I came up behind a friend and said, "Good-morning." No answer. "Good-morning, sir," a little louder.—"Oh, excuse me: I did not hear you the first time."—"How then did you know that I had spoken twice?" My friend was nonplussed, but what had happened was this: on my first speaking the impulse of the voice had fallen upon his ear and started a nerve-wave which had struggled up as far as the lower apparatus at the base of the brain, and, passing through this, had probably even reached the higher nerve-centres in the surface of the cerebrum, near to which consciousness resides, but not in sufficient force to arouse consciousness. When, however, the attention was excited by my second address, it perceived the first faint impulse which had been registered upon the protoplasm of the nerve-centres, although unfelt. Probably most of my readers have had a similar experience. A word spoken, but not consciously heard, has a moment afterward been detected by an effort as distinctly conscious as that made by the man who is attempting to decipher some old faint manuscript. This incident and its explanation will serve to illustrate the relation which seems to exist between consciousness and sensation, and also between consciousness and the general mental actions.

It will perhaps render our thinking more accurate if we attempt to get a clear idea just here as to what consciousness is and what it is not. Various defi-

nitions of the term have been given, but the simplest and truest seems to be that it is a knowledge of the present existence of self, and perhaps also of surrounding objects, although it is conceivable that a conscious person might be shut off from all contact with the external world by abolition of the senses. Consciousness is certainly not what the philosopher and the theologian call the Ego, or the personality of the individual. A blow on the head puts an end for the time being to consciousness, but not to the man's personality. Neither is consciousness the same as the sense of personal identity, although it is closely connected with it. The conviction of a man that he is the same person through the manifold changes which occur in him as the successive years go on is evidently based on consciousness and memory. This is well illustrated by some very curious cases in which the sense or knowledge of personal identity has been completely lost. Not long ago an instance of such complete loss was recorded by Doctor Hewater (*Hospital Gazette*, November, 1879). The gentleman who was the subject of this loss found himself standing upon the dépôt-platform in Belaire City, Ohio, utterly ignorant of who he was or where he came from or where he was going to. He had a little money in his pocket, and in his hand a small portmanteau which contained a pair of scissors and a change of linen. He was well dressed, and on stating at the nearest hotel his strange condition and asking

for a bed, was received as a guest. In the evening he went out and attended a temperance lecture. Excited by the eloquence of the speaker, he was seized with an uncontrollable impulse, rushed from the room and began to smash with a club the windows of a neighboring tavern. The roughs ran out of the saloon and beat him very badly, breaking his arm: this brought him to the police-station, and thence to the hospital. For months every effort was made to identify him, but at the date of reporting without avail. He was known in the hospital as "Ralph," that name having been found on his underclothing. His knowledge upon all subjects unconnected with his identity is correct: his mental powers are good, and he has shown himself expert at figures and with a pen. For a long time it was thought that he was feigning, but every one about him was finally convinced that he is what he says he is—namely, a man without knowledge of his personal identity. This curious case, which is by no means unparalleled in the annals of psychological medicine, shows how distinct memory is from consciousness. Memory of the past was in Ralph entirely abolished so far as concerned his own personality, but consciousness was perfect, and the results of previous mental training remained, as is shown by his use of figures. It was as though there was a dislocation between consciousness and the memory of self.

The distinctness of consciousness from memory is also shown by dreams. Events which have passed are often recalled during the unconsciousness of sleep. The curious although common carrying of the memory of a dream over from the unconsciousness of sleep to the consciousness of waking movements further illustrates the complete distinction between the two cerebral functions.

If memory, then, be not part of consciousness, what is its nature? There is a law governing nervous actions both in health and disease which is known as that of habitual action. The curious reflex movements made by the frog when acid is put upon its foot, as detailed in my last paper, were explained by this

law. The spinal cord, after having frequently performed a certain act under the stimulus of conscious sensation, becomes so accustomed to perform that act that it does it when the oft-felt peripheral impulse comes again to it, although the cerebral functions and consciousness are suspended. A nerve-centre, even of the lowest kind, once moulded by repeated acts, retains their impression—*i. e.* remembers them. Learning to walk is, as was shown in the last paper, training the memory of the lower nerve-centres at the base of the brain until at last they direct the movements of walking without aid from consciousness. The musician studies a piece of music. At first the notes are struck in obedience to a conscious act of the will founded upon a conscious recognition of the printed type. By and by the piece is so well known that it is played even when the attention is directed to some other subject; that is, the act of playing has been repeated until the lower nerve-centres, which preside over the movements of the fingers during the playing, have been so impressed that when once the impulses are started they flow on uninterruptedly until the whole set has been gone through and the piece of music is finished. This is the result of memory of the lower nerve-centres. At first, the child reads only by a distinct conscious effort of memory, recalling painfully each word. After a time the words become so impressed upon the lower nerve-centres that we may read on when our attention is directed to some other thing. Thus, often we read aloud and are unconscious of what we have read, precisely as the compositor habitually sets up pages of manuscript without the faintest idea of what it is all about.

This law of habitual action applies not only to the lower nerve-centres in their healthy condition, but with equal force in disease. It is notorious that one of the great difficulties in the cure of epilepsy is the habit which is acquired by the nerve-centres of having at intervals attacks of convulsive discharge of nerve-force. Some years since I saw in consultation a case which well illustrates this point. A boy was struck in the head with

a brick, and dropped unconscious. On coming to he was seized with an epileptic convulsion. These convulsions continually recurred for many months before I saw him. He never went two hours without them, and had usually from thirty to forty a day—some, it is true, very slight, but others very severe. Medicines had no influence over him, and with the idea that there might be a point of irritation in the wound itself causing the epilepsy, the scar was taken out. The result was that the seizures were the same day reduced very much in frequency, and in a short time became amenable to treatment, so that finally complete recovery occurred. He had, however, probably fifty convulsions in all after the removal of the scar before this result was achieved. Undoubtedly, in this case the point of irritation was removed by the operation. The cause of the convulsions having been taken away, they should have stopped at once. But here the law of habitual action asserted itself, and it was necessary to overcome the remembrance of the disease by the nerve-centres. It is plain that the higher nerve-centre remembers the idea or fact because it is impressed by ideas and facts, precisely as the lower spinal nerve-centres in the frog remember irritations and movements which have impressed them. The faculty of memory resides in all nerve-centres: the nature of that which is remembered depends upon the function of the individual centre. A nerve-cell which thinks remembers thought—a nerve-cell which causes motion remembers motion.

The so-called cases of double consciousness are perfectly simple in their explanation when the true nature of memory is borne in mind. In these cases the subject seems to lead a double life. The attacks usually come on suddenly. In the first attack all memory of the past is lost. The person is as an untaught child, and is forced to begin re-education. In some of these cases this second education has gone on for weeks, and advanced perhaps beyond the stage of reading, when suddenly the patient passes back to his original condition, losing now all memory

of events which had occurred and all the knowledge acquired in what may be called his second state, but regaining all that he had originally possessed. Weeks or months afterward the second state reoccurs, the individual now forgetting all memory of the first or natural condition. It is usually found that events happening and knowledge acquired during the first attack of what we have called the second state are remembered in subsequent returns, so that the second education can be taken up at the point at which it was lost, and progress be made. This alternation of conditions has in some instances gone on for years, the patient living, as it were, two lives at broken intervals. This condition, usually called double consciousness, is not double consciousness at all, but, if the term may be allowed, double memory. It is evidently allied in its nature to the loss of the sense of personal identity. Certain phenomena of remembrance seen frequently in exhausting diseases, and especially in old age, show the permanence of impressions made upon the higher nerve-centres, and are also very similar in their nature to this so-called double consciousness. Not long since a very aged lady of Philadelphia, who was at the point of death, began to talk in an unknown tongue, soon losing entirely her power of expressing herself in English. No one could for a time make out the language she was speaking, but it was finally found to be Portuguese; and in tracing the history of the octogenarian it was discovered that until four or five years of age she had been brought up in Rio Janeiro, where Portuguese is spoken. There is little difference between the nature of such a case and that of the so-called double consciousness, both involving the forgetting of that which has been known for years.

There is a curious mental condition sometimes produced by large doses of hasheesh which might be termed double consciousness more correctly than the state to which the name is usually applied. I once took an enormous dose of this substance. After suffering from a series of symptoms which it is not necessary here to detail, I was seized

with a horrible undefined fear, as of impending death, and began at the same time to have marked periods when all connection seemed to be severed between the external world and myself. During these periods I was unconscious in so far that I was oblivious of all external objects, but on coming out of one it was not a blank, dreamless void upon which I looked back, a mere empty space, but rather a period of active but aimless life, full, not of connected thought, but of disjointed images. The mind, freed from the ordinary laws of association, passed, as it were, with lightning-like rapidity from one idea to another. The duration of these attacks was but a few seconds, but to me they seemed endless. Although I was perfectly conscious during the intermissions between the paroxysms, all power of measuring time was lost: seconds appeared to be hours—minutes grew to days—hours stretched out to infinity. I would look at my watch, and then after an hour or two, as I thought, would look again and find that scarcely a minute had elapsed. The minute-hand appeared motionless, as though graven in the face itself: the laggard second-hand moved so slowly that it seemed a hopeless task to watch it during its whole infinite round of a minute, and I always gave up in despair before the sixty seconds had elapsed. When my mind was most lucid there was a distinct duplex action in regard to the duration of time. I would think to myself, "It has been so long since a certain event!"—an hour, for example, since the doctor was summoned—but Reason would say, "No, it has been only a few minutes: your thoughts and feelings are caused by the *hasheesh*." Nevertheless, I was not able to shake off, even for a moment, this sense of the almost indefinite prolongation of time. Gradually the periods of unconsciousness became longer and more frequent, and the oppressive feeling of impending death more intense. It was like a horrible nightmare: each successive paroxysm was felt to be the longest I had suffered. As I came out of it a voice seemed constantly saying, "You are getting worse; your paroxysms are growing

longer and deeper; they will overmaster you; you will die." A sense of personal antagonism between my will-power and myself, as affected by the drug, grew very strong. I felt as though my only chance was to struggle against these paroxysms—that I must constantly arouse myself by an effort of will; and that effort was made with infinite toil and pain. It seemed to me as if some evil spirit had the control of the whole of me except the will, and was in determined conflict with that, the last citadel of my being. Once or twice during a paroxysm I felt myself mounting upward, expanding, dilating, dissolving into the wide confines of space, overwhelmed by a horrible, unutterable despair. Then by a tremendous effort I seemed to break loose and to start up with the shuddering thought, "Next time you will not be able to throw this off; and what then?" The sense of double consciousness which I had to some extent is often, under the action of *hasheesh*, much more distinct. I have known patients to whom it seemed that they themselves sitting upon the chair were in continual conversation with a second self standing in front of them. The explanation of this curious condition is a difficult one. It is possible that the two sides of the brain, which are accustomed in health to work as one organ, are disjoined by the poison, so that one half of the brain thinks and acts in opposition to the other half.

From what has already been said it is plain that memory is entirely distinct from consciousness, and that it is in a certain sense automatic, or at least an attribute of all nerve-centres. If this be so, it would seem probable, *a priori*, that other intellectual acts are also distinct from consciousness. For present purposes the activities of the cerebrum may be divided into the emotional and the more strictly-speaking intellectual acts. A little thought will, I think, convince any of my readers that emotions are as purely automatic as the movements of the frog's hind leg. The Irishman who said that he was really a brave man, although he had a cowardly pair of legs which always ran away with him, was far from speaking absurdly. It is plain that passion is something

entirely beyond the conscious will, because it is continually excited from without, and because we are unable to produce it by a mere effort of the will without some external cause. The common phrase, "He is working himself up into a passion," indicates a perception of the fact that consciousness sometimes employs memories, thoughts, associations, etc. to arouse the lower nerve-centres that are connected with the emotion of anger. It is so also with various other emotions. The soldier who habitually faces death in the foremost rank of the battle, and yet shrinks in mortal fear or antipathy from a mouse, is not an unknown spectacle. It is clear that his fear of the little animal is based not upon reason, but upon an uncontrollable sensitiveness in his nervous system acquired by inheritance or otherwise. It does not follow from this that conscious will is not able to affect emotion. As already pointed out, it can arouse emotion by using the proper means, and it undoubtedly can, to a greater or less extent, directly subdue emotion. The law of inhibition, as it is called by the physiologist, dominates the whole nervous system. Almost every nerve-centre has above it a higher centre whose function it is directly to repress or subdue the activity of the lower-centre. A familiar instance of this is seen in the action of the heart: there are certain nerve-centres which when excited lessen the rate of the heart's beat, and are even able to stop it altogether. The relation of the will-power to the emotions is directly inhibitory. The will is able to repress the activity of those centres which preside over anger. In the man with red hair these centres may be very active and the will-power weak; hence the inhibitory influence of the will is slight and the man gets angry easily. In the phlegmatic temperament the anger-centres are slow to action, the will-power strong, and the man is thrown off his balance with difficulty. It is well known that power grows with exercise, and when we habitually use the will in controlling the emotional centres its power continually increases. The man learning self-control is simply drilling the lower emotional centres into obedience

to the repressive action of the higher will. Without further demonstration, it is clear that emotion is distinct from conscious will, and is automatic in the sense in which the term has been used in this article.

Imagination also is plainly distinct from consciousness. It acts during sleep. Often, indeed, it runs riot during the slumbers of the night, but at times it works with an automatic regularity exceeding its powers during the waking moments. It is also true that judgment is exercised in sleep, and that reason sometimes exerts its best efforts in that state. But not only do the intellectual acts go on without consciousness during sleep, but also while we are awake. Some years since I was engaged in working upon a book requiring a good deal of thought. Very frequently I would be unable to solve certain problems, but leaving them would find a day or two afterward, on taking pen in hand, that the solution traced itself without effort on the paper clearly and logically. During the sleeping hours, or during the waking hours of a busy professional life, the brain had, without my consciousness, been solving the difficulties. This experience is by no means a peculiar one. Many scientific workers have borne testimony to a similar habit of the cerebrum. The late Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, the discoverer of the mathematical method known as that of the quaternions, states that his mind suddenly solved that problem after long work when he was thinking of something else. He says in one place: "To-morrow will be the fifteenth birthday of the quaternions. They started into life or light full grown on the 16th of October, 1843, as I was walking with Lady Hamilton to Dublin and came up to Brougham Bridge; that is to say, I then and there felt the galvanic circle of thought closed, and the sparks which fell from it were the fundamental equations between I , J and K , exactly as I have used them ever since. I felt the problem to have been at that moment solved — an intellectual want relieved which had haunted me for at least fifteen years before." Mr. Apolo, a distinguished scientific inventor,

stated in the Proceedings of the Royal Society that it was his habit to get the bearings and facts of a case during the day and go to bed, and wake the next morning with the problem solved. If the problem was a difficult one he always passed a restless night. Examples might be multiplied. Sir Benjamin Brodie, speaking of his own mental action, states that when he was unable to proceed further in some investigation he was accustomed to let the matter drop. Then "after an interval of time, without any addition to my stock of knowledge, I have found the obscurity and confusion in which the subject was originally enveloped to have cleared away. The facts have seemed all to settle themselves in their right places, and their mutual relations to have become apparent, although I have not been sensible of having made any distinct effort for that purpose."

Not only is there such a thing, then, as unconscious thought, but it is probable that the best thinking is rarely, if ever, done under the influence of consciousness. The poet creates his work when the inspiration is on him and he is forgetful of himself and the world. Consciousness may aid in pruning and polishing, but in creating it often interferes with, rather than helps, the cerebral action. I think any one of my readers who has done any literary or scientific writing will agree that his or her best work is performed when self and surrounding objects have disappeared from thought and consciousness scarcely exists more than it does in a dream. Sometimes the individual is conscious of the flow of an undercurrent of mental action, although this does not rise to the level of distinct recognition. Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks of a business-man of Boston who, whilst considering a very important question, was conscious of an action going on in his brain so unusual and painful as to excite his apprehension that he was threatened with palsy; but after some hours his perplexity was all at once cleared up by the natural solution of the problem which was troubling him, worked out, as he believed, in the obscure and restless interval. "Jumping to a conclusion," a

process to which the female sex is said to be especially prone, is often due to unconscious cerebration, the reasoning being so rapid that the consciousness cannot follow the successive steps. It is related that Lord Mansfield once gave the advice to a younger friend newly appointed to a colonial judgeship, "Never give reasons for your decisions. Your judgments will very probably be right, but your reasons will almost certainly be wrong." The brain of the young judge evidently worked unconsciously with accuracy, but was unable to trace the steps along which it really travelled.

We are not left to the unaided study of our mental processes for proof that the human brain is a mechanism. In the laboratory of Professor Goltz in Strasburg I saw a terrier from which he had removed, by repeated experiments, all the surface of the brain, thereby reducing the animal to a simple automaton. Looked at while lying in his stall, he seemed at first in no wise different from other dogs: he took food when offered to him, was fat, sleek and very quiet. When I approached him he took no notice of me, but when the assistant caught him by the tail he instantly became the embodiment of fury. He had not sufficient perceptive power to recognize the point of assault, so that his keeper, standing behind him, was not in danger. With flashing eyes and hair all erect the dog howled and barked furiously, incessantly snapping and biting, first on this side and then on that, tearing with his fore legs and in every way manifesting rage. When his tail was dropped by the attendant and his head touched, the storm at once subsided, the fury was turned into calm, and the animal, a few seconds before so rageful, was purring like a cat and stretching out its head for caresses. This curious process could be repeated indefinitely. Take hold of his tail, and instantly the storm broke out afresh: pat his head, and all was tenderness. It was possible to play at will with the passions of the animal by the slightest touches.

During the Franco-German contest a French soldier was struck in the head with a bullet and left on the field for

dead, but subsequently showed sufficient life to cause him to be carried to the hospital, where he finally recovered his general health, but remained in a mental state very similar to that of Professor Goltz's dog. As he walked about the rooms and corridors of the soldiers' home in Paris he appeared to the stranger like an ordinary man, unless it were in his apathetic manner. When his comrades were called to the dinner-table he followed, sat down with them, and, the food being placed upon his plate and a knife and fork in his hands, would commence to eat. That this was not done in obedience to thought or knowledge was shown by the fact that his dinner could be at once interrupted by awakening a new train of feeling by a new external impulse. Put a crooked stick resembling a gun into his hand, and at once the man was seized with a rage comparable to that produced in the Strasburg dog by taking hold of his tail. The fury of conflict was on him: with a loud yell he would recommence the skirmish in which he had been wounded, and, crying to his comrades, would make a rush at the supposed assailant. Take the stick out of his hand, and at once his apathy would settle upon him; give him a knife and fork, and, whether at the table or elsewhere, he would make the motions of eating; hand him a spade, and he would begin to dig. It is plain that the impulse produced by seeing his comrades move to the dining-room started the chain of automatic movements which resulted in his seating himself at the table. The weapon called into new life the well-known acts of the battle-field. The spade brought back the day when, innocent of blood, he cultivated the vineyards of sunny France.

In both the dog and the man just spoken of the control of the will over the emotions and mental acts was evidently lost, and the mental functions were performed only in obedience to impulses from without—*i. e.* were automatic. The human brain is a complex and very delicate mechanism, so uniform in its actions, so marvellous in its creation, that it is able to measure the rapidity of its

own processes. There are scarcely two brains which work exactly with the same rapidity and ease. One man thinks faster than another man for reasons as purely physical as those which give to one man a faster gait than that of another. Those who move quickly are apt to think quickly, the whole nervous system performing its processes with rapidity. This is not, however, always the case, as it is possible for the brain to be differently constructed, so far as concerns its rapidity of action, from the spinal cord of the same individual. Our power of measuring time without instruments is probably based upon the cerebral system of each individual being accustomed to move at a uniform rate. Experience has taught the brain that it thinks so many thoughts or does so much work in such a length of time, and it judges that so much time has elapsed when it has done so much work. The extraordinary sense of prolongation of time which occurs in the intoxication produced by hasheesh is probably due to the fact that under the influence of the drug the brain works very much faster than it habitually does. Having produced a multitude of images or thoughts in a moment, the organ judges that a corresponding amount of time has elapsed. Persons are occasionally seen who have the power of waking at any desired time: going to bed at ten o'clock, they will rouse themselves at four, five or six in the morning, as they have made up their minds to do the previous night. The explanation of this curious faculty seems to be that in these persons the brain-functions go on with so much regularity during sleep that the brain is enabled to judge, though unconsciously, when the time fixed upon has arrived, and by an unconscious effort to recall consciousness.

Of course the subject of automatism might have been discussed at far greater length than is allowable in the limits of two magazine articles, but sufficient has probably been said to show the strong current of modern physiological psychology toward proving that all ordinary mental actions, except the exercise of the conscious will, are purely physical, produced

by an instrument which works in a method not different from that in which the glands of the mouth secrete saliva and the tubules of the stomach gastric juice.

Some of my readers may say this is pure materialism, or at least leads to materialism. No inquirer who pauses to think how his investigation is going to affect his religious belief is worthy to be called scientific. The scientist, rightly so called, is a searcher after truth, whatever may be the results of the discovery of the truth. Modern science, however, has not proved the truth of materialism. It has shown that the human organism is a wonderful machine, but when we come to the further question as to whether this machine is inhabited by an immortal principle which rules it and directs it, or whether it simply runs itself, science has not, and probably cannot, give a definite answer. It has reached its limit of inquiry, and is unable to cross the chasm

that lies beyond. There are men who believe that there is nothing in the body save the body itself, and that when that dies all perishes: there are others, like the writer, who believe that they feel in their mental processes a something which they call "will," which governs and directs the actions of the machine, and which, although very largely influenced by external surroundings, is capable of rising above the impulses from without, leading them to believe in the existence of more than flesh—of soul and God. The materialist, so far as natural science is concerned, stands upon logical ground, but no less logical is the foundation of him who believes in human free-will and immortality. The decision as to the correctness of the beliefs of the materialist or of the theist must be reached by other data than those of natural science.

H. C. WOOD, M. D.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM AND DEMOCRATIC IDEAS.

A MOVEMENT which appeals not to the emotions, but to the intellect—whose advocates aim at enlightening the public mind and convincing it of the truth of some new or disregarded principle, and the necessity of enforcing it—needs above all things open and active opposition, both as a stimulant to its supporters and as a means of arousing general attention. It has been very unfortunate for our Civil-Service Reformers that they have never been able to provoke discussion. They have had the field of argument all to themselves. Their repeated challenges have been received only with silent respect, scornful indifference, or expressions of encouragement still more depressing. Those whose hostility they

were prepared to encounter have been the readiest to acknowledge the truth of their propositions—considered as pure abstractions—and have even invited them to apply their system—in conjunction with that which it seeks to supplant. Meanwhile, the popular interest has been kept busily absorbed by issues of a different nature; and the Reformers, snubbed in quarters where they had confidently counted on aid, and hustled from the arena in which they had fondly imagined they were to play a prominent part and exert a decisive influence, are now, it is announced, about to devote their energies to the quiet propagation of their views by means of tracts and other publications, abstaining from any appearance in the domain of actual politics either as a distinct party or as an organized body

of independent voters appealing to the hopes and fears of existing parties, and ready to co-operate with one or the other according to the inducements offered for their support.

We heartily wish them success in this new enterprise, and it is as a contribution to their efforts that we publish in this number of the Magazine an article which, so far as our observation extends, is the first direct argumentative attack upon their doctrines and open defence of the system they have assailed. We shall not undertake to anticipate their reply, but shall content ourselves with pointing out, on the principle of *fas est ab hoste doceri*, what they may learn from this attack, and especially what hints may be derived from it in regard to the proper objective point of their proposed operations. Hitherto, if we mistake not, they have been led to suppose that the only obstacles in their way are the interested antagonism of the "politicians" and the ignorant apathy of the great mass of the people, and it is because they have found themselves powerless to make head against the tactics of the former class that they intend to confine themselves henceforth to the work of awaking and enlightening the latter. There is always danger, however, when we are expounding our pet theories to a group of silent listeners, of ignoring their state of mind in regard to the subject-matter and mistaking the impression produced by our eloquence. George Borrow tells us that when preaching in Rommany to a congregation of Gypsies he felt highly flattered by the patient attention of his hearers, till he happened to notice that they all had their eyes fixed in a diabolical squint. Something of the same kind would, we fear, be the effect on a large number of persons of well-meant expositions of the English civil-service reform and its admirable results. Nor will any appeals to the moral sense excite an indignation at the workings of our present system sufficiently deep and general to demand its overthrow. Civil-service reform had a far easier task in England than it has here, and forces at its back which are here actively or inertly opposed to it. There the system of

patronage was intimately connected with oligarchical rule; official positions were not so much monopolized by a victorious party as by a privileged class; the government of the day had little interest in maintaining the system, the bulk of the nation had a direct interest in upsetting it, and its downfall was a natural result of the growth of popular power and the decline of aristocracy. Our system, however similar in its character and effects, had no such origin; it does not belong to some peculiar institution which we are seeking to get rid of: on the contrary, it has its roots in certain conceptions of the nature of government and popular freedom—of the relations between a people and those who administer its affairs—which are all but universally current among us.

It is this last point which is clearly and forcibly presented in the article of our contributor, and which it will behoove the Reformers not to overlook. Nothing is more characteristic of the American mind, in reference to political ideas, than its strong conservatism. This fact, which has often puzzled foreign observers accustomed to connect democracy with innovating tendencies and violent fluctuations, is yet easily explained. Though ours is a new country, its system of government is really older than that of almost any other civilized country. In the century during which it has existed intact and without any material modification the institutions of most other nations have undergone a complete change, in some cases of form and structure, in others of theory and essence. Even England, which boasts of the stability of its government and its immunity from the storms that have overturned so many thrones and disorganized so many states, has experienced a fundamental, though gradual and peaceable, revolution. There, as elsewhere, the centre of power has changed, the chain of tradition has been broken, and new conceptions of the functions of government and its relations to the governed have taken the place of the old ones. But in America nothing of this kind has occurred: the "old order" has not passed away, nor have its foundations under-

gone the least change; the municipal and colonial institutions under which we first exercised the right of self-government, and the Constitution which gave us our national baptism, are still the fountain of all our political ideas; and our party struggles are not waged about new principles or animated by new watchwords, but are fenced and guided by the maxims transmitted by the founders of the republic. This is our strength and our safeguard against wild experiments, but it is also an impediment to every suggestion of improvement. It binds us to the letter of tradition, leads us to confound the accidental with the essential, and gives to certain notions and certain words a potency which must be described as an anachronism. We still use the language of the Revolutionary epoch, recognize no perils but those against which our ancestors had to guard, and put faith in the efficacy of methods that have no longer an object, and of phrases that have lost their original significance. Because George III. distributed offices at his pleasure as rewards, and bound the holders to party services in conformity with his will, the sovereign people is to do the same. "Rotation in office" having been the means in the eighteenth century of dispelling political stagnation and checking jobbery and corruption, it is still the only process for correcting abuses and getting the public service properly performed. The prime duty of all good citizens is to emulate the incessant political activity of their patriotic forefathers, and it is owing solely to a too general neglect of this duty that ballot-stuffing and machine-running, and all the other evils unknown in early days and in primitive communities, have come into existence and gained sway throughout the land. These and similar views, according to our observation, characterize what we may without disrespect, and without confining the remark to the rural districts, term the provincial mind, and wherever they exist the ideas of the Civil-Service Reformers are not only not understood or treated as visionary, but are regarded with aversion and distrust as foreign, monstrous and incon-

sistent with popular freedom and republican government. •

AN UNFINISHED PAGE OF HISTORY.

I CAN easily understand why educated Americans cross the Atlantic every year in shoals in search of the picturesque; and I can understand, too, all that they say of the relief which ivied ruins and cathedrals and galleries, or any other reminders of past ages, give to their eyes, oppressed so long by our interminable rows of store-box houses, our pasteboard villas, the magnificence of our railway accommodations for Ladies and Gents, and all the general gaseous glitter which betrays how young and how rich we are. But I cannot understand why it is that their eyes, thus trained, should fail to see the exceptional picturesqueness of human life in this country. The live man is surely always more dramatic and suggestive than a house or a costume, provided we have eyes to interpret him; and this people, as no other, are made up of the moving, active deposits and results of world-old civilizations and experiments in living.

Outwardly, if you choose, the country is like one of the pretentious houses of its rich citizens—new, snug, complacently commonplace—but within, like the house again, it is filled with rare bits gathered out of every age and country and jumbled together in utter confusion.

If you ride down Seventh street in a horse-car, you are in a psychological curio-shop. On one side, very likely, is a Russian Jew just from the Steppes; on the other, a negro with centuries of heathendom and slavery hinting themselves in lip and eye; the driver is a Fenian, with the blood of the Phœnicians in his veins; in front of you is a gentleman with the unmistakable Huguenot nose, and chin; while an almond-eyed pagan, disguised behind moustache and eyeglasses, courteously takes your fare and drops it for you in the Slawson box. Nowhere do all the elements of Tragedy and Comedy play so strange a part as on the dead-level of this American stage. It is because it is so dead a level that we fail to see the part they play—because

"furious Goth and fiery Hun" meet, not on the battle-field, but in the horse-car, dropping their cents together in a Slawson box.

For example, as to the tragedy.

I met at dinner not long ago a lady who was introduced to me under a French name, but whose clear olive complexion, erect carriage and singular repose of manner would indicate her rather to be a Spaniard. She wore a red rose in the coils of her jetty hair, and another fastened the black lace of her corsage. Her eyes, which were slow, dark and brilliant, always rested on you an instant before she spoke with that fearless candor which is not found in the eyes of a member of any race that has ever been enslaved. I was told that her rank was high among her own people, and in her movements and voice there were that quiet simplicity and total lack of self-consciousness which always belong either to a man or woman of the highest breeding, or to one whose purpose in life is so noble as to lift him above all considerations of self. Although a foreigner, she spoke English with more purity than most of the Americans at the table, but with a marked and frequent recurrence of forcible but half-forgotten old idioms; which was due, as I learned afterward, to her having had no book of English literature to study for several years but Shakespeare. I observed that she spoke but seldom, and to but one person at a time; but when she did, her casual talk was the brimming over of a mind of great original force as yet full and unspent. She was, besides, a keen observer who had studied much, but seen more.

This lady, in a word, was one who would deserve recognition by the best men and women in any country; and she received it here, as many of the readers of *Lippincott*, who will recognize my description, will remember. She was caressed and fêted by literary and social celebrities in Washington and New York; Boston made much of her; Longfellow and Holmes made verses in her honor; prying reporters gave accounts of her singular charm and beauty to the public in the daily papers.

She was accompanied by two of the men of her family. They did not speak English, but they were men of strong practical sense and business capacity, with the odd combination in their character of that exaggerated perception of honorable dealing which we are accustomed to call chivalric. They had, too, a grave dignity and composure of bearing which would have befitted Spanish hidalgos, and beside which our pert, sociable American manner and slangy talk were sadly belittled. These men (for I had a reason in making particular inquiries concerning them) were in private life loyal friends, good citizens, affectionate husbands and fathers—in a word, Christian men, honest from the marrow to the outside.

Now to the strange part of my story, revolting enough to our republican ears. This lady and her people, in the country to which they belong, are held in a subjection to which that of the Russian serf was comparative freedom. They are held legally as the slaves not of individuals, but of the government, which has absolute power over their persons, lives and property. Its manner of exercising that power is, however, peculiar. They are compelled to live within certain enclosures. Each enclosure is ruled by a man of the dominant race, usually of the lower class, who, as a rule, gains the place by bribing the officer of government who has charge of these people. The authority of this man within the limits of the enclosure is literally as autocratic as that of the Russian czar. He distributes the rations intended by the government for the support of these people, or such part of them as he thinks fit, retaining whatever amount he chooses for himself. There is nothing to restrain him in these robberies. In consequence, the funds set aside by the government for the support of its wretched dependants are stolen so constantly by the officers at the capital and the petty tyrants of the separate enclosures that the miserable creatures almost yearly starve and freeze to death from want. Their resource would be, of course, as they are in a civilized country, to work at trades, to farm, etc. But this

is not permitted to them. Another petty officer is appointed in each enclosure to barter goods for the game or peltry which they bring in or crops that they manage to raise. He fixes his own price for both his goods and theirs, and cheats them by wholesale at his leisure. There is no appeal: they are absolutely forbidden to trade with any other person. The men of my friend's family—educated men and shrewd in business as any merchant of Philadelphia—when at home were liable to imprisonment and a fine of five hundred dollars if they bought from or sold to any other person than this one man. They are, too, taught no trade or profession. Each enclosure has its appointed blacksmith, carpenter, etc. of the dominant class, who, naturally, will not share their profits by teaching their trade to the others.

Within the enclosures my friend and her people, no matter how enlightened or refined they may be, are herded, and under the same rules, as so many animals. They cannot leave the enclosure without passes, such as were granted to our slaves before the war when they wished to go outside of the plantation. This woman, when seated at President Hayes's table, the equal in mind and breeding of any of her companions, was, by the laws of her country, a runaway, legally liable to be haled by the police back to her enclosure, and shot if she resisted. She and her people are absolutely unprotected by any law. It is indeed the only case, so far as I know, in any Christian country, in which a single class are so set aside, unprotected by any law. When our slaves were killed or tortured by inhuman masters, there was at least some show of justice for them. The white murderer went through some form of trial and punishment. The slave, though a chattel, was still a human being. But these people are not recognized by the law as human beings. They cannot buy nor sell; they cannot hold property: if with their own hands they build a house and gather about them the comforts of civilization and the wife and children to which the poorest negro, the most barbarous savage, has a right, any man of the dominant class can, without vio-

lating any law, take possession of the house, ravage the wife and thrust the children out to starve. The wrong-doer is subject to no penalty. The victim has no right of appeal to the courts. Hence such outrages are naturally of daily occurrence. Not only are they perpetrated on individuals, but frequently there is a raid made upon the whole of the inmates of one enclosure—whenever, in fact, the people in the neighborhood fancy they would like to take possession of their land. The kinsmen of my friend, with their clan numbering some seven hundred souls—a peaceable, industrious Christian community, living on land which had belonged to their ancestors for centuries—were swept off of it a few years ago at the whim of two of their rulers: their houses and poor little belongings were all left behind, and they were driven a thousand miles into a sterile, malarious region where nearly half of their number died. The story of their sufferings, their homesickness and their despair on the outward journey, and of how still later some thirty of them returned on foot, carrying the bones of those who had died to lay them in their old homes, is one of the most dramatic pages in history. De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Clan" does not equal it in pathos or as a story of heroism and endurance. At the end of their homeward journey, when almost within sight of their homes, the heroic little band were seized by order of the ruler of their enclosure and committed to prison. The tribe are still in the malarious swamps to which they were exiled. Strangers hold their farms and the houses which they built with their own hands.

The anomalous condition of a people legally ranking as animals, and not human beings, would naturally produce unpleasant consequences when they are criminally the aggressors. When they steal or kill they cannot be tried, sent to jail or hung as if they were human in the eye of the law. The ruler of each enclosure is granted arbitrary power in such cases to punish at his discretion. He is judge, jury, and often executioner. He has a control over the lives of these

people more absolute than that of any Christian monarch over his subjects. If he thinks proper to shoot the offender, he can call upon the regular army of the country to sustain him. If the individual offender escapes, the whole of the inmates of the enclosure are held responsible, and men, women and children are slaughtered by wholesale and without mercy.

My readers understand my little fable by this time. It is no fable, but a disgraceful truth.

The government under which a people—many of whom are educated, enlightened Christian gentlemen—are denied the legal rights of human beings and all protection of law is not the absolute despotism of Siam or Russia, but the United States, the republic which proclaims itself the refuge for the oppressed of all nations—the one spot on earth where every man is entitled alike to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The only people in the world to whom it denies these rights are not its quondam slaves, not pagans, not runaway convicts, not the offscourings of any nation however degraded, but the original owners of the country.

The legal disability under which the Indian is held is as much of an outrage on human rights, and as bald a contradiction of the doctrines on which our republic is based, as negro slavery was.

R. H. D.

A LITTLE IRELAND IN AMERICA.

THE humorous side of life was never more vividly brought before me than while living a few years ago in the vicinity of an Irish settlement in one of the suburbs of New York. What we call "characters" were to be found in every cottage—the commonplace was the exception. Indeed, I do not remember that it existed at all in "The Lane," as this locality was called.

Perhaps among the inhabitants of The Lane none more deserved distinction than Mary Magovern. The grandmother of a numerous family, she united all the masculine and feminine virtues. About the stiff, spotless and colossal frill of her

cap curled wreaths of smoke from her stout dhudeen as she sat before the door blacking the small boots of her grandchildren, stopping from time to time to remove the pipe from her mouth, that she might deliver in her full bass voice a peremptory order to the large yellow dog that lay at her feet. It was usually on the occasion of a carriage passing, when the dog would growl and rise. Very quickly out came the pipe, and immediately followed the words, "Danger, lay by thim intintions;" and the pipe was used as an indicator for the next movement—namely, to patiently lie down again upon the ground.

Mary Magovern kept a drinking-shop behind the living-rooms of her cottage, and the immense prestige she had in The Lane must have had some foundation in the power which this thriving business gave her, many of her neighbors being under the obligation of debt to her.

Mike Quinlan would have been her most frequent visitor had it not been for the ever-open eye of Mrs. Quinlan, which caused her husband to seek his delights by stealth at a village a mile away. Mike was an elderly and handsome man, but his wits had ebbed out as the contents of the wine-cup flowed in, and the beauty that had won so remarkable a person as Mrs. Quinlan in its first glow was somewhat marred. He was the owner of a small cart and a mule, and those who had stones or earth to move usually remembered to employ poor Mike. But it was on foot, as a more inconspicuous method of eluding the watchfulness of Mrs. Quinlan, that Mike slipped away to the neighboring village of an afternoon, and it was on foot that I one night saw Mrs. Quinlan going over the same road with an invincible determination in her countenance and a small birch rod in her hand. Mrs. Quinlan was somewhat younger than her lord and master: she had a clear, bright-blue eye, a roseate color in her little slender face, and gray hair tidily smoothed back beneath the dainty ruffles of her cap, about which a black ribbon was tied. She wore short petticoats and low shoes, and as she

walked briskly along she smoothed her apron with the disengaged hand, as if, the balance of the family respectability having so wholly fallen upon her own shoulders, she would not disturb it by permitting a disorderly wrinkle. Half an hour later she passed again over the road, her face turned homeward and wearing an even greater austerity, the birch rod grasped firmly in her hand, and her worser half preceding her with a foolish smile upon his lips, half of concession, half of pride in the power to which he stooped.

Another of Mrs. Magovern's occasional visitors was Old Haley, who had regular employment upon our own place. Like Mike Quinlan, he rejoiced in a wife who was an ornament to her sex—a most respectable, handsome and intelligent woman, though education had done little to sharpen her wits or widen her experience. She could tell a one- from a five-dollar bill, as her husband would proudly inform you, and she could cook a dinner, do up a skirt or a frilled cap, keep a house or tend a sick friend, as well as any woman in the land. "Maggie's a janeous!" her husband would remark with a look of intense admiration.

One evening Mrs. Haley made her appearance at our house, asking for an audience of my mother. The object was to inform her—these sympathetic people like to be advised in all their affairs—that being in need of various household supplies she proposed on the following day to go to the city and purchase them at the Washington Market.

"I suppose you have been to the city before, Mrs. Haley?" remarked my mother.

"I have not, ma'am," said Mrs. Haley.

"Had you not better take some friend with you who has been there before, lest you should get lost?"

"Faith, I had, ma'am: I had a right to have moor sinse an' think o' that."

So Mrs. Haley departed, returning again in company with Mary Magovern: "Here's Mary Magovern, ma'am: she's goin' along wid me."

"Ah, that's very well.—You know the city, Mary? you've been there?"

"I have not, ma'am."

"Why, what, then, is the use of your going with Mrs. Haley?"

"We'll make a shtrict inquiry, ma'am."

The next morning they started, and at four o'clock Old Haley came in much anxiety of mind to seek comfort of my mother: "Maggie's not come, ma'am. Faith, I'm throubled, for the city is a quare place."

When it grew late Haley returned again and again, in ever-increasing anxiety, to be reassured. At last, when the family were retiring to bed, came Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Magovern to report their arrival. In spite of the lateness of the hour my mother received them, and in spite of their wearied and worn faces administered a gentle rebuke for the anxiety that Mrs. Haley had caused her spouse.

"Well, indade it's no wonder he was throubled," said Mrs. Haley, "an' it's a wonder we got here at all. We got nothing at the Washington Market, for we couldn't find it at all: I think they tuk it away to Washington. It was in the mornin' airly that we got to the city, ma'am, an' there was a koind of a carr, an' a gintleman up on the top of it, an' another gintleman at the dure of it, wid the dure in his hand, an' he sez, sez he, 'Git in, ladies,' sez he.—'We're goin' to the Washington Market, sur,' sez I.—'That's where I'll take yez, ladies,' sez he. 'Pay yer fares, ladies.' An' we got in, ma'am, an' wint up to the top of the city, an' paid tin cints, the both of us. An' there was a great many ladies an' gintlemen got in an' done the same, ma'am, an' some got out one place an' some another. An' whin we got up to the top of the city, 'Mrs. Magovern,' sez I, 'this isn't the Washington Market,' sez I.—'It is not, Mrs. Haley,' sez she.—'We'll git out, Mrs. Magovern,' sez I.—'We will, Mrs. Haley,' sez she. An' thin, ma'am, there was a small bit of a howl in the carr, and it was through the howl the ladies an' gintlemen would cry out to the gintleman on the top o' the carr, and he'd put his face down forninst it an' spake wid thim; an' I cried up through the howl to him, an' sez I, 'Me an' Mrs. Magovern will git out, sur,' sez

I, 'for this isn't the Washington Market at all.'—'It is not, ma'am,' sez he, 'but that's where I'll take yez,' sez he. 'Sit down, ladies,' sez he, 'and pay me the money,' sez he. 'I had a great many pable to lave,' sez he. An' indade he had, ma'am. An' we paid the money agin, an' we wint down to the bottom o' the city. 'This is not the Washington Market, Mrs. Magovern,' sez I.—'It is not, Mrs. Haley,' sez she.—'We'll git out, Mrs. Magovern,' sez I.—'We will, Mrs. Haley,' sez she. Thin came the gentleman that first had the dure in his hand. 'What's the matther, ladies?' sez he.—'This isn't the Washington Market, sur,' sez I.—'It is not, ma'am,' sez he, 'but the city is a great place,' sez he, 'an' it's not aisy to go everywhere at wunst,' sez he; 'an' if yez will have patience,' sez he, 'ye'll git there,' sez he. 'Git in, ladies,' sez he, 'an' pay yer fares.' Wid all the houses there's in the city, an' all the shtrates there's in it, faith, it was no good at all to thry to foind our way alone; but thim wur false pable—they niver took us to the Washington Market at all; an' it was all the day we wint up to the top o' the city and down to the bottom o' the city, and spinding our money at it. An' sez I, 'Mrs. Magovern, it would be better for us if we wint home,' sez I.—'It would, Mrs. Haley,' sez she; an' we come down to the boat, an' it was two hours agin befoor the boat would go, an' thin we come home; an' it's toired we are, an' it's an' awful place, the city is."

Haley's statements could seldom be relied on, but his untruthfulness was never a matter of self-interest, but rather of amiability. He desired to tell you whatever you desired to know, and to tell it as you would like to hear it, even if facts were so perverse as to be contrary.

One day I wanted to do an errand in the village, and called for the horse and carriage. Haley brought them to the door. As I took the reins I remembered that it was noon and the horse's dinner-time: "Did the horse have his dinner, Haley?"

"I just gave it to him, ma'am; and an ilegint dinner he had."

"Why did you feed him just when I was about to drive him?"

"Oh, well, it's not much he got."

"He should have had nothing."

"Faith, me lady, I ownly showed it to him."

There were no more respectable people in The Lane than John Godfrey and his family. His pretty little wife with an anxious face tenderly watched over an ever-increasing family of daughters, till on one most providential occasion the expected girl turned out to be a boy, and I went with my sisters to congratulate the happy mother. "What will you name the little fellow, Mrs. Godfrey?" I asked, sympathetically.

The poor woman looked up with a smile, saying weakly, "John Pathrick, miss—John afther the father, an' Pathrick afther the saint."

The following year the same unexpected luck brought another boy, and again we young girls, being much at leisure, carried our congratulations: "What will be the name of this little boy, Mrs. Godfrey?"

"Pathrick John, miss—Pathrick afther the saint, an' John afther the father."

A confused sense of having heard that sentence before came over me. "Why, Mrs. Godfrey," I said, "was not that the name of your last child?"

"To be shure, miss. Why would I be trating one better than the other?"

A member of this same family, upon receiving a blow with a stone in the eye, left her somewhat overcrowded paternal home for the quieter protection of her widowed aunt, Mrs. King, and one day my sister and myself knocked at Mrs. King's door to inquire about the state of the injured organ.

"Troth, miss, it's very bad," said Mrs. King.

"What do you do for it, Mrs. King?"

"Do?" said Mrs. King, suddenly applying the corner of her apron to her overflowing eyes—"Do?" she continued in a broken voice. "I've been crying these three days."

"But what do you do to make it better?"

Mrs. King took heart, folded her arms, and thus applied herself to the setting forth

of her humane exertions: "In comes Mistress Magovern, an', 'Mrs. King,' sez she, 'put rar bafestreak to the choild's oye;' an' that minit, ma'am, the rar bafestreak wint to it. Thin comes Mrs. Haley. 'Is it rar bafestreak ye'd be putting to it, Mrs. King?' sez she. 'Biling clothes, Mrs. King,' sez she. That minit, ma'am, the rar bafestreak come aff an' the biling clothes wint to it. In comes Mrs. Quinlan. 'Will ye be destrivin' the choild's oye intirely, Mrs. King?' sez she. 'Cowld ice, Mrs. King.' An' that minit, ma'am, the biling clothes come aff an' the cowld ice wint to it. Oh, I do be doin' iverything anybody do tell me."

It was a memorable sight to see the Gunning twins wandering down The Lane hand in hand when their maternal relative had gone out washing for the day and taken the door-key with her. "Thin lads is big enough to take care of thimselves," she would remark, though "the lads" were not yet capable of coherent speech. No doubt they wandered into some neighbor's at meal-time and received a willingly-given potato or a drink of milk. They seemed happy enough, and their funny, ugly little faces were defaced by no tears. They grew in time old enough to explain their position to inquiring passers-by and to pick up and eat an amazing quantity of green apples. A lady passing one day stopped and remonstrated with one of them. "Barney," she said, "it will make you ill if you eat those green apples."—"I do be always atin' of them, ma'am," replied Barney, stolidly.

Perhaps it may have been the green apples, but from whatever cause Barney fell ill, and all that the doctor prescribed made him no better. "It's no matter, sur," said Mrs. Gunning one morning: "yer needn't come ag'in. I'll just go an' ask Mrs. ——" (my mother).

The next morning the doctor, meeting my mother, laughingly remarked that it was very plain that they couldn't practise in the same district: he had just met Mrs. Gunning, who informed him that "what Mrs. —— gave her the night befoor done the choild a power of good."

The day preceding our departure from

the place my sister and I passed through The Lane, and received the most amiable farewells, accompanied with blessings, and even tears. The figure I best remember is that of Mrs. Regan, who, bursting out from her doorway, stood in our path, and, dissolving in tears, sobbed out, "Faith, I'm sorry yez be goin'. I don't know what I'll do at all widout yez;" and, seizing my sister's hand, gave her this unique recommendation: "Ye were always passing by mannerly—niver sassy nor impidint, nor nothing."

The Lane has changed to-day. A Chinese grocer has, I hear, set up a shop in its midst. Some of its most noted characters have passed away, and the younger generation have taken on habits more American than those of their predecessors.

M. R. O.

A CHILD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

A QUANT and charming volume, which has fallen in our way, is *Little Charlie's Life*, "the autobiography of a child between six and seven years of age, written with his own hand and without any assistance whatever." It was at the urgent request of the gentleman who acted as editor, Rev. W. R. Clark—thus rescuing an inimitable little work from comparative oblivion—that the parents of the youthful author reluctantly consented to the publication of this curious delineation of child-life. From the date of his birth (1833), Charlie must have written his work some forty years ago. How long he was engaged in its composition is not stated, but from the internal evidence yielded by the spelling and the handwriting (for the work is lithographed in exact imitation of the manuscript) we should infer that it occupied two or three years, the handwriting of the first seven chapters being in imitation of ordinary printing, while the remaining chapters appear in an ordinary schoolboy's hand. We may add that it is copiously illustrated by himself, and that the illustrations are worth their weight in gold, supplementing as they do, in a superfluously exact and curiously quaint manner, this most unique work.

He starts with this account of himself:

"My name is Charles John Young, and I was born in Amfort, a pretty village in Hampshire, 1833 in July, that pleasant time when the birds sing merrily and flowers bloom sweetly. My father and mother are the kindest in the world, and I love them dearly and both alike. I shall give a description of them by and by. In the mean time I shall just say that my papa is a clergyman."

The earlier chapters describe the various migrations of the family from one parish to another, and from them we have no difficulty in recognizing in "papa" the Rev. Julian Young, who possessed no small share of the talents that distinguished *his* father, the celebrated tragedian, Charles Young, and which seem to have been transmitted to our author, who, we understand, has honorably served his country in Her Majesty's army. From his earliest years Charlie seems to have been strongly influenced by religious feelings. His creed was a bright and trustful one, a realization of God's presence and of the need of speaking to Him as to one who could always hear and help. When he was about three years old, we are told in the editor's interesting preface, he was often heard offering up little petitions for the supply of his child-like wants. Once, when his nurse left him to fetch some more milk, his father overheard him saying, "O God, please let there be enough milk in the jug for me to have some more, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Many quaint little religious reflections and scriptural allusions are interspersed throughout the book. In one place he declares that "without papa and mamma the garden would be to me what the wilderness was to John the Baptist;" while again he offers up a pathetic prayer for a baby-brother; and throughout we are struck by the fact that his religion was pre-eminently one of love. Charlie's educational advantages were of the noblest and best, home-training largely predominating. In the ninth chapter he refers in a simple matter-of-fact way to his early studies: "Mamma devotes her time in teaching me and in reading instructive books with me. Papa tells me about the productions of the earth, rivers, moun-

tains, valleys, mines, and, most wonderful of all, the formation of the human body." Further on we read: "Nothing of any great importance occurred now for some time. My life was spent quietly in the country, as the child of a Wiltshire clergyman ought, mamma devoting her time in teaching me, and my daily play going on the same, till at last papa and mamma took me to the splendid capital of England." However much this brilliant transition may have dazzled him, he still prefers his quiet country home, arguing thus: "As to living there [in London], I should not like it. The reason why—because its noisy riots in the streets suit not my mood like the tranquil streams and the waving trees I love in England's country. . . . 'Tis true—oh, how true!—in the poetic words of Mr. Shakespeare, 'Man made the town, God made the country.'"

Despite the stilted style and absurdly pompous descriptions, with an occasional terrible breakdown, Charlie's love of Nature, and especially of the animal creation, seems to have been most genuine. He speaks of "the wide ocean which when angry roars and dashes over the beach, but when calm crabs are seen crawling on the shore and the sun shines bright over the waves," and of "the billows rolling over each other and foaming over the rough stones," with an apparently real enthusiasm. The softer emotions of his nature were engrossed in this way, as we infer from the negative evidence afforded by his autobiography that he reached his seventh year without any experience of the tender passion.

His physiological ideas in the speculations regarding the origin of a baby-brother are naïvely expressed: "One day I was told that a baby was born [this was when he was three years and a half old], and upon going into mamma's bedroom I saw a red baby lying in an arm-chair wrapped in swaddling-clothes. It puzzled me very much to think how he came into the world: it was mysterious, very, and I cannot make it out now. My first thought was, that he must have had airy wings, and after he had come they had disappeared. My second thought was

that he was so very little as to be able to come through the keyhole, and increased rapidly in size, just as it says in the Bible that a grain of mustard-seed springs to be so large a tree that the fowls of the air can roost upon it."

In his sixth year Charlie evinced poetic tendencies. We have in one of his poems a description of his grandpapa, "a venerable old gentleman with dark eyes, gray hair, noble features, and altogether very generous aspect." Here is "a song appropriate to him:—"

Oh, venerable is our old ancestor—
 Cloud on his brow,
 Lightning in his eyes,
 His gray hair streaming in the wind.
 To children ever kind,
 To merit never blind,—
 Oh, such is our old ancestor,
 With hair that streameth wild.

At the head of this poem is a picture of the old ancestor, consisting of a hat, a head, a walking-stick, one arm and two legs, one of which—whether the right or left is doubtful, as their origin is concealed by the aforesaid arm—is much longer than the other, and walking in a contrary direction. The most wonderful feature of this sketch is the "hair streaming in the wind," the distance from the poll to the end of the flowing locks being longer than the longest leg.

We cannot conclude without an extract describing a "dreadful accident" which happened to our youthful author; "perhaps," as he solemnly says, "for a punishment of my sins, or to show me that Death stands ready at the door to snatch my life away:" "One night papa had been conjuring a penny, and I thought I should like to conjure; so I took a round brass thing with a verse out of the Bible upon it that I brought into bed with me. I thought it went down papa's throat, so I put it down my throat, and I was pretty near choked. I called my nurse, who was in the next room. She fetched up papa, and then my nurse brought the basin. Papa beat my back, and I was sick. *Lo! there was the counter!* Papa said, 'Good God!' and my nurse fainted, but soon recovered. Don't you think papa was very clever when he beat my back? Papa then had a long talk after-

ward with me about it—a very serious one."

The above pathetic story is accurately illustrated, but we especially regret that we cannot transfer to these pages some of the marvellous delineations of the animals in the Clifton Zoological Garden.

M. S. D.

WANTED—A REAL GAINSBOROUGH.

I AM an unmarried man of twenty-four. After that confession it is hardly necessary to add that I am in the habit of thinking a great deal about a person not yet embodied into actual existence—*i. e.* my future wife. I have not yet met her—she is a purely ideal being—but at the same time I so often have a vivid conception of her looks, her air, her walk, her tones even, that she seems to be present. My misery is that I cannot find her in real life.

No one need fancy that I am an imaginative man: quite the contrary is the fact. I am a lawyer, and have an office in Bond street. Every morning at eight o'clock I take the Sixth Avenue horse-cars and ride down to Fourteenth street. I have a fancy for walking the rest of the way, and toward evening I saunter back homeward along Broadway and Union Square.

Prosaic as these journeys may seem, they are nevertheless the inspiration of my hopes, the feeders of my visions. It is at such times that I enjoy my glimpses of the lady I long to meet. I jostle gentle creatures at every step: feminine shapes and feminine tones are on every side presented to eyes and ears. I trust nobody will be prejudiced against me when I confess that I see the fair one of my dreams in the shop-windows. Once having seen her, I become immeasurably happy, and go on dreaming about her until we meet again. It may seem a curious admission, but this beautiful although impalpable being is suggested by the charming dresses, hats and bonnets displayed on the milliners' blocks. None of our artists can paint portraits nowadays: Art seems to have withdrawn her gifts from them and endowed the dress-makers and milliners instead.

It was at first difficult for me to decide on the personality of my beloved. My earliest fancy was for a blond: at least the dress was of pale blue silk with a profusion of lace trimmings. Her hat was of straw faced with azure velvet, and the crown surrounded by a long plume, also of ciel blue. I knew by heart the features of this fair young creature, invisible although she was to others. They seemed to belong more to a flower than to a face: her eyes were large and blue, full of appealing love; her hair was of course golden; her smile was angelic; and her whole expression was one of sweetness and goodness. She was my first dream: little although she belonged to actual life, she used to trip about by my side and sit with me in my room at home. Suddenly, however, I became enamored of a different creature, and my dream changed. I began to think of my lovely blond regretfully as of a beautiful creature too good for earth who died young. It is the habit of the shopkeepers to change the figures in their windows, and one morning I fell in love with quite a different creature. She wore when I first saw her a long dress of black silk and velvet sparkling with jet; over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a mantle of cream-colored cloth; on her head was a plush hat—what they call a Gainsborough—trimmed with a long graceful plume, also of cream-color. Although only her back was toward me, I knew by instinct exactly what her face was. She was dark of course, with a low broad forehead, about which clustered little short curls; her eyes were superb, at once laughing and melancholy; her features suggested rather pride than softness; but her smile was enchanting, open, sunny, like a burst of light from behind a cloud. Nothing could be more real than this vision. At first the discovery of this magnificently-endowed woman rendered me happy: I used to walk past the shop half a dozen

times a day to look at her. Her costumes varied, but they always suggested the same dark but brilliant lineaments, the same graceful movements, the same peculiarly lovely tones. She often looked back at me over her shoulder, but had an air of evading me. All at once, with surprise and delight, I remembered that she might be found in actual existence, in real flesh and blood. I deserted the image for a week in the hope of finding the reality. I paced Fifth Avenue; I went to the dry-goods stores; I attended the theatres. Often I seemed to see her before me—the picturesque hat, the long plume, the rich mantle and dress. At such moments while I pressed forward my heart beat. When the cheek turned toward me and the eyes lighted up with surprise at my disappointed stare, it was easy enough to see that I had made a mistake. There was the hat, the cloak, the bewitching little frippiness of lace and net and ribbon about the bust. She had, however, copied the masterpiece without investing herself with its soul: her face was vague and characterless, her whole personality void of that eloquent womanliness which had so wrought upon me. This experience was so many times repeated that I was frightfully tormented by it. The familiar dress seemed to reveal with appalling truthfulness the lack of those qualities of heart and soul which I demanded. Those lovely, picturesque outlines suggest not only rounded cheeks colored with girlish bloom, but something more; and the graceful draping is not a meaningless husk.

I have gone back to my shop-window image. She never disappoints me. She is as beautiful, as magnificently endowed, as full of fascinating life and spirit, as ever. I sometimes think, unless I find her actual prototype, of buying that Gainsborough hat, that cloth mantle and velvet dress, and hanging them up in my room.

V. N.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

History of the English People. By John Richard Green. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Most readers interested in English history have long felt the need of such a work as this, in which the results of recent research among original sources and of the critical examination of earlier labors are gathered up and summarized in a narrative at once clear and concise, free from disquisition, minuteness of detail and elaborate descriptions, without being meagre or superficial, devoid of suggestiveness or of animation. In calling his work a *History of the English People*, Mr. Green has not undertaken to deviate from the beaten track, devoting his attention to social development and leaving political affairs in the background. What he has evidently had in view is the fact that English history is in a special sense that of the rise and growth of free institutions, exhibiting at every stage the mutual influence or combined action of different classes, permeated even when the Crown or the aristocracy was most powerful by a popular spirit, and contrasting in this respect with that of France and Spain, in which during many centuries the mass of the people lost instead of gaining ground, representative bodies analogous to the English Parliament were deprived of their rights or swept out of existence, and liberty was sacrificed to national consolidation and unity. Whence this difference came need hardly be pointed out. The Angles, Saxons and Jutes were neither freer nor more enterprising than the Franks and other Teutonic families; but the fortune which carried them to Britain saved them from inheriting any onerous share of the great legacy of the Roman Empire — with the task of absorbing and transmitting its language and civilization — secured them against the risk of being either merged in a more numerous race or submerged by a new influx, and thus preserved an identity and continuity which link their latest achievements with their earliest exploits, and stamp their whole career with the same character.

With such a subject, Mr. Green has had no difficulty in so marking its divisions as to concentrate attention on successive epochs

without dropping the thread that runs through the whole. The earlier portions of his work are naturally the most instructive and the fullest of interest. The last volume, indeed, which covers the ground from the Revolution to the battle of Waterloo, besides including the index to the whole work, gives far too rapid a survey of momentous and familiar events to afford profit or satisfaction. One feels that, while the style retains its fluency, the tone has lost its warmth, and that much of the writing must have been perfunctory: the reading, at all events, cannot but be so. But scarcely any one, however well acquainted with the ground, can follow without pleasure and an enlargement of view Mr. Green's account of "Early England," "England under Foreign Kings," "The Charter" and "The Parliament" (from 1307 to 1461), which form the subjects of the first four books; while the next four, occupying the second and third volumes, and entitled "The Monarchy," "The Reformation," "Puritan England" and "The Revolution," are marked by a grasp of thought, a fine sense of proportion, a thorough knowledge and well-balanced judgment of men and events, and not unfrequently a dramatic force, which sustain the interest throughout, and which make them a valuable addition, and sometimes a necessary corrective, to the fuller and more brilliant narratives in which the same periods and subjects have been separately treated.

Mr. Green does not appear to have gone deeply into the study of original sources, but it is only in his incidental treatment of continental history that his deficiencies in this respect become palpable. Here he is often inaccurate, and even when his facts are correct his mode of stating them shows that he is not master of the whole field, and has little appreciation of mingled motives and attendant circumstances. Such a sentence as this: "The restoration of the towns on the Somme to Burgundy, the cession of Normandy to the king's brother, Francis, the hostility of Brittany, not only detached the whole western coast from the hold of Lewis, but forced its possessors to look for aid to the English king who lay in their rear," could not have been written with any clear ideas

of either the political or the geographical relations of the places mentioned. What is meant by the "western coast"? Not, certainly, the towns on the Somme, which lie in the north-east, nor Normandy, which has indeed a western coast of its own, but cannot be said to form part of the western coast of France. Nor does Brittany include "the whole western coast," or even the larger portion of it, while it could not have been "detached from the hold of Lewis," inasmuch as he had never held it. As little will that remark apply to the other provinces on the western coast, as these were still in his possession. Who are meant, therefore, by the "possessors" of this misty coast, and why the English king is said to have lain "in their rear," can only be conjectured. It is a small blunder that the French king's brother is called "Francis" instead of Charles, since we must not suspect Mr. Green of confounding him with the duke of Brittany, who bore the former name. But the whole passage, in connection with what follows it, indicates that the author has mixed up the state of affairs at two very close, but very distinct, conjunctures. Many similar instances of defective knowledge might be cited, nor are they confined to this early period. The remark, in regard to Charles of Austria (the emperor Charles V.), that "the madness of his mother left him *next heir* of Castille" is nonsense: he was her heir in any case, while through her madness he became nominally joint, and virtually sole, ruler of the kingdom. His son Philip had not been "twice a widower" when he married Mary of England, and the assertion that "he owed his victory at Gravelines mainly to the opportune arrival of ten English ships of war" is patriotic, but foolish. That "Catholicism alone united the burgher of the Netherlands to the noble of Castille, or Milanese and Neapolitan to the Aztec of Mexico and Peru," would be an incomprehensible statement even if Peru had been inhabited by the Aztecs. Such errors, however, cannot seriously impair the value of Mr. Green's work. Its merits, as regards both matter and form, are solid and varied. The scale on which it was planned adapts it admirably to the gap which it was intended to fill, and, except in the latter portions, its comparative brevity of treatment excludes neither important facts nor modifying views. No shorter work could give the reader any adequate knowledge or conceptions in regard

to English history, and no longer work is needed to make him fully acquainted with its essential features.

White Wings: A Yachting Romance. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.—*Roy and Viola.* By Mrs. Forrester. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—*The Wellfields.* By Jessie Fothergill. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Holt & Co.—*Troublesome Daughters.* By L. B. Walford. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Holt & Co.—*Briggitta.* By Berthold Auerbach. (Leisure-Hour Series.) New York: Holt & Co.

There is a time appointed to read novels—a time which belongs, like that of other good things, to youth, when the real and the ideal merge into each other, and even the most practical beliefs turn upon the notion that the world was created for ourselves, and that the general system of things is bound to furnish circumstances and incidents which shall flatter our unsatisfied desires. It seems a pity that it should not fall to the lot of the critic to write down his impression of new books at this epoch, when he is most fitted to enjoy them. When romance and other delights have blankly vanished—"gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were"—he is scarcely fitted to trust the worth of his own impressions. Reading from mere idle curiosity or with critical intentions, and reading with delight, with eager absorption in the story and an eager desire to know how it turns out, are two different matters. The loss of this capacity for enjoyment of the every-day novel is not a subject for self-gratulation, coming as it does from our own absence of imagination and from narrowing instead of increasing powers. That period of our existence when we could read anything which offered should be looked back upon with a feeling of purely admiring regret, and in our efforts to master the novel of to-day we should endeavor to bring back the glory and the sweetness of the early dream.

It is not so very long ago that Mr. William Black's novels began to charm us. He did not take Fame at a single leap, but wooed her patiently, and suffered many a repulse. His first book, *Ion; or, Marriage*, was probably the very worst novel ever written by a man who was finally to make a great success. *The Daughter of Heth* achieved this result, and *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *A Princess of Thule* and *Macleod of Dari*

deepened, one by one, the witchery the first threw over us. The author's power was especially shown in investing his maidens with glamour and piquancy: Coquette and Sheila led their captives away from the suffocating dusts and the burning heats of life. Then his backgrounds were so well chosen—those mysterious reaches of the far northern seas, the slow twilights over the heaving ocean, the swift dawns, the storms and the lightnings, and the glad blue skies. Even the music of the bagpipes inspired lamentations only less sweet than notes of joy. Mr. Black still has lovely girls; his yachts still pitch and roll and scud over the tossed and misty Hebridean seas; there are the same magical splendors of air and sky and water and shores; the wail of the pibroch is heard as of yore—

Dunvegan! oh, Dunvegan!

Why, then, is it that his last book fails to do more than arouse dim memories of some previous enjoyment? Why are his violets without perfume? Why is his music vacant of the old melodies?

In *Roy and Viola*, on the contrary, Mrs. Forrester is seen at her best, and has given us a book of lively interest. The situation in some respects suggests that of *Daniel Deronda*: D'Arcy is a sort of Grandcourt cheapened and made popular, acting out his instincts of tyranny and brutality with more ostentation and less good taste. What is subtly indicated by George Eliot is given with profuse effect by the present writer. Viola, if not a Gwendolen, is yet an unloving wife. Sir Douglas Roy plays a somewhat difficult rôle—that of friend to the husband and undeclared lover to the wife—without losing our respect. He is in many ways a successful hero, and acts his part without either insipidity or priggishness. A genial optimist like Mrs. Forrester, as her old readers may well believe, sacrifices to a hopelessly unhappy marriage no lot which interests us. Disagreeable husbands die at an auspicious moment, and everybody is finally made happy in his or her own way, which includes the possession of plenty of money. The conversations are piquant, and the interest of the story is well kept up.

The Wellfields is a falling off from *Probation*, which in its turn was a distinct falling-off from Miss Fothergill's initial story, *The First Violin*. The characters are dim, intangible, remote, possessing no reality even at the out-

set, and as they progress becoming even more estranged from our belief and sympathy. Jerome is too feeble to arouse even our resentment, which we mildly expend on Sara instead for displaying grief for so poor a creature. When an author publishes one successful book, it should be a matter of serious thought whether it is not worth while to make such a triumph the crowning event of his or her destiny, lest Fate should have in reserve the tedious trials which await those who are compelled to hear that their sun has set.

Mrs. Walford's last book has, in a measure, retrieved a certain reputation for interest which her *Cousins* had lost. In *Troublesome Daughters*, however, one looks in vain for the fulfilment of the promise of *Mr. Smith* and her delightful *Van: A Summer Romance*.

In *Brigitta* we find enough of Auerbach's charm to like the story, simple as it is. It recalls his greater books only by the fidelity of the tone and the clearness of the pictures. Xander is well drawn, and the tragedy of his life, portrayed as it is by those few strong touches which reveal the real artist, is profoundly impressive.

New Books Received.

- Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s American Newspaper Directory, containing Accurate Lists of all the Newspapers and Periodicals published in the United States, Territories and the Dominion of Canada, together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published. New York: George P. Rowell & Co.
- The Skin in Health and Disease. By L. Duncan Bulkley, M. D. (American Health Primers.) Philadelphia: Presley Blakiston.
- The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl. Edited by Robert Grant. Vignette Illustrations. Boston: A. Williams & Co.
- The Life and Public Services of James A. Garfield. By Major J. M. Bundy. New York: A. D. Barnes & Co.
- The Mystery of Allanwold. By Mrs. Elizabeth Van Loon. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- Political and Legal Remedies for War. By Sheldon Amos, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Mary Anerley: A Yorkshire Tale. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- A Selection of Spiritual Songs, with Music for the Sunday-school. New York: Scribner & Co.



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